

"SALADA"

Tea is Delicious and Pure

Sealed Packets Only - Never in Bulk

BLACK, MIXED or NATURAL GREEN

E218

The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER XIII.

In happy ignorance that the late master of the Foam had secured a suite of rooms at the "Blue Posts Hotel," the late mate returned to London by train with a view of getting into communication with him as soon as possible. The delay occasioned by his visit to Bittlesea was not regretted, Mr. Fraser, senior, having at considerable trouble and expense arranged for him to take over the Swallow at the end of the week.

Owing to this rise in his fortune he was in fairly good spirits, despite the slur upon his character, as he made his way down to the wharf. The hands had knocked off work for the day, and the crew of the schooner, having finished their tea, were sprawling in the bows smoking, in such attitudes of unstudied grace as best suited the contours of their figures. Joe looked up as he approached, and removing his pipe murmured something inaudible to his comrades.

"The mate's down below, sir," said Mr. William Green, in reply to Fraser. "I shall be pleased to fetch him."

He walked aft and returned shortly, followed by Ben, who, standing stiffly before his predecessor, listened calmly to his eager inquiry about his letter.

"No, there's been nothing for you," he said, slowly. He had dropped the letter overboard as the simplest way of avoiding unpleasantness. "Was you expecting one?"

Fraser, gazing blankly at him, made no reply, being indeed staggered by the thoroughness with which he imagined the wily Flower was playing his part.

"He's going to be lost his full six months, that's evident," he thought, in consternation. "He must have seen the way I should be affected; it would serve him right to tell the whole thing right away to Captain Barber."

"If anything does come I'll send it on to you," said Ben, who had been watching him closely.

"Thanks," said Fraser, pondering, and walked away with his eyes on the ground. He called in at the office as he passed it; the staff had gone, but the letter-rack which stood on the dusty, littered mantel-piece was empty, and he went into the street again.

His programme for the evening thus suddenly arrested, he walked

slowly up Tower Hill into the Minories, wondering what to do with himself. Something masquerading as a conscience told him severely that he ought to keep his promise to the errant Flower and go and visit Poppy; conscience without any masquerading at all told him that he was a humbug, and disclaimed the responsibility. In the meantime, he walked slowly in the direction of Poplar, and having at length made up a mind which had been indulging in civil war all the way, turned up Liston Street and knocked at the Wheelers' door.

A murmur of voices from the sitting-room stopped instantly. A double knock was a rare occurrence on that door, and was usually the prelude to the sudden disappearance of the fairer portion of the family, while a small boy was told off to answer it, under dire penalties if he officiated too soon.

This evening, however, the ladies had made their toilet, and the door was opened after a delay merely sufficient to enable them to try and guess the identity of the guest before the revelation. Poppy Tyrell opened it, and turned upon him eyes which showed the faintest trace of surprise.

"Good evening," said Fraser holding out his hand.

"Good evening," said the girl.

"Fine weather we're having," said the embarrassed ex-mate, "for June," he added, in justification of the remark.

Miss Tyrell assented gravely, and stood there waiting.

It is probable that two members at least of the family would have been gratified by the disappearance of the caller then and there, but that Mr. Wheeler, a man of great density and no tact whatever, came bustling out into the passage, and having shaken hands in a hearty fashion; told him to put his hat on a nail and come in.

"No news of the cap'n, I suppose?" he asked, solemnly, after Fraser was comfortably seated.

"Not a word," was the reply.

The dock-foreman sighed and shook his head as he reflected on the instability of human affairs.

"There's no certainty about anything," he said, slowly. "Only yesterday I was walking down the Commercial Road, and I slipped off the kerb into the road before you could say Jack Robinson."

"Nearly run over?" queried Fraser. Mr. Wheeler shook his head. "No," he said, quietly.

"Well, what of it?" inquired his son.

"It might just as well have been the edge of the dock as the kerb; that's what I mean," said Mr. Wheeler, with a gravity befitting his narrow escape.

"I'm alwis telling you not to walk on the edge, father," said his wife, uneasily.

The dock-foreman smiled faintly. "Dooty must be done," he said, in a firm voice. "I'm quite prepared, my life's insured, and I'm on the club and some o' the children are getting big now, that's a comfort."

A feeling of depression settled on all present, and Augustus Wheeler, aged eight, having gleaned from the conversation that his sire had received instructions, which he intended promptly to obey, to fall into the dock forthwith, suddenly opened his mouth and gave vent to his affection and despair in a howl so terrible that the ornaments on the mantelpiece shook with it.

"Don't scold 'im," said the dock-foreman, tenderly, as Mrs. Wheeler's thin, shrilled voice entered into angry competition with the howl; "never mind, Gussie, my boy, never mind."

This gentleness had no effect, Gussie continuing to roar with much ardour, but watching out of the corner of one tear-suffused eye the efforts of his eldest sister to find her pocket.

"Hold your noise, and I'll give you a ha'penny," she said, tartly.

Gussie caught his breath with a sob, but kept steam up, having on some similar occasions been treated with more diplomacy than honesty.

But to-day he got the halfpenny, together with a penny from the visitor, and, having sold his concern in his

father for three halfpence, gloated triumphantly in a corner over his envious peers.

"Death," said Mr. Wheeler, slowly, after silence had been restored, "is always sudden. The most sudden death I knew 'appened to a man who'd been dying for seven years. Nobody seemed to be able to believe he'd gone at last."

"It's a good job he wasn't married," said Mrs. Wheeler, raising herself on her elbow; "sailors 'ave no right to marry at all. If I thought that one o' my gals was goin' to marry a sailor, I don't know what I shouldn't do. Something steady on shore is the thing."

"I don't know," said the tactless Mr. Wheeler. "I think if I was a gal I should like to marry a sailor; there's something romantic about them. I often wish I'd been a sailor."

"Then you wouldn't 'ave 'ad me," said the lady from the sofa, grimly.

Mr. Wheeler sighed, but whether at the thought of what he might have lost or what he had gained, cannot be safely determined. Still in a morbid mood, he relapsed into silence, leaving Fraser to glance anxiously to where Poppy, pale and pretty, sat listening to the clumsy overtures of Mr. Bob Wheeler.

"I might 'ave 'ad two or three sailors if I'd liked," continued Mrs. Wheeler, musingly, "but I wouldn't." Fraser murmured his admiration at her firmness.

"There was Tom Rogers, 'e was the first," said Mrs. Wheeler; "you remember 'im, father?"

"Chap with bow legs and a squint, wasn't he?" said the dock-foreman, anxious to please.

"I never saw 'im squint," said his wife, sharply. "Then there was Robert Moore—he was number two, I think."

"'Ad a wife a'ready," said Mr. Wheeler, turning to the visitor; "'e was a bright lot, 'e was."

"I don't know what they saw in me, I'm sure," said Mrs. Wheeler, with a little modest laugh; "it wasn't my good looks, I'm sure."

"You 'ad something better than good looks, my dear," said the dock-foreman, affectionately, "something what's wore better."

Mrs. Wheeler turned on the sofa and detecting Gussie in the act of using his mouth as a money-box, upbraided him shrilly and sent him into a corner. She then brought sundry charges of omission and commission against the other children, until the air was thick with denials and explanations, in the midst of which Fraser turned towards Poppy.

"I want to have a few minutes' talk with you, Miss Tyrell," he said nervously.

The girl looked up at him "Yes," she said, gravely.

"I mean alone," continued the other, marvelling at his hardihood; "it's private."

He lowered his voice from a shout to its normal tone as Emma Wheeler in self-defence opened the door and drove the small fry out.

"I've not got my rooms now," said the girl, quietly.

"Well, my dear—" began the dock-foreman.

"Don't interfere, father," said Mrs. Wheeler, somewhat sharply. "I'm sure Mr. Fraser needn't mind saying anything before us. It's nothing he's ashamed of, I'm sure."

"Certainly not," said Fraser, sternly, "but it's quite private for all that. Will you put your hat on and come out a little way, Miss Tyrell?"

"That I'm sure she won't," said the energetic Mrs. Wheeler. "She's that particular she won't even go out with Bob, and they're like brother and sister most. Will she, Bob?"

Mr. Bob Wheeler received the appeal somewhat sullenly, and in a low voice requested his parent not to talk so much. Fraser, watching Poppy closely, saw with some satisfaction a tinge of color in her cheek, and what in any other person he would have considered a very obstinate appearance about her shapely chin.

"I'll get my hat on, if you'll wait a minute," she said, quietly.



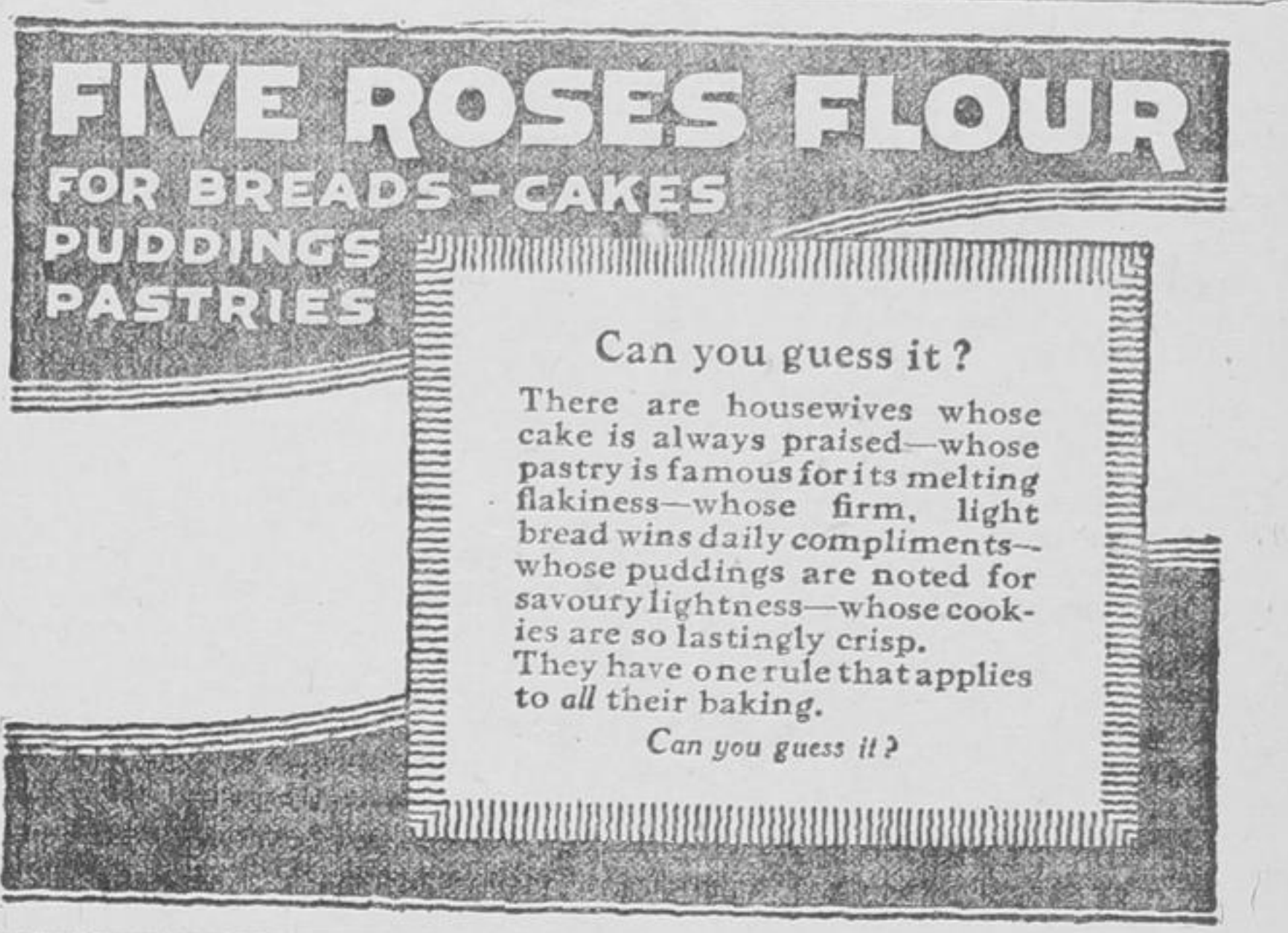
CANADIANS WANTED FOR THE ROYAL NAVY

Canadians wanted for the Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve for immediate overseas service. Only men of good character and good physique accepted.

Pay \$1.10 Minimum per day—Free Kit.
\$20.00 per Month Separation Allowance.

Experienced men from 38 to 45, and boys from 15 to 18 accepted for service in the CANADIAN NAVAL PATROLS for defence of the Coast.

Apply to **COMMODORE EMILIUS JARVIS**
Naval Recruiting Officer, Ontario Area
103 Bay Street, TORONTO, or
Dept. of the Naval Service
OTTAWA



FIVE ROSES FLOUR

FOR BREADS - CAKES
PUDDINGS
PASTRIES

Can you guess it?

There are housewives whose cake is always praised—whose pastry is famous for its melting flakiness—whose firm, light bread wins daily compliments—whose puddings are noted for savoury lightness—whose cookies are so lastingly crisp. They have one rule that applies to all their baking.

Can you guess it?

She rose and went upstairs, and Fraser, with a cheerful glance at Mrs. Wheeler, entered into conversation with her husband about outside work in the docks, until the door was pushed open a little to reveal Miss Tyrell ready for walking.

They walked on for some little time in silence. The sun had set, and even in the close streets of Poplar the evening air was cool and refreshing. When this fact had thoroughly impressed itself on Mr. Fraser's mind he communicated it to Miss Tyrell.

"I's very pleasant," she answered, briefly. "What was it you wanted to talk to me about?"

"About a lot of things," said Fraser, "What a tremendous lot of children there are about here."

Miss Tyrell coldly admitted an obvious fact, and stepped out into the road to avoid spoiling a small maiden's next move at "hop-scotch," returned to the pavement to listen to a somewhat lengthy dissertation upon the game in question.

"What did you want to say to me?" she asked at length, turning and regarding him.

"In the first place," said Fraser, "I wanted to tell you that, though nothing has been heard of Captain Flower, I feel certain in my own mind that he has not been drowned."

Miss Tyrell shook her head slowly. "Then I ought to tell you that I have left the Foam," continued the other. "I think that there is some idea that I knocked Flower overboard to get his place."

The girl turned quietly and her face flushed. "How absurd," she said, indignantly, and her manner softened.

"Thank you," said Fraser. "If you don't believe it, I don't care what anybody else thinks."

Miss Tyrell, looking straight in front of her, stole a glance at this easily satisfied young man from the corner of her eye. "I should never expect to hear of you doing anything wicked," she said. Fraser thanked her again warmly. "Or venturesome," added Miss Tyrell, thoughtfully. "You're not the kind."

They walked on in silence—indignant silence on the part of the ex-mate.

"Then you are out of a berth?" said Poppy, not unkindly.

(To be continued.)

An Expert Opinion.

A man who kept a road house in Rhode Island, was called upon to testify in a suit as to the number of cubic yards that were handled in some filling work near his place. He showed very little knowledge of the matter, and his idea of a cubic yard was so indefinite that it seemed doubtful whether he knew what the term meant. In order to make its meaning clear, the judge said:

"Listen, witness! Assume this inksand to be three feet across the top this way and three feet that way and three feet in height, what should you call it?"

"Well, Your Honor," said the witness, without hesitation, "I should say it was some inksand."

If worry kept people thin no woman would ever be stout.

One-fifth of the earth's surface belongs to the British Empire.

FOR

Indigestion and Biliousness

Indigestion, biliousness, headaches, flatulence, pains after eating, constipation, are all common symptoms of stomach and liver troubles. And the more you neglect them the more you suffer. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup if your stomach, liver, or bowels are slightly deranged or

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

have lost tone. Mother Seigel's Syrup is made from the curative extracts of certain roots, barks, and leaves, which have a remarkable tonic and strengthening effect on all the organs of digestion. The distressing symptoms of indigestion or liver troubles soon disappear under its beneficial action. Buy a bottle to-day, but be sure you get the genuine Mother Seigel's Syrup. There are many imitations, but not one that gives the same health benefits.

1015

is the

Best Remedy

NOW SOLD IN TWO SIZES ONLY.
FULL SIZE, Price 1.00 TRIAL SIZE, Price 5c



Redpath SUGAR

is made in one grade only—the highest. So there is no danger of getting "seconds" when you buy Redpath in the original Cartons or Bags.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

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

Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited, Montreal.