

"SALADA"

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The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd).

He completed his dressing slowly while walking about the room looking into all sorts of likely and unlikely hiding-places for his money, and at length gave up the search in disgust, and sat down to wait until such time as his host should appear. It was a complication for which he had not bargained, and unable to endure the suspense any longer he put his head up the stairway and bawled to the old man to come down.

"What's the matter now?" demanded the old man as he came downstairs, preceded by his wife. "One would think the place belonged to you, making all that noise."

"I've lost my purse," said Flower, regarding him sternly. "My purse has been taken out of one pocket and some silver out of the other while I was asleep."

The old man raised his eyebrows at his wife and scratched his chin roughly.

"I s'pose you've lost my three pounds along with it?" he said raspyly.

"Where's my purse?" demanded the skipper, roughly; "don't play the fool with me. It won't pay."

"I don't know nothing about your purse," said the other, regarding him closely with his little bloodshot eyes; "you're trying to do me out o' my three pounds—me what's took you in and 'id you."

The incensed skipper made no reply, but, passing upstairs, turned the bedroom topsy-turvy in a wild search for his property. It was as unsuccessful, and he came down with a look in his face which made his respected host get close to his wife.

"Are you goins' to give me my money?" demanded he, striding up to him.

"I've not got your money," snarled the other. "I'm an honest man."

He started back in alarm, and his wife gave a faint scream as Flower caught him by the collar, and, holding him against the wall, went through his pockets.

"Don't hurt him," cried the old woman; "he's only a little old man."

"If you were younger and bigger," said the infuriated skipper, as he gave up the fruitless search, "I'd thrash you till you gave it up."

"I'm an honest man," said the other, recovering himself as he saw that

his adversary intended no violence; "if you think I've stole your money, you know what you can do."

"What?" demanded Flower.

"Go to the police," said the old man, his little slit of a mouth twisted into a baleful grin; "if you think I've stole your money, go and tell the police."

"Let 'em come and search the house," said the old woman, plucking up spirit. "I've been married forty-two years and 'ad seven children. Go and fetch the police."

Flower stared at them in wrathful concern. Threats were of no use, and violence was out of the question. He went to the door, and, leaning against it, stood there deep in thought until, after a time, the old woman, taking courage from his silence, began to prepare breakfast. Then he turned, and drawing his chair up to the table, ate silently.

He preserved this silence all day, despite the occasional suggestions of the old man that he should go for the police, and the aggrieved refrain of the old woman as to the length of her married life and the number of her offspring.

He left at night without a word. The old man smiled almost amiably to see him go; and the old woman, who had been in a state of nervous trepidation all day, glanced at her husband with a look in which wifely devotion and admiration were almost equally blended.

Flower passed slowly through the wood, and after pausing to make sure that he was not followed, struck across the fields, and with his sailor's knowledge of the stars, steered by them in the direction of London.

He walked all that night unmolested, his foot giving him but little trouble, and passed the following day under a haystack, assuaging his hunger with some bread and cheese he had put in his pocket.

Travelling by night and sleeping in secluded spots by day, he reached the city in three days. Considering that he had no money, and was afraid to go into a town to pawn his watch, he did not suffer so much from hunger as might have been expected—something which he vaguely referred to as Providence, but for which the sufferers found other terms, twice leading his faltering footsteps to laborers' dinners in tin cans and red handkerchiefs.

At Stratford he pawned his watch and chain and sat down to a lengthy meal, and then, with nearly eighteen shillings in his pocket took train to Liverpool Street. The roar of the city greeted his ears like music, and, investing in a pipe and tobacco, he got on a bus bound eastward, and securing cheap apartments in the Mile End Road, sat down to consider his plans. The prompt appearance of the Tipping family after his letter to Fraser had given him a wholesome dread of the post, and until the connection between the two was satisfactorily explained he would not risk another, even in his new name of Thompson. Having come to this decision, he had another supper, and then went upstairs to the unwonted luxury of a bed.

CHAPTER XVII.

It is one of the first laws of domestic economy that the largest families must inhabit the smallest houses—a state of things which is somewhat awkward when the heads wish to discuss affairs of state. Some preserve a certain amount of secrecy by the use of fragmentary sentences eked out by nods and blinks and by the substitution of capital letters for surnames; a practice likely to lead to much confusion and scandal when the names of several friends begin with the same letter. Others improve the family orthography to an extent they little dream of by spelling certain vital words instead of pronouncing them, some children profiting so much by this form of vicarious instruction that they have been known to close a most interesting conversation by thoughtlessly correcting their parents on a point of spelling.

There were but few secrets in the Wheeler family, the younger members relating each other's misdeeds quite freely, and refuting the charge of tale-bearing, but keeping debit and credit accounts with each other in which assets and liabilities could usually be balanced by simple addition. Among the elders, the possession of a present secret merely meant a future conversation.

On this day the juniors were quite certain that secret proceedings of a highly interesting nature were in the air. Miss Tyrell having been out since the morning, Mrs. Wheeler was looking forward anxiously to her return with the view of holding a little private conversation with her, and the entire Wheeler family were no less anxious to act as audience for the occasion. Mr. Bob Wheeler had departed to his work that morning in a condition which his family, who were fond of homely similes, had likened to a bear with a sore head. The sisterly attentions of Emma Wheeler were met with a boorish request to keep her paws off; and a young Wheeler, rash and inexperienced in the way of this weary world, who publicly asked what Bob had "got the hump about," was sternly ordered to finish his breakfast in the washhouse. Consequently there was a full meeting after tea, and when Poppy entered, it was confidently expected that proceedings would at once open with a speech from the sofa.

"Take the children outside a bit Belinda," said her mother, after the tea things had been removed.

"Got my 'ome lessons to do," said Belinda.

"Do 'em when you come back," said Mrs. Wheeler.

"Shan't 'ave time," replied Belinda, taking her books from a shelf; "they'll take me all the evening. We've all got a lot of 'ome lessons to-night."

"Never mind, you take 'em out," persisted Mrs. Wheeler.

"When I want to go out," said Belinda, rebelliously, "you won't let me."

"Do as your mother tells you," commanded Mr. Wheeler, with excellent sternness.

"I want a little quiet," said Mrs. Wheeler; "a little fresh air will do you good, Peter."

"I'll go and smoke my pipe in the washhouse," said Mr. Wheeler, who had his own notions of healthful recreation.

"Take your pipe outside," said Mrs. Wheeler, significantly. "Did you 'ear what I said, Belinda?"

Belinda rose noisily, and gathering up her untidy books thrust them back in a heap on the shelf, and putting on her hat stood at the door commenting undutifully upon her parents, and shrilly demanding of the small Wheelers whether they were coming or whether she was to stay there all night. She also indulged in dreary prognostications concernin' her future, and finally, driving her small fry before her, closed the street door with

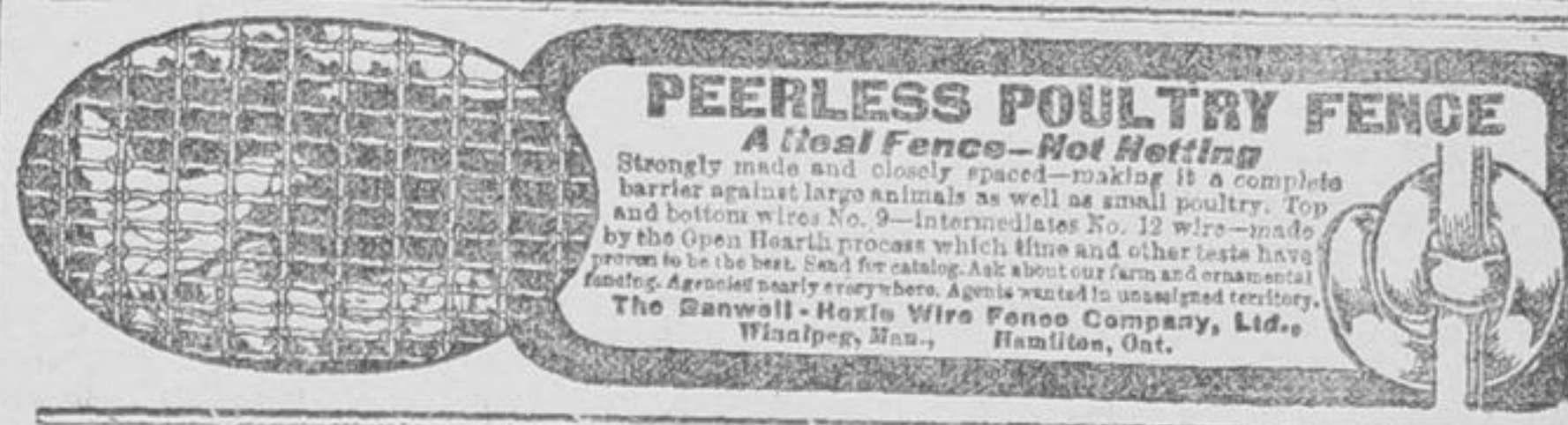
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Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand.....

"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink..... naked, and ye clothed me....."

Then shall they answer him, saying— "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?or naked, and clothed thee?"

And the King shall answer..... "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me".

Overseas, in ravaged Belgium, more than 3,000,000 of "the least of these" are hungry, thirsty, thinly clad—looking to us! Have you done what you could for any of them?

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a bang, which induced Mrs. Wheeler to speak of heredity and Mr. Wheeler's sister Jane's temper. (To be continued).

Oats Unfit for Seed.

Flour and feed dealers who offer the feed grades of western oats should be very careful, say the authorities at the Seed Branch of the Department of Agriculture, to warn the farmer purchaser against using them for seed. The feed grades contain oats which are frozen or otherwise unsound and not suitable for milling purposes. They usually give a very low percentage of germination, which results in serious crop failure. The sowing of these frozen oats in past years has given the general impression that all western oats will not do well in Eastern Canada the first year. Home-grown seed oats of good quality are so scarce this year that farmers should be specially warned against using the feed grades for seed.

Eastern Canada farmers are advised to procure local grown oats of the best quality, and clean them to thirty pounds per bushel or better if possible. Thus far not more than 100,000 bushels of No. 1 Canada western seed oats free from wild oats are available in storage. It may be found necessary to make a grade for No. 2 seed oats, containing not more than eight wild oats to the pound. This would be very much superior to the milling or feed grades which are foul with noxious and other weed seeds.

"Act so in the valley that you need not fear those who stand on the hill," is a Danish proverb.

PAINS AFTER EATING

WIND IN THE STOMACH—ACIDITY, HEADACHES—CONSTIPATION

ARE SIGNS OF INDIGESTION.

Indigestion—the complete or partial failure of the digestive processes—frequently throws out of gear the whole machinery of the body. You can't enjoy the vigour and vitality of good health unless your stomach, liver and bowels do their work regularly and efficiently.

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