

The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont.)

He saw her three days later, and was dismayed and surprised to find her taxing herself with being the cause of the adventurous mariner's death.

"He would never have heard of the Golden Cloud if it hadn't been for me," she said, trembling. "His death is at my door."

Fraser tried to comfort her, and, straining metaphor to the utmost, said that if the finger of Providence had not made her oversleep herself she would undoubtedly have shared the same fate.

The girl shook her head. "He shipped before the mast for the sake of being on the same ship as I was," she said, with quivering lip; "it is not every man who would have done that, and I—"

"Overslept yourself," said Fraser, consolingly.

Miss Tyrell made an impatient gesture, but listened hopefully as her visitor suggested that it was quite possible Flower had got away in another boat.

"I'll watch the paper every day," she said, brightening; "you miss some at sea."

But nothing came of the watching. The Golden Cloud had its obituary in the paper in large type, and that was all—a notice to certain women and children scattered about Europe to go into mourning and to the owners to get another ship.

By the end of a couple of months Fraser had given up all hope. He was very sorry for his unfortunate friend, but his sorrow was at times almost tempered by envy as he pondered over the unexpected change which had come over his relations with Poppy Tyrell. The old friendly footing had disappeared, and her manner had become distant, as though, now that the only link which connected them was broken, there was no need for further intercourse. The stiffness which ensued made his visits more and more difficult.

At last he missed calling one night when he was in London, and the next time he called the girl was out.

It was a fortnight before he saw her, and the meeting was embarrassing to both.

"I'm sorry I was out last time you came," said Poppy.

"It didn't matter," said Fraser. Conversation came to a standstill. Miss Tyrell, with her toes on the fender, gazed in a contemplative fashion at the fire. "I didn't know—" began Fraser, who was still standing.

He cleared his voice and began again. "I didn't know whether you would rather I left off coming," he said, slowly.

Her gaze travelled slowly from the fire to his face. "You must please yourself," she said, quietly.

"I would rather please you," he said, steadily.

The girl regarded him gravely. "It is rather inconvenient for you sometimes," she suggested, "and I am afraid that I am not very good company."

Fraser shook his head eagerly. "It is not that at all," he said, hastily.

Poppy made no reply, and there was another long silence. Then Fraser advanced and held out his hand.

"Good-bye," he said, quietly.

"Good-bye," said the girl. She smiled brightly, and got up to see him downstairs.

"I wanted to say something before I went," said Fraser, slowly, as he paused at the street door, "and I will say it."

Miss Tyrell, raising her eyebrows somewhat at his vehemence, waited patiently.

"I have loved you from the moment I saw you," said Fraser, "and I shall go on loving you till I die. Good-bye."

He pressed her hand again, and walked down the little front garden into the street. At the gate he paused and looked round at Poppy still standing in the lighted doorway; he looked round again a few yards down the street, and again farther on. The girl still stood there; in the momentary glimpse he had of her he fancied that her arm moved. He came back hastily, and Miss Tyrell regarded him with unmistakable surprise.

"I thought—you beckoned me," he stammered.

"Thought I beckoned you?" repeated the girl.

"I thought so," murmured Fraser. "I beg your pardon," and turned confusedly to go again.

"So—I—did," said a low voice.

Fraser turned suddenly and faced her; then, as the girl lowered her eyes before his, he reentered the house, and closing the door led her gently upstairs.

"I didn't like you to go like that," said Miss Tyrell, in explanation, as they entered her room.

Fraser regarded her steadfastly, and her eyes smiled at him. He drew her towards him and kissed her, and Miss Tyrell, trembling with something which might have been indignation, hid her face on his shoulder.

For a long time, unless certain foolish ejaculations of Fraser's might count as conversation, they stood silent; then Poppy, extricating herself from his arm, drew back and regarded him seriously.

"It is not right," she said slowly; "you forget."

"It is quite right," said Fraser; "it is as right as anything can be."

Poppy shook her head. "It has been wrong all along," she said, sob-

erly, "and Captain Flower is dead in consequence. I never intended to go on the Golden Cloud, but I let him go. And now he's dead. He only went to be near me, and while he was drowning I was going out with you. I have been very wicked."

Fraser protested, and, taking her hand, drew her gently towards him again.

"He was very good to my father," said Poppy, struggling faintly. "I don't think I can."

"You must!" said Fraser, doggedly; "I'm not going to lose you now. It is no good looking at me like that. It is too late."

He kissed her again, secretly astonished at his own audacity, and the high-handed way in which he was conducting things. Mixed with his joy was a half-pang, as he realised that he had lost his fear of Poppy Tyrell.

"I promised my father," said the girl, presently. "I did not want to get married, but I did not mind so much until—"

"Until," Fraser reminded her, fondly.

"Until it began to get near," said the girl, "then I knew."

She took her chair by the fire again, and Fraser, placing his beside it, they sat hand in hand discussing the future. It was a comprehensive future, and even included Captain Flower.

"If he should be alive after all," said Poppy, with unmistakable firmness, "I shall still marry him if he wishes it."

Fraser assented. "If he should ever turn up again," he said, deliberately, "I will tell him all about it. But it was his own desire that I should watch over you if anything happened to him, so he is as much to blame as I am. If he had lived I should never have said a word to you. You know that."

"I know," said Poppy, softly.

Her hand trembled in his, and his grasp tightened as though nothing should loosen it; but some thousands of miles away Captain Flower, from the deck of a whaler, was anxiously scanning the horizon in search of the sail which was to convey him back to England.

(To be continued.)

FARMS FOR SOLDIERS.

New Zealand Plan for Returned Soldiers Working Well.

Mr. W. F. Massey, the New Zealand Premier, reports that so far 250 returned soldiers had been settled on the land in New Zealand under the Government scheme to provide 5,000 of her fighting men with a new start in life.

"The men we are settling in this way," he said, "fall into six classes. First, the man who wants to breed sheep and requires a large area of country—perhaps up to 5,000 acres. Then comes the dairy farmer with, say, 200 acres for 50 cows, which we will even buy for him if necessary; the grower of wheat or another crop, 100 acres; the fruit grower, 20 acres; the poultry farmer, with ten acres, near a city; and, last, the incapacitated man, who wants an acre or two in the suburbs on which he can earn something to augment his pension.

"Of course we have not Crown land for all these people, and in some cases we have purchased land for them up to £30 an acre. They pay 5 per cent. interest for the money we advance, and in ten years' time they are given a 'free title' to the land, which they may then dispose of as they wish. The only condition we make is that the men must have been born in New Zealand and have served in either the British army or the navy. The scheme is not confined to men who have been fighting with the New Zealand forces."

SAYS PORK MAKES "HUNS."

Dr. A. P. Firth Lays Savagery to Sausage and Beer.

German atrocities in war are caused by the German diet of pork and beer, according to Dr. A. P. Firth of Newark.

"Science has proved that food not only keeps the body alive but affects the mind," says Dr. Firth. "It has also been proved that the mental characteristics of human or animal produce cellular changes. Eating meat no longer means merely that the body is supplied with food. It means also that human beings have absorbed with that food the characteristics of the animal consumed."

"Germans have always been partial to pigs' knuckles and sausages. Their soldiers eat sausage daily. Dr. Karl Helfferich declares that Germany is the largest consumer of beer and swine in the world. Alcohol is known to undermine the moral fibre. Its effect mentally tends to produce a bully. Germany is the largest consumer of this liquid and has shown in her conduct its effect."

The tanning of ostrich skins is one of the new South African industries.

WOODEN WALLS TO DEFY U-BOATS

RESORT TO WOODEN SHIPS TO FIGHT SUBMARINES.

Believed That More Ships Will Be Built Under New Plan Than Germany Can Sink.

The American scheme to frustrate the shark-like plans of the U-boats is to build a thousand small wooden ships and send them across the Atlantic with food and other supplies for the Allies. This must be done, President Wilson asserts, "submarines or no submarines."

The wooden ship idea, the New York Times says, was not the idea of a naval expert. Indeed, it was at first derided by naval architects, who thought that in this age of steel a wooden ship was as much an anachronism as a muzzle-loading musket. The trouble is, however, that steel is not now available in sufficient quantities for emergency purposes. Steel vessels, moreover, would cost twice as much as wooden vessels, and steel workers are needed for other work. Wood, on the other hand, can be had in almost unlimited quantities. The thousand ships will require about a billion feet of lumber.

Last year the American production of lumber was 40,000,000,000 feet. New timber on the Pacific coast can be cut and by a simple process put into the ships almost immediately and give almost as good results as well-seasoned wood.

The New Idea.

The craft decided on will be a steam vessel 290 feet over all, 46 feet beam and 26 feet depth. Each vessel will have a cargo capacity of 2,500 tons, and will draw 12 feet, light. The power will be from old-fashioned water-tube boilers, using oil, and with a special device for concealing smoke. The ordinary cruising speed will be ten knots, with an emergency capacity in the danger zone of twelve or thirteen knots.

In addition to the engine for motive power, each boat will be equipped with eight hoisting engines in order that cargoes may be swiftly loaded and discharged. There will be no sails as auxiliaries, for the reason that a boat with sails spread is visible for a much greater distance than boats not thus equipped. In ordinary circumstances the wooden vessels will have a hard enough time in breaking through the blockade of submarines, without sails to assist the submarines to find them.

A Hurry-up Order.

The American ships will carry in addition to their ordinary crew a couple of gun crews, and they will mount fore and aft guns suitable for the destruction of submarines. They will thus be just as formidable as steel ships, for a wooden ship is not less likely to go to the bottom than a metal ship when hit by a torpedo. It is calculated that some of them, perhaps many of them, will be sunk. They are not supposed to be submarine-proof, but it is believed that 1,000 of them can be built in a year, the first fleet being ready to carry this year's crop as soon as it is ready to market.

Although the American marine has languished for years, it is said that there are sufficient shipyards on the Atlantic coast to carry out the programme of 1,000 boats a year. Old shipwrights will be used as a nucleus of the gangs that are even now at work on the wooden ships, and the longer it is necessary to make them the more numerous will become the expert staffs, and the faster will it be possible to turn out the ships.

FLOWERS NOW OR FRUIT LATER

Every Fruit Blossom Should Be Left on the Trees to Develop.

In spite of careful husbanding of all our agricultural resources, some of them may go to waste through deplorable thoughtlessness. The selling of fruit blossoms on street corners may bring joy to winter-weary city dwellers; but it will also interfere with fruit production later on when we most need apples, pears and peaches for their food value.

The blossom season lasts but a few weeks each spring, and the flowers are exceedingly short-lived, so that they make but an evanescent decoration at best. There are plenty of other flowers, a host of joyous little folk of the spring woods, which are equal in charm to any florist's offering, and which may be plucked without harmful results. Provided that their roots are left in the ground they will come up another year with greater vim than ever. And for larger sprays and bank effects the dogwood and the lilac will grow all the better after selective cutting of their blooms. Having such a wealth to choose from, there is no excuse for marring the

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After all they can best be enjoyed by visiting the orchard itself and bringing back a memory of its perfection of color and perfume which will long outlive a few expatriated sprays of wilted blossoms.

With the aid of motor trucks the picturesque circus caravan is to be revived. A circus has announced that this summer it will tour the country in motor cars.

Eyes on Onions.

"It is a good time to keep an eye on the onion crop, for even onions can go a long way toward solving the war problem if other food gets scarce," says the Hutchinson, Kansas, News, which apparently would stop at nothing to win the war—even to feeding onions to the enemy.

The oat cakes of Scotland are said to approach nearer the primitive type of bread than anything else known to day.

DOMINION RUBBER SYSTEM