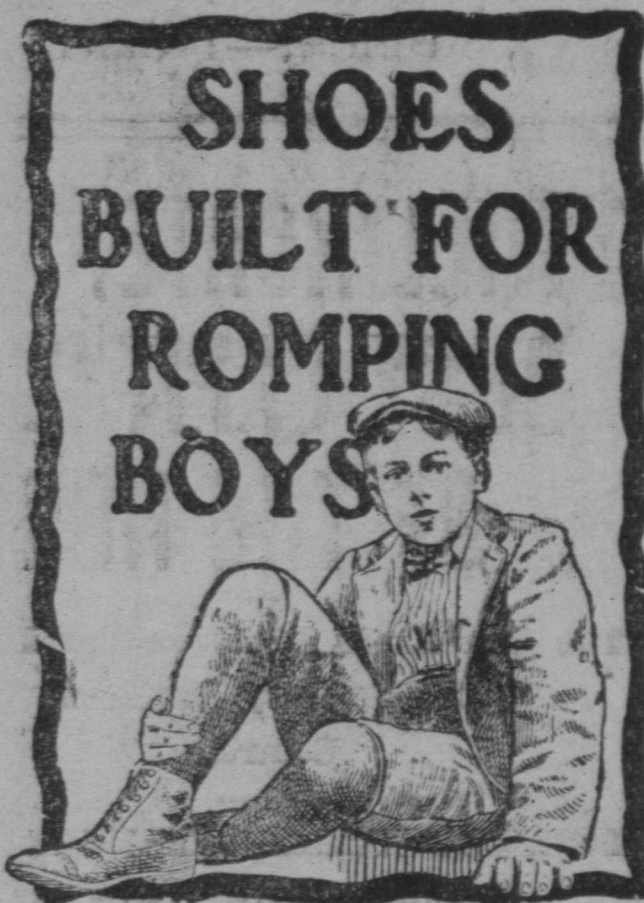


EAST, WEST  
and  
Central Shoe Stores

**G. KNOWLING**

EAST, WEST  
and  
Central Shoe Stores



**GREAT**  
Money Saving argain  
**BOYS' Grain**  
Leather **BOOTS**

Hundreds of Pairs of these Extra  
Strong, Well-Made Boots await you.

This is a very **SPECIAL LOT**, in sizes from **1 to 5** only.  
We have marked these **ALL ONE PRICE** :

**\$1.60** per Pair.

This is away **BELOW FACTORY PRICES**, and they are just  
what the illustration represents.

**G. KNOWLING.**

East West and  
Central Shoe Stores.

**A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!**

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

CHAPTER XXXIV.  
Stubbs Final Effort.

(Continued)  
"And there's four hundred tons of ammunition down below," he gasped, the reality of things crushing in upon him. "There's no time to lose!"  
His voice was steady as a rock when he shook Aileen and told her she was needed on deck. She had lain down in her clothes, and was with him in the flash of an eye. Together they stood looking along the decks, watching the smoke-wreaths eddy, fade, and disappear, and neither spoke for a long minute. Then: "We've got to see it through somehow," said Leigh hoarsely, and the girl nodded. The long strain, the constant work and the more constant anxiety had worn her down; her hands were hard and red from much handling of ropes, but she smiled bravely into her lover's face.  
"Of course we've got to see it through," she said. "How shall we be-

gin?"  
"We can't turn the crew loose," said Leigh. "This looks like some of their work. Besides, we can't watch twenty men and fight a fire at the same time. Even if they didn't murder us they'd run amuck and hinder us, or break into the spirits, or something of the kind. So—"  
"We've just ourselves—as usual," said Aileen. "Let's start straight away."  
"She's running before the wind; that's fortunate," said Leigh. "It will keep the fire from spreading aft." But, try as he would, he could not hide the tremor in his voice. Aileen heard it, and looked up—her face blanched.  
"The powder," she said softly. "I'd forgotten the powder."  
"We'll leave you here, sweetheart, and Gondo and I will tackle the thing."  
"Leave me here!" she spoke with a fine scorn. "Why, Gondo is good enough to steer the ship—come." And

she darted down to the deck, Leigh following. They set to work methodically, realising that the fight was to the death. There was no possibility of escape if the fire spread beyond their powers to combat it—the boats were gone over-side long ago; to construct a raft was impossible. But still they lived, and whilst they had life they laughed the fire to scorn. They hauled up the foresail that so awkward back draughts might send the flames aft, taking the clew-garnets to winch and capstan, slaving till the swags poured down their faces. Then, with the vast sail hanging loosely in its gear, they turned to the fight.  
With canvas and plugs they stopped every ventilator that could be stopped, but still the smoke poured through a hundred unsuspected cranies-in the deck. Leigh placed his hand on the planking and felt for the hottest spot. Once he had found it he ran to the carpenter's store and secured an axe and an adze; returning, he set to work to cut a hole through the planking abreast the galley. The Zoroaster carried a patent transporter pump, a thing which could be moved along the deck here, there and everywhere as the needs of the cases demanded. It was Aileen who trundled the cumbersome affair to the spot where Leigh toiled manfully, she it

was who flung the service-hole over-side, worked steadily at the handle until a clear rush of water poured on deck; and, this done, went forward again for more hose. By the time she had the pump coupled up Leigh had carved a small hole through the four-inch planking, and the smoke poured forth in choking gusts. But they crammed the nozzle down, packing it tightly with waste and oakum, and then, fired anew by their progress, they flung themselves upon the handle like mad people, and worked until their limbs ached and their throats were dry and parched.

Always the knowledge of the position of that four hundred tons of explosives was with them, spurring them on, goading them to desperate frenzy, even when their muscles ached the most. From time to time they rested—once at a time—the other plying pump gallantly, but they worked together for the most part, and Leigh, watching the brave face of his suffering love, felt within him a sense of vast unworthiness. Who was he to be gifted with such a priceless helpmate? A helpmate in every sense of the word, she was, guiding, suggesting, throwing out hints which had never occurred to him; cheering him on when he flagged, spurring him—aye, flashing biting words at him when, his every nerve a-quiver, he flung himself down on the heated deck and said he could do no more.

They worked on—on till their arms flashed to and fro mechanically, unguided by their brains. Smoke eddied around them, the deck grew hot and doubly hot beneath their feet.

"But why not use the donkey-pumps?" said Aileen as they paused, arms hanging limply, breath coming in panting gasps. Leigh shook his head.

"By the time we got steam up—no we can't. The coal is all down the forepeak—it's more than our lives are worth to venture down there, with those unchained devils below. And, besides, the room isn't habitable. We've got to do it with our hands."

They worked on. The hours fled by as on wings, but still they worked. Once the half-caste steward lashed the wheel and came forward to offer

**"The Daily Mail" Pattern Service.**

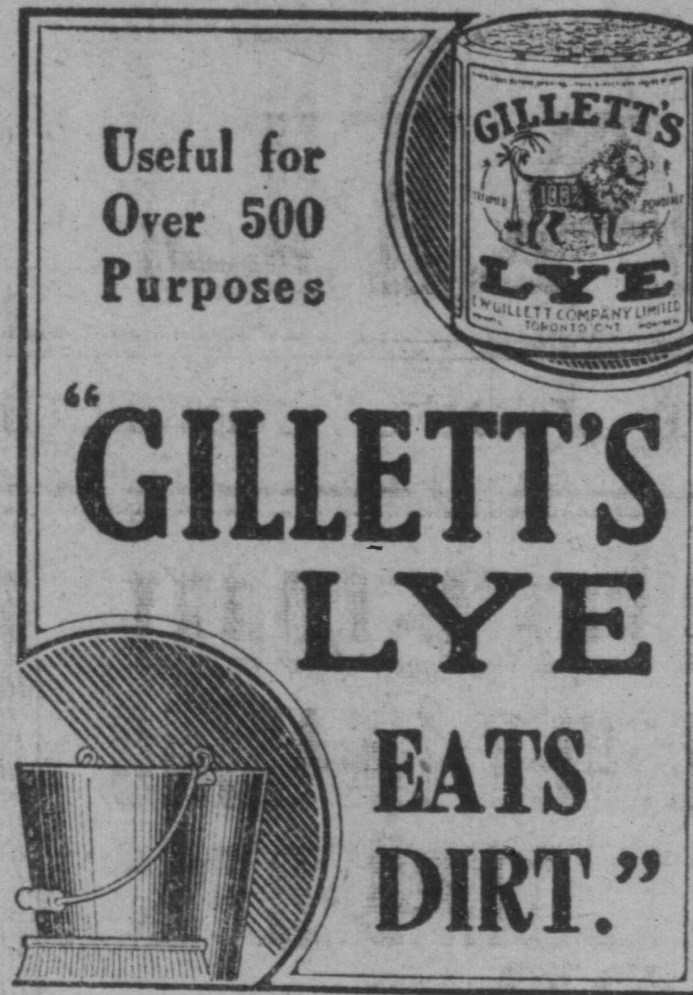


SOME ACCESSORIES FOR THE  
WOMAN IN MOURNING

The hat shown here was covered with dull black faille, the crown in plain silk while on the narrow rolling brim the silk is shirred. On the two ears, silk is laid in tufts closely set and bound with the same. The parasol of dull black taffeta on the left is severely plain with ebony handle and handle-trimming of shirred silk, while the one on the right of dull black brocaded silk shows a carved stick with oxidized silver trimming on the knob. A smart little bag of moire with gunmetal trimmings is shown in the center of the group.

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.



his services—afraid of wrathful men, he seemed curiously cool in the presence of fire; but then he did not know of the awful cargo of explosives under his feet. Leigh compelled Aileen to go aft and take the wheel, the white Gondo relieved her at the pump, but the steward was a man of no stamina, and he soon wore out, sinking down exhausted to the deck. Aileen saw it all—she left the wheel, when ever a chance occurred—and flew to the spot.

"Let him steer—I'll work," she cried defiantly, and they buckled to afresh. There arose a hoarse screaming of rage from forward, where the men were pent like rats in a trap, but neither heeded them. The crew had had no food that day, and they knew that something was wrong. But though they strove assiduously for freedom, Leigh had guarded too well against such a contingency, and they could not break out.

Gondo brought Aileen and Leigh food and they ate as they laboured, laboured with aching backs and fluttering hearts, but still persevering. It was surely the strangest courtship ever known. Instead of loving phrases they used short, breathless words, indicative of their needs. They looked into each other's eyes, but it was not to find the light of love, it was to read the light of cheer and hope. And always they found it—so that the struggle became a personal thing, they two against a cruel, crafty foe that countered every move they made and always seemed to advance.

"It's not gaining much," panted Leigh—towards nightfall, as they rested for a short half-hour. They dared not take more rest; their muscles would have stiffened and left them helpless. "It hasn't eaten through the decks yet—it isn't making much headway aft from the feel of the planking. If we'd only a dozen men to spell at the pump we might win yet."

"We've got ourselves," said Aileen desperately, laying her hands once more—they bled freely now—on the cross-handle of the pump. And so they were at it again, the water rippling steadily down into the burning hold, the clank-clank of the pump sounding hideously above the soft rustle of the wind, the flap of a slack-

**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 effective 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.

DR. LEHR,  
DENTIST, 203  
WATER ST.  
BEST QUALITY  
TEETH AT  
\$12.00 PER SET. TEETH EX-  
TRACTED—PAINLESSLY—25c.

READ THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

ened sheet, the boom of a filling sail. After the night shut down they worked trance-like, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, feeling nothing—very automata. They worked because their bodies were a-swing, and it would require some effort of thought to stop them; they worked because they knew that the ship must be saved, but the possibility of death they now regarded from a purely impersonal standpoint. They never thought of it as death—somewhere near them, they knew, was hanging a horror which was undefinable, but death seemed a thing far away and altogether unreal. And so they laboured through the long night hours, reeling away from the pump at times when exhausted nature could do no more, but always recovering and staggering back again ere their muscles stiffened. They were haggard and wan from want of rest; they bowed automatically to the swinging drive; they felt their hands drip blood every

time they shifted their grip, but still they toiled.

Once Leigh lay down and clapped one ear to the scorching deck. It was burning hot, and he could hear as from far away the crackle and hiss of fire, but he said nothing of this. There was no need to give birth to needless fears in his dear love's heart. The only thing they could do was to labour on until they were completely spent, and then die, conscious that they had done their part in the allotted scheme of things.

Now the hours passed slowly, for the ardour of their first battling was spent. The life had gone from them—they were little beyond animated bodies, working galvanically, in spasmodic starts, lying pantingly over the handles for the most part, rising and lurching giddily to the task when the shamefulness of their cowardice came upon them in waves.

(To be continued)

**CANNED MEATS!**

are at present being quoted at a considerable advance over last years prices.

We offer at a reasonable figure:

- 500 Cases 24 1's Cooked Corned Beef
- 450 " 12 2's Cooked Corned Beef
- 650 " 24 1's Roast Beef
- 250 " 12 2's Roast Beef

You will save money by stocking from this shipment which was

Secured Before the Advance.  
**HEARN & COMPANY**

**We Have Many Charming Models**

**Children's Hats!**

Wholesale and Retail.

A big stock at Rock-Bottom Prices.

—ALSO—

CHILDREN'S AMERICAN  
COTTON DRESSES!

**Robt. Templeton**

**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.**

**Baby Carriages, Go-Carts**

G. KNOWLING has just received:

**Folding Go-Carts**

Rubber Tyres,

**\$2.20**

each.



**Folding Go-Carts**

Upholstered Leather Cloth

**\$4.40 & \$6.35**

each.

**BABY CARRIAGES—Reed Body,  
Steel Tyres, \$8.00; Rubber  
Tyres, \$9.20.**

**PULLMAN RUNABOUTS—Wood  
Body, \$13.75, \$16.50, \$18.85.**

**G. KNOWLING.**

**English PATTERN CARRIAGES—  
\$16.50, \$19.25.**

**Summer Canopies and Frames  
for Baby Carriages.**

**G. KNOWLING.**