

APRIL ESCAPE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS
Mary Kate and Martin are the only working members of the Widow O'Hara's household. Martin is studying medicine at night. He gets a chance to go to Germany but has to refuse owing to financial circumstances. Mary Kate works in the office of Gordon Rountree, Rountree's friend, Christopher Steynes, is being chased by a Russian countess who wants to marry him. He makes a business proposition to Mary Kate, that she act as his wife for twenty-four hours in order to discourage the countess. Mary Kate accepts in order to give the money to Martin for his trip. She tells her mother she has to go on a business trip for the office, and Mrs. Steynes in Burlington. She has dressed in preparation for the dinner where she is to meet the countess.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd)
"We have ten minutes," Chris told her, motioning toward a chair. She sat down against a high back of old red brocade embroidered in tarnished blue. Against it the dazzling purity of hair and skin, and the folds of the ivory gown, shone out with startling beauty.
"Will you smoke?"
"No, thank you."
"Can you?"
"I never tried."
"Do you drink at all?"
Again the placid, dignified glance from the blue eyes.
"I never have."
"You dance, Mary?"
"Oh—dance!" Her voice was rich with laughter. The man laughed.
"I'm very proud of my wife!" he said, with a sly sideways glance.
Her color flushed up, but she spoke with composure.

"Now that we're this far into it, it's all right. But all of a sudden it seems to me a perfectly crazy thing to do!"
"I don't know why." There was a little telephone on the table near him, he indicated it idly. "You could call your mother on that, and be talking to her in half a minute."
"Yes, I thought of that!"
"You see, there are lots of things that girls couldn't do, generations ago, that they can do now. For instance, suppose you really were going on a trip from the office," Christopher argued, "and some perfectly personable young man—some man who might easily be in love with you, was sent along too. That situation must be constantly occurring—"

"Oh, it is!" Mary Kate agreed eagerly, as he paused, feeling more and more comfortable every minute.
"You can dine together on the train, perhaps make a trip of several days, at hotels and on trains," the man pursued, "without anyone thinking the less of you!"
"Yes, I know. Just the same," Mary Kate said frankly, "if my mother ever gets onto this shell skin mel!"
"She'll never get on to it."
"Not if I can help it!"
"By the way, we were married more than a month ago," Christopher reminded her suddenly. "We'd better settle the date."

She reflected, and he had an opportunity to study unobserved the slim lovely body in the ivory satin, the thoughtfully dropped coppery head, the beauty of the white bare shoulders and bare throat.

CHAPTER XVII.
They entered another richly furnished, warmly lighted house, but not half so pretty as El Hogar, Mary Kate thought. This was an older house, comfortable, but not beautiful. The front doorway was widely opened upon a wide hallway, on this soft spring night, and their host—familiar, stout Mr. Rountree—was crossing the hall as they came up the steps.

"Oh, hello, there you are! The others are here," he said, welcoming them.
"You know Mrs. Steynes, Gordy!" Chris said.
"I should say I do. How do you do, Mrs. Steynes," Gordon Rountree said, with a broad significant smile. "Will you go in there and leave your coat? I'll wait for you and take you in."

Mary Kate, wishing herself well out of the whole silly thing, and thinking herself a fool, followed directions, and was promptly taken into a big comfortable, obviously bachelor suite of sitting and smoking and living rooms generally, where there was quite a formidable group of persons.

First came Doctor and Mrs. Ridley, nice, aristocratic, rather stupid-looking, middle-aged persons, who were not in the least interested in her. Joe Davey—Don Archibald, the polo man, Harry Ainslee, Kent Ainslee.

"Countess, may I present Mrs. Steynes? Mrs. Steynes, Countess Yarnowska. Countess Marka Yarnowska."
Mary Kate saw two lean, dark, rather sickly looking women facing her. They were exactly alike, except for a difference of some nineteen years. Both wore shabby, ornate dresses cut extremely low, and dark, scrambled hair. Both wore elaborate jewelry, and ho-ry ear-rings.

"What do you say?" the older asked sharply, with an instant and astonishing glance from the host to Christopher, who was closely following Mary Kate.

"My wife," histopher said. "Didn't you get my announcement?"
"You are married?" the senior countess asked blankly.
"A month ago, Countess. Was it not, dear?" Christopher asked Mary Kate.

"Five weeks!" she answered reddening, but courageous. "It was the twenty-third."
"You are married?" the European woman asked again, frowning.
"Suddenly," Christopher said.

"Suppose we say February—twenty-third?" Mary Kate suggested, looking up.
"The day after Washington's birthday?"
"We can remember it by that. And where?"
"Let's say Washington again. We can't forget Washington."
"That's a grand place to be married!" she said innocently.
"By the way, have you a handkerchief?"
"Yes. That's—" she said, with the sudden sapphire smile that lighted her whole classic face. "That's the only part of my trousseau that I bought myself."

She waved it, a filmy bit of veiling edged with deep delicate lace.
"It was two dollars," she confessed.
"But isn't it darling?"
Christopher pressed a bell.
"Peter," he said to the old man, who promptly appeared, "will you bring my cousin that white box in the hall? These are your violets. I thought of orchids," Christopher told her, as she began happily to investigate the silky tissues. "But with that gown I'm glad it's violets."

"Mary Kate bent her face over them, sniffed deeply.
"Oh, smell those—did you ever smell anything so delicious?" she said, making a long arm to extend them to him. She stood up and watched herself in the mantel mirror, while she carefully pinned them on her shoulder.

The touch of royal purple was the last one needed, with the ivory satin, the blazing hair, and the old pearls.
"I'll tell you frankly—why shouldn't I? I'll probably never see you after tomorrow," Chris said, "that you're ravishing! I dare you to keep that gown and be married in it. Come on, Mary," he said picking up her wrap, "we have to go."
He jerked himself into his own light coat, he wore no hat.

"Exactly like a movie!" thought Mary Kate, in a very rapture over her gown and flowers, her jewels and furred coat, her slippers, her escort, as they went out to the car.
She spoke very little on the mile drive. Christopher completed his instructions.
"Now, remember, we have to take this with a rush. They won't suspect, unless we do something raw, and we've simply got to be careful. Just keep thinking how utterly indifferent you'd be if it was some other man with his wife, and keep your chin up. After all, they're not going to ask you for your license, you know! Oh, Lord—"

"What is it?" Mary Kate asked, alarmed at his tone.
"Have you a wedding ring?"
"Oh, yes, from the Five-and-Ten." She laughed joyously. "I thought of that!" she exulted.
"Then we're all set. And here we are. Now—up guard and at them!"

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"But—bot I do not understand," said Countess Yarnowska. "She is byoodiful, yaze. Bot I do not know you are married."
She remained staring blankly, severely, at Christopher. Mary Kate relieved the situation with an artless laugh.
"We very much surprised ourselves!" she confessed.
"You marry—in America—" pursued the older woman, relentlessly.
Gordon Rountree, who had gone off into a loud laugh at the remark of Mary Kate, now was recalled by a withering look from Christopher, and began to pass canapes feverishly. The other men had gathered about the Russian vision that was young Mrs. Steynes, and Mary Kate was shyly holding a little court.

"Bot—why you don't tell me!" demanded the Countess.
"It was very sudden," Christopher said, suavely.
"Sudden! Bot—bot not so quick like that!" protested the European.
"I assure you we do everything very quickly, we Americans," the man persisted.

The younger Russian woman now spoke hurriedly to her mother in their own tongue. Their faces were dark and angry, but Mary Kate, flutteringly laughing and talking in a ring of young males, assured herself that there was no suspicion.
"My daughter says that she don't like to be surprised like this," said Countess Yarnowska, flatly. The younger woman looked defiantly at Christopher, her head high.

"You should have had an announcement in the mail," Christopher explained.
"Come on. Everyone come out to dinner!" Gordon Rountree said hospitably. He rather bustled his distinguished guests toward the dining room where a long and brilliant board was banked with spikes of pale blue delphinium and exquisite pink roses.
Nice, dull, elderly Mrs. Ridley was on the host's left, the elder countess on his right.

"Mrs. Steynes," said Mary Kate O'Hara's employer, "will you take the foot of the table, and be the Mama? Chris, do you want to sit next to your wife? Doctor, will you take that chair, next to the Countess Marka—now, does that come out right?"
"You look like a duchess!" Chris said, in an undertone, with a quick glance of encouragement to Mary Kate, as he sat down.

"Here, no whispering!" Gordon Rountree said.
"I was saying something nice to Mary!" Chris confessed easily.
(To be continued.)

Revenge
The little set in the suburban avenue had long decided that Browns was over-proud of his bargain in the second-hand car market, and that something must be done to damp his aggressive enthusiasm.
Robinson, one of the set, was on his way to the city one day when he met Browns in his second-hand car.

"I'm going to the station," said the car-owner. "Would you like a lift?"
"No, thanks," said Robinson, seizing his chance. "I'm in rather a hurry."
It's so simple to make! The cost to copy it is unbelievably small.
Style No. 2830, may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 4 1/4 yards 39-inch with 3/4 yard 39-inch contrasting and 1 1/4 yards 35-inch lining.
Bordeaux red canton crepe, dark green velveteen, black canton crepe and brown tweed mixture in new lightweight are strikingly smart combinations.

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. Patterns sent by an early mail.

What's in a Name
The magistrate was questioning a woman witness in the box.
"What's your husband's vocation?" he asked.
"He's a vegetarian," she replied haughtily.
The magistrate looked puzzled.
"No, no," he said tersely. "I mean what does he do for a living?"
"I told you once," she replied. "He's a vegetarian. He sells vegetables."

A man went into a shop for a shave and was waited upon by a man who waxed eloquent on the germ-proof nature of the business. The towel was super-heated, the razor sterilized, the soap bacterIALIZED, and the comb and brush antiseptized. "Great scheme," said the customer, who had been waiting patiently for the discourse to finish, "but why don't you go ahead and shave me?" "But I'm not the barber, sir," said the man. "You're not? Then where is he?" exclaimed the customer. "They're boiling him," the man replied.

CANADA'S FIRST UNIVERSITY
In the town of Windsor, Nova Scotia, a tablet has been erected by the National Parks of Canada Branch, Department of the Interior, commemorating the founding of King's College, in 1739, the first university in Canada and the oldest in the British overseas dominions.
Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Admiral, coming across a midshipman, thought he would improve the shining hour. "What do you call this instrument?" he asked. "That's the gyro-compass, sir." "Quite so, and what is the name of this one?" "Oh, that is the standard compass, sir." "Quite correct. Now, what is the function of the standard compass?" "Well, sir," replied the midshipman, innocently, "when there isn't any 'gold-lace' about we unscrew it and play roulette with it."

British apprentices are very popular in French racing stables, as French boys are said not to understand or care about horses.
A woman will usually forgive a husband's past if he comes home with a present.

Something Added
Smithson, the city man, was spending his week-end on a friend's farm. During an inspection of the sheds he saw one of the farm laborers milking a cow.
"How much milk does that cow give a day?" he asked.
The man paused in his labors.
"Dout eight quarts, surr," he replied.
"Really," said Smithson interestedly. "And how much of that do you sell?"
"Well, surr," said the labourer, without hesitation, "we sells something like twelve quarts."

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Scarf neckline gives new appeal to a Russian tunic frock of hunter's green crepe patterned woolen.
A wide suede belt marks the natural waistline. It matches the deepest tone of the ground of the woolen. The scarf collar repeats the dark shade in plain woolen facing.
The wrapped closing makes it particularly desirable. It makes the mature figure appear gracefully tall and slender and accentuates slimmness for the youthful type. The pin tucks at the shoulders are decorative.

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Style No. 2830, may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

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Diphtheria Can Be Wiped Out And Lives and Dollars Saved

Simple Injection of Substance Called "Toxoid"—Disease Kills 1200 Every Year Out of 13,500 Cases—Tremendous Waste

This is one of a series of weekly articles on health topics, written by the Canadian Social Hygiene Council.

Diphtheria Can Be Prevented
If for ten years or less, Canada were to pay as much money towards preventing this disease as Canadians now pay for curing it and burying its victims, it could be virtually eliminated. And yet at the present time 13,500 Canadians experience expensive and dangerous attacks each year, with 1200 annual fatalities.

So you see, a great national work is being left undone.
How does diphtheria kill, and how can its ravages be averted? First of all it is a germ disease. A healthy human child (children are diphtheria's victims for the most part) who happens to be susceptible to this disease, is suddenly attacked by a tiny, invisible germ of it. These lodge in the youngster's throat and feed and multiply. They give off a waste product which is a deadly poison, and this poison spreads throughout the system. A victim of diphtheria dies of poisoning, just as surely as though he had swallowed prussic acid.

However, death as we know does not always result, for the germs do not have things their own way. Certain formations and substances have been placed in the human blood by nature to fight against infection. Often, this defending army of the blood stream wins the fight against the invading

army of diphtheria germs, and when that happens, the patient gets well. Now once recovered, such an individual rarely gets the disease again. The defending army in his bloodstream has learned how to repel the attacks of this particular germ.
Comparatively recently doctors have discovered a substance called Toxoid which, when injected into a human body, induces the blood to develop that same resistance to an attack of diphtheria. In other words, the immunity to diphtheria which a patient painfully develops, it is now possible to give to a child by a simple, safe series of injections under the skin.

Your own family doctor can administer this treatment and it is up to all parents to make sure that their family doctors do so. It is safe and simple and sane and practically painless. At one time the city of New York immunized 10,000 infants with toxoid, without any ill effects whatever.
How much simpler to have your children undergo this 'simple treatment' than to have your home quarantined and possibly lose a child or two through diphtheria! If only every public health department would see that this marvellous substance be put at the disposal of every parent, and if only all parents would insist upon protecting their children with it, diphtheria could be wiped out of Canada within ten years, and hundreds of lives and thousands of dollars saved every year.

Queer Animal
Bombay.—One of the queerest animals in the world was found in New Guinea and brought here for shipment to Europe by Herr Kibler, German naturalist. It is two feet long, has a bird-like bill, spines like a porcupine, pouch like a kangaroo's, lives underground like a mole, lays eggs but suckles its young and adapts itself to temperature like a reptile.
Horse-racing was a popular sport more than 3,300 years ago, according to Hittite inscriptions found in Mesopotamia.

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Curates are said to be drifting after training in Wales into England, where stipends are higher and the prospects of advancement are better.

FEEL MEAN?
Don't be helpless when you suddenly get a headache. Reach in your pocket for immediate relief. If you haven't any Aspirin with you, get some at the first drugstore you come to. Take a tablet or two and be rid of the pain. Take promptly. Nothing is gained by waiting to see if the pain will leave of its own accord. It may grow worse! Why postpone relief? There are many times when Aspirin tablets will "save the

day." They will always ease a throbbing head. Quiet a grumbling tooth. Relieve nagging pains of neuralgia or neuritis. Or check a sudden cold. Even rheumatism has lost its terrors for those who have learned to depend on these tablets.
Gargle with Aspirin tablets at the first suspicion of sore throat, and reduce the infection. Look for Aspirin on the box—and the word Genuine in red. Genuine Aspirin tablets do not depress the heart.

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Canada Joins Ranks Of Leading Nations

Occupies Second Place As Producer and Exporter of Automobiles

In the production of many staple products Canada ranks high to-day among the leading nations of the world. In the production of printing paper, nickel, asbestos and cobalt she leads the world. She occupies second place in the production of automobiles. In the output of lead and gold she holds third place, and in the production of wheat fifth place. In the export trade Canada leads the world in printing paper, nickel and asbestos, occupies second place in the export of automobiles, wheat and wheat flour, and fourth place in the export of wood pulp. The exports of these staple productions make up about 50 per cent. of the Dominion's total domestic exports.

Wheat occupies first place among Canada's exports. The rapid increase in production in the Prairie Provinces during the past decade or so, and the practical elimination of Russia, Rumania and other wheat producing countries of Europe as leading factors in the grain trade, had the effect of establishing Canada in second place as a wheat producing country. First place was held by the United States. During the past two years, however, Russia has enormously increased her production of wheat, so that in 1928 and 1929 she occupied second position in wheat production. Moreover, in 1929 Canada's wheat crop was greatly reduced, with the result that the Dominion moved down to fifth position. She was, in fact, in that year, exceeded by the United States, Russia, France and British India. The 1929 Canadian crop of 299,539,000 bushels, it should be added, much smaller than any since 1924, the crop of 1928 having been 533,572,000 bushels.

Flour Milling Industry
Since the opening of the century, Canada has made remarkable progress in the flour milling industry, her exports of wheat flour for the fiscal year 1930 amounting to 768,000 barrels. Ten years later they had risen to 3,064,000 barrels, and in 1920 to 3,563,000 barrels. In the fiscal year which closed in March last they declined to 7,894,000 barrels, but in the previous fiscal year they were 11,267,000 barrels. The explanation of the decline is mainly the reduction in the wheat crop, but partly to the disturbed situation in the grain trade.

In spite, however, of the decline in her exports of flour during the year, Canada still holds second position among the exporters of wheat flour. In the calendar year 1929, the export of flour from the United States was 13,663,000 barrels, while Canada came second with 9,574,000 barrels. Third position was held by Australia with 3,557,000 barrels, while Hungary came fourth with 2,952,000 barrels. In comparison with the United States the Canadian flour milling industry has made great advances since before the war. The export of wheat flour from the United States in 1913 was 12,278,000 barrels, and in the last calendar year 13,663,000 barrels. From Canada the export in 1913 was 4,894,000 barrels and in 1929 it was 9,574,000 barrels.

Skunk's Character Is Cruelly Maligned
A woodchuck is a fat thief, as dangerous to a farm garden as a host of locusts; yet even the farmer's son has a sneaking affection for the 'chuck, and a sneaking respect for anything fat which can move so fast. All the squirrels—red and gray and chipmunks alike—are skinny thieves; yet we love them. The poets include wild mice within their zones of romantic interest, and every one, except the farmer who catches them in his orchard, feels a warm glow of enthusiasm at sight of a deer. Henry Williamson writes fondly of the otter; even the weasel becomes royal as "ermine." Among wild animals, in our scale of values, only the skunk is vile.

Now, the skunk is really a very amiable little animal whose chief fault is laziness. He likes mice and birds and snakes, but is usually too indolent to catch them. Grasshoppers and crickets are his preferred food, but when the supply runs short he takes almost any food available. In the outer suburbs he finds the family garbage can a great resource; there must be thousands of suburban housekeepers who would be horrified if they knew how intimate were his nocturnal routes. There is a superstition that the skunk smells all the time and that he is aggressive. It maligns him; he can be as cleanly as a cat, and uses his special weapon only when annoyed. Traveling at night, as he does, he sometimes makes the mistake of assuming hostility before it is proved; but in that he is not so different from the human. We are all a little wary of visitors in the dark; but we have a different armature. As a matter of fact, apart from the special capacity with which nature has endowed him—one which differs only in intensity from that of mink and weasels—the skunk has precisely the kind of easy-going temperament which gives a man the reputation of being a good fellow. It is cruelly unfair to him that his name should be used as a synonym for all that is despicable.—From the editorial page of the N.Y. Tribune.



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