

Salada tea is gathered from the world's finest gardens

# "SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

## APRIL ESCAPEE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

### SYNOPSIS.

Christopher Steynes is being bothered by a Russian countess and her daughter. He proposes to Mary Kate O'Hara that she play the part of his wife for a day and a half in order to discourage the countess. It means enough money to Mary to give her brother Martin his opportunity of going to Germany to study medicine. Mary accepts. She tells her mother she is going on a business trip. Christopher meets her at the station at Burlingame. She meets the countess at a dinner party given by her boss, Gordon Rountree, and the countess is disgusted. That night she returns to Christopher Steynes' house. After she has retired a burglar breaks in; Chris shoots the burglar; police take her name and address. She is terrified for fear her mother will find out. She returns home. In the week following her escapade she learns that she has fallen in love with Christopher Steynes. Mary Kate then tells Cass Keating, to whom she is engaged, of this love, but he just laughs and calls it a passing fancy. Then Christopher calls up and says he must see her the next day. She meets him and they go to lunch together. Chris tells her that he had decided not to press the charge against the burglar but that

the burglar refuses to let it be dropped.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

"What!" She was once more alert and attentive.

"That's what he says. He says that he wants the whole thing to be dragged out into the open."

Mary Kate's color faded, her eyes were round.

"What for?"

"Revenge, I suppose."

"Revenge! But revenge for what?"

"Being shot, maybe."

The absurdity of her question and his answer struck the girl suddenly and she laughed. But it was a mirthless and anxious laugh, and died immediately into gravity again.

"You mean he wants money?"

"Gordy—I didn't see him. But Gordy hinted at money. He wouldn't hear of it!"

"But Chris—" She leaned forward on the table, her eyes puzzled.

"My gracious, if a man breaks into your house, and is armed, and terrifies the whole household almost to death, at night, how dares he then—how dares he then to try to—make terms?"

He's the offender, he's the one to be punished, if anyone is—"Exactly! And you're expressing that like a professional lecturer." Chris said when she paused. His praise brought the happy color to her face. "But that's just where he's afraid, this feiler," he went on. "He rather has us over a barrel, and he knows it."

"Is he a Socialist?"

"He must be. Gordy says he's a well educated man, and appears to have a grievance against everyone who's got a little money. He says he wants to have a perfect right to punish him, for housebreaking, but that he has his rights, too, and if he wants to give the whole thing publicity, and show us up, that's his privilege."

"The scut!" Mary Kate commented simply.

"Gordy say him in the hospital, Sunday, and sort of tried to reason with him—said there's no trouble about clearing him, and so on, but he said he didn't propose to be let off his sentence because of the privileged rich."

"But all he shows up—the only person he hurts—is me!" Mary Kate, who had been thinking fast, said bewilderedly.

"Well, exactly!"

"But—good heavens—" she whispered, turning white.

"Now, don't worry," said Chris quickly. "We're not going to let you get in for that, no matter what we do. But this poor sap has an hallucination—you're not having potatoes?"

"Nothing." Her appetite was dead. Her eyes were bright with fright.

"He has an hallucination," Chris resumed; "that some stupid intrigue was going on there that night—he kept hinting, Gordon says, that it was a married woman of the upper circle who was there."

A sharp exclamation of indignation and disgust escaped the girl. She put up her head, her chin high.

"Well, exactly, that's what I thought," the man commented on her unspoken protest. "But he probably gets his ideas from Bolshevik journals or from the movies."

"But why didn't someone tell him the truth? Tell him I am just an office employee of Mr. Rountree's."

"Gordy did. But he didn't believe it. He kept saying that he would find out who the woman was, because he could identify her, and that when he found out who it was, he would expose that just as prominently in the papers as his case was exposed."

"Well, the papers wouldn't run a lot of nonsense on his say-so!" Mary Kate protested, uncomfortably, proudly.

"No, not exactly. But you know how they play up society stuff, and mystery stuff."

"But how could he say that he could identify me—he never saw me—he never saw me!"

"He says he did."

"Well, but you know he didn't! The room was pitch black, and he was just at the window—opening the shutters."

"But he might have seen you before, Mary. Mightn't he have seen you at Gordy's perhaps—followed us home?"

"Of course he might," she whispered.

"He says that whoever you are he can find you."

"To murder!" she ejaculated, incredulously.

"No. To blackmail," Chris could almost laugh at her consternation. "He must be a scoundrel," he repeated.

"But then—" she argued, thinging aloud. "But then, if he knew that I was only a working girl—"

Chris was watching her interestedly, as she formulated her ideas. Now he said:

"That brings us to exactly the point that I gather he reached with Gordon. He said—and this is the whole point; he says he wants five minutes' talk with you, and that after that he'll give the whole thing up. Gordon will get him off, with the police, I'll pay his hospital charges, everything will be dropped."

"He only wants my name and address!" she exclaimed suspiciously.

"The police have those, anyway."

"Yes, that's true."

A silence, while she looked into his face, expectantly, confidently.

"What do you think I ought to do, Chris?"

"Well, dear—" The word slipped out, but he caught himself. "Well," he amended it, "the situation is queer. Gordon says he seems a nice, quiet fellow, with a little mental twist on the subject of rich persons. We don't know, of course, that he didn't see you that night, at Gordy's and follow you with some crazy idea that you were being—well, abducted—that you needed—well, protection."

Getting into rather deep water, Chris smiled cheerfully.

"And what not!" he ended, with an eloquent gesture of the hands.

"So that perhaps if I went and talked to him?"

"The point would be, if you could?"

She reflected frowningly; raised her head proudly.

"But of course I could."

"You mean you would do it?"

"If you thought it would make any difference." Mary Kate fumbled with her salad mechanically, laid aside her fork.

"I've done so much—" she reminded him, simply, forlornly.

"Just what twist he's got in his mind, I don't know," Chris resumed presently. "But Gordon distinctly said that he was convinced from the way the man acted that he really

would be reasonable with you. He treats rich persons as if they were reptiles."

"I could just say to him that I am a working woman from a poor family," Mary Kate mused aloud, "and ask him not to bring this terrible trouble down on my mother and the children."

Tears filled her eyes; she lowered them, and bit her trembling lower lip. "Honestly, I don't see what harm it could do," Chris reassured her, sympathy barely veiling his satisfaction.

"I know Socialists," she said thoughtfully. "One of the girls here in the office goes to meetings."

"Well, then, if he is a Socialist, and you say that you have some interest in Socialists, isn't there a reasonable hope that he would agree to forget the whole thing?"

"I suppose so," she agreed doubtfully.

"Would you go up there, right after luncheon, and just walk in on him?" Chris urged, in a quick, confidential fashion. "I'll jump you into a taxi, and we'll be up there in ten minutes, and fifteen minutes later the whole thing will be over! Will you? What harm can it do?"

Her unquenchable sense of adventure rose strong within her. The orchestra was playing a stirring march now, and the rain had all but stopped; a wet sun was flashing over the world, and the bay was arched by a tremulous rainbow. Gulls flew white past the hotel window; the bay and sky had turned from gray to blue, and over the former masses of whipped-cream cloud were moving rapidly.

If she went to the hospital, she would be that much longer with Chris, and she would please him.

"All right!" she said.

"Good!" Chris approved.

Both began to do justice to the salad, and in two minutes both were talking animatedly again.

"What a day!"

"Look at it. It looks too brilliant to be true. And Mother made me wear all my rain outfit this morning."

"Ah, well, so did everyone else. Let's hope it's an omen. Mary. Let's hope it means our little unpleasantness is all going to be beautifully settled."

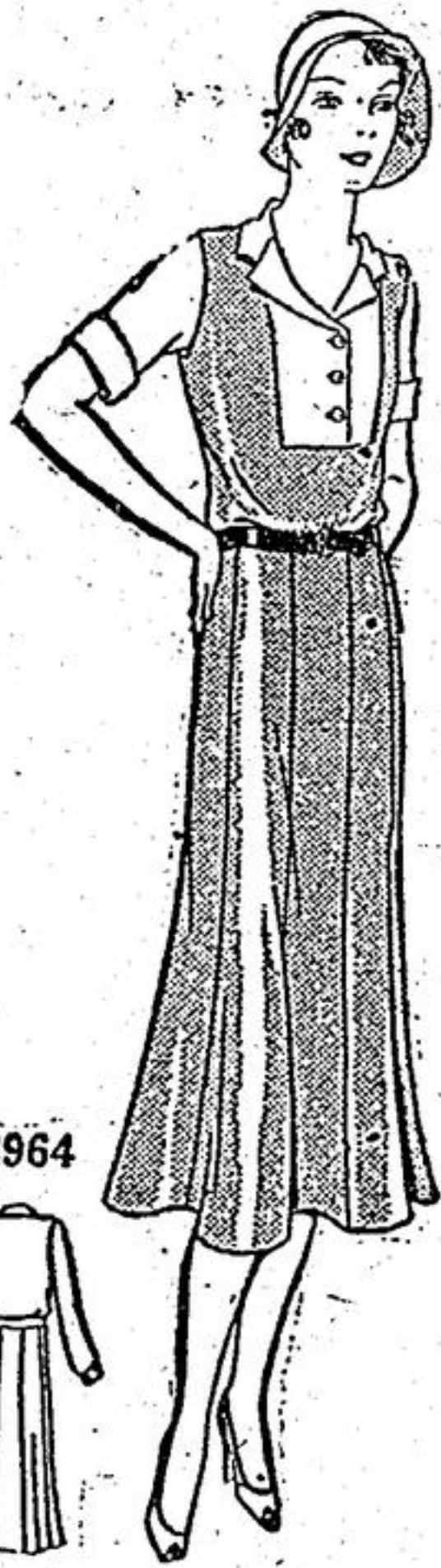
"Oh, let's hope!"

(To be continued.)

## What New York Is Wearing

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A chic little tailored model with the French guimpe effect that youth adores.

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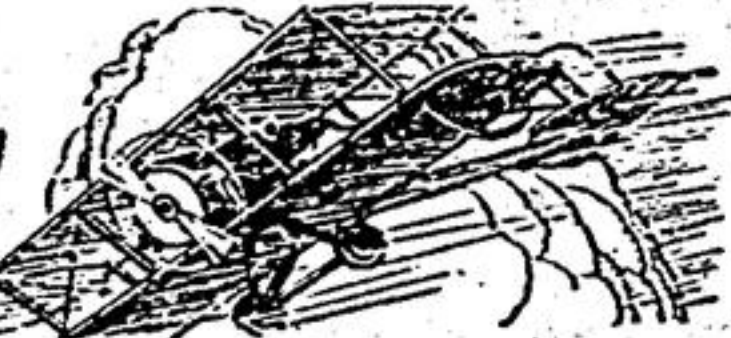
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Among the other old-fashioned things that need a new definition to bring them into harmony with the times, is the term "securities."

## The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



Yes Sir, that bear just poked his face out from among the bushes and looked at us. We had no gun—not even a knife. It was a great brute of a grizzly, and with her came a half-grown cub. Probably you have never seen a grizzly loose in the mountains. If you haven't, you have no idea how big one looks. This one seemed to be as big as an elephant, and she looked as mean as a possum. It was growing darker every moment and in that narrow valley, shut in by the mountains, almost anything might have happened. Mrs. Grizzly is a bad one to meet at any time, but when she has a cub with her, she is not the company one would choose to meet in a lonely spot.

Meanwhile the old bear was getting nervous—sort of sniffed around a bit—and then—well, she and her cub started down to look us over.

Very likely we should have shouted and waved our arms and yelled "Shoot! Shoot!" but I never saw a grizzly that one could talk out of an idea. No siree! We did no such thing—we cut and ran pell mell for the plane. It was less than a hundred feet away but it seemed as if we would never make it. And all the time the bear and her cub were ambling briskly toward us. I reached for the pot-cock of the gas tank, turned it on and held my helmet under it until it was full and soused it over the wings and body of the plane. Time and time I emptied the helmet of gasoline on the plane—and every time I looked up, there were those bears coming closer and closer.

As I threw the last helmet of gasoline over the plane, I looked up, and there—just across the plane—were the bears. Believe me, girls and boys, those bears weren't sight-seeing—they were out hunting trouble—and that particular trouble was us. I tried to light a match, and did you ever try to strike a match in a hurry? The first one didn't light at all—the second broke—but the third one lit.

I held it to the edge of the wing—and it seemed as if it would never catch fire. As it caught, the old bear was scarcely a couple of jumps back of me. Suddenly the flame flared up.

Scottie and I started to run—to get away from those bears and the plane, which I knew would shortly explode. We had hardly gone a hundred feet, when Scottie got between my feet, and down we went in a heap. Scarcely had we struck the ground when the flames reached the gas tank, and WHAM!—it blew up. For a minute the air was full of burning debris. What a sight!

It seemed like as if those bears hadn't started to run until they heard all that noise. Then it was a case of every bear for himself and never mind your neighbor. They fairly flew. The cub's legs were short and stubby, and he had to take two jumps for his Ma's one—but as they went out of sight, they were so close together that they looked like one big bear.

Meanwhile the wreck of the old plane was burning brightly. Scottie and I hustled over to the edge of the wood and gathered up the driest wood we could find.

All night long we kept the fire blazing brightly, for a good camp fire is mighty friendly when you are out in the open, but we didn't hear of those bears from the time the gas tank began to die down. Scottie would whimper and pull my coat until I awakened and put on some more wood. Probably Scottie's thought he saw more bears in the black shadows. Certainly he kept watch during the first part of the night. Later on he must have fallen into a deep sleep, for something began to take place which might easily have ended all our adventures there, and there.

Over at the edge of the clearing a little crimson tongue of flame gradually curled up and grew larger—crept forward and spread more little curling flames like an advancing army of red-coats. But we were sound asleep and saw nothing of it. Meanwhile the dangerous little flames grew larger and spread back of us through the woods, threatening to ring us around with a wall of fire.

(To be continued.)

## Britain's Radio System Lauded

Sir Harry Brittain Says British Broadcasting Almost Ideal

London — Unprecedented support from British listeners, full business efficiency, remote parliamentary control and the entire absence of commercial motives have produced in the British Broadcasting Corporation a system as nearly ideal as human forethought can make it. Sir Harry Brittain recently declared in a recent interview. Sir Harry Brittain has been a frequent visitor to Canada and is well known as one of the organizers of the Imperial Press Conferences. He is an honorary graduate of McGill University.

According to official figures of the B.B.C., the number of licenses in Great Britain today is in excess of 3,500,000, representing at least 12 million listeners. Licenses increased at the date of 19,000 a month in 1928, 27,000 in 1929. In the last two months the net increases were: December \$5,912, and January 102,103, constituting records for the past five years. Circulation of the listener's paper, the Radio Times, was one and a half millions a week, and produced a profit of \$150,000 which the B.B.C. used for new equipment. The total expenditure of the B.B.C. in 1929, with 20 stations broadcasting some 70,000 hours was under \$5,000,000.

Varied dual programs of the highest class are entirely satisfactory to the vast majority of listeners, and that the number of listeners has increased and is increasing today at an unprecedented rate goes to prove this," Sir Harry said. "The B.B.C. has led the way right along the line and more and more of our neighbors in other countries turn to the British national and regional programs for their enjoyment. As time goes on, a decreasing proportion of our people tune in to continental stations. The B.B.C. has never played down, there is an entire absence of commercial motives. It has given its best and that best is intensely appreciated today," he said.

"The debt which is owed to broadcasting by British music and British musicians is immeasurable, and the national mind is being ever broadened by the excellence of the addresses regularly given by leading men, each an authority in his own particular sphere," he said. "Ten years ago, one of my many visits to Canada, travelling on the old Victorian, I took a little part as a passenger in what proved to be a successful attempt at inter-oceanic telephony." It was at that time we can date the genesis of broadcasting as we know it today. In the ensuing 10 years, the development of this great public utility service has been indeed amazing."

Canada's Opportunity

"With world examples before her, Canada has a unique opportunity to establish a national broadcasting system on the most successful lines, taking the best from well-tried experience of other lands. As an old world traveller, I am always ready to investigate foreign practice and methods to see where we can benefit by adopting from abroad more effective treatment of any subject. In many cases, this can be done to our great advantage. Canada, I know well, from coast to coast, and realize, of course, that conditions differ in such a large country, when compared with those in a thickly populated little island such as our own, but I also know that in the development of broadcasting, Canada is seeking for the best and I am convinced that she will get it.

The system as it exists here will doubtless have to be modified, and perhaps certain suitable methods of American and German practice added to quality such a system for the great areas in some of the more thinly populated provinces. Such a modification should not be difficult to evolve. I have crossed the Atlantic so many times that I feel as much at home in North America as in England. Knowing both sides, I firmly believe that as far as broadcasting is concerned this little island receives of the best, and only the very best is good enough for Canada," Sir Harry said.

Spring

The crisp coolness of the Spring night, Winds whispering of more tropical climes, Earth odours assailing the nostrils, Tantalizing and vague.

Steps lighten—bent shoulders straighten— Eyes rove and mouths soften— Some wistful, some sad; Voices deepen with subtle meanings.

Nature—smiling and cynical Slowly arouses herself From her deep sleep And inevitably leads the Orchestra of human emotions.

—By Patricia Morgan.

Hullfax, Nova Scotia.—Nova Scotia fishermen landed during the season over 530,000 pounds of lobster, which represents a record catch. Of the total 126,800 pounds were shipped in the shell, while 2,024 cases of canned lobster were packed.

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