

# A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"N. C."

(Continued)

Curzon shook his head again and turned away his face. It is a terrible thing to see fellow-seamen dying alone, the prey of the gale, unable to offer a helping hand. But Curzon knew that he was useless in this moment of dire need. He must see the sufferer of his plight and leave them to God's mercy—that was all that remained to him.

"But—can't anything be done, father? It's awful to leave them to die! Surely there must be a way."

But still her father remained adamant, unable to breathe one word of hope. He said, watching the play of emotion on Aileen's face, that had his boats remained he would have endeavoured to win those dying to safety, but under the existing conditions all hope was gone. Yet his eyes drew fascinatedly towards the shattered wreck, that appealed to all his chivalry so silently and yet so insistently.

"No, God help us all, girl, we can't do anything!"

Aileen buried her face in her hands with a quick sob, and the sudden heave of her shoulders was worse to Curzon than the condemnation of a whole world. He started up.

"It's no use, Aileen; it's impossible."

"I know," she sobbed. "But it's hard—it's hard."

"Going to do anything, sir?" It was Leigh's voice, and the ring in it brought Aileen's hands away from her eyes; she stared at him as if fascinated.

ed. This was a new Leigh. The laughing lad who had helped her to stow away, the white-tipped man who had shirked the fight, both were gone, and in their place stood a tall, defiant figure, his face all alight with daring, every muscle tensed and strained, his hands gripped till the knuckles showed white. The second mate, seeing the Zoroaster was holding her own with comfort, now the day had come, had left the wheel to the Spaniard, and had raced hot-foot to the captain's side, not knowing that Aileen was there.

"Nothing to be done, Leigh."

There was an unuttered appeal in the face Aileen turned upon the young man now. No longer was she cold and disdain. Leigh realised with a sudden gasp all that her attitude of distrust had meant to him in the way of loss; she was aglow with earnest desire to send out salvation to the perishing.

"Oh, if I were a man!" she cried, stamping her rubber-booted foot on the deck. And then and there Leigh made up his mind. The half-formed intention took actual shape; the dangers, in the light of Aileen's desire, vanished into nothing. He had formed a plan, and now was the time to put it into effect.

"I'd like to try, sir," he said, and drew the captain away.

Curzon opened his eyes wearily—the numb aching at his back was almost unbearable by this. "What do you think you can do?" he snapped impatiently.

had made up his mind, and the details were not worth considering. But back of all he knew that his main desire was to win again Aileen's good approval, lost to him so long.

"Swim with a line!" Curzon's voice expressed the first planing of hope, but then again his face grew blank, and he shook his head once more. "It's out of the question, Leigh. There's no man could do it. Look at that sea. And think of the cold, man."

"I'm willing to try, sir," said Leigh coolly, without bravado. "I used to be able to swim pretty well, and a coating of grease will annul the effects of the cold. If you spill a gallon or two of oil to leeward it would make it easier. May I try, sir?" There was a real, earnest appeal in his voice now, and Curzon, thinking of his own kingly youth, could not say him nay.

"It's certain death, my lad," he growled; "but fools will be fools. How do you suppose to do it?"

"Get up the deep-sea leadline, sir, and bend on all the signal halliard stuff we have, together with pointline and ratline, until we've enough to reach from ship to ship. Then, when I've got across—if I do get across—

you can bend on a two-inch line—that'll stand the work, and haul the men aboard one by one. They'll get a sousing, but it's better than drowning. Can I go, sir?"

"Go ahead," said Captain Curzon; and Leigh, with a queer, exultant laugh vanished below. He was up a minute later, bearing in his arms the huge reel that held the deep-sea leadline, and with Curzon helping him, with Aileen doing a dozen things at once, the strong, thin line was speedily flaked down on top of the chart-house, free from all encroachments of the sea, so coiled that it would run out easily without fear of entanglements.

When this was done, he vanished again, to reappear with two coils of point-line—thin and strong. Another journey, and a coil of signal halliards was added to the growing length of the rope; and by this time the wreck was plainly in sight, near at hand. They could see the frantic jerking up and down of the distress signals, and, conscious that something was to be done, Curzon felt the bitter sense of helplessness that had irritated him for long disappear in its entirety. He went to the fore-end of the poop, a mega-

phone in his hand, and bellowed to Mr. Steadman, who, with the crew, was at work forward:

"Stand by to heave-to when I give the word. Send two hands aft to tend this line. We're going to have a shot at it." He did not need to use further words—Steadman understood at once that something was afoot. The men broke off from their labours and stood by in readiness, dodging the seas, cursing at the spray. Leigh had vanished again; he was down in his room denuding himself of clothing, with the steward plentifully besmearing him with oil. This done, he donned his woollen underclothing again, and came out on deck.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### Aileen Gains Clearer Sight.

"If I don't come back, sir, remember I've tried my best," said Leigh; and Curzon, with a huskiness at the back of his throat that he could not entirely understand, held out his hand in farewell. Leigh resolutely avoided Aileen; in his scanty attire he had no wish to appear before her, and, too, he was not a man who played to the gallery. What he intended was a thing to make the bravest man shrink back appalled; but he considered his duty demanded that he should make an attempt, and he waited to be away with out further delay. He swung his arms spoke a few words to Captain Curzon, who was watching the wreck, and then stood ready.

"Heave-to!" roared the skipper, and the main-yard thundered back. It was almost more than the Zoroaster could stand; the mainmast bent like a cane, but the square of the topsail stood the awful impact, and the ship's way was stopped alarmingly. A wave volleyed up and almost shattered the wheel, but before another could come the helm was hove down, and the ship

was in the eye of the wind, with the seas roaring foamingly at her bow. Steadman had hastened aft for one minute, and knew what was expected of him. Hardly had the braces been belayed than two men stationed themselves at the forward scuppers with drums of oil, and immediately a broad greasy patch spread out from the ship's lee and began to race violently towards the wreck. The white-capped combers settled sullenly to a log, weary heavy, and as the oil reached more across the space of grey Leigh joined his hands over his head, turned his face over his shoulder for one last glance at Aileen, and dived neatly out ward. Curzon was on top of the chart house by this, a sailor with him. Another stood by the rail, paying out the line, keeping it free of kinds; and so the work commenced.

Leigh felt one chill shock that almost checked the beating of his heart, then he flung one arm out of the water, as he rose to the surface, lifted himself above the oily tumult, spied the wreck, and began to strike out with a powerful overhand stroke. At first he swam slowly, reserving as much of his strength as was possible for the final effort which must come later. Here, in the oil-smoothed water, swimming was but little different from some of those rough-and-tumbles with the incoming Channel waves that had delighted his youth. Leigh was a magnificent swimmer; but, whilst realising his powers, he was more than aware that they would be tested to the full before that awful stretch of water was crossed.

The weight of the rope about his waist began to make itself evident before he had progressed fifty yards. Nay, before he had gone another twenty the weight was holding him back, was proving a veritable menace to his progress. He put on a spurt and for a moment forgot the weight behind; but a great wave swept up

smoothly, lifted him high, and then flung him down, and the sudden jerk caused him to grit his teeth in agony. It seemed to him in that moment that the thin, hard rope had cut into his heart.

He thrust himself over on his back, and floated thus for a long minute, securing his breath, which seemed to have been jerked with violence from his lungs. Then, with a grim determination to conquer or die, he once more swung round, and the white arm rose and fell with smooth regularity. Aboard the Zoroaster wondering men watched that steady ploughing forward, and held their breath, saying that such superhuman struggle could not long be maintained. But ever as they laid hands on the out-running rope, eager to draw the resplendent man aboard, the white arm flashed against the grey, and the distance between submerged head and ship's rusted side grew greater and greater.

Aileen was with her father on the chart-house top, watching, with hands tight-clasped to her heart, and with hated breath, that terrific fight against appalling odds. Seen from the deck of the Zoroaster, the watery waste that Leigh must cross was pregnant with immediate death; and Aileen's eyes crept unwillingly towards that awful spot where the oil-smoothed waters mingled with the frenzied, pale swart seas, to make a veritable mad-storm of lurid wrath. Leigh swam on, but they could see now that the flashing arm lifted less often, and the mad churning rush of the white shoulder was partly stayed.

(To be continued)

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60 pairs of these, a stylishly cut and well constructed Boot, have a very nobby appearance, made of the quality Dongola, black toe, military heel. Reg. \$2.50 Friday, Saturday and Monday. **\$2.33**

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These make nice light cool and comfortable Footwear for Summer, they come in Black and Tan, stylish cut. Cuban heel. Reg. \$2.50. Friday, Saturday and Monday. **\$2.37**

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A stylish and well made American Boot, 12 button, cuban heel, block toe. Promises to be a favourite this spring; price within the range of all. Reg. \$2.50. Friday, Saturday and Monday. **\$2.08**

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60 PAIRS OF CHILDREN'S 3 STRAP SLIPPERS, 39c. per pair.

They come in Black and Tan with solid sole, low heel, natural foot form. They won't be here when the fine weather comes; buy them now. Size 2 to 6. Special Friday, Saturday and Monday. **39c.**

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For a good clean smoke, we have straight and bent stems, made of selected stock, good quality Vulcanite mouth piece with improved tip. Special Friday, Saturday and Monday. **23c.**

**MEN'S LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.**  
3 FOR 25c.

When you see them advertised like this, go in and buy some. These come in nice soft finish, medium size, not bulky for the pocket. Reg. 10. Friday, Saturday and Monday, 3 for. **25c.**

**DOOR MATS, 79c.**  
Coconut centres, mixed coloured wool border; size 12x30; for front door or hall use. Reg. 90c. Friday, Saturday & Monday **79c.**

'TIS THE SEASON WHEN YOUR DOLLARS MUST DO DOUBLE DUTY.  
So much to get, the house needs are many, every member of the household is clamouring for something new. Winter garments are thrust away and your suit looks shabby. Your boots are outrageous without rubbers. So it is right through the household, renewals every where, and capital so limited. Then comes THE ONE IMPORTANT QUESTION WHERE CAN I SPEND MY MONEY TO BEST ADVANTAGE. Dispel all doubts, visit the "People's Popular Store. A heaping Dollars worth always assured. All kinds of Merchandise featured at "LOWER-THAN-OTHERS-PRICES."

**MEN'S NEGLIGEE SHIRTS HAVE JUST ARRIVED; TRY THESE FOR 68c**  
A good time to pick your Summer stock of these, they show all the latest effects. Soft bosoms and 3/4 cuffs; perfect fitting, coat style and slip over. Our shirt values are incomparable, this special line points to that fact. Special Friday and Saturday. **68c.**



## SHOWROOM

**CHILDREN'S WHITE MUSLIN DRESSES, 68c.**  
This is a special lot of dainty Dresses for Summer wear, quite a variety of styles; some embroidery and insertion trimmed, fine pin tucks; some with high neck and long sleeves, others with long bodies and pretty pleated skirt; others again with all over embroidery front, square neck, and otherwise lace trimmed; also 3/4 sleeve. All these Dresses made of good quality Muslin, will wash perfectly. Reg. up to 80c. Friday, Saturday & Monday **68c.**



## SPECIALS!

**LADIES! A GREAT SNAP IN SHIRT-WAISTS & BLOUSES THIS WEEK.**  
OUR REGULAR \$1.50 FOR 98c.

Yes! this is probably one of the best values we have shown for some time. Nice Morning Garments, in Grey and Navy Linen with turned down soft collar, long sleeves, buttoned in front; others again in Sky Blue, Green and Fawn Linens, with pretty embroidered front tuckings and French knots, high neck and long sleeves; all perfect fitting and excellent for Morning wear. Don't forget you can get our regular \$1.50 Blouses for 98c. Friday, Saturday and Monday. **98c.**

**THE STYLISH D. & A. CORSET IS HERE FOR 94c.**

We offer this Special line of Corsets, in the popular "D. & A." quality in our Showroom this week. Medium and long hips, and medium bust. These perfect form Corsets gives comfort to the wearer. Special Friday, Saturday and Monday. **94c.**

**SILK HAT BANDS, 38c.**  
We have just opened a very pretty lot of Oriental Silk Hat Bands. All the newest and most attractive colour combinations for Spring, each band 26 inches long. Have a look at them, they are captivating. Reg. 45c. Fri, Sat. & Monday. **38c.**

**LADIES' WHITE LAWN UNDERSKIRTS, 58c.**

Rather low for a White Lawn Underskirt, but we have them, nicely finished with wide embroidered flounce, and fine pin tucks, well made and nicely cut. Reg. 70c. Friday, Saturday & Monday **58c.**

**CHILDREN'S VESTS.**  
These come in fine ribbed Jersey, to fit Children from 2 to 14 years. Just a nice weight for Spring wear. They come in Cream only, good value at 30c. Friday, Saturday and Monday, each **26c.**

**TUCKED NETS, 38c. per yard.**  
5 pieces of fine Tucked Nets in Paris shade, also in Cream, White and Black, 18 inches wide, for yokes and general dress trimmings; these will be found excellent and inexpensive. Reg. up to 50c. Friday, Saturday and Monday. **38c.**

**OUR EXHIBIT Of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear HATS IS PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE.**  
Prices range from **\$1.00 up to \$6.00.**

**A JOB LINE OF TOILET COVERS.**  
26 only. They are longer than the ordinary, being 24x54 inches. All new designs. Soft Mercerized finish, something like Satin Quite fringed edges. Special Friday, Saturday and Monday. **46c.**

**CURTAIN NETS.**  
318 yards of Pure White Curtain Nets, assorted widths. All new spring designs. We can well assure you extra good value here. Fri, Sat. & Mon. for 14c. per yard. **14c.**

**MATRASS COVERING.**  
2 pieces of 34 inch ART Matras Covering, strong finish, striped and flowered. A combination of Pale Blue blendings. Our regular 40c. Friday, Saturday and Monday. **36c.**

**BOLSTER CASES, 52c.**  
33 only of Superior Bolster Cases, heavy White Cotton, English make; size 20x60. Deep hem at end, linen buttons. You can't duplicate this value elsewhere. Regular 60c. Friday, Saturday and Monday. **52c.**

**PURE WHITE SHIRTINGS, FOR 44c. Per Yard.**  
This is our regular 50c. quality; 72 inches wide, reliable English make; guaranteed good wearing, having a nice sheer surface and very soft finish. Reg. \$50c. Friday, Saturday and Monday, per yard. **44c.**

**TURKISH TOWELING.**  
2 pieces of 16 inch Turkish Towelings, suitable for kitchen roller or hand towels; coloured stripe, soft finish, good wearing. Reg. 15c. Friday, Saturday and Monday. **13c.**

**WHITE SHIRTINGS.**  
1460 yards of reliable English White Shirtings, they come in assorted widths, linen like finish, portion of a JOB line, otherwise we could not offer such excellent value. Special Friday, Saturday and Monday per yard. **10c.**

**STAIR OIL CLOTHS, 8 1/2c. Yard.**  
30 pieces of American Stair Oil Cloths, assorted widths, quite a variety of nice patterns. These though low priced possess that soft finish usually seen in much better Oil Cloths. Special Friday, Sat. & Monday per yard. **8 1-2c.**



**REVERSIBLE TURKISH RUGS, \$3.29. STAIR PADS.**  
18 only of these; size 36x66, with soft wool fringe ends, the colourings and patterns are rich and being reversible you have double wear; the extra soft limp finish makes them easy to wash. Reg. \$3.50. Friday, Saturday & Monday **\$3.29**

Save the wear of your Carpets, make stair climbing easy, and will give a nice plump appearance to your Carpet. Each pad 22 inches long, 8 inches deep, fitted with round edge to cover front of step. Special Friday, Saturday and Monday, each. **10c.**