

It gives more pleasure than you thought tea could give

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS

Christopher Steynes, a young society man, is being sought after by a Russian countess. In order to discourage her he offers Mary Kate O'Hara a large sum of money to play the part of his wife for twenty-four hours. Mrs. O'Hara is a widow and the mother of a large family. Martin and Mary Kate are the only two working. Martin is studying medicine and has a chance to go to Germany, but lacks the necessary funds. Mary Kate accepts Steynes' proposition in order to get the money for Martin. She tells her family she is going to Sacramento on business for her boss, but takes a train to Burlingame, where young Mr. Steynes meets her and takes her to his home.

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

Chris led the way into the dim shadows of the interior, gratefully cool on this warm airless afternoon. Mary Kate, speechless with the deep satisfaction of discovered beauty, saw narrow, arched doorways; fine, twisted stairways rising up against bare, soft walls, niches where Spanish saints stood stiffly under crowns of tarnished stars, a great fireplace with a wrought-iron crane, a bit of balcony from which hung a tattered scrap of mellow old brocade.

"Will you put my cousin in the spare room, Peter?" Chris said to a quiet, middle-aged man who was carrying Mary Kate's bag. "It's now ten minutes to six—we ought to leave at ten minutes to eight," he told his guest. "I've got to go over to the club, so make yourself entirely at home. There are books—there's a radio over there."

He turned away, and Mary Kate discovered with an obscure satisfaction that her rooms were on the ground floor. Somehow that seemed to make the whole adventure seem safer. Here they were, the first a darling bedroom with two low cavern beds of black wood, chests and tables and chairs to watch, low lights in little parchment hoods. And opening out of it on one side a sort of piazza sitting room, with wicker chairs and a tiled floor, and bare grape vines patting against the glowing garden beyond. On the other side was a luxurious dressing room and bath.

There was another door, a deep closet with hangars. Her eyes shone. On the hangars were the evening wrap, the white sport costume of thin silk, with the striped coat, and the creamy satin evening dress, embroidered in pearl roses. On the shelf beneath them stood the creamy-satin slippers with their pearl buckles.

In the dressing-table drawers were powder, perfumes, rouge, cold cream. Transparent, flesh-colored stockings, and a closed, old-fashioned jewel-case shared the second drawer. Mary Kate took off her hat and coat and hung them up carefully in the closet. Then she went quickly to the hall door and locked it. After that she stood in the centre of the room for a moment, panting, her eyes wide open, the fingers of one slim hand at her cheek.

Not a sound anywhere. Or rather, not a disquieting sound. The quiet splashing of the fountain was audible through the stillness, and now and then vague voices, that might have

come from a neighboring garden, or might have been servants in the kitchen. Once a bird screamed harshly; she had seen a parrot, walking suspiciously up and down on a perch in the patio. Now and then a motor honked, out of sight on the road, beyond the lawn, and the garden trees and shrubs.

Then the fountain again, splash and trickle and splash. And always the soft, incessant plaint of the doves. The sun must be almost gone now; some leaves outside her shutter window were burning blood red.

Mary Kate went back to the dressing-table and sat down. She took the jewel-box in her hands; opened it. Inside lay a triple string of rosy, small pearls, held by a diamond clasp. She had never had real pearls in her hands before; she knew these were real.

Lying in the circle of the pearls was a beautiful heavy ring; two great pearls guarding an emerald. This was old-fashioned, too, and the lovelier for that. The girl slipped it on; it fitted perfectly.

She put all the jewels back carefully and began an inspection of the room. Books—they looked fascinating; magazines. When she peeped through the open door she could see nobody, hear no sound. She made a timid little tour of inspection of the lower floor, admiring the patio again, took from the line of magazines that were faced in an overlapping line on a library table, one or two for her own amusement.

Back in her own room, the door locked, she removed her dress and shoes, lay reading on her bed, looking at pictures, always with an odd sense of excitement and danger running in her veins.

A darling house, and a darling room. Delicious smells everywhere, and especially the fragrance from the white lilies on her table. There were pens and ink on that same writing table; she smiled idly to think how useless they were to her! There was nobody to whom Mary Kate could send letter paper heavily engraved with the mysterious words "El Hogar." What did it mean, anyway? That would be a nice, safe question to ask Mr. Steynes when they came back tonight.

It was twenty minutes to seven, and time to dress. By this time to-morrow night she would be at home in Mother's kitchen again, thrilled by her secret adventure ready to break to Mart the intoxicating news that he might go to Germany with Dr. V Antwerp if he would!

She ran bath water into a pale pink square tub, poured in bath salts, took the fat little cross stitched cloth from the rack. And what soap!—deliciously scented with violets, and what a luxury of hot water!

Unfamiliar with all the creams, she tried several; she turned her bright head upside down, and brushed her flaming mop until it sparkled like copper wires. She wiped her greasy face on a soft towel and sat at the dressing table regarding herself thoughtfully.

A first moment of panic smote her. "What on earth am I doing?" Mary Kate said, half-aloud.

The transparent stockings were drawn on; she stepped into the pearl-buckled slippers. They lifted her unexpectedly high; it was a tall girl who looked back at her from the mirror.

CHAPTER XVI.

Her wildly tousled hair was brushed into a shining cap of metallic waves. The deep ripple of it was low on her white forehead, just above her dark-blue eyes; little wings of glittering red-gold crept out upon her glowing cheeks.

The dress went over her head, descended in a cool ripple of satin, ivory of her shoulders rose from the smooth ivory of the gown; the skirt stood about her knees in great petals embroidered with pearls. Her budding breasts, the slim straightness of her body and legs were outlined in the lustrous soft lines, the pearls over her heart rose and sank softly with her sudden, ecstatic breath.

Mary Kate took the old pearl necklace in her fingers, clasped it about the column of her throat. She slipped her finger through the ring. Then she stood up, and looked at herself in the mirror.

"Oh, you Marguerite!" she said, half-aloud, the unwilling dimple appearing at her suddenly-curved mouth. The girl in the mirror was like a flame

in an alabaster cup. Her cheeks were blazing scarlet, her bitten lip crimson, the cream of her modelled brow and chin, her smooth throat and swelling bosom ivory white, flawless and soft. Against her pure skin the rosy little globules of the pearls threw opal shadows.

The furred wrap, with its gold and cream quiltings, over her arm, she went out into the now softly lighted living room; Christopher, very tall and broad and smart in full evening dress, was standing beside a wood fire, smoking. He turned as she came out, and threw his half-finished cigarette into the flames.

"I say—" he said in a bewildered voice. He frowned, but there were wrinkles of amazed laughter about his eyes too. He took a step or two toward her, halted, his puzzled gaze not for an instant leaving her. "Say, Mary," he began again. "You look wonderful—you look simply grand. What a swell dress—what a swell you are—"

The boyish paucity of his phrases appealed to her as no sophisticated compliment could have done, and she laughed in a sort of delighted confusion.

"Isn't it a gorgeous dress?"

"And the pearls—" he said, admiringly. "Why, they were made for you! They were my Steynes grandmother's, and the ring was hers. She gave them to my aunt, Mrs. Florence, and when Aunt Minnie died, out here in California, last year, she put them in safety deposit for me."

"But honestly—" He was still completely taken by surprise. "You are perfectly lovely."

"It's the dress," Mary Kate repeated.

"It may be partly the dress—it was certainly a find," Chris conceded, studying the details of the perfect whole curiously. "But your hair—and your slippers—I didn't realize you were so tall. You're very tall, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes. I'm as tall as my brother Martin—I'm nearly as tall as Tom."

"Who? Tom?—the fiance?"

"No; the man I'm going to marry is named Cass Keating. No; Tom's my younger brother. Tom's seventeen."

"The youngest?"

"Oh, no. Then comes Tess, and then Regina, and Pat—he's the baby."

"And has—Mr. Keating—ever seen you like this?" Chris said in his careless way.

She laughed artlessly. "No one's ever seen me like this! I didn't know this creamy color would be so—well, so—"

"Becoming. Why don't you say it?" he asked, as she hesitated.

"Becoming."

(To be continued.)

75 Poisonous Plants Growing in Canada

The subject of plants poisonous to man and animals is not generally known by the public and frequently one hears of a fatality due to this cause. It is somewhat surprising to learn that there are at least seventy-five plants growing in Canada which are more or less poisonous at certain seasons of the year.

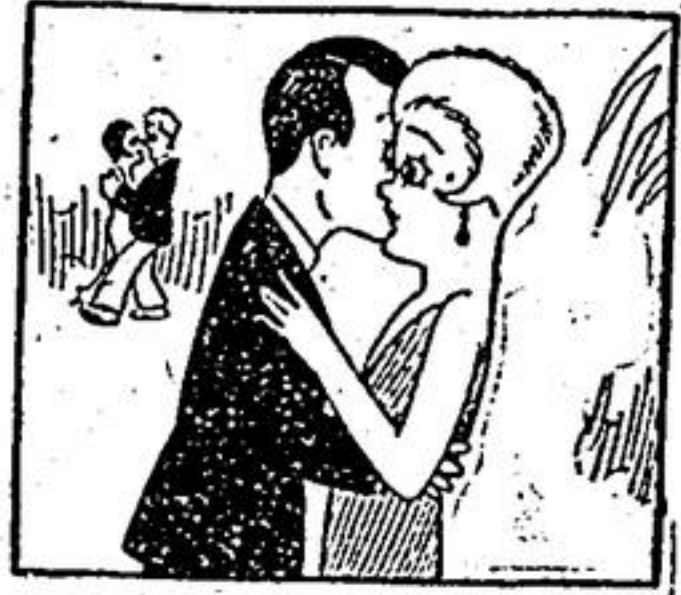
In a book called "Poisonous Plants and Weed Seeds," written by Professors Thomson and Sifton, of Toronto University, these plants and their effects are described, the dangerous substances in the plants explained and the treatment given when known.

For instance prussic acid is stated to be dangerous element responsible for Sorghum poisoning, Saponin is the toxic substance in purple cockle, phallin in the death cup.

In some parts of the country heavy losses have been sustained by stock owners, directly traceable to poisonous plant substances in pasture or fodder.

The book is a well-bound, well-printed, flat, little volume, containing forty illustrations, and would be of value as an addition to the nature study shelf. To the student of botany as well as to the practical farmer it presents much enlightening information.

It is published by the University of Toronto Press and priced at \$2.50.



"I proposed to Miss Nomer and Miss Chance, whose good opinion I esteem, says I'm a fool."

"Well, propose to Miss Chance and she will think you have lucid moments."

Perambulating Tanks

Little Lottie, aged four, who was spending a week with her aunt in the country, had developed a great fondness for milk. One day, having drunk as much as her aunt thought good for her, she was informed that she could not have any more.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the indignant little miss, "I don't see why you want to be so stingy with your old milk. There's two whole cows out in the barn."—Brooklyn Eagle.

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What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern.



2718

A stunning dress you'll love to have in your Fall wardrobe, because of its smart wearability.

It is canton crepe in rich raisin shade.

The white crepe cowl neckline attracts particular interest caught with jeweled buckle in the raijin tone.

A circular godet provides interesting fullness to the skirt. The pointed outline at the upper edge lends slimmness to the hipline.

The long bow trimmed sleeves have pointed cuffs of self-fabric. If desired the cuffs may agree in color or fabric with material used for the cowl neckline.

Style No. 2718 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

Flat crepe, velvet and crepe woolsens appropriate.

Size 16 requires 4 yards 39-inch material with 3/4 yard 27-inch contrasting.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

A machine which takes your money, counts it, discards bad coins, and gives a ticket and any necessary change, has been installed at Victoria Station on London's Underground Railway.

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Surgeons to Study Care of Costly Minor Wounds

Philadelphia.—Common wounds, so frequent they cause loss of time to millions of workers are to be an important consideration when the American College of Surgeons meets here shortly.

Like the "common cold," common injuries have been somewhat neglected by medical science, according to Dr. Franklin H. Martin, director-general of the college, and their care has not kept pace with other developments of surgery.

Statisticians of the college estimate the compensation cost of these wounds at \$104,000,000 yearly.

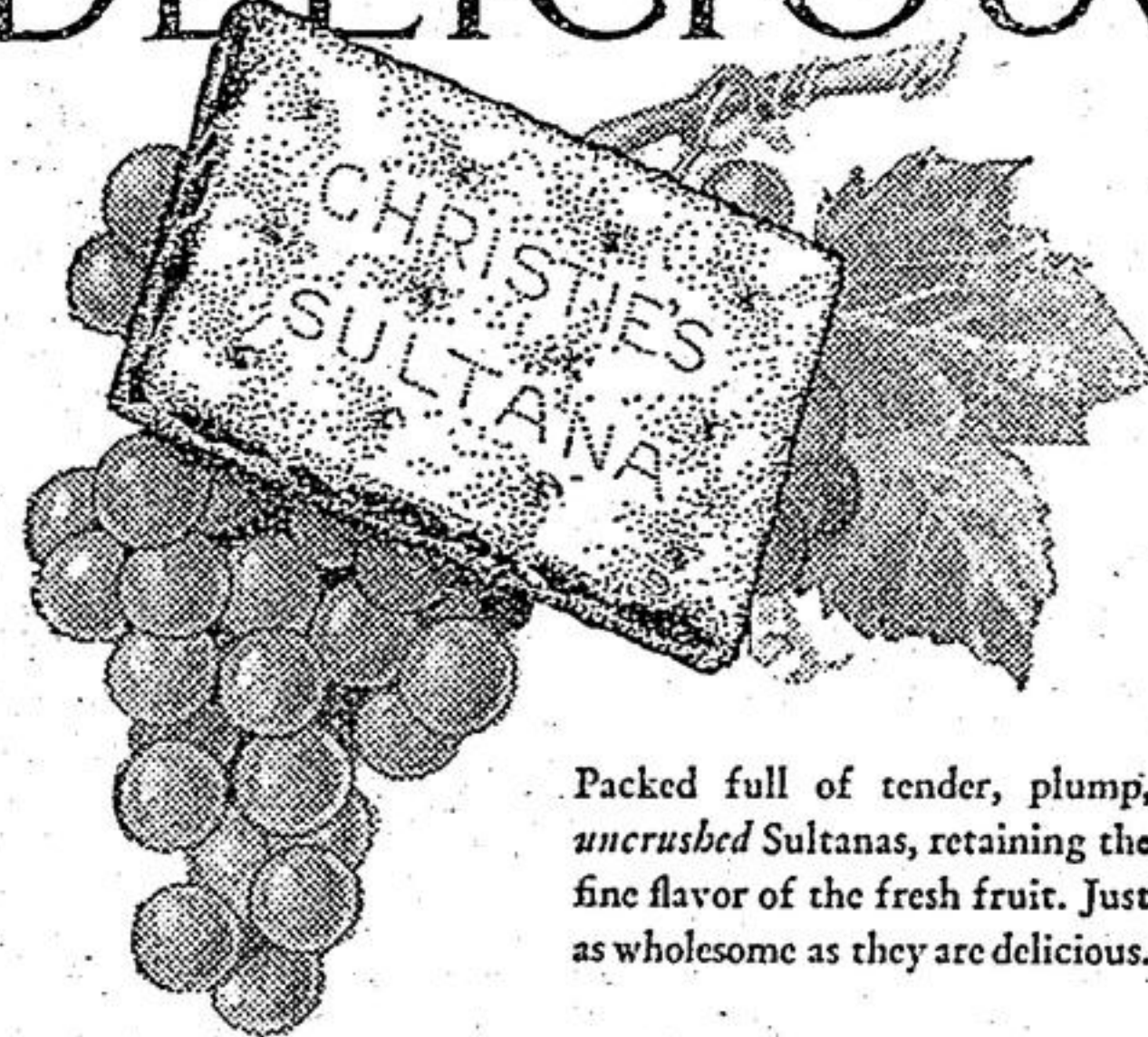
Unusual Dessert

For a dessert that is different, neat and slice some of the big Japanese persimmons and serve with thick cream and powdered sugar.

A new paint brush is the best implement for dusting carved furniture—it reaches all crevices better than a duster will.

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Cat Lovers Can Now Change Pets' Color

Moscow Scientists Report Remarkable Experiments on Siamese Felines

Washington.—The cat lover may now have his favorite striped or speckled in any pattern he may fancy, and this without any harm to the cat, merely by regulating the temperature at which the hair of the animal grows.

A report received here by the American Genetic Association from the laboratory of experimental biology at the Moscow Zoological park tells how Professors N. A. and V. N. Iljin changed the color and markings of a Siamese cat.

The Siamese cat is normally a very light cream color of fawn with face, ears, feet and tail in clearly defined dark brown, almost black. The pair studied were taken from their warm cushions in a German parlor to the very different climate of Moscow where they lived in a building the temperature of which never exceeded 66 degrees Fahrenheit and which sometimes was as low as 26 degrees. Within a few months the cats had changed to a dark chocolate color with the darkest area across the shoulders.

The experimenters then tried the plan of warming certain areas of the skin of the animal. They shaved off part of the darkest hairs on the shoulder and applied a cotton bandage. When the bandage was removed the bald spot was covered with colorless hair, making a marked light spot on the animal. The experiment was repeated for various parts of the body, always with the same result—where the skin was kept warm the hair was light.

The conclusions of the experimenters were that while heredity does influence the color of animals, they can develop their natural color only under favorable external temperature, and by the internal factors of heat production and heat loss. Thus the body of the animal is normally the lightest part, while the extremities, the paws and ears, are the most pigmented.

A Man to His Old Airedale

Mrs. E. A. Gehrke
Alas! thou hast grown old, Old Shaggy Face,
Thy golden sands have run too fast apace.
Thy rough and graying head, by somber eyes,
Foretell thy waning noon and sunset skies.
Thy mellowing goodness is as wine grow old,
As autumn's frost brings out the forest gold;
And glows as sunshine in thy wintry face,
The steadfastness of all thy friendly race.
And now no crown for all thy deeds well done,
Nor promised worlds beyond the setting sun;
Not as men demanding stars for shabby worth,
Enough for thee to roam the pleasant earth,
Content thy stary paradise should be
The memory thy master has of thee.
He'll not forget thy nose within his hand,
Thy eager gaze that sought to understand
This vast and strange capricious world of men;
Nor loved thy mortal god less, nor dreamed, then,
That deep in thy brown eyes he'd always see
Thy virtues of the man that he should be.

—In "Our Dumb Animals."

"Wise Old Owl" Is Myth of the Ancients

The owl figures intensively in the legends and folklore of nearly all peoples and it has been regarded as the symbol of wisdom since the dawn of history. There is an air of mystery about this bird. It's nocturnal habits, it's noiseless flight, it's mournful call and it's large stationary eyes have all contributed toward making it an object of superstition. Some of the ancients believed that if an owl appeared near a sick chamber it was an omen of death. Among the Greeks the owl became the symbol of meditation and counsel because it was one of the attributes of Athena, the deity who presided over the whole intellectual side of human life. It is probable that the owl represents the original form under which that goddess was first worshipped and that it became her favorite bird subsequently. Homer applied "Glaukops," meaning keen-eyed, to Athena; this epithet may have originally signified "owl-faced." Although the owl may look wise to some people, as a matter of fact it is a rather stupid bird compared with many species.

House Plants

To clean the leaves of house plants, apply equal parts of milk and lukewarm water gently with a sponge about once a week.

He Knows Better

"We have been married a year and never quarrel. If a difference of opinion arises and I am right, Felix always gives in immediately."
"And if he is right?"
"That never occurs."—Flegende Blatter (Munich).

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