s it! Clean and—
—Free from Dust
"ALADA"
ckets Only - Never in Bulk
d—Natural Green E212

Bride's Name;

Adventures of Captain Fraser

(Cont'd).

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"No cousins?" said Fraser, staring. He had twenty-three himself.

"I have some in New Zealand," said Poppy, considering. "If I could, I think I should go out there."

"And give up your business here?" inquired the mate, anxiously.

"It gave me up," said Poppy, with a little tremulous laugh. "I had a week's pay instead of notice the day before yesterday. If you know anybody who wants a clerk who spells 'impatient' with a 'y' and is off-hand when they are told of it, you might let me know."

The mate stared at her blankly. This was a far more serious case than Captain Flower's. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Try for another berth," was the reply.

"But if you don't get it?"

"I shall get it sooner or later," said the girl.

"But suppose you don't get one for a long time?" suggested Fraser.

"I must wait till I do," said the girl, quietly.

"You see," continued the mate twisting his hands, "it might be a long job, and I—I was wondering—what you would do in the meantime. I was wondering whether you could hold out."

"Hold out?" repeated Miss Tyrell, very coldly.

"Whether you've got enough money," blurted the mate.

Miss Tyrell turned upon him a face in which there was now not a ck of color. "That is my business," she said, stiffly.

"Mine, too," said Fraser, gazing steadily at the pretty picture of indignation before him. "I was Flower's friend as well as his mate, and you are only a girl." The indignation became impatience. "Little more than a child," he murmured scrutinising her.

"I am quite big enough to mind my own business," said Poppy, reverting to chilly politeness.

"I wish you would promise me you won't leave here or do anything until I have seen you again," said Fraser, who was anxious to consult his captain on this new phase of affairs.

"Certainly not," said Miss Tyrell, rising and standing by her chair, "and thank you for calling."

Fraser rubbed his chin helplessly.

"Thank you for calling," repeated the girl, still standing.

"That is telling me to go, I suppose?" said Fraser, looking at her frankly. "I wish I knew how to talk to you. When I think of you here all alone, without friends and without employment, it seems wrong for me to go and leave you here."

Miss Tyrell gave a faint gasp and glanced anxiously at the door. Fraser hesitated a moment, and then rose to his feet.

"If I hear anything more, may I come and tell you?" he asked.

"Yes," said Poppy, "or write; perhaps it would be better to write; I might not be at home. Good-bye."

The mate shook hands, and, blundering down the stairs, shouted good-night to a segment of the Wheeler family visable through the half-open door, and passed out into the street. He walked for some time rapidly, gradually slowing down as he collected his thoughts. "Flower's a fool," he said, bitterly; "and as for me, I don't know what I am. It's so long since I told the truth I forget what it's like, and I'd sooner tell lies in a church than tell them to her."

CHAPTER X.

He looked expectedly on the cabin table for a letter upon his return to the ship, but was disappointed, and the only letter yielded by the post next morning came from Captain Barber. I was couched in terms of great resignation, and after bemoaning the unfortunate skipper's untimely demise, in language of great strength, wound up with a little Sripture, and asked the mate to act as master and sail the schooner home.

"You'll act as mate, Ben, to take her back," said the new skipper, thrusting the letter in his pocket.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Ben, with a side glance at Joe, "but I'll keep for'ard, if you don't mind."

"As you please," said Fraser, staring.

"And you're master, I s'pose?" said Joe, turning to Fraser.

Fraser, whose manner had already effected the little change rendered necessary by his promotion from mate to master, nodded curtly, and the crew, after another exchange of looks. Their beheaviour all day was docile, not to say lamb-like, and it was not until evening that the new skipper found it necessary to enforce his authority.

The exciting cause of the unpleasantness was Mr. William Green a slim, furtive-eyed young man, whom Fraser took on in the afternoon to fill the vacancy caused by Ben's promotion. He had not been on board half an hour before trouble arose from his attempt to introduce the manners of the drawing-room into the forecastle.

"Mr. Will-yum Green," repeated Joe, when the new arrival had introduced himself; "well, you'll be Bill 'ere."

"I don't see why, if I call you Mr. Smith, you shouldn't call me Mr. Green," said the other.

"Call me wot?" inquired Joe, sternly; "you let me 'ear you callin 'me mister anything, that's all; you let me 'ear you."

"I'm sure the cook 'ere don't mind me callin' 'im Mr. 'Fisher," said the new seaman.

"Cert'nly not," said the gratified cook; "only my name's Disher."

The new-comer apologised with an urbanity that rendered Joe and old Ben speechless. They gazed at each other in silent consternation, and then Ben rose.

"We don't want no mister 'ere," he said, curtly, "an' wot's more, we won't 'ave 'em That chap's name's Bob, but we calls 'im Slushy. If it's good enough for us, it's good enough for a ordinary seaman wot's got an A. B. discharge by mistake. Let me 'ear you call 'im Slushy. Go on, now."

"I've no call to address 'im at all just now," said Mr. Green, liffily.

"You call 'im Slushy," roared Joe, advancing upon him; "call 'im Slushy till I tell you to stop."

"Slushy," said Mr. Green, sullenly, and avoiding the pained gaze of the cook; "Slushy, Slushy, Slushy, Slushy, Sl——"

"That'll do," said the cook, rising, with a scowl. "You don't want to make a song abart it."

Joe, content with his victory, resumed his seat on the locker, and exchanged a reassuring glance with Ben; Mr. Green, with a deprecatory glance at the cook, sat down and offered him a pipe of tobacco.

"Been to sea long?" inquired the cook, accepting it.

"Not long," said the other, speaking very distinctly. "I was brought up for something quite different. I'm just doing this till something better turns up. I find it very difficult to be a gentleman at sea."

The cook, with an eye on Joe, ventured on a gentle murmur of sympathy, and said that he had experienced same thing.

"I 'ad money," continued Mr. Green musingly, "and I run through it; then I 'ad more money, and I ran through that."

"Ben," said Joe, suddenly, "pass me over that boot o' yours."

"What' for?" inquired Ben, who had just taken it off.

"To chuck at that swab there," said the indignant seaman.

Ben passed it over without a word, and his irritated friend, taking careful aim, launched it at Mr. Green and caught him on the side of the head with it. Pain standing the latter in lieu of courage, he snatched it up and returned it, and the next moment the whole forecastle was punching somebody else's head, while Tim, in a state of fearful joy, peered down on it from his bunk.

Victory, rendered cheap and easy by reason of the purblindness of the frantic cook, who was trying to persuade Mr. Green to raise his face from the floor so that he could punch it for him, remained with Joe and Ben, who, in reply to the angry shouts of the skipper from above, pointed silently to the combatants. Explanations, all different and all ready to be sworn to if desired, ensued, and Fraser, after curtly reminding Ben of his new position and requesting him to keep order, walked away.

A silence broken only by the general complaments of the much gratified Tim, followed his departure, although another outbreak nearly occurred owing to the cook supplying raw meat for Mr. Green's eye and refusing it for Joe's. It was the lack of consideration and feeling that affected Joe, not the want of the beef, that little difficulty being easily surmounted by taking Mr. Green's. The tumult was just beginning again, when it was arrested by the sound of angry voices above. Tim, followed by Joe, sprang up the ladder, and the couple with their heads at the opening listened with appreciative enjoyment to a wordy duel between Mrs. Tipping and daughter and the watchman.

"Call me a liar, then," said old George, in bereaved accents.

"I have," said Mrs. Tipping.

"Only you're so used to it you don't notice it," remarked her daughter, scathingly.

"I tell you he's drowned," said the watchman, raising his voice; "if you don't believe me go and ask Mr. Fraser. He's skipper in his place now."

(To be continued).

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19

PRACTICAL FARMING

Cooperative Bull Clubs.

The breeders' club has become quite common in Canada, and as an association is, no doubt playing a large part in the production of good pure bred cattle. But their usefulness has never been extended very far beyond the holding of consignment sales. One of the things which they might do is to make a cooperative effort to obtain and retain better sires. It is noticed even in districts where breeders' clubs have been established the longest, that almost every breeder supports a sire in his herd. This animal, with good care and feeding, could easily head two or more herds, says Farm and Dairy.

A scheme for the cooperative ownership of sires requires careful planning. A well laid plan to work on is reported in a recent issue of the Holstein-Friesian World. A part of the article in question is reprinted herewith for the benefit of our readers:

"The dairy farmers near Roland, Iowa, have formed the first Holstein-Friesian Bull Association in the state, and they have done this, not as large or accomplished Holstein breeders, but just as younger breeders of Holsteins with the necessary progressiveness and enthusiasm can do anywhere. To Mr. Winkjer, of the United State Department, goes the credit for starting this association, although the extension workers of the Iowa State College, Professors Barker and Cort, have also materially helped with the work. After corresponding with some of the breeders near Roland and receiving satisfactory assurances, Mr. Winkjer personally visited the men and secured their cooperation in the project.

"Fourteen breeders of grade and pure bred Holstein-Friesians form the association. These are divided into five blocks, one well bred registered bull being secured for each block. The number of breeders in each block depends upon the number of cattle kept and also somewhat upon the location of the different men forming that group. There are two blocks with only two men each; two with three each, and the remaining one with four. The expenses for the five bulls needed are pro-rated equally among the different blocks and also equally among the members of each individual block. Thus a member of the group composed of four pays only half as much as one in a block containing two breeders. This plan seems to be the most satisfactory and equitable of any suggested. The bulls will be changed to different blocks every two years, Bull A. in block 1, going to block 2, Bull B. in block 2 to block 3, etc.

"One of the provisions of the constitution provides that each herd in the association must be tested for tuberculosis annually. It is further provided that any bull must be purchased subject to the tuberculin test after being subjected to a 60-day quarantine. The quarantine prevents the bull's infection after being purchased, and also affords an adequate safeguard against any illegitimate practices on the part of the seller. It is interesting to note that the larger number of breeders did not object to this clause, but appreciated the value of having it in force, to protect the farmers from this dread disease."

Dairy Notes.

Battens are cheaper than cracks, and cows get a lot more comfort out of them.

Windows so clouded with cobwebs that you can't see through them do not let in a great deal of light. Sweep 'em down.

Put the ventilating shafts in rig winter is here.

A bit more elbow-grease these days on the cans, pans, and so forth. The "and so forth" may be almost anything in the line of tinware that is used in the dairy, especially the strainer.

Marketing dust and other stuff that is apt to get on the cows' flanks after they go into the stable isn't very profitable business—nor healthful, either, particularly if the milk inspector gets after a fellow. A few minutes with the brush pays lots better.

Let the other fellow do the shouting at his cows, and see to it that he shouts somewhere else than in your barn at milking-time.

Stand by the cows and they will stand by you.

A four-legged milking-stool beats one with one leg, four to one. If any of the women folks help about the milking, make them a long stool with four legs and a place to hold the pail. It is never safe or neat to let the pail rest on the floor.

It will be some time before anybody makes a churn that will beat the good old barrel churn.

By the time the creamery man gets his slice out of the milk profits, the railroad another slice, the commission man still another and the retail dealer his, the slice that is left for the man who ought to have the biggest slice of all is pretty thin.

And some men who are short on hair imagine that they are exceptionally long on brains.

Icing Sugar

For frosting cakes, making bonbons and other confections without cooking. Ask for it by name at your grocer's.

1-lb Cartons only

Lantic Sugar

is packed at the factory in dust-tight cartons. You is the first hand to touch

2 and 5-lb Cartons
10 and 20-lb Bags

"The All-Purpose Sugar"

Send us a red lantic trade-mark for a FREE Cook Book

Atlantic Sugar Refineries Ltd
Power Bldg., Montreal

If somebody bests you he's the thing for you to do is to improve your best.

— GOOD DIGESTION —
When your digestion is faulty, weakness and pain are certain and disease is invited.

Mother Seigel's Syrup corrects and stimulates the digestive organs, and banishes the many ailments which arise from indigestion.

FOR 40 YEARS THE STANDARD REMEDY

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

FOR STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLE

At all Druggists, or direct on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00. The large bottle contains three times as much as the smaller. A. J. WHITE & CO., LIMITED, Craig Street West, Montreal.

FIVE ROSES FLOUR for Breads Cakes-Puddings-Pastries

YOUR puddings are palatable, why use Five Roses? Simply because you want them more daintily porous, more *digestible*. Five Roses puddings *digest unconsciously*—every spoonful is a tasty source of vitality.

From Erin's Green Isle

NEWS BY MAIL FROM THE LAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

Mr. C... Lougher... death in... Capt. S... V.O., C... Secre... Robert...

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A Chemical Solution.

Chemistry Professor—What happens to gold when it is exposed to the ...?

Student (after long reflection)—It's stolen.

YOUNG FOLKS

The Day That Carries the Lant...

Late every afternoon in the fall ... early winter, when the sun goes ... and the shadows get thick under ... trees in the yard, Mrs. Raymond ... down a lantern that hangs in her ... cher and gives it to Rusty, the ... collie.

Rusty takes the handle into ... mouth and holds his head high, ... to keep the lantern from touching ... ground and in this because he is ... to be trusted on an important er... Then he trots off along a winding ... that leads through the woods ... railway station about a quarter ... mile away. There he waits on ... platform for the train that brings ... Raymond from the city. Then ... Raymond lights the lantern and ... it back to Rusty and the two ... together along the winding pat... the house, where a good ... waiting for both of them.

The path through the woods ... short cut. The distance from ... house to the station is much ... by way of the street and that ... reason Mr. Raymond always ... path when he goes to take ... the morning and when he comes ... at night.

If, by any chance, Mrs. Ray... forgets to give Rusty the lantern ... train time is over he goes to the ... where the lantern hangs in the ... en, and he ... And if the ... whistle ... he is on ... throat ... Now be ... he never does the lantern ... person who happens to be ... tion ... his head and talk to him ... he is waiting for his master ... rive.

When spring comes, and ... get so long that no lantern ... Rusty usually meets his ... the same end every night, ... but always unless there is ... important that he and Louis hav... be doing. But in the fall and ... months when he knows that his ... ter depends upon him, he is on the ... form with the lantern every ... when the train stops.

Did I say "every night"? ... not quite true. In the past ... years there has been just ... that Rusty has missed, and that ... last month. It was not the ... failure, however, that puts a ... mark against him, as you sha... On that night he started for ... tion as usual, with the lantern ... ing against him as he trotted ... along. There was ample ... so he did not hurry. Just ... passing through a little hollow ... halfway through the woods, he ... something of ... one side of ... that made him stop short. ... sound of a child crying, ... the friend of every boy and ... town, knew that it was ... find out what was wrong ...

He dropped the lantern ... friendly little black bearded ... woods. It was not ... under the big trees, and ... were keen. He saw a ... ting on the ground. It ... Royce, one of his neighbors ... knew him as quickly as he ...

"O Rusty," he sobbed, ... some one would come some ... it has seemed awfully long ... I went to the ... to get ... lowest thing ... and I took ... cut home, and ... was getting ... I stumbled over a stone ... ankle so that ... can't stand ... ed, but the ... engine in the ... yard makes so much noise ... hears me ... And it's getting ... dark, Rusty, and you must ... She rattled on with her ... Rusty, just as ... the expression ... orders and every word she ... she knows ... that he ... way, he barked again, and ... ... Martha's chair ... her hands ... show ... Then ... away ... woods as fast as he could go ... and the ... but toward ... home.

A little later he was ... scratching at the door there ... Royce opened it to see what ... ter was ... Rusty barked ... then seized Mr. Royce's coat ... teeth and pulled with all his ... ...

"What is it, Rusty? What ... world do you want of me?" ... Mr. Royce ...

"Oh ... about Martha, ... exclaimed Mrs. Royce, hurrying ... door. She ought to have ... before this time. You ... time!"

Mr. Royce did not stop ... but ran after Rusty toward ... woods and along the path ... ...

Then Rusty remembered ... and picked up the lantern that ... dropped. But he had not go... when he met his master ... way homeward in the dark.

"Why, Rusty, you bad dog ... claimed Mr. Raymond. ... so late?"

Of course Rusty could not ... and he felt very sorrowful as ... led home behind his master ... ...

Later in the evening Mr. R... came over to the Raymond home ... told them what Rusty had done ... then they all petted Rusty and ... to him until he was very happy ... ...

Do you wonder that everyone in ... neighborhood, and especially, Mart... Royce,—whose ankle was soon ... again,—thinks that Rusty is a ... derful dog?—Youth's Companion.

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CHAPTER IX.—(
"He can't come," in
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voice; "he had a bad fo
fore last he was standing
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He broke off and eyed
vously, "and fell overbo
cluded.
Poppy Tyrell gave a
springing to her feet, s
hand on the back of her
ing him. "Poor fello
softly; "poor fellow."
She sat down again
window and nervously p
leaves of a geranium.
white and her dark eye
tender. Fraser, watchin
his resourceful skipper a
self.
"It's a terrible thi
friends," said Poppy, a
"And for you," said Fr
fully.
"I am very grieved,"
quietly; "very shocked an
ed."
"I have got strong ho
may have got picked up,"
cheerfully; "very strong
threw him a life-belt, and
got the boat out and pull
couldn't find either of them
he at all surprised if he ha
ed up by some vessel out
Stranger things have happ
The girl shook her he
didn't go overboard after
asked quietly.
"I did not," said the ma
somewhat tired of this tr
ing; "I had to stand by
and besides, he was a m
swimmer than I am—I di
could."
Miss Tyrell bowed her
swer. "Yes," she said, s
"If there's anything I ca
Fraser, awkwardly, "or be
you in any way, I hope yo
know—Flower told me yo
alone, and—"
He broke off suddenly as
girl's lips quiver. "I was
of my father," he said,
tion of this weakness.
"I suppose you've got
tives?" said Fraser.
The girl shook her head.

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