The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

"I suppose," said a lady of a romantic turn of mind, "that you didn't know what was happening at first?"

"I did not, ma'am," agreed the captain, in trembling tones. "Nobody was more surprised than wot I was."

"How strange!" said two or three voices.

They regarded him tenderly, and the youngest bridesmaid, a terrible child of ten, climbed up on his knee and made audible comparisons between the two bridegrooms, which made Mr. Gibson smile.

"Time we started," said Mrs. Banks, raising her voice above the din. "Cap'n Barber, you and Mr. Gibson and the other gentlemen had better get to the church.

The men got up obediently, and in solemn silence formed up in the little passage, and then started for the church some two hundred yards distant, the crew of the Foam falling in behind unchallenged.

To this day Captain Barber does not know how he got there, and he resolutely declines to accept Captain Niblett's version as the mere offspring of a disordered imagination. He also denies the truth of a statement circulated in the town that night that, instead of replying to a leading question in the manner plainly laid down in the Church Service, he answered, "I suppose so."

He came out of the church with a buzzing in his ears and a mist before his eyes. Something was clinging to his arm, which he tried several times to shake off. Then he discovered that it was Mrs. Barber.

Of the doings of the crew of the Foam that night it were better not to speak. Suffice it to say that when they at length boarded their ship Tim was the only one who still possessed a hat, and in a fit of pride at the circumstance, coupled, perhaps, with other reasons, went to bed in it. He slept but ill, however, and at 4 a.m., the tide being then just on the ebb, the only silk hat in the forecastle went bobbing up and down on its way to the sea.

CHAPTER XXII.

A fine October gave way to a damp and dreary November; a month of mists and fogs, in which shipping of all nations played blind man's buff at sea, and felt their way, mere voices crying in the wilderness, up and down the river. The Swallow, with a soul too large for its body, rammed a first-class battleship off the Medway, and with a thoughtfulness too often lacking at sea, stood by and lowered a boat, whereupon the captain, who had been worrying about his paint, invented, in his surprise, a brand new adjective for the use of senior officers of the British Navy.

Over three months had elapsed since the Golden Cloud set out on her long voyage; three months during which Fraser, despite his better sense, had been a constant visitor at Poppy Tyrell's, and had assisted her in the search for fresh lodgings to avoid the attentions of Mr. Bob Wheeler, who, having discovered her whereabouts, had chosen to renew his suit.

On two or three occasions the girl had accompanied him on board the steamer, and at such times it was Mr. Green's pleasure to wink in a frenzied manner at Mr. Joe Smith, and to make divers bets of pints of beer, which made that thirsty soul half crazy to listen to. He also said that anyone with half an eye could see what was in the wind.

"And a very nice couple they'll make, too," said Joe, solemnly.

"An' what about Cap'n Flower?" suggested Mr. Green; "she's evident the young lady he was talking about that night, and Tommy's heard 'em speaking about him once or twice too."

Joe shuffled uneasily. He was beginning to entertain a considerable regard for his new skipper, dating from the time he discovered that his sinister suspicions concerning him were unfounded. He had moreover conceived a dog-like admiration for Poppy Tyrell.

"That's 'is business," he said, shortly; "judging by what you 'eard in that pub, Cap'n Flower knows where to put 'is hand on one or two more if 'e wants 'em."

He walked off in dudgeon, ignoring a question by Mr. Green as to whose foot kep' the door open, and felt dimly the force of the diction that no man can serve two masters; and, with a view to saving himself worry, dismissed the matter from his mind until some weeks afterwards it was forcibly revived by the perusal of a newspaper which the engineer had brought aboard. Without giving himself time for due reflection he ran up on deck and approached the skipper.

"Golden Cloud's in the paper as overdue, sir," he said, respectfully.

"What is?" inquired Fraser, sharply.

"Golden Cloud, sir; boat Cap'n Flower is on," said Joe, slowly.

Fraser regarded him sternly. "What do you know about it?" he asked.

Joe looked round helplessly. At such moments Willyum Green was a tower of strength, but at the present time he was fooling about helping the ship's cat to wash itself.

"What do you know about it?" repeated Fraser.

"Will-yum told me, sir," said Joe, hastily.

Mr. Green being summoned, hastily put down the cat and came aft while Joe, with a full confidence in his friend's powers, edged a few feet away, and listened expectantly as the skipper interrogated him.

"Yes, sir, I did tell Joe, sir," he answered, with a reproachful glance at that amateur. "I met Cap'n Flower that evening again, late, an' he told me himself. I'm sorry to see by this morning's paper that his ship is overdue."

"That'll do," said Fraser, turning away.

The men moved off slowly, Mr. Green's reproaches being forestalled by the evidently genuine compliments of Joe.

"If I'd got a 'ead like you Willyum," he said, enviously, "I'd be a loryer or a serlicitor, or something o' the kind."

Days passed and ran into weeks, but the Golden Cloud was still unspoken. Fraser got a paper every day when ashore, but in vain, until at length one morning, at Bittlesea, in the news columns of the Daily Telegraph, the name of the missing ship caught his eye. He folded the paper hurriedly, breathed hard as he read:—

Missing ship, Golden Cloud.

Rio Janeiro, Thursday.

The barque Foxglove, from Melbourne to Rio Janeiro, has just arrived with five men, sole survivors of the ship Golden Cloud, which they report as sunk in collision with a steamer, name unknown, ten weeks out from London. Their names are Smith, Larsen, Peterson, Collins, and Gooch. No others saved."

In a dazed fashion he read the paragraph over and over again, closely scanning the names of the rescued men. Then he went up on deck, and beckoning to Joe, pointed with a trembling finger to the fatal paragraph. Joe read it slowly.

"And Cap'n Flower wasn't one o' them, sir?" he asked, pointing to the names.

Fraser shook his head, and both men stood for some time in silence.

"He's done it this time, and no mistake," said Joe, at last. "Well, 'e was a good sailorman and a kind master."

He handed the paper back, and returned to his work and to confer in a low voice with Green, who had been watching them. Fraser went back to the cabin, and after sitting for some time in a brown study, wrote off to Poppy Tyrell and enclosed the cutting.

(To be continued.)

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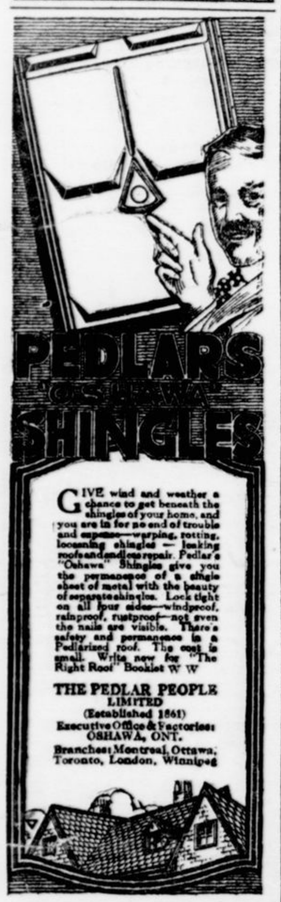

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Can you guess it?

Milk and Cheese Dishes.

Milk and cheese, at present prices, furnish nourishment at a much lower cost than meats. The housekeeper who knows their food value and how to prepare milk and cheese in a variety of appetizing dishes will use more of them. Secure the best milk at any price for the babies; their lives depend upon it. Whole milk, skimmed milk, butter-milk for the children, instead of so much meat, is both more wholesome and cheaper. If possible, buy skimmed milk for milk soups and puddings; it is a substitute for meat protein and costs about a quarter the money.

Milk Soups.

2 Tablespoons butter or dripping, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 cups milk or 1 cup milk and 1 cup vegetable water, ¼ cup vegetable pulp or flaked fish.

The vegetable water is the water in which the vegetables have been cooked. (In the case of potatoes the water is not used.) The vegetable pulp is the cooked vegetable rubbed through a sieve. Since the vegetable is cooked before making into soup, any left-over vegetable from dinner can be used to make a hot soup for supper or lunch Onions, carrots, celery, potatoes, canned corn, peas, or tomatoes, are generally well liked. In the case of tomatoes, a pinch of soda must be added to neutralize the acid so the milk will not curdle. Remnants of cold boiled fish, or canned salmon, or dried beef may be used in the same way as the vegetables.

Macaroni and Cheese.

1 Cup macaroni, 2 cups milk, 3 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 cup grated cheese, ½ teaspoon salt, few grains pepper, ¼ cup dry bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon butter.

Add 2 teaspoons salt to 2 quarts boiling water. Drop in the macaroni, broken into inch pieces, and boil hard for 20 minutes. Drain and pour cold water through to prevent the pieces sticking together. Melt the 3 tablespoons butter in a saucepan; add the flour and stir until frothy; add the milk and stir until it thickens. Season with salt and pepper, add the cheese and pour over the cooked macaroni. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a baking dish, stir the crumbs in this, turn them out on a plate, put the macaroni in the baking-dish, and sprinkle the crumbs over the top. Bake until thoroughly heated and the crumbs brown. This may be served in a vegetable dish without the crumbs and baking, but the macaroni must then be re-heated in the sauce.

Cheese Fondue.

1 Cup scalded milk, 1 cup soft stale bread crumbs, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs.

Mix first five ingredients. Add yolks of eggs well beaten, and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a buttered baking-dish and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

Cheese Souffle.

3 Tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour, 2-3 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 cup grated cheese, salt and pepper, few grains of cayenne, dry crumbs.

Melt the butter, add the cornstarch, and when well blended gradually stir in the cream and cook 2 minutes. Add the cheese and stir until cheese is melted. Season and serve on toasted crackers or on bread toasted on one side, the rarebit being poured over the untoasted side.

Standard Food is the Cheapest.

Important factors to life are air, water and food. We can live without air for only a short time, without water from one to four days and without food from thirty to fifty days. In composition the human body is three-quarters water, and of such a nature that a variety of foods is necessary, but not all are desirable.

The most important business of the housewife is to know and understand, with a working knowledge as a basis, this supremely interesting subject.

Good food is most necessary for good health, and even the best foods are often spoiled by incompetent housewives, who are not able or familiar with the necessary and important rules of cooking. These require intelligent and persevering work, sincere efforts and determination to have this important knowledge at their finger tips.

Many women fail in their undertakings because they have a wishbone in place of their backbone. Roll up your sleeves and determine that high prices will hold no terrors for you when you know that good standard brain food is the cheapest in the end. Do not permit any waste, but utilize every portion of food. Thrift is not stinginess, as so many people imagine, but it is carefulness in undertakings, that when used in the home, especially in the kitchen, nets to the persevering housewife wonderful results.

Housekeeping Helps.

Spinach is in a class by itself, because of its large amount of iron.

Cooked squash left over from a meal may be made a delicious soup.

Always have the board well floured before beginning to knead bread.

If you feel very tired and drowsy, dash very cold water in your face.

The empty baking powder can makes a good nut mincer.

Bacon dripping is excellent for frying hashed brown potatoes.

Prunes cooked without adding sugar are more wholesome and better flavored.

When the top of the kitchen range is red hot your fuel is being wasted.

Hot egg sandwiches make a good inexpensive dish for supper.

Tins for the baking of large round cakes may be partially lined with paper.

Fine linens and all pieces of handsome lingerie should be wrung out by hand and never through a wringer.

The young carrots pulled up when thinning the carrot bed can be scraped and cooked and served with cream sauce.

The sugar for jelly should always be heated in the oven before using. Stir frequently and do not allow it to brown.

ECONOMY TO PROTECT BIRDS.

Best Guard Against the Ravages of Insect Pests.

In an address on "Insect Life in Relation to Bird Life," a Toronto speaker, Dr. Cosens, recently told of the constant struggle going on in the world between plants and animals and insects for existence, and of the nice balance of nature. This has been destroyed by man, who is reaping the consequences of his destruction of the birds by suffering from the ravages of insect pests. Birds are the most important check on injurious insects. There are certain other checks, such as parasitic insects like the family of the Ichneumonidae. The Ichneumon fly lays its eggs either on the skin, under the skin, or near the larvae of the insect it preys upon. But the birds are our great helpers, and every stage of insect life, eggs, larvae, caterpillar and mature insect, furnishes food for some bird. Warblers and chickadees clean up the eggs, as do the creepers. A colony of warblers and chickadees will keep an orchard free from the dread San Jose scale. A number of orioles and yellow-billed and black-billed cuckoos will keep an orchard free from the tent caterpillar. Bank swallows feed on the adult mosquito, and should receive absolute protection. Dr. Cosens deplored the destruction of colonies of bank swallows every year by idle boys. This should be stopped. Every bank swallow is a public benefactor. The woodpeckers are the only check on boring beetles in the world, and are specially equipped with a beak and a tongue for digging under the bark and licking out the grubs. The bark beetle is the most destructive pest we have. The annual loss in forests in the United States alone is estimated at $100,000,000. Woodpeckers should be encouraged and protected. The sapsucker is more likely boring for a grub than for sap. The robins feed on the brown-tailed moth, which was imported to this continent from Holland in 1891 in nursery stock and became very destructive in the New England States. The gypsy moth has a caterpillar which weaves a silken sail and floats away on the wind to pastures new.

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A CALL TO SERVE OUR EMPIRE

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Step Into Line With Our Fighting Heroes and Defeat the Enemy.

"What did you do in the Great War?"

It won't be only "daddy" who is asked that question by the next generation. Mother and grandmother and grandfather will have to give an answer, says London Answers.

"How I wish I could do something splendid!" cried the young girl in 1914. "Fancy being a girl at a time like this!"

But, in 1917, sex is no handicap to splendid achievement.

We all know that 1915 poster which shows a young man in khaki shaking hands with a veteran, who says:

"If I were only twenty years younger——"

But age is no bar to patriotism and sacrifice in 1917.

A year ago, two years ago, the young man bemoaned the fact that he was unfit for military service.

Your Chance at Last.

"There's nothing really the matter with me," he explained, "only the military are so beastly particular!"

The disability to hold a rifle, through some trifling unfitness, is no bar to Hun strafing in 1917.

And why is 1917 different from the three war years that have preceded it? In 1917 the call has come for National Service. We cannot please ourselves whether we work for the nation or not this year. It is our duty. It is the right thing to do—the only thing to do!

Do we quite see the glory and the opportunity of this day? How often in the life of any one of us has it been given to know that a certain course is right beyond all doubt? Seldom, indeed. But now we have the certainty.

Those who volunteered to fight saw their opportunity, and they are happy in having grasped it. Those who volunteer to work will be no less happy. They will give all they have to give. Let, then, the message ring in each man's ears who is asked to consecrate himself to service:

"Your work is needed for the victory of the right, and to save yourself from ruined hopes."

It Rests With You.

The solution rests in the hands of the National Service volunteer.

He may not know anything about agriculture at present; but strong arms and a willing heart will soon make him a useful farm-hand.

Aeroplane making, munition work, labor of all kinds is waiting to be done. Shortage of labor is a pressing problem.

The solution rests with the National Service volunteer.

And note the word "Volunteer"! It is a great word. We are prouder of the soldiers who volunteered than of those who were forced to go. The soldiers will be prouder of the workers who volunteer than those who are compelled.

Every true Briton between the ages of eighteen and sixty-one not called to the Colors should promptly respond to the nation's summons to enrol to-day. He will find forms for offer of services at every post-office, National Service office, and employment exchange.

Every man between forty-five and sixty-one—and the man who feels between those ages, but is a little older—who feels the blood of youth still running in his veins, should step into line with his relatives and friends who are fighting.

The young man whose infirmity keeps him out of khaki should prove that he is really sorry not to be able to "do his bit." If he is really sorry, the opportunity has come to prove it.

The Only Way.

Many professed themselves ready to die for King and Country if they had been able. How many will be ready to work? Work is less heroic, it is more humdrum, but it is not less necessary to victory. There are no V.C.'s or D.C.M.'s to be gained by it, but it is a chance for service and sacrifice.

Let every man ask himself: "Am I doing my bit?" and, having asked the question, let him leave the Director of National Service to answer it.

It is quite possible that the answer will be: "Yes, you are. Carry on!" But every man who volunteers for National Service helps the Director in his task of putting the right man in the right place. If he is to do his job, he must know whom he can rely upon. He must have the power to send men to the places where they are required. It may be here to-day, and somewhere else to-morrow.

War does not wait on the convenience of individuals. War of to-day is an affair of nations, and that nation will be the victor which best uses all its man-power and will-power to achieve victory. Heart and brain and nerve and muscle, strained to the uttermost, and by one and all; that is the only way to shorten the agony which now overspreads the earth.

The planting of the backyard garden is a "home defence" against the high cost of living.

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