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STEADFASTLY REFUSE
SUBSTITUTES

Black, Mixed or Natural Green. B205

The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER XIV.—(Contd.)

"All places are alike to me," replied the old man, dismally. "I only want to get away, that's all. She and Mrs. Banks are sure to have a turn and try and drag me into it."

He clasped his hands behind his back, and, pausing at a turn of the road, looked down upon the little quay below. Out in the river two or three small craft rode at anchor, while a babble of cheerful voices from a distant boat only served to emphasize the stillness of the evening.

"Looks quiet," said Captain Nibletts, after watching him for some time.

"I'm thinking of my nevy," said Captain Barber, slowly. "I remember me an' my sister bringing 'im here when he was three years old, and I 'ad to carry him all the way back. He put his arms round my neck, and I can smell peppermint-ball now."

Captain Nibletts, who did not quite follow him, attributed the outrage to a young couple who had just passed.

"I'm all alone now," continued Captain Barber, unheeding, "but I don't want to marry. Why not? 'Cos I'm too old, and because it's like beginning where other people leave off."

"Well, make up your mind and tell her so," said the other.

"It wouldn't do any good," said Barber, dolefully.

"Tell her to-night," said Nibletts. Come into the 'Thorn' and have a glass, just so as to warm you up to it, and then get it over."

Captain Barber made no reply, but turning round led the way slowly back to the inn, and after acknowledging the respectful salutations of the crew of the schooner who were in the bar by ordering the landlady to fill their pots again, led the way into the parlor and began to charge himself for the interview.

That he did not underestimate the difficulties of the ordeal was evident by the extent of his orders, and Captain Nibletts noted with satisfaction as the evening wore on that the old man's spirits were improving considerably. Twice he sent out instructions to the bar to have the men's mugs replenished, a proceeding which led to Mr. William Green being sent by the grateful crew to express their feelings in a neat little speech.

"A very nice-spoken young fellow," said Captain Barber, approvingly.

He had some more whiskey, and at the sounds of a step-dance on the brick floor of the adjoining tap-room took up his glass, and, followed by



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she didn't want me to know. Then she just called out 'Good-night,' and went off as fast as you please."

Captain Barber supported himself for a moment by the handle of his door, and then in a dazed way blundered into his room. He was a good-hearted man in a way, and pushing open the little casement he thrust out his head and sighed with genuine feeling as he thought of his poor old friend plodding slowly to Mapleden. Incidentally he felt a little bit sorry for Mr. William Green.

He was awaked next morning, after a somewhat restless night, by the sounds of an unwanted noise downstairs, and lay in amazement listening to a hum of excited voices. Now, Knuckles rapped on his door, and the voice of Mrs. Church, much agitated, requested him to rise and attire himself.

He was out of bed at that and looking from the window. A small group of children stood in the road outside the house, while Joe and the cook with their arms on the fence were staring hard at his parlor window, occasionally varying the proceedings by a little conversation with the people next door, who were standing in their front garden. In a state of considerable agitation he hurriedly dressed himself and went downstairs.

His sitting-room was full. Mrs. Banks, looking very tired, was sitting in the arm-chair taking smelling-salts at intervals, and staring fiercely at Mr. William Green, who was huddled in a corner smiling sheepishly behind Captain Nibletts and Ben.

"What's all this?" demanded Captain Barber, in a trembling voice, as his eye met Mr. Green's.

Several of Mrs. Banks's relatives began speaking at once, assisted by some of the neighbors. The substance of their remarks was that a man, whose polite tongue hid the falseness of his heart, had lured Mrs. Banks for a four-mile walk to Mapleden late the preceding night under the pretence that Captain Barber, who was evidently hale and hearty, was lying ill at the "Cauliflower." They demanded his immediate dismissal from the ship and his exemplary punishment by the law.

"What 'ave you got to say to this?" demanded Captain Barber of the villain, in tones of righteous indignation tempered by fear.

"It isn't true, sir," said Mr. Green, respectfully. "I didn't say anything of the kind."

"What did you say then?" inquired Captain Barber, in a voice which the company thought far too mild for the occasion.

"She was standing at the door," said Mr. Green, nervously, "and I asked her to go for a walk with me."

"Lawk-a-mussy me!" screamed the horrified Mrs. Banks.

"We went for a nice little stroll," continued the graceless Mr. Green, "and then I s'pose she found it was later than she thought, and she began to make a fuss."

"Me, at my time o' life?" demanded the indignant Mrs. Banks of the audience.

"You did make a fuss," said Mr. Green.

"O' course I made a fuss when I found out how I had been deceived. You were here when he came, Mrs. Church, weren't you?"

"I would rather not say anything about it," said the housekeeper, freely.

"I insist upon your speaking," said the old lady, getting very red in the face.

(To be continued.)

What Belgium Wants.

At a meeting held at Paris in January to protest against enemy deportation of Belgian workmen M. Vanderveelde of the Belgian Cabinet, himself a Socialist, read from a manifesto issued by his countrymen, the victims of German slavery, as follows: "Whatever be our tortures we want peace only with the independence of our country and the triumph of justice." It is as natural for normal individuals to applaud this heroic stand as it is to condemn, even impatiently, the agitators for peace who afford the secret agents of dastardly enemy intrigues a golden opportunity for service.

About the only man who can afford to believe all he hears is the man who can afford to believe all he hears is the man who is stone deaf.

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Planting Trees to Shelter Crops.

In order that soil may do its best for the average farm crop it is necessary that it contain about half of the water that it is possible for it to hold. When saturated a heavy clay soil will hold 40 pounds of water, and it is generally agreed that 18 per cent. of water in soil is more favorable to plant growth. A practical farmer needs no measure or scales to tell him when his land is in fit condition for sowing, but many a one fails to attach sufficient importance to the necessity for this fit condition, and as a result much good grain and other seed is sown in mud that allowed it no chance of developing into satisfactory crop.

The season of 1915 was proof of the fact that in the matter of commanding moisture supply, two points have to be considered, namely, dispersion and retention of moisture. To attain both ends drainage and mulching have to be practiced, and it is a question if anything more or better than drainage can be made use of or the removal of excess moisture from the soil, but in the matter of retaining moisture or supplying it there are other means than cultivation of the top soil, possible of being used: irrigation is one of these, and another not very often considered, is the provision of tree belts that will help to retain a certain amount of moisture in the atmosphere and so affect the soil beneficially in times of drought.

In sub-tropical countries, where the people are more concerned in preventing the evaporation of moisture than in its conservation in the soil, it is recognized that there are two ways by which loss of water from the soil happens. In the first place the water absorbed by the root diffused through the cell system of stems and leaves, and evaporates through the breathing pores of the leaf. In the next place water is also lost by evaporation, from the surface of the soil. Both kinds of evaporation are increased by high temperature, dryness of the atmosphere or a high wind. In short, evaporation is most rapid in hot, dry weather, and on a windy day, and is slowest in cool, moist weather and calm air.

In order to overcome the loss of water through diffusion through stems and leaves of the plants, the advantage

of shelter belts in the form of trees, is pointed out by scientists, the tree belts obviously cooling and moistening the air and breaking its force.

The total removing of forest trees, from a country that is naturally wooded is a mistake from more than one point of view, and is a sign of too much desire for immediate cash returns through cultivated crops, on the part of the farmers, without consideration for the future. There are few people that prefer a treeless stretch of country, as a place to live in but, nearly all, wish to have the benefit of the presence of trees within view, at the expense of a neighbor.

The planting of wind breaks is becoming more general in the North-West because farmers in that section recognize, at least, the comfort that results from such shelter, while those who take note of the results of such practice see that their crops benefit from the presence of the trees. Sheltering belts of trees are now needed in many parts of Old Ontario, and in order to maintain comfortable and safe farming conditions the land owners should start planting as soon as possible.

Tramp the Snow Around the Trees.

If no protection has been afforded the young trees against mice and vermin of this kind, it would be well from this on to keep the snow firmly tramped around the trunks. Towards spring when the mice began to get quite active and burrow through the snow long distances in search of food, the bark of the young tree is very likely to suffer if it happens to come in their way. When the snow is tramped about the stem, the mice are more inclined to divert their channels where the burrowing is easier, and the tree is spared. It would be a good plan after every snowfall to take a trip through the young orchard and make the snow firm about the trunks of the trees. Watch for injury wrought by rabbits also. Sometimes a few fresh twigs cut from the branches and left on the ground will attract the rabbit and spare the tree. —Farmer's Advocate.

Women may live longer than men, but, as a rule, they don't live quite as much.

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