

## A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

### CHAPTER I.

Suspense—And A Gathering Storm.

(Continued)

Captain Curzon looked up with a start as a gentle tap came to the door. "Sorry to disturb you, sir," said Fraser, when the skipper opened to him, "but I didn't know the steward was drunk, sir—I was working up to the fore all afternoon—and so I thought I'd come along and see if I could be of any use. I did steward for a while in Sydney last voyage, sir, you'll remember, and if there's anything Mrs. Curzon would fancy, I might be able to get it."

At home Fraser posed as something of a god before a dotting mother and three worshipping sisters, and his father, a judge, would have shivered in his aristocratic shoes to think that his son was descending to menial service. But four years of sea life had purged the lad of any mock pride, and now he desired with all his soul to be merely helpful.

"That's good of you, Fraser," the skipper's deep voice was a trifle husky now. "Yes, there's no doubt you'll be handy. You know, of course, what we expect?"

The lad's honest face flushed a little now. "Yes, sir, I think I know," he said unhesitatingly.

"Well, Mrs. Curzon has taken a great fancy to a little stewed chicken for her supper to-night, and that nigger cook doesn't know a chicken from the rook yard. So if you could—"

"That's the one thing I can do, sir, fricassee a chicken. Anything else, sir?"

"Yes, there is. Take this key, Fraser, and look through the medicine chest. See if the brandy's handy—if it's all right. It was, the day before yesterday."

The opening of the medicine chest revealed the whole sordid truth. Only one bottle of spirit remained, the rest had gone. Full knowledge as to the source of the steward's supply was plainly manifest.

"I'll log the beggar for that," said Curzon, when Fraser returned with his tale. "Still, so long as there's one bottle untouched that will serve. Bring it here, Fraser, and I'll look after it." Fraser brought the bottle and the skipper stowed it away carefully.

"That's what the book said," thought Curzon. "A drop of brandy is the finest thing in the world to hold her up in case of collapse. Good heavens! what wouldn't I give to get free of the coming hours!"

But grim Fate had ordained that he was not to escape the ordeal. What was before him might well have turned his bones to water and his heart to ice, but it had to be gone through, no matter though the very heavens conspired together to overwhelm the hastening storm. Life's vast mystery of birth was in process of solution, and the hours would tell the age-old tale of reproduction.

"If only it would come now," said the skipper after a while. "Now, when the sea's smooth. But—Mary?"

"Yes, Jack. No—don't fret, dear. I'm very comfortable, thanks."

The voice came from the inner room of the captain's quarters, and it was tremulous with pain. The words were cut off short, as if the speaker had bitten hard at a spasm of suffering. Curzon put down the medical book—one of those marvellous American volumes which give intricate and wonderful directions for the treatment of all humanity, from the cradle to the grave—which he was reading—and stepped inside the door.

"Poor lass!" he said softly. "I'd give my hopes of Heaven to bear it for you! It's hard, Mary, it's hard that you, gentle as you are, should be compelled to—"

His voice faltered him, and he drew his hand roughly across his eyes. The woman who lay in the bed reached out attenuated fingers and stroked his sleeve tenderly.

"Cheer up, dearest. It won't be long, and then—Jack?"

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"I hope it will be a boy, for your sake. But, if it's a girl, you'll be very gentle with her if—you know?"

The strong arms went under her shoulders now, and the man's head was bowed low. He shook as with a spasm, then: "Don't, lass, don't. You'll see the things through safely. You'll be all right. Why, by the time we get to Port Pirie you'll be up on deck with your son—your son, mind you—in your arms."

"I hope so, dear. But at times like this we women have a lot to think of, and the mystery of coming life sets our minds on the other mystery of death. And if—if I should—if I don't live, you'll remember, won't you, dear?"

"Ay, lass, I'll remember. But it will be a boy, and you'll live, and so we

against us. But if it is a boy, try, dear, try hard, to keep him ashore. If it is a girl, of course there's no need to worry. But Jack—come closer, dear."

It is not for us to pry into that soft-voiced, earnest entreaty. But Captain Curzon, clenching his hands till the knuckles shone white, wiping away the beads of sweat that gathered on

### CHAPTER II.

The Waiting.

Captain Curzon had had no wish to take his wife with him on this voyage, knowing what he knew of the uncertainties of the sea. Far better for the poor girl to remain at home, he considered, where skilled assistance might be had almost for the asking, when men and women, well trained for such emergencies as the one now pending, would fly to answer the cry of distress. The previous voyage it had been all very well, but this one—

he had put his foot down firmly, and vowed by Neptune and all the gods of the deepest sea that no woman should set foot aboard his ship for the next twelve months or more. But Mrs. Curzon, whose very existence was wrapped about that of the honest sailor or she had married for pure love, refused to accept his mandate. She answered his arguments with quiet, meaning smiles, she sat silent under his torrents of hot-hearted reasonings; when he raised his voice and volleyed forth his stern decision she put out one slim hand and stroked his sleeve with a pretty little gesture that he loved.

Thereupon the man softened and his arguments lacked subtlety. After all, so he reasoned with his inner soul, the odds were all against a mishap. At that time of the year strong winds might be expected, the ship would stand every chance of making a good passage and she would reach her port weeks, maybe, before the expected crisis occurred.

And, then, the presence of his wife aboard his ship was something dear to him—so dear, indeed, that he could not put it into words. She was slightly above him as the world counts station, and her refinement, her gentleness, her wonderful sweetness were pleasant antidotes to the rough and ready mannerism of deep water, where men abide with men, and lose the soft er graces of the shore.

"Have it your own way, lass," he said at last, capitulating with awkward grace. "But don't blame me if things go wrong."

"Blame you, Jack!" The wide-open eyes were full of concern that he could tax her with such injustice. Then she put her arms about his neck, and thanked him sweetly after her own fashion. There was nothing to stand in the way of the step they meditated.

but for her husband, alone in the world. She had been governess to a titled family when he met her—he was then junior officer on an Atlantic liner—and he had wooed her in a sailor's impulsive fashion, seeking about mean

## JERUSALEM TO BE BROUGHT UP-TO-DATE.

Electric Light and Street Car Plants To Be Established in the Holy City.

THE MASSIVE OLD WALLS WILL BE DISMANTLED

Motor Boat Now Flies on the Dead Sea.—Up-to-date Water Supply Divided.

London, March 19.—What will amount to nothing less than a revolutionary change in the Holy City is involved in the plan soon to be carried out, to provide Jerusalem with a modern electric street car service and with electric light. The city is also to have a much-needed adequate water supply.

In order to effect these improvements, the engineers have come to the conclusion that it is necessary to pull down the picturesque ancient walls and massive towers of the city.

The rapidity with which Jerusalem is extending, through the return of the Jews in great numbers to the home of their ancestors, has rendered these improvements necessary. To the north and west of the old city there have sprung up within the last ten years (says a correspondent of the Daily Express) large Jewish colonies, populous residential sections, as well as convents, hospitals, institutions, schools and other buildings. As the result that to-day there is a great Jerusalem without the walls than within.

Street Cars for Holy City

Four separate tramway routes are to be laid down. They will all start from the Jaffa Gates, the principal entrance into the city, and run outside the city walls through the newer parts of Jerusalem. The first, which will have a length of about two miles which will give easy access to what may be termed the "business quarter" of the Holy City. The second, of similar length will link up the larger Jewish colonies to the north with the city's principal entrance. The third will encircle the old city, embracing many of its most historic sites, such as "Calvary," believed by many scholars to be the scene of the Crucifixion, the Tomb of the Kings, the Mount of Olives and the valley of Jehoshaphat.

The fourth line will run from the Jaffa City to Bethlehem, about six miles away, traversing what is perhaps the most sacred thoroughfare in the world. It teems with holy places—sacred wells, tombs and convents.

The work of laying the rails is to begin in April, and according to the terms of the concession, the syndicate has power to extend the lines in any direction for a distance of some twenty-five miles.

Want to Save David's Tower

The city walls, which have a circumference of about three miles, and rise in places to a height of thirty-eight and a half feet, are now being offered by the government for sale as building material. It is expected, however, that efforts will be made to save isolated sections, more particularly the massive towers. Indeed, influential citizens of Jerusalem have formed a society and are approaching the government with a view to preserving David's Towers, which they propose to convert into a museum.

Of late years Jerusalem has suffered greatly from the want of fresh water. With the exception of a small quantity brought into the city from the ancient pools of Solomon, near Bethlehem, by means of a pipe that runs along the old aqueduct, the Holy City is dependent for its water upon the rainfall. Now reservoirs are to be built in the upper part of the valley of the Brook Cherith, at the springs of Ain Fariah and Ain Fowwar, where the water will be stored and brought into the city as required.

Quite "Westernized"

That Jerusalem is gradually being westernized is evident, says the correspondent of the Daily Express. "A few months ago a water cart was brought out from England to water the roads, which had previ-

ously for an independent command, where captains were allowed to take their wives to sea with them. And this-much-to-be-desired appointment he had found after much searching—in a sailing vessel, to be sure; but what of that? He thought of the delicious, velvety nights of the tropics, when the blazing stars hung suspended in the purple vault of heaven; he pictured to himself sweet prolongations of their spasmodic courtship, and jumped at the offer without a second thought. He married the woman of his choice, and he never regretted it—until now.

(To be continued.)

## "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—  
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won't trouble our heads about things that don't concern us."

It may be that the premonition had seized her even then, for the poor man's face that lay on the pillow grew very earnest, the large, black-rimmed eyes were unnaturally bright as she pleaded with her husband to hear her patiently to the end.

"Go on, Mary," he said. "I'll listen. Hark! Did you hear that? There's going to be a big gale to-night. You can't mistake that moaning."

"It will be a child of the storm," she whispered faintly. "Jack, I'm beginning to be afraid. I'd hoped no child of ours would use the sea, but—what can we do? Nature's too strong

his brow, realised at last the full worth of the woman he had won.

"A sacred trust," he repeated dazedly, as he rose from beside the bunk and stooped to kiss his wife's pale brow. "Ay, girl, it will be all that. But—you're going to live, so don't worry." He went away softly, and returned to his study of that book of instructions with a troubled heart.

Out on deck the night had fallen blackly. A shrill, whining note sounded fretfully above the deep-throated gush of the freshening gale.

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A Free Gift Prize of \$5.00 Cash will be given to the person who foretells the date of arrival of first steamer from the icefields this spring with number of seals such steamer brings into port. In the event of no person stating exact number of seals the prize will go to person stating nearest number. Condition of the gift, is as follows:—

The Coupon attached must be sent or mailed to our store and 10 cents enclosed for purchase of an article to this value. City and Outports are alike entitled to enter for this Free Gift Prize and competition will close on 25th of this month. Every Coupon reaching us by this date will be accepted and competition will apply only to steamers reaching destination after midnight of 25th, in the event of a steamer arriving previously with or without seals before this date.

Here is the Coupon, cut it out, send 10c. and receive an article to this value.

### FREE GIFT-\$5.00 COUPON

I predict that the first arrival from the 1914 Seal Fishery after 25th March will be the S. S. \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_ Seals.

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## HEARN & COMPANY

Then it was only a year ago that the Holy City was equipped with an efficient telephone service, while now its police are to have bicycles. Then, not only in Jerusalem, but all over the country, modern methods are being brought into vogue. On the rich plains of Sharon, lying between Jaffa and Jerusalem, one may detect modern harvesting, and reaping machines operated by motors.

"This is a vast improvement on the old-fashioned method of reaping by hand and threshing with oxen. The extensive orange groves around Jaffa are now being irrigated by water raised by motor driven pumps. At Jaffa the French are to build a harbor which is certainly badly needed.

"A motor boat has been placed on the Dead Sea and similar crafts are running upon the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee, carrying both passengers and freight. Upon the shores of the latter sheet of water is a fish curing and sardine factory about to be established.

### Important Notice!

The Fraser Machine & Motor Co. for the purpose of reorganizing and enlarging their plant, lately went into voluntary liquidation; the organization is now complete, much more capital has been subscribed to meet the growing demands of the business, and this year double as many FRASER engines will be built as last year. There is no other engine so popular in Newfoundland or Canada as the FRASER, and with the new Company we can promise better service and deliveries than in the past, when many had to wait for their engines, as we could not get them from the factory fast enough. All orders now booked we can ship at a moment's notice. FRANKLIN'S AGENCIES, LTD., St. John's, Newfoundland, Agents.—Feb 23

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