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## Viscount Ginger.

Titles in England are not what they used to be. They are still valued, and those which are ancient and historic command no little respect, but times have changed. The part of the great public that still "dearly loves a lord" loves him with less humble and unquestioning affection than of old and takes him far less seriously. But even in early Victorian days there was one stronghold, at once aristocratic and democratic, that no title could overawe. In the great English public schools it was immaterial who war lord and who was commoner, but most important who was fag and who was fag master.

In some recent reminiscences an old Harrovian has amusingly described a cricket match at which a very great and also a very pompous old lady, a marchioness bearing a historic title, was present to see her grandson, a courtesy lord, play in the eleven. He was a jolly, ordinary, red-headed, freckled youngster, unpretentious—his comrades would have made him most unhappy if he had been otherwise—and on the team. As the game progressed he had plenty of opportunities to show what he could do and made the most of them. His noble grandmother was more and more delighted and excited. Every time he hit the ball she called out importantly, "Well played, Viscount M—!"

When he was at last out, she wished to see and congratulate him and, turning to a tall, young fellow, close at hand—who happened, though of course, she did not know it, to be the boy's fag master—requested him haughtily to "please inform Viscount M— that the Marchioness of P— wishes to see him."

The tall youth did not move a muscle. Instead he called to another fag near by, "Go tell Ginger that the Marchioness of P— wants to see him, will you?"

A little later Ginger came hurrying along obediently in response to the summons, but for a moment the indignant marchioness could hardly muster a smile for him. Her face was still frozen in the awful look with which she had striven to chasten the impertinent youth who had declined to execute her commission personally and presumed to call a viscount Ginger! But, being a fag master, and therefore on the Harrow cricket field a much more important person than viscount, count or marchioness, the tall youth remained unchastened and sufficient in his dignity.

## When Are We Cleverest?

Interesting facts about the age at which a man's faculties reach their highest pitch of efficiency have been compiled recently.

It was found, for example, that the average age at which twenty of the greatest inventions were produced was thirty-two. The inventors of the steam engine and the steam turbine were each twenty-nine when their labors resulted in these epoch-making devices. The self-binding reaper, wireless telegraphy, and the vacuum air-brake were invented by men in their twenty-second year.

The inventor of the sewing machine was twenty-six, while the discoverer of the process of producing aluminum cheaply was only twenty-three. Edison was thirty when he made the first incandescent lamp. Wilbur Wright, the pioneer aviator, was thirty-eight when he conquered the air.

The result of these investigations points to the fact that artists and musicians as a rule develop their talents very early in life. Authors seem to attain the peak of their creative powers at or about the age of forty-two. Financiers and business men generally reach their zenith at fifty-three.

Statesmen and generals are highest in the list of ages. Many of the greatest acts of diplomacy have been initiated by men in the seventies and eighties. Military history shows that some of the most crucial battles have been directed by men who were old enough to be grandfathers.

But the would-be inventor, artist, musician, or poet who is rapidly outgrowing his youth need not be discouraged by these facts. There are many exceptions to prove the rule. William de Morgan, to name but one example, was sixty-seven before he made his bow as a successful novelist.

## Kissing is Not a Universal Salutation.

There are some girls who are never kissed. The Japanese lover, for instance, does not salute his betrothed in our fashion. He regards kissing as a queer foreign custom; it has no meaning for him. In China the kiss is considered disgraceful.

But although the kiss is unknown, or at any rate neglected, in many parts of the world, nearly every nation has some form of salutation which corresponds with the European kiss. The Malays and the Eskimos greet each other by rubbing noses. Among the Burmese, the form of greeting which denotes affection is to apply the cheek and draw a long breath.

It is true that the kiss is also used as a means of salutation where there is no affection, or even respect. Children, for instance, are taught that they must kiss people for whom they may have a strong antipathy, simply because it is the proper thing to do, and two women who hate each other will kiss for the same reason. These uses are a degradation of one of the most beautiful modes of expression in the world.

In Iceland they do not understand the kiss as a mode of salutation, but it is regarded as something belonging to the supernatural. If a child is ill you will sometimes see its mother solemnly kiss the little one on the breast—an invocation to the Supreme Being that her child may be cured.

We are not altogether without superstition regarding the kiss. At one time many a gambler might have been seen kissing the cards to bring him luck, and the warrior, before starting out to battle, would kiss the favor given him by his lady to insure victory and to enhance his safety. Until lately all Anglo-Saxons kissed the Book when we took the oath "to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

And who has not seen a mother take her child in her arms and kiss the bruise to "make it well?"



Vice-Admiral Sir Osmond de Beauvoir Brock is slated to succeed Admiral Beatty as first lord of the admiralty at the beginning of the year, it is understood. For the past two years Sir Osmond has been in command of the Mediterranean station.



A Lifer. Tramp Bird (on outside)—"Poor fellow, I wonder what he's in for?"

Canada's national parks in the Rocky mountains are nearly as large as Belgium and two-thirds as large as Switzerland.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

ISSUE No. 51—24.

# Kit Kennedy

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

## CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

Christopher Kennedy steadied himself on his feet, and lifting stiffly a bundle done up in a blue handkerchief, and a well-worn stick which lay among the sedges where he had fallen, he addressed himself to the path over the hill.

Lilias Mac Walter walked silently by his side till they came to the crest of the moorland where they had parted that summer eight years ago. Then with one accord they stopped, and facing about looked at each other. The man retained his grey pallor. The marked blotches were now scarcely visible. The puffy swelling beneath the eyes had fallen in, and instead of the rubicund countenance, purple as a plum, the withered skin hung loosely about a haggard and desperate face.

"Forty years of age this day, Lilias," he said, smiling; "it was luck that brought us together on my birthday. Say that you forgive me before I go. You will never see me again."

A sudden light of joy flashed into full glow over the woman's weary face. "Ah," he said, sadly, "that makes you glad, does it! Once the thought of it would have brought the tears starting from your eyes."

"I do forgive you, God knows," she said, gently, "but now, go. And God Himself keep and forgive you, and bring you to better things than these."

"Do not fear. I have made me like a brute and worse, but I am not brutal; I will betake me far enough away out of your sight, that a respectable woman like Mistress Mac Walter of Kirkoswald may never again be offended by the sight of that which I have made of myself."

He looked down with a curiously sheepish air, and rubbed a boot through which a stockingless toe looked with broadly farcical effect, in the dust of the little turn of highway where the cart-track of the quarry ended.

"You do not happen to have any money about you?" he ventured looking slyly sideways at her. Lilias started, and put her hand into her pocket.

"You will not drink it?" she said, quaveringly. She felt that she could not refuse. Yet what could a promise mean from Christopher Kennedy? "No," he said, firmly. Then, with a weakening of the voice, "That is, I will try not."

Lilias Mac Walter took out her purse. "For the boy's sake," she murmured to herself; "I cannot afford to quarrel with him."

There were two pounds in the purse and some silver. She put one of the notes in his shaking palm. His eyes were fixed on the other in her unshut purse.

"You will go away if I give you this?" she queried, her mind divided between hope and fear. "You will promise to go straight to Cairn Edward and to-morrow to Dumfries if I give you this other? It is all I have."

"I swear it," said the drunkard. And he meant to keep his word.

As Christopher Kennedy took the second pound from her hand he gripped her fingers and held them a moment in his. For the space of a heart's beat she tried to withdraw them. But finally she let them remain.

"For the boy's sake!" she thought in the ashen depths of her heart.

"Vive memor amoris nostri—et vale!" said Christopher Kennedy in his old droning voice, but with a firm grip of his fingers upon hers.

"What does that mean?" said the woman, just as she used to do.

"It means 'Good-bye, and do not quite forget!' he said, and let her hand drop. He looked at her a long while before saying another word. "The fire is burned out. And the ashes of it have made all the waters bitter. Marah—Marah, let them be called! For they are exceeding bitter!"

And again he made the large gesture of one who sows the wind.

"Good-bye!" she said, simply. And with bowed head she took her way towards the distant bunch of trees, under which nestled the mansion-house of Kirkoswald, its frontage all aglitter with plate-glass and dusky with red sandstone.

The man stood watching her as she went down the moor edges. He watched her as she came to the stile at the head of the old grass parks. His eyes did not leave her for a moment till she became a black dot scarce discernible above the green of the corn, and so passed on towards the house.

When she had vanished finally from his sight, Christopher Kennedy lifted his hand and kissed it towards her with something of his old graceful manner.

"Why should you bear the burden, Love Lilias," he said, "when such a wreck as I am can bear it for you?" He turned again at the top of the hill, and looked once more at the green clump of trees behind which Kirkoswald was hidden.

"Ave atque vale!" said the classical master; "being (as I hope) about to die—my love, I salute you!"

His hand stole to his pocket. He fingered the two notes, and as he did so his mood changed. "Now, I wonder where the nearest public-house is?" he added.

For the classical master had once more become the tramp.

## CHAPTER V. THE RED LION.

It was six o'clock at the hostelry of the Red Lion in the village of Whinnyliggate. This well-known inn was held, as all must know, by the Misses Barbara and Keturah Heartshorn. The village had long boasted of but one house of public refreshment, and the Red Lion, a comfortable two-storey house, with a commodious yard behind enclosed on three sides by stabling and barns, was that one.

It had been left equally to his two daughters by Joy Heartshorn, a man from the Anglican fenland who having wandered to Galloway to buy cattle, had lived to amass a very cosy little fortune by stabling other people's.

Miss Barbara Heartshorn, the elder of the sisters, was tall, many angled, muscular, and withal somewhat assertive. Her sister Keturah, on the other hand, was persuasive, yielding, and carried the easy evenness of her temper reflected on a plumply smiling face.

The elder sister drilled the company in her parlors as a sergeant breaks in an awkward squad. The younger brought them good measure on the sly. Thus was the hostelry of the Red Lion carried on with a success far greater than that obtained by any other in four neighboring parishes, and so busy were the present owners and occupiers in conducting it that they had reached middle life without even having had time to think of marrying.

Miss Barbara usually acknowledged any approach to familiar and personal discourse on love and matrimony with a sound box on the ear of the speaker, to which was added an admonition to "Mind now!"

While as for Miss Keturah, though doubtless she had listened to much lovmaking in the course of her life, and turned the dimples of her rosy cheeks and a pair of not unappreciative ears to the charming of many male serpents, she stood too much in awe of the indignation of her sister, and was too afraid of hurting the Red Lion by deserting the colors, to permit matters to go any further.

Besides, the younger sister had not forgotten the awful occasion when Archibald Girmory (commonly known as Big Bauldy), the farmer of High Croochs, had informed her for the fiftieth time that she was the "heart-somest, bonniest, most tasty bit lassie in a' the countryside."

In her bed at night she still flushed to remember how upon their startled ears had broken the voice of her sister Barbara: "Keturah Heartshorn, I bid you remember that praise to the face is an open disgrace. Come your ways ben the hoose this minute and peel the potatoes!"

In order to preserve the immaculate character of the house, the sisters had added an outer bar-room at the back within call of the ostler on duty in the yard and stables. This was reserved for "transients"—that is, guests who had not the freedom of the parlor—and who might not aspire to that comfortable inner room in which, during the forenoon, Miss Keturah might occasionally sit down with her crocheting, and even Miss Barbara herself deign to stand a moment with a tray in her hand, ere she hurried to another apartment to dispense stores or lay down the law.

To the Red Lion therefore came the tramp in the lidded straw hat, the same who earlier in the afternoon had lain in the quarry hole on the muir above Black Dornal. He had cleansed some of the mud off his clothes, yet his appearance was even more desolate and forlorn than when Lilias Mac Walter had come upon him sleeping under the alder-bush.

But—he had two pounds in his pocket. He limped thankfully into the outer room, bare of board, severely furnished with bench set along the wall and round the small central table. At one end was a zinc-covered bar, shining like silver, and a square spy-hole through which liquors were served and at which appeared upon occasion the dimpling cheeks of Miss Keturah, or, with a stern rapping of steel knife handle, the reproving and obedience-compelling visage of her elder sister.

(To be continued.)

## Bad Teeth and "Bad" Kids.

There is a relation between bad teeth and juvenile delinquents.

If the postman seldom stops at the little house that sheltered you when you were a boy, whose fault is it?

**Bovril inside keeps cold outside**

## NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

## Ashes on the Slide.

When Jim and Bill and I were boys, a many years ago, How gayly did we use to hail, the coming of the snow; Our sleds fresh painted red, and with their runners round and bright, Seemed to respond right briskly to our clamor of delight, As we dragged them up the slippery road that climbed the rugged hill, Where perched the old frame meeting house, so solemn-like and still.

Ah, coasting in those days—those good old days—was fun indeed; Sleds at that time, I'd have you know were paragons of speed, And if the hill got bare in spots, as hills will do, why then We'd haul on ice and snow to patch those bald spots up again. But, oh, with what sad certainty our spirits would subside, When Deacon Frisbee sprinkled ashes where we used to slide.

Now, he who ever in his life has been a little boy, Will not reprove me when he hears the language I employ To stigmatise as wickedness the deacon's zealous spite, In interfering with the play wherein we found delight. And so I say, with confidence, not unalloyed of pride, "Go! durn the man who sprinkles ashes where the youngsters slide!"

—Eugene Field.

## A TASTY COLD WEATHER DISH.

For tomato chowder use: 4 lb. salt pork (diced), 2 chopped onions, 1 qt. boiling water, ¼ cup rice, 1 qt. stewed tomatoes, 2 tsp. salt, dash of red pepper. Cover and cook slowly for one hour, or until the rice is soft.

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