

"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

"Asbestol" Gloves.

"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. A

"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

A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Sequel to the Great Idea.

(Continued)

"Keep your kisses to yourself,"
snapped Mr. Steadman, advancing
trunculently. "We'll have no such
work here, my lad. Why—the sailor
holding the lamp had flashed it on
the girl's face, showing it up in all its
pathetic pallor, the grim streaks
fighting to hide the wan loveliness—
"why, it's Aileen!"

"Look here, Mr. Mate, come out on
deck and show you're a man. You
took me unawares, and I'm not the
chap to stand a blow like that. Put
'em up, d'ye hear me? Put 'em up,
mate or no mate, and I'll knock seven
different sorts of nonsense out of ye."

"You'll get below and call the cap-
tain and you'll go like a flying cy-
clone," roared Steadman, every hair
on his head standing on end, his
brick-red face flushed deeply, his
eyes gleaming like steel. "I don't
know what sort of a bagnio you've
been dragged up in, you—you—black
guard, but you don't insult defence-
less women when I'm about. Get be-
low, sir." And, deterred by the
sound of wrath in the first mate's
voice, Stubbs slunk away, muttering
futile threats.

"So that's why she was so particu-
lar about the stowage of that hatch?"
ruminated Mr. Steadman, as he lift-
ed the fragile body in his arms with
the greatest ease and stumped aft to
the poop. "Why, the child's been
down there four whole days at least.
Wonder if she had any food?"

"I—I lost it all," came a dim whis-
per at his ear, and then Aileen, heart

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rail to the unshrinking combers. It
was good to mark the play of shadows
on the vast bellowing caverns aloft,
to eye the rope-purified cheeks that
were the topsails, to see the loose
ropes to leeward frapping a joyous
chorus of speed. It was good to turn
the head ever so slightly after writ-
tling these marvels, to watch old
Rhys at the helm, bent and short-
sighted, yet handling the capricious
craft as deftly as if she were a toy.

He seemed to feel the spirit of the
good ship mingling with his spirit, for
the two things, human and inert, were
as one, understanding greatly. The
ship curstied gravely to the 'scend of
the sea, but fearing lest she should
grow uneasy, and give the invalid
some qualm, Rhys eased down three
spokes, and the curtsy became a leap
forward, a glad, buoyant slide, not a
dip.

Up aloft two sailors were parceling
a lift, the gear of which had been
chafed in port. They balanced them-
selves with tightened calves as they
straddled the cross-trees, and Aileen
could hear their voices, softened by
the distance, could see their deft move-
ments, the easy swing of their trained
bodies as the ship heeled wildly to a
sudden gust. The sky overhead again
—it was clearer than the skies of
England. It was a more vigorous sky,
speaking of struggle and strife. A
gentle hum—it could be called a moan

—in the thrusting wind was sweet
music. The girl felt her wasted
strength course back in full force;
she longed to rise to her feet, to walk
to the break of the poop, and inhale
the glorious air in lung-filling gasps.
But she had been told to keep her
place, and now that her great dis-
obedience had been crowned with suc-
cess she was docility itself.

"And now, my girl, we've to reckon
matters up," said her father's voice at
her side; and Aileen felt for one mo-
ment a throbbing that might almost have
been fear. She had mutilated, her fa-
ther was a strict disciplinarian—
would he exact a penalty? It was a
terrible thought. She had heard of
men stopping homeward-bound craft
to send stowaways back to the land
they had left. What if—horrible
thought!—her father should be such a
man!

She flushed, bent her head, then
summoning up all her courage, deter-
mined to go through the impending
trouble in a sailorly fashion, she lift-
ed the dazzling glory of her eyes to
her father's face.

Curzon looked astern, he frowned,
he cleared his throat, and at that mo-
ment the fire of her ocular batteries
struck home. He drew a deck-chair
beside his daughter, and took her
hand—white now, and fragile looking,
but still showing where the suns of
three oceans had burnt it brown.

"You're a naughty girl," he said
gently. "But—then, it's like heaven,
with the lights turned on, Aileen, to

have you here." And so the peace
was made. The big heart of the cap-
tain had felt its fill of loneliness, and
now—with the actual presence of the
only being he loved beside him—the
words of reproof were checked on his
lips, and he was silent for a while.

"But you gave us a terrible start,"
he said presently. "Why didn't you
come on deck before? You were al-
most dead; and if old Steadman hadn't
worked like a slave over you—Heaven
knows where he got his knowledge
from—you'd have gone out like a
snuffed candle."

"I—I was afraid," said Aileen sim-
ply. "I thought you might send me
back ashore, and that would have been
worse than death to me, dad."

Curzon stretched himself lazily, he
smiled, glanced about the ship. With-
in the last few days an appreciable
change had come over the Zoroaster.
Many a time had Curzon said the ship
had changed with the changed condi-
tions of sea life. The constant cutting
down and cheeseparing necessitated
by low freights and long waits in port
had given the ship a shabby-genteel
air—her paint-work was almost taw-
dry, and the funnel of a donkey-en-
gine protruding from the roof of the
fore-deck-house was an unsightly blot
on the symmetry of the vessel, Aileen
noticed this.

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AVOID IMITATIONS.

"And I don't see any apprentices
about, either," she said. "There used
to be five or six in the old times, dad."

"We've only two of them," said Cur-
zon, with a wise wag of his beard.
"Boys won't go to sea if they can help
it. Not likely. I don't blame 'em, my
dear. They have to work twice as
hard as the ordinary sailors, they get
awful grub, and the chances of success
are minimised. We used to treat our
boys well here, but even so we can't
live down the stigma that is attaching
itself to the merchant service. Catch
a lad—a decent lad, I mean—one
who's been brought up in a good home,
who's been the adored of doting sis-
ters, going to sea to become a com-
mon servant, a stevedore—lots of
ships work their own cargoes, you
must remember, now, and as the sail-
ors desert as soon as they reach port,
all the heavy work falls on the ap-
prentices—and several other things
which the average labour maniac
would turn up his nose at. No, the sea
apprentice has an unlovely life, and it
seems strange to me that something
isn't done to make the service more
attractive. England will have a sorry
time when her merchant service pans
out for want of officers, as it will do
at the present rate of progress—or re-
gression would be more than the
word.

"They say that it is on the Navy,
under God's providence, that Britain
looks for existence; but the Navy's a
secondary consideration, in my opin-
ion, and the mercantile service is the
country's very life-blood. And they
say away that blood by lowering the
load-line, they give no sailor a vote,
they exact from officers success in ex-
aminations that it would require a
Senior Wrangler to pass with any
great credit; and they expect to be fed
—for without us England would starve
inside a month—under these condi-
tions. The worst out-of-work in Lon-
don, who starves on charity, has a bet-
ter time than the general run of mer-
chant service men.

"Can't you see it about you? Look
at this crew! Rhys, there, who's just
leaving the wheel, is the only English-
man we have in the forecastle—Brit-
ish sailors won't stand the conditions.
That new helmsman is a type of our
crew—a Dutchman. He can speak
half a dozen words of English—he's
been crammed up with them so that
he can pass the shipping officer—and
beyond that he knows no more about
the English language than you know
of Sanskrit.

"And the result is—what? Wait till
the next European war, that's all I
say. They'll find out the value of the
merchant service then. It will mean
constant blockade—running to get food
into the country, and you'll look a
long way before you'll find Dutchmen
risking their necks to feed an alien
nation. They haven't the pluck of ver-
min; and we need pluck for that kind
of work. We shall need every British
sailor we can get, and then we'll be
far short of all we require. The steam

ers get the few Britons that are now
afloat; most of 'em are in the Reserve,
and they'll be called upon to fill de-
ficiencies in the crews of our men-of-
war. Then—we've got the Dutchmen
to take their places, Germans a lot of
'em are; and at the first sign of
trouble they'll rise in mutiny, and
carry off the ships they're employed
aboard to their own country's cruis-
ers; and where will England be then?"

(To be continued)

"The Daily Mail" Pattern Service.



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and ribbon are the subjects of the
drawings here. Very pretty they will
look over the industrious maiden's
summer porch frock as she diligently
embroiders this summer. The upper
one of fine lawn, has fine lawn as its
center and between this and the outer
binding of satin ribbon is fine lace
edging used as insertion with the
sharp points turning inward and pro-
ducing a very odd and pretty effect.
The little pocket is of lace and trim-
med with baby ribbon and a crepe
rose. The lower sketch shows an
apron of fine batiste with insertion
and edging of "Val" lace and little
rosettes of satin ribbon. Two handy
little pockets are arranged on each
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