

# "SALADA!"

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## The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

### CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

He produced a shilling; and the small girl, with an appreciative nod, left the room, and closed the door behind her. Flower, suffering severely from nervous excitement, heard a discussion in the passage below, and then sounds of a great multitude coming upstairs and opening various doors on its way, in spite of the indignant opposition afforded by the daughter of the house.

"What's in here?" inquired a well-known voice, as a hand was placed on his door-handle.

"Nothing," said Miss Chiffers; "ere, you go away, that's my bedroom. Go away, d'you hear?"

There was the sound of a diminutive scuffle outside, then the door opened and a smartly dressed young man, regardless of the fair form of Miss Chiffers, which was coiled round his leg, entered the room.

"Why, Dick," said the skipper, rising, "Dick! Thank goodness it's you."

"I've no doubt you're delighted," said Mr. Tipping, coldly. "What are you doing with that knife?"

"I thought it was somebody else," said Flower, putting it down. "I thought it was another attempt on my life."

Mr. Tipping coughed behind his hand and murmured something inaudibly as his sister entered the room, followed by the third member of the party.

"Oh, Fred!" she said, wildly. "I wonder you can look me in the face. Where have you been all this time? Where have you been?"

"Give the man time to think," said her brother, exchanging a glance with the other man.

"I've been everywhere," said Flower, facing them defiantly. "I've been hunted all over the country."

"But where did you go when you left me that day?" inquired Miss Tipping.

"It's a long story," said Flower, slowly. "But you got the letter I wrote you?"

Miss Tipping shook her head.

"You didn't get it?" said Flower, in surprise. "I can't think what you must have thought of me."

"I'll tell you what I thought of you, if you'd like to know," interrupted Mr. Tipping, eagerly.

"I wrote to you to explain," said Flower, glibly; "I went abroad suddenly, called away at a moment's notice."

"Special trains and all that sort of thing, I s'pose," said Mr. Tipping, with interest.

"Dick," said Miss Tipping fiercely.

"Well," said Dick gruffly.

"Hold your tongue."

"I've not had any real sleep since," said Flower, pathetically, "what with the danger and thinking of you."

"Why didn't you write again?" inquired Miss Tipping.

"I asked you to write to a certain address in that letter I sent you," said Flower, "and when I came back to England and found there was no letter, I concluded that you couldn't forgive me."

Miss Tipping looked at him reproachfully, but Mr. Tipping, raising his eyes, gasped for air.

"But who are these enemies?" asked Miss Tipping, tenderly drawing closer to Flower.

"A man in the government service—" began the captain.

He broke off disdainfully until such time as Mr. Tipping should have conquered a somewhat refractory cough.

"In the secret service," continued Flower, firmly, "has got enemies all round him."

"You'll have to get something else to do when we are married, Fred," said Miss Tipping, tearfully.

"You've forgiven me, then?" said Flower, hoping that he had concealed a nervous start.

"I'd forgive you anything, Fred," said Miss Tipping, tenderly; "you'll have to give up this job at once."

Captain Flower shook his head and smiled mournfully, thereby intimating that his services were of too valuable a nature for any Government to lightly dispense with.

"May I come round and see you to-morrow?" he inquired, putting his arm about the lady's waist.

"Come round to-morrow?" repeated

Miss Tipping, in surprise; "why, you don't think I'm going to leave you here surrounded by dangers? You're coming home with us now."

"No, to-morrow," said the unhappy mariner, in a winning voice.

"You don't go out of my sight again," said Miss Tipping, firmly. "Dick, you and Fred shake hands."

The two gentlemen complied. Both were somewhat proud of their grip, and a bystander might have mistaken their amiable efforts to crush each other's fingers for the outward and visible signs of true affection.

"You'd better settle up here now, Fred," said Miss Tipping.

Flower, putting the best face he could upon it, assented with a tender smile, and, following them downstairs, held a long argument with Mrs. Chiffers as to the amount due, that lady having ideas upon the subject which did more credit to her imagination than her arithmetic.

The bill was settled at last, and the little party standing on the steps waited for the return of Miss Chiffers, who had been dispatched for a four-wheeler.

"Oh, what about your luggage, Fred?" inquired Miss Tipping, suddenly.

"Haven't got any," said Flower, quickly. "I managed to get away with what I stand in, and glad to do that."

Miss Tipping squeezed his arm, and leaned heavily upon his shoulder.

"I was very lucky to get off as I did," continued the voracious mariner.

"I wasn't touched except for a rap over my foot with the butt-end of a revolver. I was just over the wall in time."

"Poor fellow," said Miss Tipping, softly, as she shivered and looked up into his face. "What are you grinning at, Dick?"

"I s'pose a fellow may grin if he likes," said Mr. Tipping, suddenly becoming serious.

"This is the first bit of happiness I've had since I saw you last," murmured Flower.

Miss Tipping squeezed his arm again.

"It seems almost too good to be true," he continued. "I'm almost afraid I shall wake up and find it all a dream."

"Oh, you're wide-awake enough," said Mr. Tipping.

"Wide-awake ain't the word for it," said the other gentleman, shaking his head.

"Uncle," said Miss Tipping, sharply. "Yes, my dear," said the other, uneasily.

"Keep your remarks for those that like them," said his dutiful niece, "or else get out and walk."

Mr. Porson, being thus heckled, subsided into defiant mutterings, intended for Dick Tipping's ear alone, and the remainder of the drive to Chelsea passed almost in silence. Arrived at the "Blue Posts," Flower got out with well-simulated alacrity, and going into the bar, shook hands heartily with Mrs. Tipping before she quite knew what he was doing.

"You've got him, then," she said, turning to her daughter; "and now I hope you're satisfied. Don't stand in the bar; I can't say what I want to say here—come in the parlor and shut the door."

They followed the masterful lady obediently into the room indicated.

"And now, Mr. Robinson," she said, with her hands on her hips, "now for your explanation."

"I have explained to Matilda," said Flower, waving his hand.

"That's quite right, mar," said Miss Tipping, nodding briskly.

"He's had a dreadful time, poor fellow," said Dick Tipping, unctuously. "He's been hunted all over England by—who was it, Mister Robinson?"

"The parties I'm working against," said Flower, repressing his cholera by a strong effort.

"The parties he's working against," repeated Mr. Tipping.

"Somebody ought to talk to them parties," said Mr. Porson, speaking with much deliberation, "that is, if they can find 'em."

"They want looking after, that's what they want," said Dick Tipping, with a leer.

"It's all very well for you to make fun of it," said Mrs. Tipping, raising her voice. "I like plain, straightforward dealing folk myself. I don't understand nothing about your secret services and Governments and all that sort of thing. Mr. Robinson, have you come back prepared to marry my daughter? Because, if you ain't, we want to know why not."

"Of course I have," said Flower, hotly. "It's the dearest wish of my life. I should have come before, only I thought when she didn't answer my letter that she had given me up."

"Where 'ave you been, and what's it all about?" demanded Mrs. Tipping.

"At present," said Flower, with an appearance of great firmness, "I can't tell you. I shall tell Matilda the day after we're married—if she'll still trust me and marry me—and you shall all know as soon as we think it's safe."

"You needn't say another word, mar," said Miss Tipping, warningly.

"I'm sure," said the elder lady, bridling. "Perhaps your uncle would like to try and reason with you."

Mr. Porson smiled in a sickly fashion, and cleared his throat.

"You see, my dear—" he began. "Your tie's all shifted to one side," said his niece, sternly, "and the stud's out of your button-hole. I wish you'd be a little tidier when you come here, uncle; it looks bad for the house."

"I came away in a hurry to oblige you," said Mr. Porson. "I don't think this is a time to talk about button-holes."

"I thought you were going to say something," retorted Miss Tipping, scathingly, "and you might as well talk about that as anything else."

"It ain't right," said Mrs. Tipping, breaking in, "that you should marry a man you don't know anything about; that's what I mean. That's only reasonable, I think."

"It's quite fair," said Flower, trying hard to speak reluctantly. "Of course, if Matilda wishes, I'm quite prepared to go away now. I don't wish her to tie herself up to a man who, at present, at any rate, has to go about wrapped in a mystery."

"All the same," said Mrs. Tipping, with a gleam in her eyes, "I'm not going to have anybody playing fast and loose with my daughter. She's got your ring on her finger. You're engaged to be married to her, and you mustn't break it off by running away or anything of that kind. If she likes to break it off, that's a different matter."

"I'm not going to break it off!" said Miss Tipping, fiercely; "I've made all the arrangements in my own mind. We shall get married as soon as we can, and I shall put Dick in here as manager, and take a nice little inn down in the country somewhere."

"Mark my words," said Mrs. Tipping, solemnly, "you'll lose him again."

"If I lose him again," said Miss Tipping, dramatically, "if he's spirited away by these people, or anything happens to him, Dick won't be manager here. Uncle Porson will have as much drink and as many cigars as he pays for, and Charlie will find another berth."

"Nobody shall hurt a hair of his head," said Mr. Tipping, with inimitable pathos.

"He must be protected against himself," said Mr. Porson, spitefully; "that's the hardest part. He's a man what if 'e thinks it's his dooty 'll go away just as 'e did before."

"Well, if he gets away from Charlie," said Mr. Tipping, "he'll be cute. There's one thing, Mr. Robinson; if you try to get away from those who love you and are looking after you, there'll be a fight first, then there'll be a police court fuss, and then we shall find out what the Government mean by it."

Captain Flower sat down in an easy posture as though he intended a long stay, and in a voice broken with emotion murmured something about home, and rest, and freedom from danger.

"That's just it," said Mrs. Tipping, "here you are, and here you'll stay. After you're married, it'll be Matilda's affair; and now let's have some tea."

"First of all, mar, kiss Fred," said Miss Tipping, who had been eyeing her parent closely.

Mrs. Tipping hesitated, but the gallant captain, putting a good face on it, sprang up and, passing his arm about her substantial waist, saluted her, after which, as a sort of set-off, he kissed Miss Tipping.

"I can only say," he said, truthfully, "that this kindness hurts me. The day I'm married I'll tell you all."

(To be continued.)

### Her Composition.

Quite recently a teacher who was giving the children written exercises wrote out this "wanted" advertisement:

"Wanted—A milliner. Apply by letter to Miss Smith, No. 10 Blank street." The children had to make application for the position in writing.

One juvenile wrote:

"Dear Miss Smith,—I saw you want a milliner. I hate to trim hats. Can't you get somebody else? Please let me know at once. Edith Brown."

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## PRACTICAL FARMING



### Butter Maker's Chance.

It is well known that cream to churn in a reasonable time and in a satisfactory manner as regards quantity and texture of the butter produced, must be held at a proper temperature for some little time before being placed in the churn. This fact no doubt has much to do with the presence of undesirable flavors in dairy butter during the Winter months. In testing half a dozen different pounds of butter recently with the intention of purchasing the most satisfactory, the writer was surprised to find that no two pounds tasted alike. Each pound was dairy butter and each of a different brand. The cause of this variety of flavors was very likely due to the want of ventilation in the place where the churning had been done and the want of ventilation was probably due to an endeavor to maintain sufficiently high temperature by excluding outside air, or rather by keeping indoor air, which was warm, from escaping from the churning room.

A difference of 11 cents a pound in price of dairy and creamery butter, as was experienced on the occasion above mentioned, is sufficient to make any consumer enquire for the lower-priced product, and if he can find good-flavored dairy butter he is willing to overlook many shortcomings in texture which is a point that many dairy butter makers find hard to command satisfactorily.

The farmer's wife or daughter who finds she thinks it worth her while to make butter during the Winter should demand a room or building that is shut off entirely from the living quarters and that can be artificially heated to such an extent that a free passage of fresh air can be allowed without reducing the temperature below that desired for best results in churning. Such a dairy as this will help to ensure well-flavored butter; a good cream's starter, cleanliness and good ventilation in the stables are of course, other helps that must be provided if a satisfactory article is to be expected.

The present is no doubt the time at which the home dairy has the best chance to make a name for itself, and the rapidity with which a good brand becomes popular with dealers at any certain store in the city, is surprising and warrants an extra outlay by the maker as the grocer likes to move his goods as quickly as possible and is willing to pay a premium for a quick seller.

### Salt Poisoning.

Samples of salt are occasionally sent to experimental stations by farmers for analysis, with the statement that animals, usually cattle or sheep, were poisoned after eating it in considerable quantities. In no case has any foreign substance that would account for the poisoning been found.

Since salt is necessary to life and is in universal use it is difficult to realize that in large amounts it is poisonous. Many cases of poisoning in chickens have been reported and occasionally in larger animals. In one instance salt was by mistake used instead of sugar in making a cake. The cake was given to the chickens and killed all of them. Chickens are very susceptible to salt poisoning and, while the amount that it takes to kill a horse or cow is considerable, this sometimes occurs when these animals are especially salt hungry.

When animals have not had access to salt for a long time it is safer to give it to them sparingly at first.

### Farrowing Pen and the Sow.

Many a litter of pigs has been destroyed at farrowing time because the necessary precautions haven't been taken. A costly pen is not necessary, but a few things are necessary, viz., reasonably warm quarters, free from drafts, and dry and clean. A pen 6 x 8 or 8 x 8 is plenty large enough. There should then be a railing or scantling 8 or 9 inches from the floor around the wall and set out from the wall about 6 inches.

This will remove the possibility of the sow crushing her pigs between herself and the wall, which is a common occurrence, as the pigs have a way of escape by getting under and behind the scantling. The sow's time of farrowing can be followed very closely. If we have the exact date of service and add to it 112 days, we may be almost sure of having the new arrivals on that date, as a sow seldom varies 12 hours, which cannot be said of any other of our live stock, so far as I am aware. So when that time arrives, it is well to clean the pen out thoroughly and put in a small bedding of cut straw or chaff, as whole straw sometimes hinders the little pigs from crawling around and getting back to the mother.

In case of farrowing in very cold weather, it is a good plan to partly fill a feed basket with chaff, set down in the chaff a jug of warm water, and put the little fellows into this basket as fast as they arrive.

They will in this way be out of the mother's way while she is in pain, and they will soon dry one another and keep warm around the jug of warm water. As soon as the sow is done farrowing, they can be carefully emptied out beside their mother, who will usually stretch out and let them nurse. In the case of a young sow, it is a good plan to gently rub and handle her at times a few days before farrowing time. She will thereby get used to your appearing in her pen, and at the same time be gentle with her young. The sow should not only be fed upon laxative food for several days before farrowing, but should be fed upon laxative foods and fed very lightly for several days after farrowing, gradually increasing the quantity of food as the size of the litter requires. With the above precautions taken, we are now on a fair way to successfully raise the litter. It is a good plan, however, to let the sow and pigs out of the pen for exercise whenever the weather is suitable. If it is not convenient to let the sow out, it is a good plan to make a small opening so as the little fellows can run in and out at will. It will greatly lessen the dangers of (thumps) which causes many fatalities among winter litters. If they cannot be turned out, sods or earth from the root cellar should be thrown into them. Hogs are like some people in this regard, they want the earth.

### The Athletic Girl.

"So she's gone in for athletics." "I should say so. I found that out when I tried to kiss her." "But she hollered for help, didn't she?" "No, that was me you heard hollering for help."

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