

# The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

## CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

"No, sir," said the cook, expectfully, "it does make 'em larf, don't it, sir? thought I can't see wot they're larfing at any more than wot you can."

The mate walked off fuming, and to his other duties added that of inspector of pots and pans, a condition of things highly offensive to the cook, inasmuch as certain culinary arrangements of his, only remotely connected with cleanliness, came in for much unskilled comment.

The overworked crew went ashore at the earliest possible moment after their arrival in London, in search of recuperative draughts. Ben watched them a trifle wistfully as they moved off, and when Niblets soon after followed their example without inviting him to join him in a social glass of superior quality, smiled mournfully as he thought of the disadvantages of rank.

He sat for some time smoking in silence, monarch of all he surveyed, and then, gazing abstractedly at the silent craft around him, fell into a pleasant dream, in which he saw himself in his rightful position as master of the Foam, and Niblets, cashiered for drunkenness, coming to him for employment before the mast. His meditations were disturbed by a small piece of coal breaking on the deck, at which he looked lazily, until, finding it followed by two other pieces, he reluctantly came to the conclusion that they were intended for him. A fourth piece, better aimed, put the matter beyond all reasonable doubt and, looking up sharply, he caught the watchman in the act of launching the fifth.

"Hullo, old 'un," said George, cheerfully, "I thought you was asleep."

"You thought wrong, then," said the mate, sourly; "don't you do that ag'in."

"Why, did I 'urt you?" said the other, surprised at his tone.

"Next time you want to chuck coal at anybody," continued Ben, with dignity, "pick out one o' the 'ands; mates don't like 'aving coal chucked at 'em by watchmen."

"Look who we are," gasped the petrified George. "Look who we are," he repeated, helplessly. "Look who we are."

"Keep your place, watchman," said the mate, severely; "keep your place, and I'll keep mine."

The watchman regarded him for some time in genuine astonishment, and then, taking his old seat on the post, thrust his hands in his pockets, and gave utterance to this shocking heresy. "Mates ain't nothing."

"You mind your business, watchman," said the nettled Ben. "and I'll mind mine."

"You don't know it," retorted the other, breathing heavily; "besides, you don't look like a mate. I wouldn't chuck coal at a real mate."

He said no more, but sat gazing idly up and down the river with a face from which all expression had been banished, except when at intervals his gaze rested upon the mate, when it lit up with an expression of wonder and joy which made the muscles ache with the exercise.

He was interrupted in this amusement by the sound of footsteps and feminine voices behind him; the indefatigable Tippings were paying another of their informal visits, and, calmly ignoring his presence, came to the edge of the jetty and discussed ways and means of boarding the schooner.

"Mr. Fraser's gone," said the watchman, politely and loudly, "there's a new skipper now, and that tall, fine, handsome, smart, good-looking young feller down there, is the new mate."

The new mate, looking up fiercely, acknowledged the introduction with an inhospitable stare, a look which gave way to one of anxiety as Mrs. Tipping, stepping into the rigging, suddenly lost her nerve, and, gripping it tightly, shook it in much the same fashion as a stout blue-bottle shakes the web of a spider.

"Hold tight, mar," cried her daughter, excitedly.

"I am," cried Mrs. Tipping. "Help!" The watchman stepped into the rigging beside her, and patted her soothingly on the back; the mate, coming to the side, took her foot and assisted her to reach the deck. Miss Tipping followed, and the elder lady, after recovering from the shock caused by her late peril, fell to discussing the eternal subject of Mr. Robinson with the new mate.

"No, I never see 'im," said Ben thoughtfully. "I never heard of him till you come asking arter 'im."

"You must make up your mind he's gone," said Mrs. Tipping, turning to her daughter, "that's what I keep telling you. I never was so tired of anything in my life as tramping down here night after night. It ain't respectable."

"You needn't come," said the other, dutifully. "He was last heard of on this ship, and where else am I to look for him? You said you'd like to find him yourself."

"I should," said Mrs. Tipping, grimly; "I should. Me an' 'im are to have a little talk, if ever we do meet."

"If ever he comes aboard this ship," said the mate, firmly, "I'll tackle him for you."

"Find out where he lives," said Mrs. Tipping, eagerly.

"And let us know," added her daughter, giving him a card; "that's our address, and any time you're up our way we shall be very pleased to see you, Mr. —"

"Brown," said the mate, charmed with their manners. "Mr. Brown."

"Ben," cried a voice from the wharf. The new mate gazed austerely at the small office-boy above.

"Letter for the mate," said the youth, who was unversed in recent history; "catch."

He pitched it to the deck and walked off whistling. There was only one mate in Ben's world, and he picked up the letter and put it in his pocket.

"Don't mind us, if you want to read it," said Mrs. Tipping, kindly.

"Only business, I expect," said Ben, grandly.

He took it from his pocket, and, tearing the envelope, threw it aside and made a feint of reading the contents.

"Not bad news, I hope?" said Mrs. Tipping, noticing his wrinkled brow.

"I can't read without my glasses," said the mate, with a measure of truth in the statement. He looked at Mrs. Tipping, and saw a chance of avoiding humiliation.

"Praps you'd just look at it and see if it's important," he suggested.

Mrs. Tipping took the letter from him, and, after remarking on the strangeness of the handwriting, read aloud:—

Dear Jack,—If you want to see Mr. Norton, come to 10, John Street, Walworth, and be careful nobody sees you. "Jack," said the mate, stooping for the envelope. "Why, it must be meant for Mr.—for Jack Fraser."

"Careful nobody sees you," murmured Miss Tipping, excitedly, as she took the envelope from the mate; "why, the address is printed by hand."

Mother and daughter looked at each other. It was evident that their thoughts were similar, and that one could have known them without the expenditure of the proverbial penny.

"I'll give it to him when I see him," remarked Ben, thrusting the letter in his pocket. "It don't seem to be important. He ain't in London at present, I don't think."

"I shouldn't think it was important at all," said Mrs. Tipping, soothingly.

"Not at all," echoed her daughter, whose cheek was burning with excitement. "Good-night, Mr. Brown."

Ben bade them good-night, and in his capacity of host walked up the wharf with them and saw them depart.

"Nice little thing, ain't she?" said the watchman, who was standing there, after Mrs. Tipping had bidden the mate good-bye; "be careful wot you're a-doin' of, Ben. Don't go and spile yourself by a early marriage, just as you're a-beginning to get on in life. Besides, a mate might do better than that, and she'd only marry you for your position."

## CHAPTER XII.

In happy ignorance of the changes caused by his sudden and tragic end, Captain Flower sat at the open window of his shabby Walworth lodging, smoking an after-breakfast pipe, and gazing idly into the dismal, littered yard beneath. Time—owing to his injured foot, which, neatly bandaged at a local dispensary, rested upon a second chair—hung rather heavily upon his hands as he sat thinking of ways and means of spending the next six months profitably and pleasantly. He had looked at the oleographs on the walls until he was tired, and even the marvels of the wax fruit under a cracked glass shade began to pall upon him.

"I'll go and stay in the country a bit," he muttered; "I shall choke here."

He took a slice of bread from the tray, and breaking it into small pieces, began to give breakfast to three hens which passed a precarious existence in the yard below.

"They get quite to know you now," said the small but shrewd daughter of the house, who had come in to clear the breakfast things away. "How'd you like your egg?"

"Very good," said Flower.

"It was new laid," said the small girl.

She came up to the window and critically inspected the birds. "She laid it," she said, indicating one of the three.

"She's not much to look at," said

# Redpath SUGAR



2 and 5 lb. Cartons—  
10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

When you pay the price of first quality sugar, why not be sure that you get it? There is one brand in Canada which has no second quality—that's the old reliable Redpath.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

3

Made in one grade only—the highest!

Flower, regarding the weirdest-looking of the three with some interest.

"She's a wonderful layer," said Miss Chiffers, "and as sharp as you make 'em. When she's in the dustbin the others 'ave to stay outside. They can go in when she's 'ad all she wants."

"I don't think I'll have any more eggs," said Flower, casually. "I'm eating too much. Bacon 'll do by itself."

"Please yourself," said Miss Chiffers, turning from the window.

"How's your foot?"

"Better," said Flower.

"It's swelled more than it was yesterday," she said with ill-concealed satisfaction.

"That's better," said the captain.

"It feels 'cos it's goin' dead," said the damsel; "then it'll go black all up your leg, and then you'll 'ave to 'ave it orf."

Flower grinned comfortably.

"You may larf," said the small girl, severely; "but you won't larf when you lose it, an' all becos you won't poultice it with tea leaves."

She collected the things together on a tea tray of enormous size, and holding it tightly pressed to her small waist, watched with anxious eyes as the heavy articles slowly tobogganed to the other end. A knife fell outside the door, and the loaf, after a moment's hesitation, which nearly upset the tray, jumped over the edge and bounded downstairs.

Flower knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and slowly, refilling it, began to peruse the morning paper, looking in vain, as he had looked each morning, for an account of his death.

His reading was interrupted by a loud knock at the street door, and he threw down the paper to be ready to receive the faithful Fraser. He heard the door open, and then the violent rushing upstairs of Miss Chiffers to announce his visitor.

"Somebody to see you, Mr. Norton," she panted, bursting into the room.

"Well, show him up," said Flower.

"All of 'em?" demanded Miss Chiffers.

"Is there more than one?" inquired Flower, in a startled voice.

"Three," said Miss Chiffers, nodding; "two gentlemen and a lady."

"Did they say what their names were?" inquired the other, turning very pale.

Miss Chiffers shook her head, and then stooped to pick up a hairpin.

"One of 'em's called Dick," she said, replacing the pin.

"Tell them I'm not at home," said Flower, hastily, "but that I shall be back at twelve o'clock. See?"

(To be continued.)

## ORIGIN OF THE BAYONET.

First Used by Troops Out of Ammunition.

The bayonet, which the quidnuncs before the war said was an obsolete weapon, has proved its great value in the recent movements of the British.

Its name comes from that of Bayonne, a little town in the Basque country in France, but cheek by jowl with Spain, down in the far corner of the Biscay. There it was first manufactured.

The story of its invention illustrates the old proverb about the motherhood of necessity. A Basque regiment, having run out of ammunition and wishing to sell their lives dearly, took the suggestion of one of their number that they should fix their long knives to the ends of their muskets and charge therewith and try to break through the ranks of their enemies.

This they did—the first bayonet charge in history—and their success in extricating themselves from a very warm corner showed the value of the new weapon and led to its manufacture and adoption by every country and army in the world.

## Her Ideal.

We heard a young woman say yesterday that her ideal man is one who is smart enough to make money and foolish enough to spend it.

# PRACTICAL FARMING



Paying for Milk and Cream on a Quality Basis.

Many phases of dairying have increased by leaps and bounds during the past few years, but none has been more marked than the butter industry. This growth is attended with new problems which must be solved if Canadian cheese and butter are to be held in as high esteem in the future as they have been in the past. In 1907 about 6,000,000 pounds of creamery butter were manufactured in Western Ontario. The home market consumed the major portion of it, but in 1915 20,000,000 pounds were manufactured and the home demand was lessened by the Western Provinces being able to supply their local trade. Ontario butter must cater to a foreign market in competition with butter from other countries, and these markets will be a little more exacting as to flavor, texture, etc., than our own people.

The other Provinces of the Dominion have led Ontario in the matter of cream grading. In 1915, 96 per cent. of butter manufactured in Alberta was made from graded-cream and 59 per cent. graded specials, with only 7 per cent. seconds, which is a tribute to the high-quality cream delivered by the producer. In Saskatchewan 98 per cent. was graded and in Manitoba 61 per cent. In Quebec cream grading is compulsory, and dairymen in the Maritime Provinces are strong supporters of the system. Ontario lags behind, and the effect was noticed by the failure to win prizes with butter when in competition with other Provinces. However, the new Dairy Act which comes into force in March provides for the grading of all cream. Such legislation should be welcomed by producer and manufacturer alike.

First-quality butter cannot be made from second-grade cream, nor can the best butter be made from the mixture of a first and second-grade cream. The dairyman who through carelessness in handling his cream, delivers a second quality, not only hurts his neighbor, who endeavors to keep his cream in the most approved manner, but he tends to cripple the whole industry for the Province. On the market one pound of low-grade butter will displace 100 pounds of the finest quality. More free advertising, is given the poor stuff than the good. It is the case with everything; consequently, as competition becomes keener, more care must be taken to manufacture goods of the best quality.

## Cream Grading.

Cream grading was started when creameries were first established in the West, so that dairymen were not familiar with any other system. The high quality product manufactured has given them an enviable position. In Ontario it has been different. For years creamerymen have taken the cream whether it was of the best quality or not. It they didn't take it they knew their nearby competitor would; the dairyman also knew it, and was aware that the same price would be paid if it had a good flavor. Pasteurizing the cream at the creamery overcame much of the difficulty and gives a uniformity of quality of butter, but that quality cannot be so good as if made from only first-grade cream. Besides, the careless dairyman suffered by the carelessness of his neighbor. The point has been reached where something has to be done to hold the best markets of Ontario butter. Second-grade cream is not worth as much as first-grade for butter making. To pay the same price puts a premium on carelessness, and discourages the careful man. The Legislature has put an Act on the statute books, which comes into force in March, compelling cream grading. This will offset the competition for

cream regardless of quality and cream will be paid for on a quality basis, thus giving an incentive to dairymen to take precautions to look after the cream properly. It is in the dairymen's interests to aid in facilitating the working out of the new regulations. If cream is graded No. 2, there is a cause for it, and the cause is usually to be found in the handling of the cream from the time it leaves the separator until it is delivered at the creamery. Few dairymen would intentionally injure the industry which means so much to them, but so long as good butter was manufactured and a fair price paid for butter-fat, they did not concern themselves particularly about the condition the cream was in when it left their hands so long as it was accepted. When cream is bought on a graded basis, every dairyman will endeavor to have his product in the first grade. It will pay him to care for the cream in the most approved manner. First-grade cream will make make first-grade butter, which will tend to change the verdict on the Ontario product from "good" to "extra good", thus keeping it in demand on the most exclusive markets. It is anticipated that the producers will do their part towards facilitating the working out of the grading system in Ontario. It has proved a good thing for the other Provinces and will do likewise for Ontario dairymen.

## Quality at Cheese Factories.

Evidence shows that the average quality of milk delivered at the cheese factories has decreased rather than increased during the past twenty years. In the report of G. T. Pufflow's work twenty years ago, as Chief Dairy Instructor for Eastern Ontario the average per cent. of fat contained in 6,800 samples of milk, gathered in several counties is given as 4.2. In 1914 the report from the same territory shows the average test to be 3.5 per cent., or a decrease of over .5 per cent. in twenty years. As the fat decreases in the milk, the quantity of cheese per 100 pounds of milk becomes less. The system of "pooling" the milk, so commonly practiced, put a premium on poor milk, or at least encouraged dairymen to increase the quantity at the expense of quality and is largely responsible for the decrease in quality. When payment is made on a quality basis, it will be an incentive to select and breed the herd to improve the test, which in turn will give more of a richer cheese from 100 pounds of milk than is secured at present.

Grading of cream at creameries and paying for milk at cheese factories according to quality would have been to the best interest of Ontario dairymen years ago. The loss caused by lack of these systems for so long a time can be partly retrieved, by every producer of dairy products aiding in their working out now that they are to be adopted throughout the Province. There is no question but that the Dairy Act to be enforced this coming spring is to the best interests of the man behind the cow, as well as of the whole industry.—Farmer's Advocate.

## Men Cheaper Than Machines.

When earth embankment can be placed by man-power at a cost of 3½ cents a yard it is evident that there is little use for excavating machinery in Chinese railway construction, even if that machinery costs no more in China than it does at the point of manufacture. Accordingly, in building the Canton-Hanku Railway, which will be, in point of population served, one of the most important trunk lines in the world, mechanical equipment is used only where absolutely necessary, as on bridge work.