

Salada Green tea is a masterpiece in blending

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS.

Mary Kate O'Hara, in order to get the money with which to send her brother, Martin, to Germany to study medicine, accepts the offer of Christopher Steynes, who is to act the part of Steynes' wife in order to discourage a Russian countess and her daughter who have been embarrassing Steynes with their attentions. Mary Kate tells her mother she is going to San Francisco on a business trip. Steynes meets her at the station at a dinner and takes her to his house. Mary Kate meets the countess at a dinner and the countess is discouraged. Later that night she and Steynes return to Steynes' house and Mary goes to bed. A burglar breaks in and is shot by Steynes. The police take Mary's name and address and she is terrified for fear her mother will find out. She returns home and realizes that she has fallen in love with Steynes. The following night she tries to tell Cass Keating her beau, that she cannot marry him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

They could not see each other's faces; they stood so far perhaps a full minute. Then Cass said:

"Well, that's all right, dear. You don't have to marry me."

Mary Kate laughed excitedly.

"You do understand, don't you?"

"Why, of course I understand," Cass's kind, big-brotherly voice said.

"I kind of rushed you, last week. And I knew that what you had wasn't genuine; I knew something was worrying you!"

"And you understand?" she repeated feverishly, in the pause.

"Of course I understand. You don't want to be rushed."

"No; that's it. I don't want to be rushed. And you see—" Her voice dwindled away inconspicuously. She fingered his coat lapel. "I like this suit—" she began again, swallowing tears.

"It's my old brown suit."

"I know." Her words gathered perilous momentum. "But I like it—I think I like it better than the blue!"

"Mary Kate!" he said. "Ah, darling, don't!"

For she was crying bitterly, in his arms.

"I don't know why I'm boo-hooing this way, like a baby!"

"You're all upset," Cass murmured, kissing the top of her head, that smelled deliciously of youth and freshness and the odd delightful fragrance that always clung to Mary Kate's blazing hair.

"I don't know why—" she gulped, trying to laugh, clinging to him.

She never had done this before. Cass tightened his arms.

"Maybe you missed your good-looking beau, while you were away?"

"Yes, I did." She withdrew from his arms and fumbled for her handkerchief, straightening herself up, shaking herself into composure and order. "I'm crazy!" she confessed on a wet, shaken note.

"You're tired. Let's not go anywhere tonight, Mary Kate? Let's go into the front room and talk."

This would keep Tom out of his bed in the adjoining dining room. But she was so tired! And with the children doing homework; and Mother setting raisin rolls, they could not sit in the kitchen.

They slipped quietly through the dining room and Mary Kate lighted a bead of gas in the front room. It smelled very close in there, and Cass

opened the windows. The room was revealed as shabby and small, with an upright piano backed against one wall, and a parlor furniture set, consisting of a deep davenport, two old arms chairs, and a table, almost completing the furniture. A photograph of the late Thomas O'Hara was on a mock-mantel, a great bunch of limp purple ribbons decorating one corner of the frame.

On the piano were scores of carelessly massed sheets of song music. Sometimes a guest slept on the davenport, but there was no sign of its night use now; it was shut up, and embellished with two silk pillows.

"Cass, have you got two quarters for four bits?" Mrs. O'Hara called from the kitchen.

"I think so!" the boy shouted back, his hand in his pocket.

"I'm going to run upstairs, Cass, and wash my face!" Mary Kate went by him in the dimness, and Cass went into the kitchen.

She came back to the dim parlor fifteen minutes later, cool and refreshed. But she was still very quiet. She had changed to a soft old house dress, and had assumed comfortable slippers; her hair was damp, brushed childishly off her face, which was quite free of artifice.

They sat down close together on the davenport, and Cass pulled her head to his shoulder, and they both rested far back; their feet touching, stretched out before them on the rug. The gas-bead burned low; occasional rans and angles of light crossed the room from passing motor cars in the street. The somewhat dingy curtains moved slowly in and out over the sills of the opened window. From the kitchen came the occasional murmur of the children's voices, Mrs. O'Hara's grave motherly tones in reply, and the clatter of pans and oven door.

"Now, let's talk it over," Cass said comfortably. "How about not marrying me?"

Suddenly she was in rebellion again. Her tears, and the application of fresh cold water and soap to her hot face, had rested her. But once again the fever seized her.

"It can wait—" she said deliberately, a tiny edge to her voice.

There was an alarmed note in his, a hurt reproachful note.

"How do you mean it can wait?"

"Oh, I only think I'm tired," Mary Kate breathed wearily, closing her eyes, tightening her fingers on his.

"But honey, don't you want me when you're tired? Seems to me—"

"It's only," she interrupted, "that I don't like to think of myself as engaged."

"Well, as long as you'll marry me next month—" he conceded, in good-natured daring.

She was still for a while. Then the tears began to run rapidly down her face, and she whispered without stirring.

"Oh, Cass, I'm so unhappy!"

"Ah, deary, I'm sorry. I've never seen you like this before."

"I've never been like this before."

Their heads were flung back against the top of the davenport, their eyes

closed in the comforting dark. Cass hardly moved as he said, soothingly: "Well, never you mind. You just sit here with me and cry, if you want to!"

The telephone in the dining room rang, and she was alert, tensely.

"Who is it, Regina?" She was half-way to her feet.

"It's a wrong number, Sis!"

Mary Kate subsided again, and again there was peace in the stuffy little parlor.

"Like to get on the beach trolley car, and go all the way 'round?"

A long sigh.

"Cass, I'm too tired!"

"All right then, darling, we'll just sit here."

He was so kind, so gentle. She recognized in herself the unworthiness of her own impulse to hurt him.

"Who'd you think was telephoning, Mary Kate?"

"What?" Anything for time—

"Who'd you think was at the 'phone then?"

"Oh? Oh, I was kind of drowsy, I think."

Smells of dust, upholstery and shabbiness came out of the furniture, and the sweet night breezes through the open windows moved about them, and blew them away.

"Cass—" the girl said suddenly.

"I have to tell you. I may get over it, but—something's the matter with me. It's making me almost crazy, I haven't ever felt like this. I think—" she resumed, with a desperate little laugh, after a moment's pause, "that I'm in love."

"What are you talking about?"

Cass's arm jumbled and shook her alarmedly. "You're engaged to me," he said good-naturedly.

"It may pass," she said stubbornly.

"But—but I tell you it's terrible."

"I met a man," Mary Kate went on steadily, "who is leaving town in a few days. I'll never see him again. But—but it wouldn't be fair to you—"

"Oh, yes, it would," Cass murmured contentedly, tightening his arm.

"Listen, Cass—"

"Oh, listen yourself, darling! Don't be a fool. Who was it, Locke Lomax?"

Mary Kate was very still. After a while she said, in a chilled voice:

"I wasn't trying to tell you that I had a crush on a movie star!"

"Well—it was probably just as bad," Cass said. But as the girl resumed her hurt silence, he added, in a slightly more concerned and sympathetic tone, "Tell me about it."

"It makes everything wonderful—the streets and the bakeries and the fog, and going to bed and getting up." Mrs. Kate presently said, in a dreaming voice, "It makes me want to think—over and over again, of everything he ever said to me, or I to him. Everything—trembles, Cass. Everything shines. It makes me sick with misery, and yet I wouldn't give it up."

"What are you talking about?" he asked her again. But without the confident note now, and in a rougher tone.

"I'm trying to tell you!"

A pause. Then Cass said in a puzzled tone.

"Who is he?"

"He's a New York man," Mary Kate answered unhesitatingly. The joy of speaking of him flowed through her fevered heart and soul like the waters of a cold river.

"Say, listen, are you kidding me, Mary Kate?"

"Kidding you!" she echoed, in patient scorn. She was silent a moment.

"No, I'm not kidding you," she said simply.

Cass twisted about to try and see the expression on her face, but the room was too dark.

"Where'd you meet him?"

"In Mr. Rountree's office."

"Who is he?"

"His name is Steynes. Christopher Steynes."

"The polo player who shot the burglar the other day?"

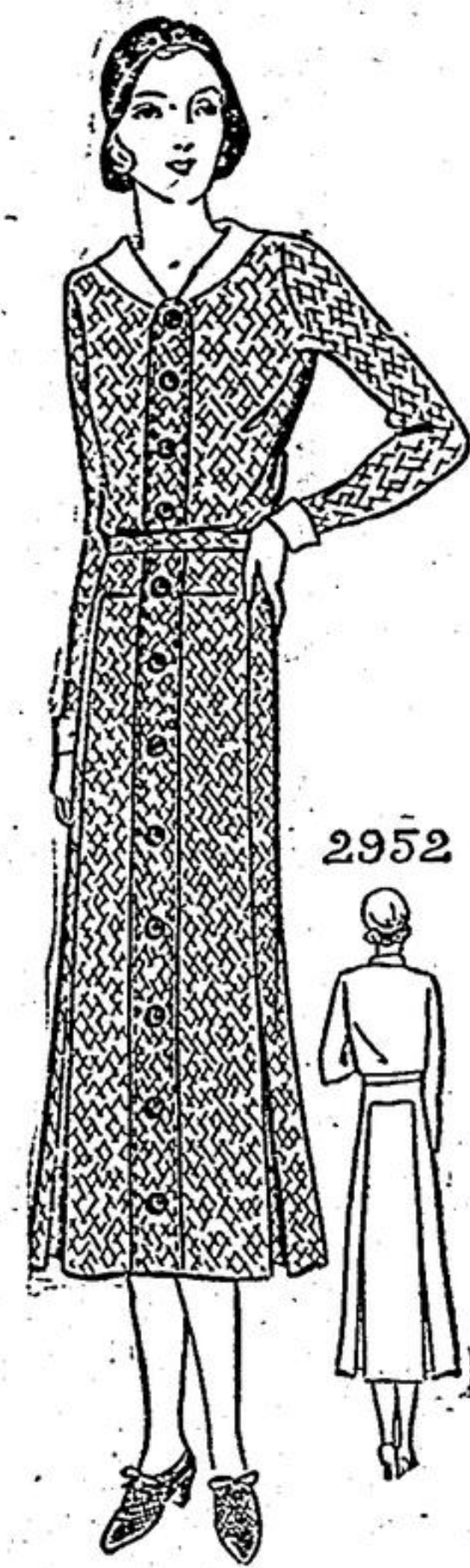
(To be continued.)

WASTED TIME

I cannot afford to waste time, there is so much to be done that I ought to do, and so much to be learned that I should know.—Martin.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



A perfect dream of a dress with all the cachet of Paris in this lightweight, woolen in yellow and black mixture. It reveals the unquestionable smartness of the sports mode. The becoming-rolled collar and turned cuffs show a tiny bit of lingerie in white pique. The Lutons from neck to hem are decidedly chic and slimming. Style No. 2952 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material with 3/4 yard of 39-inch contrasting.

Wool jersey, tweed, plain and patterned crepe woollens and plain and printed flat crepe silk are nice for this interesting sports type.

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.

Happy Year
Deckoning lights now shown to us, Well-reckoned heights now known to us,

Eager hopes heart-blown of us— Oh, high ambitious dreams are spun For all of Nineteen Thirty One!

All is well! Fields to be plowed by us, A finer chance allowed to us,

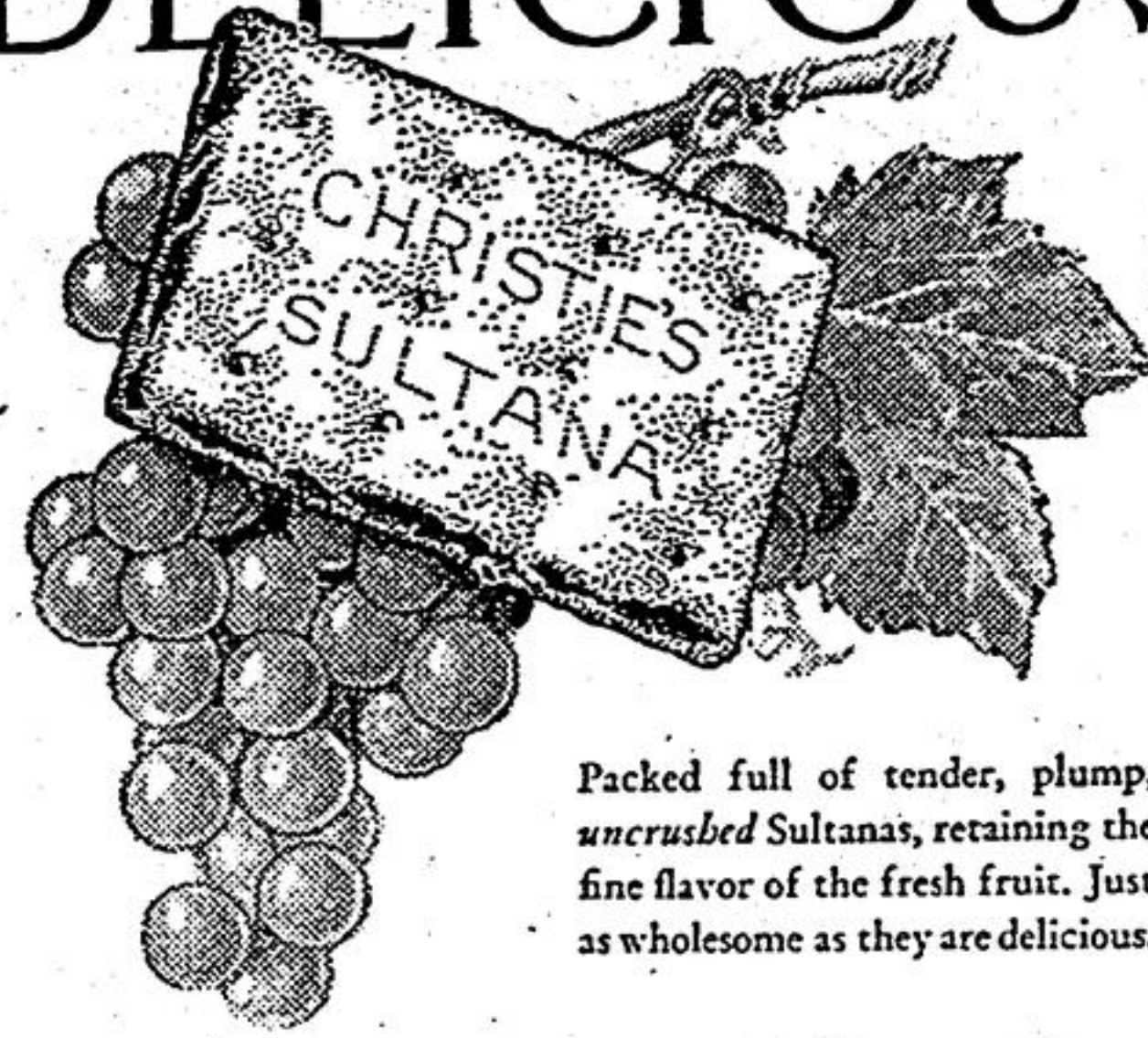
With better work avowed by us— May we have cause to think: "Well done!"

Through all of Nineteen Thirty One! —Peter A. Lea.

CHARACTER
Character is very complex; it is a quality for the whole of personality, and as a consequence, character education can not be segregated from other aspects of education even though these other aspects may go on without developing good character. —School Life.

There isn't anything much more buoyant than a rumour. It is always so much easier to float one than to sink one.

DELICIOUS



Packed full of tender, plump, uncrushed Sultanas, retaining the fine flavor of the fresh fruit. Just as wholesome as they are delicious.

Christie's Sultanas

EAT MORE of this CORN SYRUP
more nourishment for less money
EDWARDSBURG
CROWN BRAND
CORN SYRUP



When You OVER-INDULGE

EVERY man, woman and child will occasionally over-indulge. But don't suffer for your indiscretions. It's folly to do so when you can so easily sweeten and settle a sour, upset stomach with a little Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

Heartily eaters have long since learned the quick comfort this perfect anti-acid brings: Smokers know how it neutralizes nicotine; brings back a sweet taste; guards the breath. Women know what it does for nausea—or sick headache. And when children have over-eaten—are bilious, constipated or otherwise upset—give them a little of the

same, pleasant-tasting and milky-white Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

You'll be through with crude methods once you learn the perfect way. Nothing else has the same quick, gentle effect. Doctors prescribe it for indigestion, nausea, heartburn, gas, sour stomach and headache. It has been standard with them for over 50 years.

Insist on genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia; a less perfect product may not act the same. The genuine is always a liquid—never in tablet form—and the name Phillips' is always on bottle and wrapper. Made in Canada.

An Animal Inferno

Under the title, "Where The Zoos Begin," Sir Percival Phillips, distinguished world-wide traveler and special correspondent of the Daily Mail, London, gives a most graphic account of a remote place of torment to animals of which the public knows but little. He writes in substance as follows:

Fifteen miles from Singapore, on a lonely patch of treeless swamp hemmed in by jungle and an arm of the sea, is one of the strangest prisoners' camps in the world,—and the most pathetic. It is the place where the zoo begins. Here the wild beasts, birds, and reptiles caught in Malaya and adjacent islands begin their life-long captivity. From this primitive clearing-house they are consigned to hard labor in a circus, or painful inactivity in a private menagerie or a public zoo.

It is an ill-assorted community of the jungle, bound down by ferocity and despair. I have never seen such manifestations of anguish and hate as are witnessed whenever a human being comes into sight. All the prisoners are newly caught, and they refuse to believe that the rough timber cages are real. Their cries of rage resound hideously in the wilderness, and their desperation is pitiful to see. They sleep but little and the night is broken by their cries.

Then follows a vivid but harrowing description of some of the hapless victims which the writer saw. Young tigers, magnificent specimens, fairly trembling with fury and hate, frantically and, of course, futilely gnawing the iron bars in their rage and effort to get free. The lesser cats stare with malevolent eyes and murderous intent, snarling and spitting viciously. Python and King-cobra languish in crates and boxes, ready to strike at instant opportunity; orang-outangs are chained by the neck in abject misery; a defiant eagle, with breast torn and bleeding from buffeting against wires, vainly tries to break through and give battle. There are the leopards and wildcats, lashing themselves into hysteria, and scores of miscellaneous birds and other creatures crowded into receptacles and unable to move.

Here, in the vast silence of the jungle, the strangely assorted captives are allowed to exhaust their fury, and gradually to accept their fate. Buyers come to look them over and haggle over the price. All are for sale. Consignments leave every little while for Europe and the Americas. A few days previous to my visit four tigers, a panther and an elephant had been shipped to a public park in the United States.

"I am inclined to believe," the writer concludes, "that if the patrons of Regent's Park could see the anguish and despair of these newly-caught animals, the London Zoo would be a less attractive place."

Buenos Aires Exhibit

Poultry, eggs, apples and potatoes are being featured in the exhibit which the Dominion Department of Agriculture has forwarded to the British Empire Trade Fair which opens in Buenos Aires, Argentina, March 15. The poultry exhibit comprises forty specially selected registered and R.O.P. birds, and these should give a good account of themselves as representative Canadian breeding stock. The grade "extra" is being featured in this part of the exhibit while the commercial pack No. 1, size 2 1/2 inches up, is being featured in the apple display. The potato exhibit is made up of three of the leading varieties of certified seed stock. Canadian agriculture should benefit by this contact with South America.

Foreign Decorations

Montreal Devoir: While Canadians are no longer able, by virtue of a resolution of the Canadian House of Commons passed in 1919, to receive and bear titles conferred by His Britannic Majesty, they continue to accept orders and decorations awarded by foreign Governments. This is a strangely anomalous position. Some people suggest that British titles should once more be permitted in Canada, which would mean "Sirs" appearing again, among us in appreciable quantities; whilst others want the total abolition of all foreign titles, since we are not allowed British ones, as long as we remain part of the Empire. One of these days the question will have to be settled for good and all in the Commons, and we may then expect a really exciting debate.

The Record!

Come-to-Grief Airmen: "I was trying to make a record."

Farmer: "Well, you've made it. You be the first man in these parts who climbed down a tree without having to climb up it first!"

A child of ten was explaining to her five-year-old brother how very wrong it is to work on Sunday. "Why," said the boy, "Policemen work on Sundays; don't they go to work?" "No," explained the little girl. "They are not needed there."

"I hear Dick is in hospital." "Yes. Caught in the rain and tried to economize by not taking a taxi. Now he's got pneumonia." "And Tom's in hospital, too." "Yes, he took a taxi."

The first forty years of life furnish the text, the remaining thirty the commentary.—Schopenhauer.

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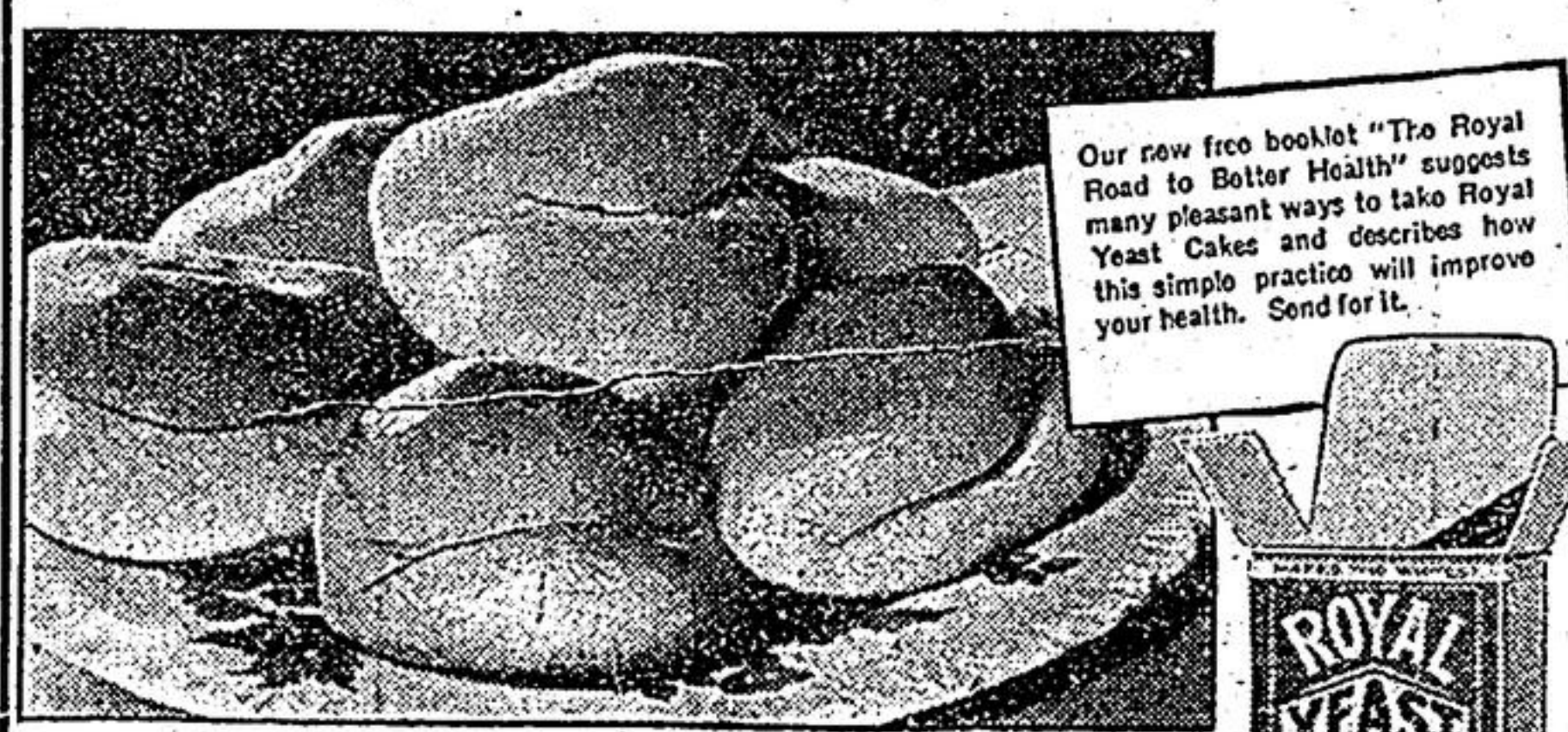
Help yourself to PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

Try this Recipe

- 1 cup scalded milk
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3/4 Royal Yeast Cake dissolved in
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 cup lukewarm water

1 To the scalded milk add the butter, sugar and salt. Allow it to cool until lukewarm and then add dissolved yeast and 1 1/2 cups flour. Stir well and let stand in moderately warm place overnight. In the morning, add enough flour to knead, and let rise until about double in bulk, then roll out 1/2 inch thick. Cut with biscuit cutter and brush each piece with melted butter; crease through the center and fold over. Let rise again until double in bulk and bake for about 25 minutes in moderate oven. Above is sufficient for about ten rolls.

If you bake at home, write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, for the free Royal Yeast Cake Book. It contains tested recipes for Lemon Buns, French Tea Rings, Dinner Rolls and many other delightful varieties of bread.



Our new free booklet "The Royal Road to Better Health" suggests many pleasant ways to take Royal Yeast Cakes and describes how this simple practice will improve your health. Send for it.

ROYAL Yeast Cakes

make all breads taste better, look better and keep better. For over 50 years they have been the accepted standard of quality wherever dry yeast is used in home baking. Keep a supply handy. Each cake is sealed in waxed paper. They will keep for months.

"Buy Made-in-Canada Goods!"