

## KNOWLING'S Grocery Departments,

East, West and Central Stores.

We offer the following goods—all of the  
**Very Highest Quality.**

PEARL BARLEY . . . . . 5c. lb.	Colman's CORN FLOUR, 14c. lb.
LIMA BEANS, genuine . . 9c. lb.	Clement's CORN FLOUR, 9c. lb.
CREAM OF WHEAT . . . 20c. pkt.	WHEATINA . . . . . 20c. pkt.

### American Cube Sugar, 4 cts. per lb.

NEAVE'S FOOD . . . . . 29c. tin.	ALLENBURY'S FOOD, No. 3 . . . . . 32c. tin.
ALLENBURY'S FOOD Nos. 1 & 2 . . . . . 53c. tin.	BENGER'S FOOD . . . . . 45c. tin.
GRAPE NUTS . . . . . 15c. pkt.	MACARONI 1 lb. cartons, 11c. ea.
IRISH WHOLE MEAL FLOUR . . . . . 50c. stone.	English PASTRY FLOUR, 47c. stone.

### Tates Finest English Icing Sugar, 5 1-2c. lb.

Huntley & Palmer's FANCY LUNCH BISCUITS 16c. lb.	Huntley & Palmer's THIN LUNCH BISCUITS, 17c. lb.
CLEANED CURRANTS, in car- tons . . . . . 7c. lb.	CREAM OF TARTAR finest pos- sible quality, 98 per cent. test . . . . . 37c. lb.
ASSORTED JAMS, in tumbler s . . . . . 14c. ea.	MARMALADE, in tumbler, 9c. ea.
ROLLED OATS, finest Canadi- an . . . . . 3 1/2c. lb.	OATMEAL, Canadian, 3 1/2c. lb.

### Best American Granulated Sugar, 3 1-2c. lb.

**Geo. Knowling.**  
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## A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### The Sequel to the Great Idea.

(Continued)

It was soon done. Everything edible had disappeared, had fallen fathoms deep into the hold, was there securely imprisoned, and no amount of wishing or striving could regain the vanished store. Aileen clutched her locks in despair. This put a different aspect on affairs. If the fog held, with no food she might be compelled to reveal herself in self-defence; and then—she understood that her father would ship her ashore in the pilot cutter—a thing not to be dreamt of—and her project would perish in sackcloth and ashes of despair.

Throughout that second day the fog held persistently, but evidently the wind was fair. Aileen could tell that. Had it been foul, there would have been constant tramping overhead as the yards were swung round and round, but there was none. She lis-

tened to the crashing hiss of the surging water outward, and said the wind held fair, even though the fog still drooped blanket-wise over the sea. At this rate they might land the pilot within another day, and she took a grip of her courage.

By night she was painfully hungered, but her resolution never failed her. She had made up her mind, nothing should turn her back.

Her supper consisted of a drop of water from the single remaining bottle—a bottle that she treasured as so much fine gold. Carefully she chocked it off after each sip, as carefully she drew it forth when thirst became unbearable. That night she slept fitfully, awaking with sudden starts, the prey to uncontrollable fear—the dread horrors of hungry nightmare.

The next day brought her no peace. The hold became stifling and horrible, tenanted with ghastly shadows, that gradually gathered definite shape and became distorted visions of the Misses Learyd stretching out claw-like hands to drag her back to captivity. She tried to rouse herself from this nerve-shattering horror, but the throbbing agony in her head, the gnawing in her stomach, proved too strong for her. Night came again, full of horror and dread. Every scampering rat became a menace; she stifled shriek after shriek as soft, cold feet padded across her face.

"I won't give in," she whispered desperately, time after time. She crouched in a ball on her matting—the pains of hunger were lessened thus—and with clenched hands and set teeth waited—waited. It was a weary vigil now. How long she could hold out against the famine she dared not venture to think. If the pilot remained aboard for several days, she must either perish there or reveal herself to her father.

When another day dawned she was light-headed and vague in her feelings. The hunger pains had gone—only a strange apathy enveloped her completely. She did not care whether she lived or died; but a dozen times she found herself on her feet, staggering towards the hatchway, intent on making a noise that would disclose her presence. But she always checked

herself in time. Her strong young will was asserting itself superior to the claims of the body, and the inherent courage of her, the courage that had set her laughing in the teeth of furious gales, would not allow her to succumb to the bitter temptation.

She was growing very weak now. At times, when the cramped position tried her beyond endurance, she staggered to her feet and rambled about the hold, steadying herself by projecting corners of boxes; but the cramps still remained. At last even this brief exercise was denied her. She simply lay where she was, almost helpless, moistening her dry lips from time to time with the few remaining hoarded drops in the water bottle.

She slept again, to dream that she was making a hearty meal. She awoke in a glow, that turned to a damp chill as she discovered herself lying with her face against the edge of a case, her mouth full of chewed wood splinters. She had eaten the wood in her sleep!

Something was glaring at her from the uncertainty of the near distance. The shriek that came from her lips reached dully along the vast chamber in which she lay. It was some horrible monster of the sea—something with glaring eyes and a foaming mouth, waiting to snatch her into his maw, there to devour her slowly, while she still lived. She essayed to run, to draw her falling limbs beneath her, to rise to her feet, even; but fell back. Then—clarity of vision returned, she saw the loathsome horror was but an inquisitive rat!

But on the heels of this frightful fear came another. The rats were growing bolder. They must know that she was dying—presently they would muster in a grim carnival about her, and—she shuddered strongly, burying her face in her shaking hands.

So another day dragged past. She

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Our White Stone Rings, made to resemble the real Diamond, are beauties. (A handsome Tie Pin free with every ring). Ladies', 1, 2 and 3 stones, 50c. each. Gent's, 1 stone, 50c. each.

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### Over-seas Novelty Co.,

Wholesale and Retail.  
UNCLE DUDLEY,  
Manager.

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dozed slightly, feverishly, chattering in a soft voice deliriously. Death must be coming upon her now. Well, she was dying at sea, after all. But she would have preferred that she might die up there in the open, her paling cheek fanned by the vigorous breeze—fanned by the vigorous—What was that?

The constant fretting of parted water was dying away. She could hear, as from an infinite distance, the stamp of feet. She said the end was growing near, when she could no longer hear the scurry of her beloved sea. But—she was on her feet, shaky and giddy, her breath coming fitfully. There had been a shuddering crash somewhere overhead; something was happening.

She summoned every effort of her will to listen—fought down the humming confusion of her brain, and understood. The pilot was leaving! She could even hear the hoarse voice of

## "I've Got Wise---Know Enough Now to Wear Gloves."

"Used to have my hands all crippled up—  
"Everlastingly peelin' my knuckles—always scratching my hands on the edge of metal plates—  
"But now I wear gloves; and say, it's far better than nursing hurt hands. These are

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"I've worn 'em every day for Lord knows how long—Don't look like they'd ever wear out, do they? Not a sign of a rip any place.



"I'm just as nimble-fingered as can be, and they fit well too.

"Wash like cloth—dry soft as new

"Never get hard or stiff, sweat, oil, grease, or water don't injure them.

"You certainly get splendid value every time in these 'Asbestol' gloves. Look for that 'Asbestol' trademark—it's the only way you can be sure of the genuine. The prices are low. See them today.

Anderson's, Water Street, St. John's

## "The Daily Mail" Pattern Service.



### POPLIN FOR SPRING DAYS

For this smart coat dress silk and wool poplin in a shade of bronze has been used. The blouse buttons over a waistcoat of lace and ties of bronze colored satin are draped across it. The narrow rolling collar of cream taffeta is embroidered in Cubist design and colors. A double ruffle or tunic hung from a hip yoke deepening toward the back serves to produce the desired silhouette while the three-quarter sleeves are distinctly bell shaped. With this is shown a smart hat of cream straw, with crown of black satin and wing-like bow of moire trimming effectively.

Address in full:

Name . . . . .

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N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Daily Mail Pattern Department.

the purple vault above bred in Stubbs' mind a gentle sentiment.

"A feller needs a girl," he ruminated heavily. "Something to kiss and cuddle. Hang ship-life, anyhow."

The distant, uncertain knocking was resumed, and the second mate's reverie gave way to something approaching vexation.

"It might be a stowaway," he said. "If it is that'll be some break to the monotony. I'll give the beggar beans, anyhow."

A couple of men came at his stident call.

"Knock the wedges out of that hatch and lift a corner of the tarpaulin," he commanded, and was obeyed.

They lifted the hatch, and one brought a lamp prior to descending. Stubbs left the poop and stood over the opening, ready for anything, but most ready for a blow and a torrent of filthy abuse.

"Get down, you lubbers, and lug the vermin up," he snapped. "Tisn't a ghost, you swabs!"

"No," said one of the men, a Dutchman, "it was a woman, sir." And reaching down, he placed a pair of muscular hands under Aileen Curzon's armpits as she clung dizzily to the ladder, and at one heave lifted her clear on the deck.

"Well, I'm damned!" gurgled Stubbs in amazement. "A woman! So 'tis, and a beauty at that. Well, finding's keepings. Only just wishing for a young female, too. He goes for the first kiss, since I've found her."

A hard first like green-heart took him full under the point of the chin, and he reeled back with a curse, dropping the girl he held to the deck.

(To be continued)

VERY INTERESTING—  
Everybody should read The Daily Mail's correspondence, it's so interesting.

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### HEAR What Adjutant J. Wallace White Has to Say Regarding Our MATTRESSES.

To Messrs. Pope's Furniture & Mattress Factory, St. John's.

Gentlemen,—

I have bought hundreds of Mattresses during my time for hotel business both in Canada and other places and I can honestly assure you that I have never used anything so good as the Mattresses you supplied us with some time ago.

(Signed), J. WALLACE WHITE,

Adjutant S. Army.

POPE'S Mattresses have stood the test for years.

him in cheery adieu, could hear the clug of oars as his boat left the Zoroaster's side. Nay, there again was the tramp of feet, the cheery chorus of working men. The ripple along side began to make itself heard; she dimly understood that the ship, after being hove-to to allow the pilot to depart, had started on her course unimpeded.

The knowledge brought some strange reserve of strength. She drained the last drops of water, and steeled herself to endure for but a little while longer. Until the pilot was well out of sight, say—or, better still, until night had fallen on the sea, and there was no chance of being sent ashore.

She waited—every minute seemed eternity. But that new strength stood her in good stead; she refused to acknowledge the awful weakness of the past. She waited and waited until a dull apathy settled down upon her, and careless despair began to reassert itself.

She never knew how long she waited, but it seemed as if the time would never pass. She awoke from a dazed trance and found herself standing below the hatch; but she dragged herself away, saying the time was not yet come. It was a marvellous example of the will being greater than the flesh. Every fleshly instinct in her cried out for relief—she must have food, she must have some cessation from the awful sick weakness of her body; but the brain held her back from her desire.

At last she groped about her feet until she found a length of cord-wood, which could barely lift. She dragged it up the iron ladder in the hatch-way, and began to pound weakly on the wooden cover above her head. As she pounded, the piece of wood grew in weight, it rough bark lacerated her fingers; she felt she could not keep up the struggle longer. But still she persisted. Her blows were feeble and infrequent, but she knew that to fail now meant certain death.

"What the deuce is that hammering?" growled Mr. Stubbs, the second mate of the Zoroaster. He was leaning over the break of the poop, his pipe in his mouth. It was close on eight

belles—midnight—and within a few minutes more he would be relieved. The wind was fair. The skipper had retired long before. The second mate examined his knuckles carefully, biting off a piece of damaged skin where he had suffered in an encounter with a Dutchman's nose, and yawned largely. Not a pleasant-visaged man, Mr. Stubbs—the bridge of his nose was broken, where, in his chequered youth, a Yankee skipper had got home with a setting-sid; one eye possessed a baleful squint. But he was a sterling sailor, knew all there was to know about handling a ship, and, if his methods of handling men were somewhat opposed to Captain Curzon's ideas that a sailor is a human being, there was no doubt that Stubbs' men did more work in an hour than most men did in a day.

Now, however, the second mate was at peace with the world. The Dutchman who retorted sharply to a command, with the result of a broken nose to himself and an a braced knuckle to the man who struck him, was comfortably put away in his bunk; and a fresh breeze filled the swelling curves of a canvas over-head thunderously. It was a fair night—the fog had lifted long before, and mysterious clusters of jewels in

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