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Unavoidably Detained

By BLANCHE FULLINGTON.

III.

Braxmar drew a long, deep breath. "You've got a beautiful house here, Katherine," he said at last. "It's just about ideal—I don't know how a man could ask for a lovelier home. Do you know—I suppose I'm romantic and all that—but it seems a pity to me that you can't come here to-morrow night—after your wedding." A dull red burned in his cheeks. He was scrutinizing his well-kept nails with studious attention. "There's a lot of sentiment connected with a place like this—where you're going to spend your married life—years of it, anyway. You'll go on a honeymoon, of course, and probably spend your first hours together in a big, cold hotel, where people will look at you and laugh and say 'bride and groom'—when you might be here, just you two—alone with the crickets—and the stars! I suppose girls feel differently—they like the excitement of going away somewhere. To me it would seem—coming here, I mean—like a—well—a sort of sacrament—"

"I think we are going to have a caller," Katherine broke in, composedly.

Braxmar's flow of eloquence came to a sudden pause. The girl's indifference was like a dash of ice water in his face. He sprang to his feet and advanced to meet the approaching guest.

"I owe you another apology, Katherine," he said stiffly. "My thoughts seem bound to stray—and my tongue with them."

Up the curve of drive a motor was coming—a little, tiny, rattling, thumping affair, which bore about the same relation to Ted's gray racer that a ferryboat bears to a battleship. It went on four wheels, and it was propelled by a gasoline engine; and there all resemblance ended. But as it chugged along it seemed to be humming a cheery song, as though it said: "Oh, yes, I'm old and pretty well worn out, I know; but I'm doing the work that's given me each day to the best of my

ability, and, all prediction to the contrary notwithstanding, I've years left in me yet."

And the man who stepped out at Katherine Penn's front door was the logical owner of the car. It seemed as though it must have absorbed his spirit all the years he had run it. For he was little, too, and old, and shabby; but he was just as cheerful and just as brave as the automobile he drove. His hair was sandy-gray; his mild, shrewd eyes were deeply blue. His skin had the healthy, toughened look which comes of being exposed to all sorts of weather. His expression was full of kindness, forbearance and understanding. He was short of stature and rather spare, dressed in a neatly brushed suit of black, with trousers which bagged at the knee. His waistcoat was of clerical cut and his collar was fastened at the back.

He came up the steps, smiling gently and giving his hand first to Braxmar and then to Katherine Penn. Her slim fingers he held for a long moment in his own, looking down rather earnestly into her flushed face and shrinking eyes. But instead of addressing her he turned and spoke directly to the man.

"You have a fine place here," he said, courteously. "May I ask if you are going to settle among us? If so, I trust I can count on your swelling the number of my little flock."

Braxmar hesitated, stammered and turned appealingly to Katherine. "This is going to be my home," she stammered, very sweetly. "I am afraid I am not much of a churchgoer, but I shall be glad to help you in any way I can."

"When are you planning to take up your residence here?" the clergyman inquired.

"Oh, very soon—within a month at least. I may be married to-morrow. We have planned on a little trip, of course, and then we are coming here."

He smiled serenely. "That's good," he said. "That's fine. I like to see you young people coming here to build

your nests. The city is too crowded—there's no room there to really love and live—it's only fit to work in. Your wedding—is that going to take place here, too?"

Katherine shook her head. "We've arranged that for a city church," she said. "It seemed more practical, in view of the reception to follow immediately at our town house."

The minister's eyes narrowed with disapproval. "Too bad—too bad! You ought to be married here, among the scenes you're going to live in—with God's sunshine all around you and the birds to sing your wedding march. Perhaps you think I'm overenthusiastic, but I love the country, my dear—I feel as if all the beautiful things of life should come to pass among its green fields and leafy trees."

Teddy Braxmar turned to him eagerly. "That's what I've been telling her, sir," he cried. "Here is this house all ready—just waiting for its occupants! It's a shame to slight it so, I say—a sacrilege!"

Katherine crossed the piazza to his side and laid her hand on his arm. The wise, whimsical smile of the morning curved her lips again.

"You don't happen to have such a thing as a marriage license in your pocket, do you, Ted?" she asked, quietly.

He stared down at her incredulously. A dozen expressions chased one another like clouds across his face. Then, slowly, his eyes still holding her own, he drew from his pocket a thrice-folded sheet of heavy paper and spread it out before her.

"Why, how odd!" she exclaimed, turning to the clergyman with exaggerated amazement, her face all sweet with blushes and laughter. "Would you believe it—it's made out in the names of Edouard Braxmar and Katherine Penn! Well, Ted—you have your minister and your license—your bride awaits you! I don't wish to appear unmaidenly, but it looks to me as if you needed only a couple of witnesses—and a ring—to make the thing complete!"

Dazedly, Braxmar took from another pocket a jeweler's box containing a brand-new wedding ring.

The old clergyman was smiling, he seemed to feel no great surprise at the turn affairs had taken. "There are some men haying in the field at the foot of the hill," he suggested. "No doubt we might induce two of them to leave their work for a few minutes."

Braxmar slipped an arm about the girl's waist and turned seriously to the minister. "How would a service now affect the one which is to take place to-morrow night?" he asked.

"Not at all. You know a second ceremony is often performed in cases where there is some doubt as to the validity of the first; or when the marriage was a secret one."

The puzzled look still rested on Braxmar's brow. "It seems very strange to me that you happened along just now, sir," he ruminated gravely. "Almost as if some one had planned the whole affair."

"Yes—doesn't it?" agreed Katherine.

"There are a great many queer things happening all the time," the old clergyman said, a faint smile lurking at the corner of his eyes. "I say it is the hand of God—you, perhaps, call it fate. And still, while I believe all things are ordered according to some divine plan, I find that what we call strange coincidences may often be traced to human intervention, if we follow the clue far enough."

A slowly dawning comprehension overspread Ted's face. "Katherine," he inquired, suspiciously, "did you ever see this gentleman before?"

"Never, Ted," she answered promptly. "He married my father and mother, I believe, but I wasn't exactly among those present."

"Did you ever write him a letter?" "No, dear."

"Or—call him up by telephone?" Katherine had recourse to the witness's last resort. "Really, Ted, I don't remember," she stammered, and hid her scarlet cheeks against his breast.

The minister, being a man of tact, went out then to call the men from the hay field, leaving these two alone together.

"Why didn't you tell me you wanted to be married here, darling?" Ted inquired.

They were on the settee, by the empty fireplace, and his arms held her close.

"Because I wanted you to want it, too," she explained, slowly. "I knew if I once mentioned it you would agree with me instantly, and I should never know that you felt about it as I did—that you didn't do it just to please me. But you suggested it first—without any suspicion in your mind that it was the thing I wanted most of all in the world. Oh, Ted—to be married here in our own little home, away from all the curious staring people who don't care anything about us any way. I shan't mind it to-morrow night—I shall be laughing at them all! Do you like the way I've spent my last day of freedom, Ted?"

He showed her, quite convincingly, that he did.

"You played your part in my little drama as if you had been rehearsing it," she went on, after a while. "Weren't you surprised when I called you up this morning in the way I did?"

Braxmar solemnly shook his head.

"Katherine," he said, "I have long since ceased to be surprised at anything you may say—or do."

And so they were married very quietly at the foot of the branching staircase, before their own hearthstone. The western sunlight came in at the open door, adorning the room as no altar candles could have done. A little, homely, poor old man, without vestments, a tattered prayer book

in his hand, pronounced them man and wife.

The haymakers went back to their labor, and Katherine Braxmar followed the clergyman to the porch steps to bid him good-bye. A moment later Ted joined them, putting into the minister's hand a bit of paper, which concealed within its fold a yellow-backed bill of a denomination that faithful shepherd seldom saw.

"There's a telephone number on that piece of paper, sir," said Ted, as he stood by the rickety old car, tall and straight and boyishly dignified under the burden of his new responsibilities.

"We're going to ask you to do one more thing for us when you get to the village. Our telephone hasn't been connected yet, you see" (with a delightfully proprietary accent on the "our"), and we'd be awfully obliged if you'd ring Mr. Penn up and let him into the secret. And just say, will you, that Katherine will be home to-morrow morning—that she's unavoidably detained, and is spending the night with—her husband!"

(The End.)

Minard's Liniment For Burns, Etc.

His Wife Did Not Count.

He was so polite to ladies that a young woman who was visiting the family with which he lived grew quite enthusiastic.

"Oh, he's such a perfect gentleman!" she exclaimed. "He always remembers the little things that mean so much."

"Yes," agreed her hostess. "For example, he and his wife were coming down from the roof in the elevator last evening. I boarded the elevator at the fourth floor, and the instant I entered he removed his hat and held it in his hand all the rest of the way down."

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Surnames and Their Origin

JONES

VARIATIONS — Johns, Johnson, Johnston, Joynes.
RACIAL ORIGIN—British.
SOURCE—A given name.

Some wag has given Jonah, of Biblical whayle fame, credit for being the first Jones. Such, however, is not the case. It is derived from John, which originally was a Hebrew name, Jehohanan, meaning "grace of God." Jonah, or Jonas, is an entirely different name, and is the old Hebrew word for "dove."

It was natural, perhaps, that in the period when family names were being formed so many persons should have adopted a given name that was so popular. Since there were more Johns in the world than Peters and Williams, it was natural that there were more "John's sons." So when some one called "Peter, John's son," had a son of his own, and the latter grew up and decided he would take his grandfather's distinctive name rather than his father's he unconsciously started a new custom, and became a Johnson, or a Jonson, or a Joneson (for they were not so particular about spelling in Medieval England). And in the course of time many of these "John" families shortened their names by dropping off the final "on." Others didn't. The spelling Johnston, of course, is simply a misspelling which, perpetuated through several hundred years, has become legitimate.

Indeed, such changes in the spelling of the "John" names are much to be desired if family names are to perform the real function for which they became and continue necessary, that of differentiating one individual from another. With more "John" names in the world than any other, there is really no way in which a man can better lose his identity than by calling himself John Jones—unless, of course, he is able to advertise it in some connection, making a virtue of necessity.

KING

VARIATIONS — Kingson, Whiting, Whiteing.
RACIAL ORIGIN—English.
SOURCE—A nickname.

Whence come the tremendous number of King families which are to be found in every section of this country? One thing is certain. The family names in this group do not come from kings at all.

There is only one instance on record in English history where a person of royal birth adopted the parental title rather than the parental name as his surname, and if there is one point to which contemporary historians always pay attention, it is to the doings of their kings. One of the Henrys once did choose to style himself "Fitz-Empress" ("son of the empress"), but he did not pass the name on to his posterity. King as a family name could not have developed from such a source as this without leaving abundant historical record; and save for this one exception, there is no such record.

But among the most important diversions in the lives of the medieval English were the pageants or festivals with which the numerous feasts in the religious calendar were celebrated. Every great nobleman not only had a professional "fool," but at certain seasons his followers would choose a "King of Misrule" to lead the merry-making, as for instance in the Christmas celebrations. Besides, each village in the land enthroned its "king" and "queen" on May Day.

One old record reads: "We, Adam Bakhous and Harry Nycol, hath made account for the Kenggam (king-game) that tym don William Kempe, Kenge, and Joan Whytebrede, Quen, and all costs deducted, 4 l., 5 s., 0 d."

Naturally those who took the part of king in such festivals got such nicknames from their neighbors, and in the course of time the nicknames became family names. Whiting and Whiteing are contractions of "White-King."