## The Marriage of Katinka

"I shall take my white lady's-cloth gown," I repeated, obstinately. You don't need it no more than what you need two heads," maintained Nichola.

"But it is the first visit that I've that I've had for-"and it is the first best dress

'Yah!" Nichola denied, "you've got four sides of a closet hung full. An' where you goin' but down on a carm for three days? Take the kitchen stove if you must, but leave the dress here. You'll be laughed at for fashionable!"

wavered and looked consultingly at Peleas.

sign of our advancing It is one years, we must believe, that Peleas and I dislike to be laughed at. Our sold servant scolds us all day long and we are philosophical; but if she laughs at either of us, Peleas grieves and I rage. Nichola's "You'll be laughed at for fashionable" humbled

Peleas, the morning sun shining on Bis white bair, was picking dead Leaves from the begonias in the winclow, and pretended not to hear. Pe-Reas is far more in awe of Nichola than I, but it angers him unexpressibly to be told this.

I looked longingly at my white

lady's-cloth gown, but Nichola was adready folding it away. It had rufeles of lace and a chiffon fichu, and was altogether most magnificent. I shad had it made for Enid's wedding, and, as it had not been worn since, I was openly anxious again to appear in it. Had not Peleas said that at became me like my wedd And now, upon occasion of this visit to Cousin Diantha at Paddington, Nienola threatened me with remorse if I so much as took it with me. would be "laughed at for fashion-

However-Peleas continuing to pick dry leaves in a cowardly fashionthere would have been no help for me had not old Nichola at that moment been called from the room by the poultry wagon which drew up at the door like a god from a cloud. Our sur-case, carefully packed, lay open upon the bed, with room enough and to spare for my white lady's-cloth

"Peleas!" I cried, impulsively. looked up inquiringly, pretending to have been vastly absorbed until that moment.

"If I par the gown in," I cried excitedly, "win' you strap the bag Peleas wrinkles his eyes adorably

at the corners when he chooses. He

did this now, and it was the look that means whatever I mean. in a twinkling the gown was out of The drawer and tumbled into place in a fashion that would have scandalized me if I had been feeling less ad-

nown," she grunted, graciously.

We passed her in guilty silence. nto our undoing.

'If only there is actually a chance themself."

From an opening in the canvas Cou- other side. sin Diantha herself thrust out a red mitten, while the bony driver was the room to-night," she explained, conducting us across the platform. frankly, "an' I can't hardly tell Our Cousin Diantha Bethune is the which is left until I look at my maince-pie and plum-pudding branch ring. of the family; we can never think try and her oven. And whereas some gust dressed several children, or written letters, or been shopping, Cousin Diantha seems to have been caught, and to be away from those processes under protest. She never reads a book without seeming to turn the leaves with a cook-knife, and I fancy that they made her ancient wedding-

'Ain't this old times, though?' she cried, opening her arms to me, "ain't it? Ettare, you set here by me. Peleas can set front with Hir-

gown with an apron front.

am there. My!" It was late autumn, the trees were bare and wet, and the ground had no resistance. "The rig" rocked up the dingy village street, with us as its only passengers, buttoned securely within its canvas sails, so that I could only see Paddington before us like an aureole about Peleas's head. But if a grate fire had been alight in that dingy interior, it could have cheered us no more than did Cousin Diantha's ruddy face and scarlet mittens. She gave us news of the farm that teemed with her offices of spicing and frosting; and by the time we had reached her door we were already thinking in terms of viands and in-

gredients. What a nice little, white little immediately we had set our lamp on what those two good souls had nehouses whose carpets resemble fruit board, suddenly flushed one agonizjelly, and whose bookcases look like ing sed and spilled the preserves on I never had more earnest apprecia-

the stairs. She never walked as oth- the whole pleasant matter? Andy calling her at that moment, and Kaers do, but she seemed always to be was in love with Katinka. hurrying for fear, say, that the toast

I was banging up by white lady'sclath corn under the cretonne cur- ka?" responded Peleas, politely.

The average consumption of flour, per year, by each person in Canada, is about one barrel (196 lbs.).

Suppose you use an inferior flour at a saving of say 75 cents over the cost of a barrel of Royal Household Flour, that is just 6½ cents a month —less than two cents per week.

But an inferior flour can yield only a portion of the nutriment you get out of "Royal Household" because cheap flours are poorly milled, contain a greater proportion of bran and shorts -the granules are not uniform-the bread is heavy—the texture is coarse —the flavor is tasteless or poor—the nutriment is not in it.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR. being perfectly milled, is uniform in texture-makes bread that is light and waferlike-white as snow-finely flavored-highest in nutriment

"Royal Household" is electrically purified and sterilized-backed up and guaranteed by its makers' reputation.

Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour.

all about the table-Cousin Diantha, inka. The very next day I came up-Peleas, whose hands Miss Waitie, who was her spinster on her in the hall, with her arms'full could have trembled with no more sister, Peleas and I, and Andy, who of kindling wood for the parlor fire. Listen at that! 'she cried. 'Listen at that!' she cried. 'Listen at that! 'she cried. 'Listen at that!' she crie appear in the gown, too, strapped the soon forget the picture that she made the face and yellow braids reminded scrap o' cake in this house! An' bag and together we descended the stairs, Peleas carrying it. In the hall we met Nichola.

Soon forget the picture that she made the face and yellow braids reminded me of the kind of doll that they nether that she made the face and yellow braids reminded me of the kind of doll that they nether months' of at the least. I detained black frock and a red rubber we make any more.

"Went needs't to be a soon forget the picture that she made the face and yellow braids reminded me of the kind of doll that they nether months' of at the least. I detained black frock and a red rubber we make any more.

"Went needs't to be a soon forget the picture that she made the face and yellow braids reminded me of the kind of doll that they nether months' of at the least. I detain the patched black frock and a red rubber we make any more.

"Went needs't to be a soon forget the picture that she made the face and yellow braids reminded me of the kind of doll that they nether months' of at the least. I detain the patched black frock and a red rubber we make any more.

"Went needs't to be a soon forget the picture that she made the face and yellow braids reminded me of the kind of doll that they nether me of the k You needn't to hev brought it ring and a red rubber bracelet. Her lessly, "do you put sticks in across, could be legal on sponge-cake! face was round and polished and rosy or up and down? That afternoon Nichola put us on breathless and clothed with a pretty sice question, as well as Persian cats, mention of the three-ply ingrain, not with health, and she was always our train, and stood on the plat- fear that she was doing everything that Peleas and I will have our final any protest at all. Cousm Diantha's form to see the last of us, her gray wrong. Moreover, she had her ideas disagreement, which let no one suphair blowing. Not until our coach about serving-she told me afterward pose that we will really ever have. had rolled past her could I feel certain that at any moment her keen the minister's in Paddington, where gingham bib of her apron fell down.

every one at breakfast, she added, in And there, pinned to her tight little an awed voice, "had a finger-bowl to waist, I beheld—a button-picture of themself." Cusin Diantha, good Andy! Never tell me that there does to wear the dress," I confided to Pe- soul, cared little how her dainties not abide in the air a race of little leas, "it will make it all right to were served so that the table were creatures whose sole duty it is to kept groaning, and Katinka had there unveil all such heavenly secrets to What a frightful principle, Et- fore undertaken a series of reforms, make glad the gray world. Never tare!" said Peleas, quite as if he to impress which she moved in a tell me that it is such a very gray had not helped. And besides, even mysterious way. For example, she world, either, if you wish my real af either does extend to white lady's-passed the corn-cakes to me and just opinion.
cloth, is a man the one to apply it? as I raised my hand to take one, She looked down and espied the ex-We were met at Paddington Sta- steaming, moist, yellow, and quite posed mystery. She cast a frightened tion by something Cousin Diantha beneath my touch, the plate was sud- glance at me, and I suppose she saw endred "the rig." It was four-seat- denly sharply withdrawn, a spirited me-who am a very foolish old wo-

"We got the table set long-ways

Conversation with Katinka while of her without recollecting her pan- she served was, I perceived, a habit had been wondering if these two were of the house; and, indeed, Katinka's in love, and what they could live on women have ever the air of having accounts of kitchen happenings were when at last they should make up only second in charm to Katinka's their minds, and, lo, they were to be comments upon the table talk. It married to-morrow! was to this informality that I was red-handed, at slicing and kneading, indebted for chancing upon a most radiant mystery on that very night of our arrival.

"Mis' Grocer Helman," said Cousin Diantha to me at this first supper every woman in Paddington has her husband's occupation for a surname -"wants to come in to see you about making over her silk. She's heard you was from the city, an' she says Mis' Photographer Bronson's used up the only way she knew on a cheap Mis' Grocer Helman won' taffeta. copy. She's got a sinful pride.'

Katinka set down the bread-plate. "I had some loaf-sugar sent up from Helman's to-day," she contributed, "because I just had to get that new delivery wagon up here to this house somehow. It'd been in front of Mis' Lawyer More's twict in one forenoon.

And at this Miss Waitie, who was always a little hoarse and very playful, shook her head at Katinka. "Now, new delivery wagon no-thin'," she said, skeptically. "It's

that curly-headed delivery boy, I'll be bound." s a nice little, white little so it was that, in my very first of the sweetness of being of use to said Peleas, for instance, hour in Cousin Diantha's house, I saw some one when you shall be seventy? what those two good souls had ne- "Katinka," said I, portentously, "The ceiling looks like ver suspected. For at Miss Waitie's "you leave where you are to be mar-For verily there are words, Andy, who worked for his ried to me." the table-cloth. What more did any tion.

the fish-balls, in my preoccupation. her a bride, married in the parlor. 'Baked potatoes!" she called back My eatire visit to Paddington was cheerity. "I put 'em in last thing before I left, an' Katinka says they are done. Supper's ready when you are done. Supper's ready when you when we were upstairs at last.

"Katinka!" I repeated to Peleas, love yourself," I chided him, and he the world who was interested in her. in a kind of absent-minded plea- would live on. Why are so many lit- told me that she and Andy had saved "It sounds quite like throwing down a handful of spoons," submitted Peffeas, wrinkling the corner of like syss.

We saw Katinka first when we were would live on. Why are so many little people, with nothing to live on, always in love when everyone knows spinster after spinster with an income each?

I was not long in doubt about Kat-While she cleaned the knives, I slip-

ed and had flying canvas sides which revolution of Katinka's hands ensued, man-smiling with all my sympatheseemed to billow it on its way, and the cakes reappeared upon my tic might. At all events, she gasped and sat down among the kindling

and said: "Oh, ma'am, we're a-goin' to be married to-morrow. An' Mis' Bethune-I'm so scairt to tell 'er."

I sat down, too, and caught my breath. This blessed generation!

'Why, Katinka!'' said I. "Where?" The little maid-of-all-work sobbed

in her apron. "I don't know, ma'am," she said. Andy, he's boarding so' an' I'm a I t'ought," orphing. tinka, still sobbing, "maybe Mis' Bethune 'd let us stand up by the din- he. in'-room windy. The hangin' lamp there looks some like a weddin'bell, Andy t'ought.'

The hanging lamp has a bright scarlet shade and is done in dragons. When I see you an' him las' night." went on Katinka, motioning with her stubby thumb toward the absent Peleas. "I t'ought mebbe vou'd sign fer seein' it done. I tol' Andy so. Mis' Bethune, I guess she will be rarin'. I wanted it to be the kitchin, but Andy, he's so proud. His pa was in dry goods,

mere thought. Here was a more delicious busimy arms. I hailed it with delight, and sat holding my elbows and "It's planning with all my might. Ah, you young, who are so impatient of the affairs of others! What can you know

"Oh, ma'am!" said Katinka.

Cousin Diantha was bustling down sane woman need upon which to base Cousin Diantha Bethune was heard I sat up very straight and refused as if the next day were not to see For I was determined that the wedheld consultations with the little "Katinka? Andy? Andy? Katin maid, whose cheeks grew ros7 and whose eyes grew bright at the "One would think you were never in mere heaven of having some one in

ped down to find out if Andy had remembered to engage the parson; and he had done so, but at the risk having the ceremony performed in the scullery as the only available apartment. Andy, it appeared, objected to being married at the parson's house, and Katinka seemed to think that this also was because his father had been "in dry goods." And at our last consultation, during lamp-cleaning, I advised Katinka to break the news to Cousin Diantha Bethune immediately after supper, when we were still at table. Katinka promised, her mouth quivered at the

"She'll never hev us in the parlor, not in this world, ma'am," she said to me, hopelessly. "Not with that new three-ply ingrain on the floor."

Meanwhile I had told Peleas, who, though he is disposed to scoff at all romance which he does not himself discover, was yet adorably sympathetic. We were both helplessly excited at supper, and Peleas heaped little attentions upon Andy, who ate nothing and kept brushing imaginary flies from before his face to show how much at ease he was. And after the last plate of hot bread had been brought in I wonder now at my own self-possession, for thereafter I knew that little Katinka, by the crack in

the pantry-door, was waiting the self-imposed signal of Cousin Dianthe's folded napkin; and when this came, she popped into the room like a kind of toy and stood directly back of Cousin Diantha's chair. "Please, ma'am," she said.

and me's goin' to get marrit." Andy, one blush, rose and shambled spryly to her side, and caught at her hand, and stood with glazing eyes. Cousin Diantha wheeled in her chair and her plate danced on the table. My heart was in my mouth, and I confess that I was prepared for a dungeon such as only mistresses know when maids have the temerity to wish to marry. In that moment found, to my misery, that I had forgotten every one of my arguments about young love and the way of the world and the durability of three-ply ingrain carpets, and I did nothing but sit trembling and fluttering for all the world as if it were my own wedding at stake. I looked at Peleas beseechingly, and he nodded and smiled and rubbed his hands under the tablecloth-Oh, I could not have loved a man who would look either judicious or doubtful, as do too many, at the very mention of any-'s marriage but their own!

Dimly I saw Cousin Diantha look over her spectacles; I heard her amazed "Bless us, Katinka! what are you talking about?" and I half heard the little maid add, "To-morrow," quite without expression as she turned to leave the room, loyally followed by Andy. And then, being an old woman and no longer able to mask my desire to interfere in everything, was about to have the last word when Cousin Diantha turned to me

"Listen at that!" she cried. "Lis-

I could hardly believe my old ears. For it may very well be upon this Not a word against the parlor, no legality of weddings not selemnized in the presence of a three-months-old fruit-cake. The mince-pie and plumpudding branch of our family had risen to the occasion as nobly as if she had been steeped in sentiment.

Upstairs Peleas and I laughed and well-nigh cried about it. "And Peleas." I told him, "Peleas. -vou see it doesn't matter in the least whether it's romance or cooking that's accountable, so long, as your

heart is right!"

So it was settled, and I lay long door they should come in, and what flowers I could manage, and what I could find for a little present. Here her wedding. My white lady's-cloth "Carry it, child," I said; and litwas dropping asleep, was a chance to overcome Nichola by the news that I had actually found another wedding

at which to wear my white lady'scloth gown. With that I sat suddenly erect, fairly startled from my sleep.

What was Katinka to wear? Alas! I have never been so fully convinced that I am really seventy as when I think how I remembered even the parson, and yet could forget Katiaka's wedding-gown. I roused Peleas immediately.

"Peleas!" I cried, "what do you. suppose that dear child can be mar-

Peleas awoke with a logical mind "In the parlor, I thought," said

'But what will she wear, Peleas?' I inquired feverishly. "What can she I don't suppose the poor child-" "I thought she looked very well to-

night," said Peleas. "Couldn't she wear that?" and drifted into dreams. Wear that! The little tight black dress in which she served. Really, for a man whom I have trained for eighty-eight years, Peleas can seem stupid-though he never really is stu-

I lay for a little while looking out said Katinka, wiping her eyes at the the high window at the Paddington stars, which someway seemed unlike town stars. And on a sudden I smilness thrown, as it were, fairly into led back at them, and lay sill knew them for a long time, For I knew





STANDARD OFTHE WORLD



GOLD MEDAL

Labatt's Ale and Porter SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

J. E. SEAGRAM

DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. Also Manufacturers of those Renowned Brands "OLD TIMES" and "WHITE WHEAT," Conceded by Connoisseurs to be the Choicest Flavored Whiskies on the Market.

WATERLOO,

ONTARIO

## THE DOMINION BREWERY CO.. Limited

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

## White Label Ale

TORONTO ONTARIO

\*

"LIGHT UP" WITH AN

No Other So Quick, Safe and Sure FOR SALE BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

\*

RY OMLIN'S

AKERY

Telephone Park 553 and have one of my waggons call with a sample loaf. It Will Only Cost You 6 Cents. . . .

H. C. TOMLIN, The Toronto Bakery So it was settled, and E lay long awake that night and planned which 420 - 22 - 24 - 26 Bathurst Street TORONTO

> gown! As soon as her work was done next with the album for a prayer-book.

married at moon. "Katinka," said I, solemnly, "what parlor was played furiously-and I at

married in? She looked down at the tight little knows-the long-meter doxology. black gown.

haven't got nothink nicer than what finishing symbol of festivity, Dian-

gretorne curtain and pulled it aside. of her best dress. Andy, blushing, going to wear this."

chiffon and silver buttons. Katinka, fairly joined in the amazed "Ah!" of who is very nearly my size, looked the others. Indeed, the parson beat that spiendor and smiled patiently, as one who is wonted to every- eyes still reverently fixed upon Katthing but surprises.

"La, ma'am," she humored me, pretending to appreciate my jest. When at last she understood, poor little soul broke down and cried on the foot of the bed. I know of no sadder sight than the tears of one to whom they are the only means of

self-expression. Never did gown fit so beautifully. Never was one of so nearly the proper length! Never was such gance! When she was quite ready, the red ring and red bracelet having view in the mirror above my wash-

basin, and she stepped down, awe-

struck

"Oh, ma'am," she said, in an admiring whisper, "I look like I was ready to be laid out!" Then she went to the poor, tawdry things of her own which she had brought to my room, and selected something. It was a shabby plush book, decorated with silk flowers and

showing dog-eared gilt leaves. said, shyly I opened the book and my eye fell first upon these words, written in

letters which looked as if they had fallen to the page from a sieve: be spice.

But you are the one I shall ever call nice. It was an autograph album. "Why, Katinka," I said. I said, "what kin and found mine, and we smiled at

the fashion pictures brides allus carries books. I ain't got no other next night, we gave our suitcase to book than what this is. An' this Nichola to unpack and had no fear. was mother's book-it's all hers I've The white lady's cloth gown was not got-an' so I t'ought-"

The white lady's cloth gown was not there.—Zona Gale in 'he Outlook there.-Zona Gale in The Outlook.

tle Katinka went down the stairs morning I called her to my room. It | And lo! as the door opened my was 11 o'clock and she was to be heart was set beating. For there was music-the reed organ in the

are you going to wear, chine to be once realized that Peleas was presiding, performing the one tune that he The parlor blinds were open, the "I t'ought of that," said the poor geraniums had been brought up from little thing uncertainly. "But I the cellar to grace the sills, and, as

tha had shaken about the room a She had thought of that! The tears handkerchief wet with colonge. Miss were in my eyes as I turned to the Waitie had contributed the presence "Look, Katinka!" I said, "you are waited by the window, still continu-These hung the white lasty's-cloth before his face. When he saw Kating to brush imaginary flies from gown in all its bravery of fichu and inka he changed countenance and inka's gown.

There was but one break in the proceedings. Peleas attempted to play softly through the ceremony, and he reckoned without one of the pedals. which stuck fast with a long, buzzing sound and could not be released, though every one had a hand at it. And finally Katinks herself, who had dusted the pedal for so long that she understood it, had come to the rescue, while the parson waited for her "I will."

been added at her request, Katinka all over I was crying softly behind stood upon a chair to have a better the stove, with as much enjoyment As for me, by the time that it was as if I had been Katinka's mother. And not until I took up my apron to wipe my eyes did I remember that I had not changed my own gown that morning. And if, because one is seventy, that is reason for losing one's self-respect!

Peleas put the rest in my head. 'Ettare," he said, while we were having sauce and seed-cakes after the howing dog-eared gilt leaves.
"I t'ought I'd carry this here," she gown, haven't you?"

ing.
"And you don't really need that white one—" He hesitated.
We hoth I saw what he meant. We both

looked across at the little bride. There may be sugar and there may speechlessly happy in my old woman's finery. "Not a bit," I said, loving Peleas for his thought.

His hand slipped under the big nap-

each other with the tidings of a new That is why, when we reached home