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CREAM OF WHEAT . . . . . 20c. pkt. WHEATINA . . . . . 20c. pkt.

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Nos. 1 & 2 . . . . . 53c. tin. BENDER'S FOOD . . . . . 45c. tin.  
GRAPE NUTS . . . . . 15c. pkt. MACARONI 1 lb. cartons, 11c. ea.  
IRISH WHOLE MEAL English PASTRY FLOUR,  
FLOUR . . . . . 50c. stone. 47c. stone.

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Huntley & Palmer's HUNTLEY & PALMER'S  
FANCY LUNCH BISCUITS 16c. lb. THIN LUNCH BISCUITS,  
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an . . . . . 3 1/2c. lb. OATMEAL, Canadian, 3 1/2c. lb.

### Best American Granulated Sugar, 3 1-2c. lb.

## Geo. Knowling.

mar.30.61.ced.

## A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### Mrs. Merrilees Comes Aboard.

(Continued)

"Must have washed the things in liquorice," she sneered as she held up a fragmentary garment that was anything but white. "It's time a woman came aboard. Fetch me my basket of needles and thread from my ridiculous you." This was to Steadman, before whose frown hard-bitten wasters of the sea trembled and fled. But the magnate merely tipped off to do her bidding, and returned with equal caution.

"She'll do, sir," he said. "She's got a way with her."

"Of course she'll do," said Mrs. Merrilees. "There wasn't any doubt of that. I should hope. Not that it would have made any difference. I'm settled here for good."

"I think we'd better leave her," said Curzon with a smile. "We've got to think about that cow now."

### CHAPTER VII.

#### Aileen's Guardians.

When the Zoroaster reached London Aileen was almost a year old. She had visited Chile and Peru, she had

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Water Street West.

weathered a Cape Horn snorter, had lided away delicious health-giving hours in the Tropics, had shrieked with glee—she seemed to know no fear—at the whistling roar of a Biscay weather-breeder. Snugly wrapped up in a shawl, despite Mrs. Merrilees' wrathful antagonism, she had been carried on deck in her father's arms, off the very pitch of the Horn, to see her first iceberg, and had clasped tiny hands together exultantly as the mighty wonder, sun-sparkled, glittering and fairy-like, had come upon her vision. She had, ere this, felt the kiss of the spray and spindrift, she had stayed on deck one whole wondrous forenoon, when men—the gruff-voiced men she seemed to know already—glawed their desperate way up the reeling masts, to lay out on the shivering yards, and bring down those towering tiers of white canvas that she hardly yet quite understood.

Aileen regarded all these things with quiet wonder—she chewed her small thumb meditatively, and then laughed. If she were cross—a very seldom-occurring event—she was cross in fine weather, but when the strident song of storm was roaring over her head she was entirely content. Mrs. Merrilees, tearful and dismayed at the clattering horror above, would creep fearfully out of her berth and clutch a frantic way to the little canvas swing-ot that rocked, lightly to the heave of the labouring ship, only to find her charge sunk in deep slumber, with a serene and wholly joyful smile upon her face.

Even at this early age Aileen was beginning to show how the storm which brought about her birth was influencing her. She cut her first tooth in a furious Trade squall, and made no demur about the matter. The most appalling riot on deck—as, for instance, when the main-topgallantmast came down by the run and smashed a six-foot hole in the maindeck—never caused her heart to quicken its beat a single stroke. She was at her best when the sea-world was at its worst, and the men of the Zoroaster christened her "The Storm-Child" without further ado.

Curzon had never risen to the dignity of a home. He was glad of it

when the ship being moored in safety, he had a cab summoned and, with Mrs. Merrilees and Aileen, started off to his rooms—the rooms of his bachelorhood, in which the dead woman had never set her foot. He had not forgotten his wife; he was full of thoughts of her now. They had built much upon this home-coming; it was to be the crown of their happiness. But he was glad he had taken no home, for every individual article in such a home would have been pregnant with bitter memories. Now, however, it would be different. The rooms of his single days would hold no bitter-sweet tokens of the past, and he had his daughter to wipe out those thoughts that would crowd in upon him, in spite of his strenuous strivings.

"I don't know just what to do," he said to the woman as the cab sauntered along the East India Dock Road. "Personally, I would like to take her with me all the time, but we've got to consider her future. It might be better to let her stop ashore, where there are doctors within hail. And she'll be able to get all she wants then."

Mrs. Merrilees held her peace. She was not yet prepared for an answer. She desired to make the acquaintance of Curzon's landlady before coming to a definite decision.

"You see," said the skipper, "it isn't as if I was altogether a poor man. I've got my pay, and it's pretty good"—this was in the days before shipowners cut down their servants' wages to the minimum—"and I've got a trifle of other money, too. She can have every thing she needs, but— Mrs. Merrilees preserved severe silence.

Nothing further was said until the cab stopped at a house in a side street. Mrs. Merrilees sniffed suspiciously as she regarded the unclean steps and the ragged door-mat. She sniffed again as the door was opened, sniffed right in the face of an elderly, sour-visaged woman who held the knob tenaciously.

"I'll trouble you not to sniff in my 'all, please," said the landlady argumentatively.

"Them as sniffs here doesn't do so without cause, I'll wager," retorted Mrs. Merrilees, bridling. "No thanks to you, ma'am, for your civility."

"I told you I should be coming back," said Captain Curzon, who, man like, hated any signs of hostility between members of the gentler sex. "This is Mrs. Merrilees, Mrs. Connaught, my child's nurse."

Mrs. Connaught sized her new lodger up and down, and Mrs. Merrilees returned stare for stare.

"I have been in cleaner places," said Aileen's nurse thoughtfully, and war was declared from that moment. For a week Captain Curzon tried des-

perately to pour oil on the troubled waters, but without effect. Mrs. Merrilees and Mrs. Connaught were antagonistic as fire and water; they never met without a splutter; they never parted without wordy sparks.

"The child doesn't thrive in these close rooms," said Mrs. Merrilees at

## A SERIOUS DISAPPOINTMENT

In the mind of the immortal Burns there must have been some suggestion of the "City of Sydney" disaster when he referred to the reversal of "best laid plans." Little did he folk think that our many well laid plans would "gang aglee" when we ordered shipment of our early spring necessities.

The news that this costly cargo is now but flotsam and jetsam among the Sambre breakers means a serious disappointment to many but to none more so than to those busy office people whose "Globe-Wernicke" steel filing cabinets and special filing devices, selected with much thought and care, are now beneath the Atlantic. There were twenty-three cases of "Globe" products on board the lost vessel.

It is some satisfaction however to learn that the "Globe-Wernicke Co." in reply to Mr. Percie Johnson's wired news of this disaster, have informed him that the cabinets and other goods were re-shipped without delay.

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U. S. PICTURE

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the end of the week. She raised her voice purposely, for she knew the landlady was listening outside the door. "To say nothing of getting watered milk, sir. And as for her washing, which I understands you pay for separate, it's disgraceful; but facts is facts."

"But what would you suggest?" asked Curzon.

"Cleaner surroundings," said Mrs. Merrilees, raising her voice still more. She had heard an agitated shuffling of feet, suspicious sniffs, outside the door. "Only this very morning, as ever was, I found a fly in the blessed bairn's milk. Yes, a fly. Pah! it might have poisoned her! And I believe it was put in deliberate."

The door flew open, an outraged woman shook a clenched fist in the nurse's face. Then the battle joined, and Captain Curzon, seizing the child from her chair, hastened through to his own room. The clamour of tongues reached him stridently. He sniggered; to think that his daughter might be compelled to live in an atmosphere of discord such as this was repointing to his soul. He scanned the wondering face hungrily—undoubtedly what Mrs. Merrilees had said was true. Aileen had lost some of her bright colour, the cheeks were a shadowless full. She cried now, as he held her—not the fullest cry of the past, but a sobbing, pining moan. The child of the storm did not thrive in the close atmosphere of a London street.

"Which I wish to say, sir, that me and that blessed baby must part or else leave here," cried Mrs. Merrilees, bursting into the room, herself triumphant. She had defeated the vinegary landlady in one swift engagement, and now stood for a moment to gather her calm.

"We'll see what the country will do for her," said Curzon thoughtfully. "I dare say I'll manage to get a week or two away from the ship."

He applied for leave, which was granted, and carried away his child and her nurse to a sunny country place, where the air blew fresh from the hills. But even here Aileen seemed to fall a little. They fed her cunningly; they devised a hundred schemes for her welfare, but she lost her brightness; the winning smile that was one of her greatest charms, vanished; down-drooping lips and heavy, brooding eyes bespoke her unrest of spirits. She was a lovely child he said. A mop of golden curls clustered over her high, white brow, her eyes were fathomless wells of richest blue—they would turn to grey later, perhaps—she was big and strong for her age, but she was fretful and complaining, she who had never complained.

"Not that I'm a croaker, which God forbid," said Mrs. Merrilees at the end of the first week in the country, "but I do declare, upon my soul, I believe the child's pining for the sea. It's a horrid thing, no comforts for a decent woman, but it's what she want, and so—"

"She'll have to have it," concluded Curzon with a smile. The sea had robbed him of the woman he loved, the sea had proved a hard task-master, but to him it was his very life.

"But—about yourself, Mrs. Merrilees?" he went on. The nurse looked up.

"If 'tit sea's what the blessed infant wants, sir, she's got to have it. And I ain't the woman to turn back once I've set my mind on a thing." And so it was settled. Curzon took an early train to town, and sought out his own ers. They already knew the story of his loss; Captain Curzon was the best man they had in their employ. Greening and Fulton knew when they had a valuable servant; they were not the men to let him go.

"Yes, certainly, captain, take the woman and the child. I think we might manage to get a little work done aboard that would make things more comfortable for them. Don't trouble about the extra stores, by the way; we'll see to that." Thus Mr. Greening, gold glasses in hand.

"I'm much obliged, sir. I can't quite put it in words, but—the child's a lot to me, sir. I can't quite put it in words, but—the child's a lot to me, sir, and—"

"Yes, yes, we understand, captain. But we must see the child, we must see the child. It seems queer, but—well, this is in confidence, mind—she

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## Geo. Knowling.

## "The Daily Mail" Pattern Service.

must exercise a great fascination over those who know her. We offered the command of the Semiramis—she's bound East—to Mr. Steadman, your old mate, and he said he preferred to sail as first officer with you. And then, next in order we got a letter from young—young Fraser, asking if the second mate's berth on the Zoroaster was vacant, as he hopes to pass this time. If you'd like to join as second—Vigors has gone up for mate, I believe—you might let us know."

(To be continued)

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