

Salada Orange Pekoe has a most fascinating flavour



'Fresh from the gardens'

APRIL ESCAPEE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS.
Mary Kate O'Hara works for Gordon Rountree. A friend of Rountree's, Chris Steynes, proposes to Mary Kate that she play the part of his wife for a day in order to discourage the advances of a Russian countess and her daughter. He offers her a sum of money, and Mary Kate accepts, hoping to help her brother Mart go to Germany to study medicine. Mary Kate meets Steynes in Burlington. That night she stays at Steynes' house; a burglar enters; Steynes shoots the burglar; the police enter and take Mary's name and address. She is terrified for fear her mother will find out, as she told her mother she was going on a business trip for Rountree. Mary returns home and finds she is in love with Steynes. She tells Cass Keating to whom she is engaged to be married.

CHAPTER XXX.

"None of the nam-s got into the paper," Cass said, visualizing a large house-party. "Were the women crazy?" he asked.
"What women?"
"The women in the house?"
"Oh—". Well, the butler's wife, a nice sort of middle-aged woman called Peters; came and slept the rest of the night with me. Everyone was pretty well wrought up."
"I should think so! What did you didn't tell me—what did Mr. Rountree want you to do? I mean who were you supposed to be?"
"Oh? Oh, yes! Well, you see, an unscrupulous sort of Russian countess was rather—taking it for granted, do you see—that he was engaged to her daughter." Mary Kate began, feeling the ice crackle under her, trying to keep her thoughts policing her words in ten directions at once.
"She was probably in with a gang of thieves," Cass opined, with some recent thrilling movies in mind. "Most of those titled Russian women seem to be."
"Oh, no—she was a countess, she was probably genuine enough," Mary Kate defended her. "I mean, she had jewels, she looked like all those ugly women with dog-collars and crowns on," she explained. "In the Sunday pictorials, you know?"
"But he didn't want to marry her daughter?"
"No. He hates the daughter!" Mary Kate answered, with satisfaction.
"And so he was supposed to be engaged to you?"
"Even now she dared not be quite truthful."
"That was it."
"Yes, but where did Steynes come in?"
"Oh, it was to Mr. Steynes. He was the one."
"Oh—?" Cass said, on a long-drawn note. "I see!"
For an interval there was silence. Then suddenly the man said, in a definite voice:

"Now, I'll tell you, dear. That was an awful experience, and of course it shook you all up. Your nerves are shot to pieces, and no wonder. He goes away on Sunday, doesn't he?—and that will end it. And next week, very quietly, you and I'll be married. Then you can tell your mother, and everything will be all cleared up."
"Cass, nobody'd believe that I was down there, and yet that nothing wrong went on—nothing wrong was even thought of!"
"But, you know who does believe you, don't you, Baby?"
"If you do—" she said, wistfully, with an affectionate and grateful smile.
"If I do!" He was close to her again, he had his arm about her.
Mary Kate nudged her fragrant, soft young face, and the tossed cloud of her silky hair, child-fashion, against his cheek.
"And what—what good will our getting married right away do?"
"Now is that a nice question?" he asked tenderly.
The girl laughed a little guilty laugh, but made no other answer.
"Why, in the first place," he said, holding her firmly, "in the first place, dear, it'll mean that you have some one to look after you. You can't get into this sort of scrape, if I'm running you. And then, your mother, and Mart, if they ever hear the story, will look at it as just—just nonsense. And then—I hope, anyway, you'll be so happy, and so busy, taking care of your boy, that you won't know there's anyone else in the world."
She was suffocating again. She sat quietly, resting against his shoulder, rubbing his hand with the firm little thumb of the hand he held in his, and made no reply.
They were silent for a while, and to Cass at least it was the silence of absolute content. The curtains continued to move fitfully to and fro across the window, and from the street came angles and slits of light, and the occasional sweeping brilliance of a motor-car's lamps, as it turned the corner.
"Want to take a little walk, now?"
"Want to go to bed. I'm dead, Cass. You'll have to go."
They got up, and while Cass emptied the ash-tray into the airtight stove, Mary Kate shoved and dragged at the couch, with knees and hands, and straightened out the bedding that was always straggled in place inside it, for Tom. She plumped a soggy pillow, and left a light burning behind her, when she and Cass went into the kitchen.
The place was deserted now. The children had finished their homework,

and vanished; Mrs. O'Hara was nowhere to be seen. The kitchen windows were open, and a cool draught of air was blowing through the room; into a speckless sink a faucet dripped a few occasional drops that stood like gray pearls against the carefully wiped zinc. From the stove came a wheaten smell; tomorrow's cracked wheat was already steaming in the double boiler.

The linoleum on the floor was worn in circles, down to its ugly brown warp, at stove and sink, but under the table and in the corners its pattern of red and white and egg-yellow discs and squares were still visible. On the sill of the open window was a tumbler with a score of long-stemmed sweet dark violets in it, and a dozen varnished buttercups on jointed stems.
"Kiss me—" Cass said, holding her slender shoulders in one strong arm, as in a vise, tipping back her chin with his free hand. Her tumble of soft hair fell back; she shut her eyes.
"Don't you like me to kiss you, you little darling, you?"
"I don't." She was breathing hard.
"I don't like to have the breath squeezed out of me!"
"Ah, you're such a darling!" His lips were tight and hard against hers again. "Are you a darling?" he asked.
"I don't know."
"Are you a little idiot that can't mind her own business?"
"Maybe I am."
"Baby," he breathed. "Baby, I love you!"

"Mary Kate!" her mother called, from the bedroom that adjoined the kitchen. "Did Cass go?"
"Going, Mothe."
He was gone, and Mrs. O'Hara came to the kitchen door, brushing her thick, curly, black hair, that was silvery at the temples, with a disreputable old wire brush. She wore a worn old gray wrapper; her feet were in black felt slippers.
"He's the salt, that one," she said simply, of Cass.
"I'm awfully glad you like him," Mary Kate said, feeling that she would fly into pieces.
"The girls did the kitchen for me—Tess is worth as much to me as any woman ever would be!" the mother said, regarding the ordered room with pride.
Mary Kate was standing still in the open doorway, her back turned toward the room, but her eyes looking out at the backyard, and the bulk of the great apartment houses, checkered with little rising tiers of gold squares, in the spring night. The light of the cigarette advertisement flashed on her coppery hair, sank, wheeled and flashed again, aureoling her head with gold.

"I simply cannot bear it," she said to herself. "I'll die. I simply cannot bear it!"
There was a frenzy upon her. She wanted to beat her hands together, beat her head against the wall. She wanted to get away from all this familiar setting; get away into silence, and darkness, and strangeness, where she could forget.
"Tom took a bath," her mother said mildly, rubbing some homemade compound of mutton fat and lemon juice upon her hands.
"Mother, would you think I was crazy if I went out for a walk?"
"At fifteen minutes after ten o'clock at night?"
The telephone tingled, and as both women turned fearfully in its direction, Mrs. O'Hara said breathlessly:
"That's Mart! Oh, blessed Queen of the angels!"

Mary Kate was in the passage, had snatched the receiver from the hook.
"Hello!" her mother heard her say. Then her voice changed. "Oh, yes!" she said, in the very essence—the very distillation, of her usual tones. "It isn't Mart, it's business," she said, in a reassuring aside, to her mother. "Yes, Chris," the new voice resumed. "No. It's all right. I was up—my mother and I were talking. Go on—"
After a moment she put the receiver back, and laughed.
"It was some business, Mother," she plained, in a voice that sang. She went to the sink and took a long drink of cold water; filled a second glass full, eyeing her mother innocently over it, as she turned about. "It was a man Mr. Rountree know—" she explained.
"Well, it's a nice hour to get people out of their beds, not knowing but what it's a death message!" Mrs. O'Hara commented, scathingly.
"He said he'd put the call in an hour ago, but they kept telling him it was busy."
"Your Aunt Julia called up. Maybe that was it."
"Maybe. Shall I close up here, Mother?"
"No; you go to bed, dear. I'll do this!"
Oh, life! Wonderful and thrilling and satisfying. Oh, youth and beauty and hope, drawing off silk stockings, hanging up the shabby dress, stepping quietly to and from in the stuffy bedroom, kneeling at last to pray—and unable to find words!

Yet what Chris had said to her would have struck frozen terror and fear to her heart a few short days ago.
"We aren't out of the woods, yet, Mary," he had told her anxiously. "There have been some new developments in this damn thing. Can you lunch with me tomorrow—in fact, you've got to. We're in trouble!"
(To be continued.)

A most desirable plant for the home is the clivia miniata, a pretty lily-like plant of easy culture. It blooms during the spring and summer with orange-red flowers about 2½ inches long.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Finished With Every Pattern



Peplums are tremendously smart vogue and are featured at all the Paris showings particularly for day wear.
Today's little sports type is a crepe patterned woolen with the pleasingly youthful pique collar and cuffs.
The centre-front button trim gives it a lengthened line, which makes it equally appropriate for interesting detail. The sleeves show interesting detail.
To keep the hipline slim, the skirt fits very snugly below the peplum flounce which is circular to match the skirt.
Style No. 2970 may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

It may also be carried out effectively in the thinner woollens in jersey, tweed and crepe textures.
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.

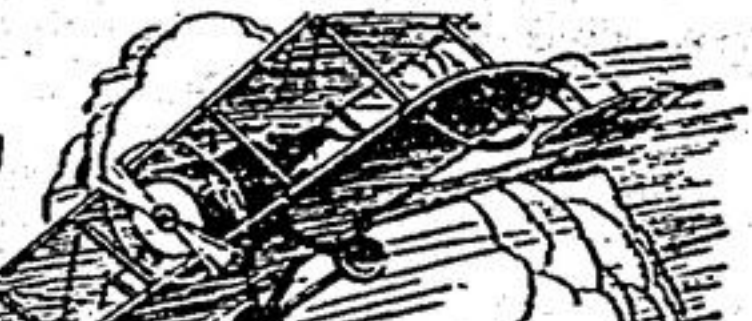
Sheep

By Sophie Tunnell

"What ails your sister, Ben?" the fiddler asked
As they were washing at the pump one night.
"Pa killed her sheep today. Two years ago
Dogs killed a ewe and Lissy took the lamb
And kept it in a box behind the stove
And fed it milk all winter through.
It grewed
Up big; she called it her. Today when Pa
Was makin' fence, it muzzled him, like it
Does Lissy. When he chased it off, it come
Right back. He hit it with a club—
"It's dead."
"I'll get my violin and play tonight,"
Was all the fiddler said. He played gay tunes
And dancing tunes and sprightly lilt-ing songs;
He told of how he rode a circus mule,
How he cut lumber up in Michigan,
And floated down the Mississippi once,
And how he lived with hoboes on the road.
And then he took his violin again
To kind of fool with strains of "Money Musk."
It was a tune to which a lamb could dance,
And Lissy, hearing, wondered if there were
Far-off green meadows where a lamb would dance.
And maybe hills with tender weeds to crop,
Or if there was a leader with a bell
To lead lambs home at dusk to some old barn.
(The sound of sheep bells tinkled through her dreams
That night.) And all the while the fiddler watched
Her dark blur at the window sill above.
"I would not have known you had it in you;
I thought you was a long-faced cuss,"
said Jake.
"Laughter and tears were second cousins once."
The fiddler said and started for the barn.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget that sunrise never failed us yet—
Cella Thaxter.

"Don't you know her? Why, she lives in the same square with you."
"Yes, but she's not in the same circle."

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



Well, boys and girls, so many queer things have happened to us while flying about the world during the last few months, that we just have to tell you the story of our adventures. Some day, perhaps you'll fly over strange countries, too; countries filled with savage tribes and wild animals, and a thousand interesting things one never dreams of while sitting at home.
Perhaps you'll fly above the clouds at times and look down on them billowing and rolling beneath the wings of your plane, just like a big sea of gold and silver in the sunrise; and away down below you'll see great fleets of warships in their harbors, so far down that they look like toy boats floating on the rim of a bathtub.

At other times you'll fly over black tropical forests and follow the white track of unknown rivers under the light of a huge bright moon—wonderful, dangerous forests where crocodiles lurk in the swamps and tigers and bears hunt through the liveling night, while blue faced monkeys swing and jabber in the trees.
You'll see these things, and a thousand more, and of course you'll want to tell the boys and girls you know all about your adventures, just like I am going to tell you mine.

Most of the boys and girls I know call me Captain Jimmy. While my real name is Captain James Harworth Newberry, only the grown-ups call me that. We fly a Vickers plane. By we, I mean Scottie and myself. Scottie is one of those plain whiskery dogs known as Scotch Terriers. He looks like an animated blue brush, and he has never won a blue ribbon or a prize, yet, for sheer personality, he's a dog show all by himself.
Scottie is the first mate and the crew—and what a crew he makes. Anyway, I found Scottie when he was only just about six weeks old, and he and I just took to each other. You know how it is. Sometimes a dog just adopts you. You don't buy him; he picks you. Scottie just got used to riding around with me so I couldn't keep him out of the plane. From the day of my first ride he has gone everywhere with me—all over Canada, Europe and even Africa.

It was a fine bright morning when we pulled the old Vickers out of her hangar, at the Calgary flying field, and

headed her out into the wind. Perhaps if we had known all the adventures we were going to meet we would never have made the trip at all. For you know, while it's lots of fun to read of adventures, actually having them sometimes is not all it's cracked up to be—and you often—yes, very often—wish that you were in some nice safe place instead.

Once in the air, a plane is not hard to drive. In front of the pilot's seat is the chief control lever known as the "stick." It is not a very hard name to remember, but it is a sure enough important piece of the plane. When I pull the stick toward me, it lifts the horizontal fins on the tail of the plane, and causes the nose to push up into the air. When I push the stick from me, it pulls the fins down, and of course pulls the plane down, too. The foot levers work the rudders, at the extreme tail of the plane. When I turn the one to the right, the plane turns to the right—when I push to the left, the plane goes to the left. It's exactly like steering a car, only you do it with your feet instead. A round clock on the instrument board tells me how fast I am going—another tells me how high up I am in the air. So you see it's all easy enough when you get used to it—like lots of things that look hard at first.

As we flew over the foothills, the scenery became more beautiful. Wooded slopes, cool ravines, and here and there an open valley where the lone cabin of some homesteader or prospector showed half in the cover of the woods. Then shadows began to make patches on the sunlit country below—the shadows of gathering clouds. Scottie seemed to sense something wrong and pawed at my flying suit—as dogs do when trying to draw your attention. Then suddenly "puff" a gust of wind struck us—then another and another. Then a rain squall hit us—and in a moment we were in the center of the meanest storm you ever saw, the old ship rocking and tossing like a boat in an angry sea—the sky growing darker every minute—and the rain coming down in sheets amid the blinding stab of blue lightning. Then the right wing dipped crazily and the plane began to slip sideways.

(To be continued next Thursday)

Canada's Part in Geodetic Union World Congress

Important Gathering at Stockholm, Sweden

Canada took a prominent part in the deliberations at the Fourth General Congress of the International Geodetic and Geophysical Union held at Stockholm, Sweden, last autumn. Mr. Noel J. Ogilvie, D.L.S., M.E.I.C., Director of the Geodetic Survey of Canada, Department of the Interior, and Chairman of the National Committee of Canada of the International Geodetic and Geophysical Union, was the official representative. Other delegates were Mr. W. E. W. Jackson, Assistant Director, Meteorological Service, Department of Marine and Fisheries, Toronto, and Professor E. L. Bruce, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

The International Geodetic and Geophysical Union is divided into the following sections:—Geodesy, Oceanography, Seismology, Meteorology, Volcanology, Terrestrial Magnetism and Electricity, and Scientific Hydrology. The object or purpose of the Union is to promote the study of problems relating to the shape and physics of the earth; to initiate and organize the conduct of researches which depend on co-operation between different countries and provide for their scientific discussion and publication; to facilitate particular researches, such as the comparison of instruments and methods used in different countries. The National Committee of Canada of the Union was formed in 1920.

The initial meeting of the General Assembly was opened by the President of the National Committee of Sweden in the Concert House at Stockholm, and the remaining meetings were held in the Parliament House adjoining the Royal Palace. The Section of Geodesy, being the largest of the several sections belonging to the Union, occupied one of the two principal chambers.

The delegates numbered 250, representing forty-two countries. Seven countries were reported as recently adhering to the Union while German representatives were present for the first time since the World War. An outstanding feature of the Congress was the presentation of national reports. Canada submitted a statement of the progress of geodetic operations in the Dominion since the previous meeting of the Union. In this report for the period from January 1, 1927, to December 31, 1929, it was shown that important progress in first-order triangulation with its allied operations—the measurement of first-order base lines and the determination of Laplace stations—and in first-order levelling, first-order traverse, geodetic astronomy, and isostasy had been made. Special activity was noted in mathematical research, and in the publication of geodetic results.

It was reported that during the year 1929 very successful use was made of aeroplanes in triangulation operations, including the selection of routes for triangulation stations, the actual selection of triangulation stations, and the transportation of observing and other parties from point to point. In all more than 300 hours were flown for the Geodetic Survey of Canada during the year 1929. So far as is known the first application of aerial methods to geodetic operations in any country was carried out in Canada by an officer of the Geodetic Survey in 1921.

During the period 1927-29 inclusive, steady progress was recorded on the various parts of the control net of Canada. At the end of 1929 the area of completed first-order triangulation was about 337,000 square miles, of which some 33,000 square miles was completed in the three years 1927-1929 inclusive. On an additional 42,000 square miles the reconnaissance, or selection of stations has been finished. The first-order triangulation nets have had 1,767 miles added to their length, as against 1,441 miles in the previous three-year period, making a total length to date of about 6,800 miles of primary control.

A total of 2,564 miles of levelling was added to the Canadian level net, 1,614 miles of this being designated as precise levelling and 950 miles as secondary. The precise levelling has been carried almost exclusively along railway tracks and other land, have in general been carried along highways.

Other work included the following:—Seven first-order base lines were measured for control of lengths of triangulation. Fifteen triangulation stations have been occupied as Laplace stations (azimuth and azimuth), thirty-five triangulation stations were observed for longitude and latitude for deflection of the vertical and isostasy investigations, and the longitude and latitude were determined at five stations on the Manitoba-Ontario boundary line and on Hudson bay in the vicinity of Churchill. The adjustment of precise level lines in Canada was continued, until, at the end of the period, what is called the 1928 Adjustment was completed. This is the ninth in the series of adjustments carried out and embraces all precise levelling done in Canada up to the end of the season 1928.

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None thrives for long upon the happiest dream.—Coventry Patmore.
ISSUE No. 9—31

HEAD HURT?



WORK won't wait for a headache to wear off. Don't look for sympathy at such times, but get some Aspirin. It never fails.
Don't be a chronic sufferer from headaches, or any other pain. See a doctor and get at the cause. Meantime, don't play martyr. There's always quick comfort in Aspirin. It never does any harm. Isn't it foolish to suffer any needless pain? It may be only a simple headache, or it may be neuralgia or neuritis. Rheumatism. Lumbago. Aspirin is still the sensible thing to take. There's hardly any ache or pain these tablets can't relieve; they are a great comfort to women who suffer periodically; they are

always to be relied on for breaking up colds.
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