

A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Stubbs Final Effort.

(Continued)
"The day will be here in an hour," croaked Leigh, licking his parched and blistered lips. "We'll see what we've done then."

"Yes, the day will be here in an hour," echoed Aileen, not knowing what she said, and they gathered themselves together for the final effort. The crackling underfoot grew nearer; with fixed and glassy eyes they saw a piece of deck planking shrivel away to nothing and fall away, to be followed by a leaping tongue of flame. The fire had burst its bonds at last, and there was no telling to where it might fly.

It was well for the Zoroaster that a portion of her cargo, beneath the upper cases and bales, was fireclay and firebrick, stacked in the 'tween decks, that the ship might have top-weight to make her sea-fit. But for that the flames must have spread wildly, unchecked by the feeble efforts of the strugglers, but, as it was, the inflammable material drove the flames forward and aft. But they had forgotten this, and they only saw death staring them in the face if they relaxed their efforts one jot.

"It's gaining," said Leigh, with a groan, as a thin grey line grew across the horizon ahead; "but we'll die fighting."

"Ah, thank God I've worked with men!" grasped Aileen, throwing out her hands to cover his. And they toiled anew, toiled on and on, hope dead, bodies hardly alive. So stupid had they become, so drunken with effort that they heard nothing of a wild yelling from the poop, heard nothing of a steady throb from a far dis-

tance, saw nothing of a bulky shape looming up nearer and nearer through the dawn. It was Aileen who first aroused herself from the strange lassitude of toll to look about her in the growing day.

"Oh!" she cried, "oh!" She could find no more words, but her pointing finger showed them a huge New Zealand liner bearing up to their broadside, almost within a biscuit toss.

"Come aft and get the flags," said Leigh numbly, staring as a man might stare on coming back from the grave. "We're saved, darling, we're saved!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

In Sydney Hospital.

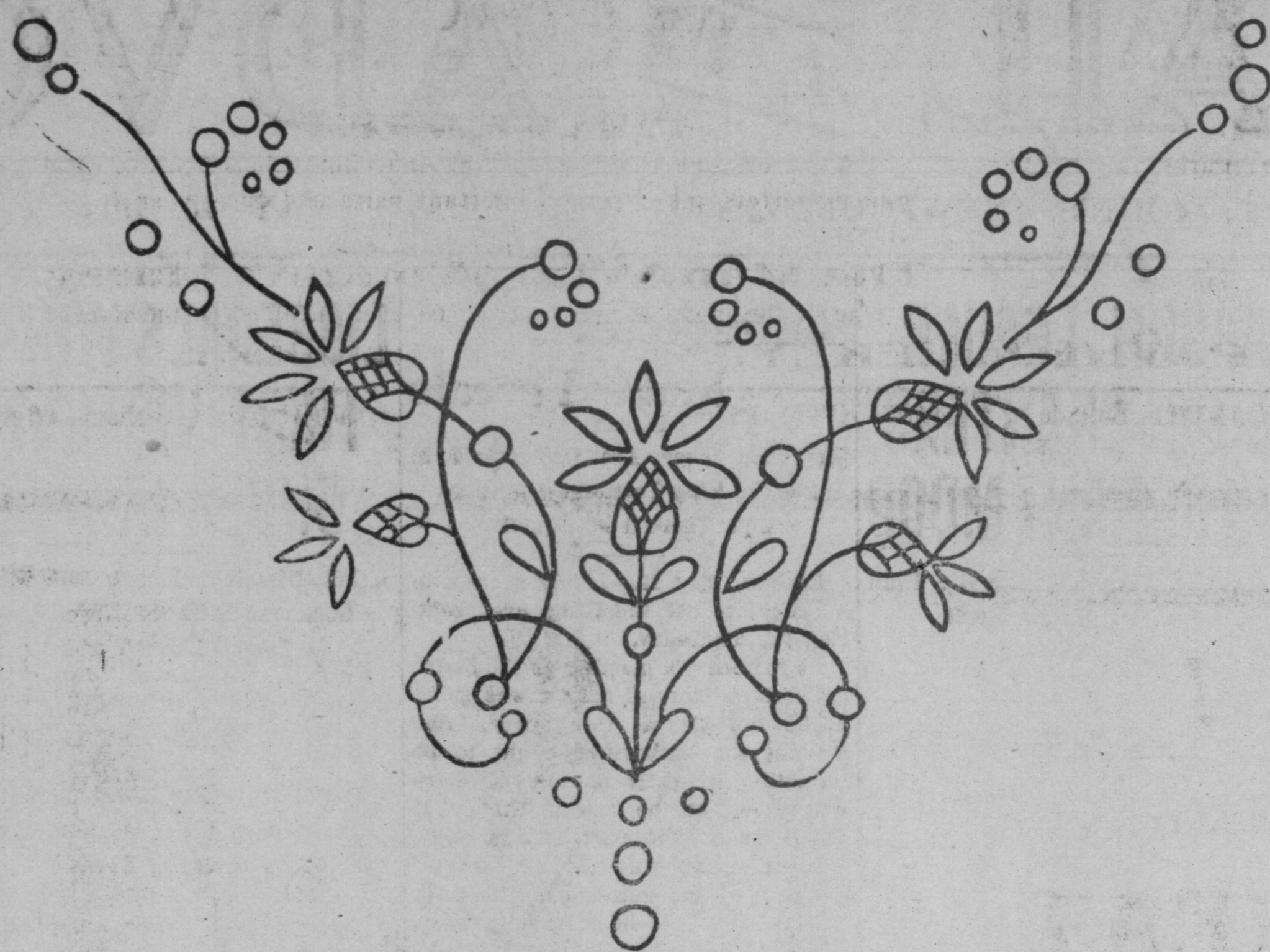
It was very quiet in the cool private ward of the Sydney hospital. A flicker of sunlight broke through a tiny tear in one of the drawn blinds and focused itself on the face of a girl who sat motionless at the side of a bed. It lit up a pair of earnest eyes. It shone dazingly from piled golden tresses, rested caressingly on a white cheek, roved on to fall across the recumbent figure of a man in the bed. At a little distance a uniformed nurse sat reading.

Aileen lifted her head and drank in the quietness. She was well again by this—a strong gale before they reached port had blown away the lassitude and listlessness that had fallen upon her that morning when they saw help in sight. Already, although she hardly dared own it to herself, she was longing for the sea. It was wonderfully quiet—even the very flies seemed asleep. Now and then the nurse turned a page of the book she was reading, glanced up quickly at the patient's face, then down again with a slight smile at the expression of waiting that Aileen showed. Presently the silence was broken—a distant footfall sounded outside the door. Aileen drew herself erect in her chair, and a deep glad flush suffused her cheeks. She could have told that step in a thousand, many a time and oft had she lain awake in her cabin listening to its steady tread on the deck above her. It checked outside the door, and the nurse, with a cool rustle of draperies, answered the suggested knock.

"He's asleep just now," she said softly, "but if you'll promise to make no noise you may come in. Yes, he's quite out of danger."

Leigh came in on tip-toe, his soft canvas shoes making no sound. He was dressed in white duck, for spring was growing in Sydney, and his brown, clean face showed bravely above the shimmer of his clothing. Aileen caught her breath with a sharp gasp, and her eyes filled. What a man he was! Stern and strong in danger, as gentle as a woman in times

THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE EMBROIDERY PATTERN



MOTIF FOR YOKE

A dainty yoke may be made with this motif embroidered on it. The flowers and leaves are worked solid with the exception of the cross bars, which are done in the outline stitch. The dots are worked as eyelets and

the stems are outlined. Mercerized cotton No. 25 is used.

DIRECTIONS FOR TRANSFERRING

Lay a piece of impression paper, face down, upon the material. Place the newspaper pattern in position

over this, and with a hard, sharp pencil, firmly trace each line.

If the material is sheer, this may be laid over the pattern, and the design drawn direct on the goods, as it will show through. When handled in this way, impression paper, of course, will not be required.



of suffering. And he was hers, unalienably, her lover, almost her husband.

He came towards her and seated himself on the floor at her feet, without a sound. One of her hands drooped down beside him, he pressed it to his cheek gravely, yet he thrilled at the cool contact. And just then Captain Curzon opened his eyes.

"Ah, Leigh, you here?" he said faintly. The nurse came forward reprovingly.

"Now!" she said, finger uplifted. "It's all right, nurse. I'm going to talk," said Curzon stubbornly. "You know I'm almost well again."

"For an hour, then. But I put you on your honour not to excite the patient." And she disappeared, with a little laugh on her lips, for nurse Deering loved a romance.

"So you're here to see the old hulk, Leigh? Well, it's not quite a shattered hulk as it might have been. What's the news?"

"Everything's going well, sir. They've discharged the ship, and found the damage isn't much, considering. There's a good freight offering for home—but how are you, sir?"

"They'd tell you the operation was successful—in part," said Curzon. "I'll get the use of my limbs again, after a while. They've removed the pressure on the spinal cord, and so far as health goes I'll live to a ripe old age. That's my news. But—my seafaring days are over. I'll never command a ship again. I've lost my nerve, Leigh, I've lost my nerve."

"There was something of a silence as the voice died away, none seemed to know what to say next.

"It was a good plan of yours, Leigh, to ask for men from that steamer rather than abandon the old Zoroaster. You won't suffer for it—when the tale's told as it happened."

"He's gained already," fashed Aileen. "The papers got hold of the story at the trial, and he'll all kinds of a hero here in Sydney."

"Aye, aye, and so they sent them all to penal servitude for life? It was summary justice, but the needs of the

case called for it. Mutiny on the high seas—good thing the courts were sitting. But you'll find the owners aren't ungrateful, my boy, when the reckoning comes. You saved this ship and her cargo—when you might easily have abandoned her."

Leigh said nothing. His mind flashed back to those ensuing weeks when six men and a junior officer had been spared him from the Wallaroo, and together, wedded into a bond of brotherhood by dint of peril, they had fought the fire with added zest, and conquered. He thought of the following striving, with storm after storm to cope with, his ship under-manned, cranky, unsafe, and yet—he'd brought her through—brought her right to her appointed haven, at that. And he knew that his work was good.

"Funny thing about Stubbs, sir,"

he said at length. "It must have been he who started the fire. There were all the earmarks. But where did he get to? He must have crept down that open ventilator—there's no question of that—and fired the ship, but what became of him?"

"Didn't they find anything?"

"Not a scrap. My theory is that he was overcome by the fumes of the fire he lighted and totally burnt. A horrible death."

"He deserved it," cried Aileen, and her father patted her head.

"That's all done with now. Aileen told me how it is with you, Leigh. I wouldn't wish to give her to a better there's something to be said yet. You're a sailor—my girl won't do for man. No, you needn't flush. But—a sailor's wife. She couldn't stand to be cooped up in a shipping port, see-

ing you now and then. Of course you're going into steam when you've taken the Zoroaster home?"

"Meaning—?" said Leigh.

"That you must give up the sea. Stay a bit"—Leigh made an impetuous gesture—"listen till I've done. It's played out, the sea. Foreign crews and poor freights have sent everything downhill to the bottom. The merchant service is fizzled out, my lad. So—you'd better get a shore billet. I'm not altogether a pauper. I'm quite willing to sell my share in the Zoroaster and put it into any business you like to name, provided you settle ashore. There's my offer. Accept it, and you can marry the girl as soon we get home—she says she says she won't leave her daddy until then. You'll sail when you're loaded, of course, but we'll be home as soon as you, going by steamer. They won't let me leave my bed for another six weeks at the least. There's my ultimatum, Leigh."

Leigh's face was flushed, his fingers laced and relaxed convulsively. He glanced under his eyebrows at Curzon's quiet face, then at Aileen's. Suddenly he drew himself upright.

"I can't leave the sea, sir," he said gently. "It's in my blood. Anything but that." And at his elbow he heard a little sigh of satisfaction, as Aileen breathed deeply. She had been hanging on this answer more than she quite knew.

(To be continued)

"The Daily Mail" Pattern Service.



SIMPLE AND GIRLISH

The model shown above may be developed successfully in taffeta or woolen materials. The coat portion is similar to a Russian blouse and is worn over a shirt of fine texture. Two pleats of the material flank the tucked shirt front and little silk-covered buttons trim these and the sleeves. A pretty contrast is made by using plaid material for the skirts, this combination is often seen in coat-suits this season. A pretty suggestion for this would be abouise or coat in Russian green taffeta, the skirt plaid taffeta of harmonizing shades. The hat shown on the figure is of green hemp with full crown of self-tone taffeta and roses of the palest pink.

Address in full:

Name

.....

.....

Bust Length

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.

DR. LEHR,
DENTIST, 203
WATER ST.
BEST QUALITY
TEETH AT
\$12.00 PER SET. TEETH EX-
TRACTED—PAINLESSLY—2c.

A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN

Every successful business man can give reasons for his prosperity. Most essential to any success is a careful and ceaseless attention to details. Every well conducted office or store in the world finds that simple and efficient filing systems are an absolute necessity. No employer will waste his own time or allow waste with his staff by using old fashioned methods. The benefits derived from the time and money-saving system which "Globe-Wernicke" devices encourage are self-evident. Not a paper can go astray when the "Safeguard" method of this Company is used. And no matter how complicated your filing problem, no matter how peculiar, no matter how small or how large, the "Globe-Wernicke" can provide you with the equipment that will place every record at your finger tips. Why not investigate? Mr. Percie Johnson represents the "Globe" in Newfoundland.

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.—1424

He Who Knows!

And knows that you are not doing what you should do, with in time to come, direct you to 320 Water Street. GREAT SCOTT; IT'S UNCLE DUDLEY P. O. Box 1210

I did not know where to find him. Oh, that's where they get their good fountain pens for small money. The home of that wonderful Top Groucho he will do for us what others do for themselves. Spend money, make money and save money by writing at the Overseas Novelty House, 320 Water Street. Have a chat with Uncle.

The Right Place To Buy—

Provisions, Groceries, Oats, Feeds, Wines and Liquors

P. J. Shea's,

Corner George and Prince's Sts. or at 314 Water Street.

Outport Orders promptly attended to.

Tailoring by Mail Order

I make a specialty of Mail Order Tailoring and can guarantee good fitting and stylish garments to measure. A trial order solicited.

Outport orders promptly made up and despatched C.O.D. to any station or port in the Island, carriage paid.

JOHN ADRAIN, MERCHANT TAILOR, ST. JOHN'S.

(Next door to F.P.U. office.) Jan 20, 1914, Sat

FOR SALE.

One 4x5 Cyclone Senior Camera with one double platem old. One 3 1/2x3 1/2 Cyclone Junior Camera with three double platem olders; also one Portrait Button Camera; it takes 4x5 velops and finishes buttons at the rate of 80 per hour, each photo easily sold for 10 cents. Full instructions with each camera, and so simple that a child can operate it. To be sold cheap. For particulars apply to "REGISTERED," Nipper's Harbor, N.D.B. May 20, 14

Codfish



Just the Quality for RETAILERS.

SMITH CO., Ltd.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES and FOLDING GO CARTS.

Those are selling cheap as we want the space. We will crate those in wood and send them to any part of the Island.



Folding Go Carts.

The strongest and lightest carriage made. All rubber Tired.

Pope's FURNITURE SHOWROOMS George & Waldegrave Sts.

Cow Boy Condensed Milk

Lily Brand Safety Matches

Manderson's Pickles

"EVERY DAY" BRAND EVAPORATED MILK

These are all good trade bringers. WRITE US FOR PRICES.

Wholesale and Retail

Job's Stores Limited.

Stoves! Stoves!

Tinware! Tinware!

We have received a shipment of

STOVES

"Star Stirling," "Improved Success,"

"Improved Standard."

We also carry a large stock of

Tin Kettles, Boats Kettles, Measures and Funnels.

Local Councils and Union Stores requiring such goods should order at once.

Fishermen's Union

Trading Co., Limited.