

# The Quality of "SALADA" TEA

Is most appreciated in the rich,  
delicious flavor. Try it today.

## Kit Kennedy

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

### CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

It was to Miss Barbara that the tramp appealed.

"Whisky indeed? Bread and cheese will set ye better, my lad. Keturah, a pennyworth of bread and cheese for a gaun chiel in the outer parlor. What—drink ye will have also? You can pay for it? Well, if you can, and that honestly, it consorts but ill with your onputting. Yet, after all, we keep a house of public entertainment, and we cannot be choosers any more than the beggars. But keep the peace, my lad, or out you go from the Red Lion, money or no money. And mind ye that, no swaggers within my doors! There shall be no complaint of unruly house or noisy brawling go forth from this house so long as I am its mistress. I speak for Keturah also!"

She added the last clause as an afterthought.

The tramp's hand mechanically sought the brim of his battered hat with a grace which to Miss Barbara's experienced eye instantly betrayed that too common type, the "man who had seen better days." He was therefore more than ever a man to be suspected, to be watched, to be got out of the way of her sister. For to such Miss Keturah was often both over-kind and unwisely liberal.

"Madam," said the tramp, courteously, "you need not fear that I shall not behave myself in your house."

"See that ye do, then!" was Miss Barbara's uncompromising retort, as, having filled the order, she shut down the panel of the bar with a decisive snap and went to see what her sister Keturah was doing.

Presently in the outer parlor of the Red Lion, as the "casual" room was called by a very latitudinarian courtesy of language, gathered a large and, for Whinnylggate, a most representative company.

At the corner of the deal table there sat, by immemorial right, Geordie Breerie the packman, a man fully as broad as he was long, with a face smoothed and jollified with good living, and made russet and purple by exposure to many a summer sun and winter gale. His huge pack stood in the corner, done up in black American cloth, flaccid and inert, with a conical lurch forward of its upper part, out of which he had extracted a number of press pieces to show Miss Keturah, when Miss Barbara should happen to be out of the way—an opportunity which had not yet occurred.

Geordie Breerie, it was reported among his professional brethren, could frighten the fiercest dog in Scotland, and that by a very simple plan. As he walked along the packman presented a very curious appearance. First and nearest the ground there were two short and thick legs, squat like the props of a corn stack. Next came an equally short but much thicker body, as nearly square, indeed, as might be. ("A big sack o' cauf (chaff) on the top o' twa wee sacks o' cauf," was the description of Geordie by a local humorist.) Then, driven by the weight and height of his pack almost into the middle of his body, came Geordie's head, crowned by its broad blue bonnet. While above all, black and square, towered the pack, the whole combination being enough to drive the most unsuspecting farm dog into hysterics of rage and noisy denunciation.

Nevertheless, George Breerie was never harmed. He had a way of bending himself double from the thigh and looking through between his legs at his barking enemy, which was more effective than a field piece loaded to the muzzle.

For so soon as that vast purple face and bristling red hair appeared upside down between Geordie's legs, and the whole apparition began to approach backwards "like a partan" the bravest and most reckless collie tucked tail inward like a steel spring, and stood no longer upon the order of his going.

On this and other counts Geordie was an important person in the outer parlor of the Red Lion, and was, besides, the only man who dared to hammer on the table with his pint stoup to call the attention of the austere divinity behind the veil.

Upon his frequent visits to the Red Lion Geordie presumed a little upon being the only person at whose jests Miss Barbara had ever been known to laugh, and he derived much consolation from the distinction, even build-

ing a little upon it in confidential converse with his cronies.

"I tell ye what, Geordie, ye will stan' at the back o' that counter some day yet," Rab Irvine, the journeyman smith, would say, jocularly. "The auld runt Babby is fell fond o' ye, that's plain to everybody. Did ye no see what a laugh she took to hersel' when ye gied the table siccan a drive wi' your neive that ye spilled the jug o' tippenny doon your breeks? It was fair compromisin', yon."

"O no so verra," said Geordie, much flattered; "the like might ha' happened to any body, even yoursel', Rab, though you haena' my personal advantages. A weel-made unmarried man has his privileges—as is weel-kenned."

"Aye, aye, it's a sair warl' ony way ye tak' it!" said Rab Irvine, shaking his head with feeling mournfulness. "Did ye hear that my brither Tam's wife was deid?"

"But what for need ye fret aboot that?" asked Geordie Breerie, resentfully. He was angry that the subject should be changed, for he liked nothing better than to be joked about Miss Barbara Heartshorn and his chances of one day becoming landlord of the Red Lion.

Rab Irvine shook his head still more lugubriously.

"It's no that," he said, "it's no that ava! She was a besom, and Tam's weel rid o' her. But what gars me greet is juist that everybody is gettin' a change but me!"

### CHAPTER VI.

#### LILLIAS ARMOUR'S TWO HUSBANDS.

The tramp sat in the corner most remote from observation. He did not wish to be recognized—though, indeed, there was no one in the company who had known him when he was classical master in the Academy of Cairn Edward. Nor was it likely that any one of his ancient cronies would recognize in the ragged tramp the smartly-attired young college man who had fluttered the hearts of many an orthodox civic dovecoat by a careless wave of his hand, as he took the hill road to the Black Dornal with his green botanical case over his shoulder.

"A worthy young man—a diligent young man; learned and hopeful, sure to rise!" declared the parents, peeping through the first floor blinds immediately over the shop.

"A handsome young man! Did you see how he waved his hand to me?" said the eldest daughter at the narrower windows of the floor above.

"No; it was to me!" said the younger, but secretly, thinking of certain glances exchanged at the last Choral Union.

And now the worthy young man, the handsome eye-glaner, the collector of botanical specimens, the lover of Lillias Armour, belle of six parishes, sat unknown and unknowable on a wooden bench in the outer parlor of the Red Lion, drinking by himself, none paying heed to him.

Upon this jocund company, enter a well-attired, well-groomed figure, leather-breeched, riding-whipped, blartingly assertive, floridly prosperous.

"And ye are welcome; come awa ben, sir!" cried Miss Barbara through the wicket gate, whence she spied upon her guests, and from whence she rebuked the evildoer and bade the worthy Pharisee come up to the higher seats in the Red Lion synagogue.

But Walter Mac Walter was jovial from the market, and willing to stand well with the company as a free-handed, open-hearted landed proprietor.

"Thank you Miss Barbara; presently, presently!" he answered, taking off his hat politely to the divinity within the veil, "when I have spoken to these excellent fellows here, I will accept your kind invitation!"

He opened out his coat and sat down beside Geordie Breerie, calling jovially for glasses round as he did so.

All complied with his invitation except the tramp in the dark corner, who sat moodily drinking by himself. At the first entrance of the prosperous man of means the tramp had shaded his brow with his hand, only stealthily peering at him when his back was turned.

Walter Mac Walter looked gaily round.

"Are your glasses all charged?" he cried. "All at my expense, remember. I will give you a toast—the health of the Misses Barbara and Keturah Heartshorn! Stop though, there is a man in the corner not standing up!"

"Hoots!" said Geordie Breerie, with contempt, "dinna bide for him. It's only a pair feckless gaun body that's been sittin' there tipplin' by himsel' the hale forenicht!"

"One man is as good to me as another," cried Mac Walter, whose strong suit was an affectation of republican equality; "beggar or laird, he shall never leave this house without drinking this toast. Hey, man, come to the bar and get your glass like a man. All's free when Walter Mac Walter pays."

"I would rather be excused," said the Classical Master, quietly.

"Excused! Nonsense! Drink it, man. And if you cannot rise to get it, faith I will bring it to you, and have a look at your physiognomy as well, which you hide like a bashful bride!"

And as he spoke he rose from his seat and made his way between the chairs to the corner where sat Christopher Kennedy.

(To be continued.)

### The Romantic History of Writing Materials.

The introduction of Papyrus by the Egyptians gave a great uplift to letter-writers and to literature generally. It is, as the Germans would say, the "name-father" to paper, and a very respectable and worthy elder too.

Bark had been used for tablets, and for writing letters which were capable of being folded up, during the best period of the Roman world, and such were still in use under the later emperors. The tablets were of bark on which the Emperor Commodus inscribed his little list of victims, the discovery of which led to his own victimization.

It was a simple thing, the Egyptian idea of papyrus; the improvement on the use of tree-bark being the use of peelings from a reed instead. This reed was called Byblos, or papyrus, then very common and now very rare in Lower Egypt. From its name, Byblos, comes the Greek word meaning book, and thus our own word for the Scriptures.

This papyrus grew abundantly in lakes and marshes, to a height of about ten feet; the diameter of its stem was two to three inches, and from its surface peel could be taken off, layer after layer, to the number of some twenty coatings. The use of this peel occurred to the Egyptians as an improvement upon ordinary bark and the new writing material soon became popular.

It could be written upon one side only; but books were copied into long rolls of sheet glued under sheet, the sheet which felt the first glue being called on that account the protocol, a term still preserved by diplomatists.

The run on papyrus being very great that plant began to show signs of scarcity in Egypt, and for that reason, among others, its exportation was at one time forbidden.

At the same time the kings of Pergamus became a literary sect, and wanted something whereon their scribes could write their books. So the skins of the beasts, occasionally used in some places already, began to attract increased attention; they were prepared into dry substances, and called, after Pergamus, "pergament," or parchment, and vellum, meaning skin.

This parchment was dear, however, and for common purposes papyrus was so much more convenient that the Egyptian paper never really was supplanted until the birth of a system which got paper out of cotton, about seven or eight hundred years after the discovery of parchment.

The world then worked on for a thousand years before we hit on the plan of making the modern paper out of linen rags; a very lucky thing, for up to that time the monks, who could not go to the expense of much new parchment, had industriously been scraping out the copied records of antiquity and works of its great masters to make room for their own writings.

It is not the leap at the start but the steady going on that gets there.—John Wanamaker.

For sore feet—Minard's Liniment.



Here is an exclusive photograph of John Drinkwater and his fiancée, Miss Daisy Kennedy, well-known Australian violinist, whose marriage has just been announced. Mr. Drinkwater is world famous for his biographies.

## WEDDING CEREMONY IN CHINA

How would you like to be married before you ever meet your bride, or bridegroom, as the case may be?

That is what happens in China. A wedding ceremony in that land is in three parts, each carried out independently of the other.

The first part consists of an elaborate farewell between the bride and her parents, whose blessing she obtains. At the same time the groom undergoes a similar experience in his own parents' home.

Her farewells duly finished, the bride is led to the altar in a specially prepared apartment of her father's house.

A quaint business of feasting without eating follows. Delicate glasses are filled with highly-colored and scented liquids; fragile China bowls, each having its ivory chopsticks, are prepared with comestibles unknown to the "foreign devil." These are all offered to the bride, who raises them to her lips without tasting the contents.

The bride is now led up to a smaller altar, on which all the untouched comestibles are arranged. Here she kneels and prays, giving special reverence to her father as he takes up his position at each of the cardinal points of the compass in turn.

This over, she is taken away by her women attendants. The guests meanwhile listen to the music, supplied by a Chinese band, pending the arrival of the bridegroom, who goes through the mock eating and drinking ceremony in his own house. The musicians have a cosmopolitan repertoire, and play anything from "Stop Yer Tickling, Jock!" to Tosti's "Good-bye!"

A typically Eastern note is, how-

ever, provided by gong-beaters, whose job is to drive away any evil spirits who may be trespassing.

The groom is in due course ushered in and led to the altar, where the Chinese equivalent of our page-boys bring him many bowls of mysterious foods and as many varieties of liquors.

The band plays loudly and continuously, except at intervals when the gongbeaters perform. These start in rotation, slowly and softly; then the beats grow quicker and louder until all the gongs—and there may be two or three dozen—are struck with one tremendous and impressive crash.

Silence—then, for the first time, the bride and her lover meet at the altar, being by this time already man and wife, truly married. They are subsequently ceremoniously conducted to their wonderful bridal chamber, where the bride's three or four hundred silken dresses are displayed.

Here they kneel and pray, long and earnestly, before again joining their guests, who are now being entertained by another band, and by expert Chinese or Malay dancing girls.

During the dancing the bride descends, and this time is permitted really to eat and drink from the enormous variety of refreshments provided. There is, too, except in rigid and very conservative families, an ornate wedding-cake a l'Anglaise, to be cut and distributed. At this point every guest is the recipient of some really valuable gift.

The festivities continue until a late hour, and their net result is one very happy couple, not so very different in their loves, hopes, and aspirations from Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed, who have just survived their own particular ordeal somewhere in Canada.

### WINTER DISHES.

Onions au Gratin are very nice for winter serving, especially with a roast. Boil them as usual, then cut them in pieces and arrange them in layers in a well-greased baking dish, alternating the layers with a well-made white sauce, seasoned nicely. When the dish is full, sprinkle the top with fine dry bread crumbs, dot it with butter and bake a tempting brown.

Steamed Squash au Gratin is excellent. The squash must be cut in small pieces and steamed until very

tender, then peeled and cut in cubes. Next make a good white sauce and arrange the squash in layers in a buttered baking dish, alternating with the white sauce. Sprinkle each layer very lightly with grated cheese and top the dish with bread crumbs and grated cheese, season tastily and bake a delicate brown.

When the day breaks it makes light of it, but when the night falls it keeps it dark.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.



Six animals from the government buffalo reserve at Wainwright Park, Alberta, were recently shipped to Toronto for slaughter, where their steaks provided a delicacy for many gastronomical adventures.