

This finest Orange Pekoe tea costs less than others

"SARADA"
ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS

Mary Kate O'Hara accepts a proposition made by Christopher Steynes, that she act as his wife at a dinner given by her boss, Gordon Hountray. In order that the Russian countess and her daughter may be discouraged and discontinued their attentions to Steynes, Mary tells her mother she is going on a business trip and meets Steynes at the station at Burlington. The countess is discouraged and Mary stays overnight at Steynes' house. During the night a burglar enters and Steynes shoots him. Police take Mary's name and address and she is terrified for fear her mother will find out about it. After returning home Mary discovers she has fallen in love with Steynes and tells this to Cass Keating, to whom she is engaged. Cass just laughs at it. A week later Chris phones Mary and she meets and goes to lunch with him. He asks her to visit the robber in the hospital, who will not let the case against him be dropped. Mary agrees to go.

CHAPTER XXXIV

It was after two o'clock now; the music had ceased. The dining room was almost deserted; only a few waiters hovered near the door, only a few late lunchers were murmuring, as these two were, at scattered tables. Outside, the blue sky was clouded again, and the light, irresolute rain was again falling.

Chris leaned across the table, and for a quick second put a warm brown hand over her own. His eyes were smiling, but his tone was all kind.

"It's not going to take you very long to get over it, Mary?"

"All my life!" she answered quickly.

"Ah, no, my dear!"

"Not that it matters," she said dully. "I don't know," she began again with a desperate little laugh. "I don't know who told you. I would have died rather than let you know!"

"You've been telling me, all day," Chris answered. "You told me last night, over the telephone."

She accepted this squarely, meeting his eyes. But her color rose steadily. "I suppose so," she admitted simply, shrugging.

"A feeling like that," he said, "doesn't last—do you see what I mean? I mean—why, we all do that. We all get involved! But the real thing—the things that are tied up with your family, and your friends, and your home town, and—oh, well, a man's success and future, and children, everything—" He stopped.

"I'm trying to say something," he recommenced, with a laugh, as he gravely watching eyes gave him no encouragement, "and I don't believe I'm getting away with it."

"Oh, yes, you're getting away with it," Mary Kate assured him, simply.

"No, but suppose—suppose," he argued eagerly, "that the shoe was on the other foot—that the situation was what-do-you-call-it—reversed. Suppose the situation was reversed. Suppose I was begging you to—well,

marry me. Can't you see that we wouldn't have a dog's chance for happiness? Can't you imagine yourself saying something like this to me? I don't know your friends, I don't understand the way they talk about things, they fuss me when they pull German and French on me—"

"German and French!" Mary Kate echoed, in a pause, looking away, slightly biting her full lower lip.

"Oh, I don't mean German and French! I mean everything. I mean—well, everything!"

"The beggar on horseback!" Mary Kate said lightly.

"You know better," Chris reproached her, warmly. "You know what I mean, better than that," he went on, as she did not speak. "You know that all I mean is, that the things the women I know do, would not hold you for one second. They are not real, I know that. I hate the whole crowd of them, dressing and eating and gambling. I don't see you playing bridge every day, jabbering their jabber. I mean—"

"I know what you mean!" she said impatiently, resentfully, in the pause.

"That—well, that in a way you're the real girl I've ever met—" Chris explained. "Your mother—your family—the man you're engaged to marry—all that is real. If I wanted that sort of thing—little sisters and brothers, all reading me, all wanting things that money can buy, I couldn't get it. You've got a marvelous time ahead. You've got everything—"

"Am I making sense?" he broke off to ask with a little self-conscious laugh.

"Of course you're making sense," the girl said, in the most natural tone she had yet used. But her cheeks were aflame.

"Mary, I want to say something to you," Chris said suddenly, with a quickened manner of tone. "This thing has gone very deep with me. I've done darn-fool things in my life, and I thought this was going to be just one more of them. But it's not. I don't mean what happened Friday night. We're going to get out of this Moody business all right; I'm not afraid of that. I'll square him if I have to join the Socialists, and throw a few bombs myself here and there."

"But it's this other thing that gets me. If you're going to feel badly about it—if you're going to think—How'll I put this? I mean, if any unhappiness for you—"

His incoherent sentences dwindled into silence. He made a fresh start.

"Here's what I'm trying to say: You're young and you're very beautiful—you really are. It sounds like a flat thing to say, but really you are—and you're going to be married, and

you've got your mother and home here, and your brothers and sisters and friends. I've come along, to upset all that—"

Another halt. Mary Kate ended the silence by saying:

"You have."

"Damn!" Chris ejaculated simply. "That's the hospital now," the girl said, beginning to gather her things, "and after that, I'll not see you again. I ask you—I beg you," she went on, "not to try to see me again, after today. But something happened to me, last week," she continued very simply, looking down, speaking in a low voice. "I didn't know what it was at first. I just knew that I was—sort of—trembling all the time, and that I couldn't eat, or sleep—and yet I didn't feel sick, exactly—"

"Everything looked so bright, and so—well, I don't know, thrilling to me," she went on, in a dead silence. "Even I—myself, was thrilling, to myself."

"And then, thinking one night, I suddenly knew what it was. I was remembering Burlington, and all that time last week, and when I came to thinking about you—"

A little shrug, an upward glance from her troubled blue eyes, completed the sentence. She got to her feet.

"So that's that!" she finished. They did not speak again as they left the dining room.

But in the yellow taxi, lumbering through the light, sun-penetrated rain that was still falling—falling to his surprise, and to his rather touched relief, she was suddenly her usual self again, a tall red-headed girl eager for experience and filled with interest in everything. She told him the history of the old mansion on Nob Hill, pointed out the college town, and the prison island, the quarantine and naval base islands in the bay, and the old Fair site, lying level along the edge of the sullen gray, rain-flattened waters. From personal, emotional matters she kept resolutely away, and he saw it.

"Do you dread this interview, Mary?"

"Not much. I have a feeling that it will come out all right."

She turned to him, with that animated, wide-eyed look he so especially liked in her. "I'm absolutely crazy—I'm what my brother Mart would call completely off the reservation! I'm doing things, and taking chances, that would absolutely have floored me—that would have scared me to death a few months ago. I don't know what's come over me! I was in a place where burglary and murder were attempted, a few nights ago, I'm lying to my mother, I'm lying to Cass, I'm on my way to see a criminal—"

The summary ended in her gay, irresponsible laugh. It was as if he saw, her confession had relieved her soul, washed away all fear and resentment for the moment, at least.

"Did you tell your brother?"

"No; he's in Oregon. And a blessing, too! But I did tell Mr. Keating."

"What! The whole thing?"

"Almost."

"And what did he say?"

"Oh, he was wonderful. He really understood."

Chris had a moment of mortification.

"I suppose he thinks I'm a skunk," he said, uncomfortably.

"I suppose he does!" she conceded, indifferently.

"It's all sort of a mess," Chris mused, after a moment. Mary Kate made no answer.

"Is this man in a jail hospital?" she asked.

"No. Gordy managed that. He asked them that no charge be made against him until we got it all straight. He intends—at least he hopes, that he can claim that it was all a sort of joke—a man he knew, who'd gotten boiled at the club, and so on."

"Could he do that?"

"Oh, it's being done all the time!" Chris assured her.

They were at the hospital, mounting the formidable flight of steps that rose at its imposing base. Inside, there were certain formalities, and then a middle-aged nurse, with a bunch of keys at her girdle, led them through various clean, antiseptic-scented hallways to one of the immense wings of the enormous building. An elevator boy then took charge of them, and eventually they found themselves alone, outside of a white-painted steel door, one of a hundred similar doors that closely dotted a long upper corridor. Number seven-six-seven.

Chris and Mary Kate pushed open the door, and were in a small, clean, white room, filled with a narrow white high bed, a white chair and a great white-curtained window flooded with afternoon light.

Chris saw these things, after one quick glance at the man who lay bandaged on the bed, his swollen suspicious look turned toward the door. But Mary Kate's look got no further than the invalid's face.

Her breath rose on a quick gasp. For a second she wavered as if she were going to faint. Then with a sob she took the little space between door and bed with a few flying steps, she was on her knees beside the injured man, her face against the hand that clasped in both of hers.

"Oh, Mart, Mart, Mart!" she cried. (To be continued.)

When tempted to go out and speculate, investigate and then shut the gate!—The Christian Science Monitor.

What New York Is Wearing

By ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



3019

Youth and jauntness expresses this accommodating little bolero dress for all occasions.

It's neither fussy nor too sportive to span over the needs of an entire day.

The softly falling bolero in a subtle way diminishes the width through the waist, and gives prominence to the flatness of the hipline. The gores of the slightly circular skirt are engaging and slenderizing.

A printed crepe silk in Algerian blue tones made the original of today's frock.

And this fascinating Style No. 3019 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 year, 36 and 38 inches bust.

Other schemes equally wearable are navy blue flat crepe silk, a roman stripe wool crepe and grey canton crepe.

For resort, linen prints, pastel tub silks, men's striped silk shirting, and cotton mesh with angora finish are ideally suited to this model.

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.

Moon on the Thorn

I hear the grey geese winging Between the stars and me, And little people singing Along the misty lea.

A valley fox is crying, A mountain cat replying, A far off river sighing Upon her way to sea.

The fairies flock and mingle, Till blows an elfin horn, And gallop from their dingle Two ring-straked unicorn.

I hear the creatures neighing, "Come, monkeys, cease your playing; Be off! Be off! Be off! The moon is on the thorn!"

Then hobold, deev and pixie, Red troll and sprite and fay, Piddweegee, brownie, nixie, Make haste to seek the may; And where they took their pleasure, At midnight hour of leisure, A white hare danced a measure Before he hopped away.

—Eden Phillpotts, in Country Life, London.

Keeps Fruits Fresh

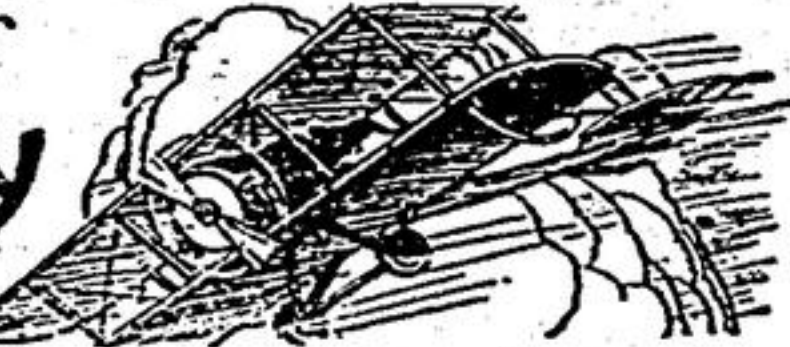
Some interesting observation with respect to the application of "quick freezing processes" to perishable fresh fruits and vegetables is contained in the current newsletter of the Dominion Cold Storage Branch. Tests recently made with peaches show that the process preserves all the original nutritive values and mineral salts with no evidence of loss of valuable chemical constituents of flavor. The process seems to keep the fruit absolutely fresh, in fact, 49 out of 42 "tasting tests" reported the "frozen" peaches more juicy, sweeter and of better flavor than that of "fresh" peaches.

In British Columbia experiments are being made in the "rapid freezing" of green peas in small cartons. These peas will be held in storage at a temperature of 35 deg. F. below zero until marketed next winter.

Marriage to most girls is like a telephone—they get a ring and then wake up.

ISSUE No. 13—31

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



We had slipped down the burning slope, expectantly every minute to be our last, then found ourselves falling into space. We shut our eyes, rather than see the fiercely burning furnace that we believed lay below—the suddenly I found myself choking for breath, deep down in the cool swirling depths of a mountain pool.

I fought my way to the top, and found Scottie swimming in circles up there on the surface, looking for me, with a most doleful expression on his whiskered face.

Above us the woods burned brightly, and down stream the river disappeared in a smoke-filled tunnel of flaming trees. It was through that tunnel we must go if we were ever to get out. The air was alive with hot cinders—and the light was so uncertain that we had no idea whether the sun was shining or not.

When the water grew shallow I waded around slippery boulders, and crawled over ledges where the swift, white current pulled and tugged at my clothes and often swept me off my feet. It was painfully slow work for both of us. Scottie was clutched under my coat and I staggered along as fast as I could.

The stream narrowed, and the rock ledges on either side rose to a height of twenty feet or more. It was a regular gorge. Up over us the woods were burning fiercely, but above the crackle and roar of the flames rose another sound—a sort of deep bass rumble like thunder that broke through a long drawn out note. Falling water, and not very far ahead!

The current grew deeper and swifter, and the gorge continued to grow steeper and narrower. I clung to a ledge for support while I rested.

Sure enough. Not a hundred feet along, the stream dropped over a ledge. I crept as closely as I dared. Apparently the water fell twenty-five or thirty feet into a round basin and the gorge was considerably wider at that point. It looked for all the world as if some giant with an auger had bored this big hole in the rock, into which the water tumbled and hissed.

Slowly, step by step, we retraced our way back through the gorge. On a flat rock in the stream we sat down to think—the bank was too cool for comfort and the rock was none too cool. Taking off my leather jacket, I carefully cut the heavy leather into strips, using the sleeves and all. When fastened together these strips made a strong rope about ten or twelve yards long.

Now for a place to tie it at the head of the falls. I needed a log that could be wedged securely between the walls of the gorge—that would do it. Finally I found one the right size. Half floating it, I made my way towards the edge of the falls. One false move—and over I'd have gone! Carefully I worked one end into a crevice in the ledge. With one end anchored I pushed the other into place against the opposite wall of the gorge. Then I went back for Scottie.

From my shirt I made a sling. With one end of the rope anchored around my waist, I braced myself against the tree and lowered Scottie down.

The rope just reached, and he climbed out on the side of the basin. My turn came now. I straddled the log, took a tight hold of the leather rope, and slipped over. The force of the falls was tremendous. The rope slipped through my fingers, and I spun dizzily around, and with a thump I landed in the shallow water at the edge of the basin. I climbed wearily out and there was Scottie watching me on the bank.

The woods seemed to be getting lighter ahead. I pushed on faster—and soon we were on the edge of the nearest little mountain lake you ever saw. Far up to the right the fire was rapidly working down to the lake. To our left, the woods were burning almost to the water's edge. We were hemmed in again.

Suddenly there was a scrambling in the underbrush—some heavy animal scratching through. Scottie remembered the bears and stood still with every hair standing straight out like a porcupine. The crashing grew nearer.

(To be continued)

Famous "Pickwick" Hotel in Wreckers Hands

News that the Golden Cross Hotel in the Strand, London—opposite Charing Cross Station—is to be demolished, recalls the fact that it was at the Golden Cross (although it has been rebuilt since those days) that Mr. Pickwick had his famous encounter with the cabman—one of the most amusing scenes in Pickwick Papers. It was there, too, that Mr. Pickwick left by coach (the "Commodore") for Rochester. And David Copperfield, you will remember, went to the Golden Cross on his arrival from Canterbury.

Speaking of Pickwick calls to mind a story about Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, only surviving son of the great novelist and one of the judges at the celebrated Old Bailey, in the City of London. It fell to him one day to examine a witness named Pickwick, and Sir Henry caused a chuckle in court by remarking that he did not know whether "Mr. Pickwick" would appear in his famous garters. Imagine the outburst of laughter when up bobbed a little undersized man of mournful appearance and legs like clothes-trunks!

Then Augustus Birrell tells of an occasion on which Charles Dickens distributed the prizes at a Liverpool prize-giving. A little girl came up for her prize, and suddenly Dickens stopped as if he had come across a name that gave him pause.

We all waited breathlessly," relates Mr. Birrell, who was present, "devising him with our eyes and then it, the name, came. It was Weller. Without a moment's pause everyone of us was convulsed in merriment. Dickens himself remained imperturbably grave, as if amazed, and poor Miss Weller was too taken aback to laugh and far more disposed to cry."

In his early days at the Bar, Augustus Birrell accepted a brief at a fee below the registered minimum charge. The same evening he was arraigned before an impropriety court at the Bar mess and accused of unprofessional conduct for taking so low a fee. His defense, which was deemed satisfactory, was that his conduct could not be called unprofessional inasmuch as he had taken all that his client had.

To go back to Judge Dickens: He was 21 years old when his father passed on 61 years ago come June 9 next. Charles Dickens had eight children—six boys and two girls. Judge Dickens is the youngest son. He possesses a fine collection of relics of the great novelist and happy memories of him. For instance, his father taught him shorthand and to increase young Harry's speed, used to dictate from his own works.

"How well I remember how he made me laugh," recalls Judge Dickens (in "Memories of My Father"). "So much so, indeed, that I was soon reduced to a state of helpless imbecility," with the natural consequence that when in the end, I had to transcribe my notes, I found myself confronted with an immature collection of undecipherable hieroglyphics."

Bluebirds

The bluebirds, the bluebirds. Are out there in the snow; The meaning of their music No heedless ear may know. The violet's forerunner Is that faint bud of song, And after it the harebells Will troop, a blue-eyed throng.

They drift their fluttering azure Across the snow-sheets white; And underneath, the daisies Are stirring toward the light. And soon the purple crane-bill And golden buttercup For overbrimming sunshine Will hold their goblets up.

The bluebirds, the bluebirds! It is the fifth of March, Yet, though there hangs no tassel On alder, birch, or larch, They never have deceived us: If summer always came Too slowly for our wishes, Their song was not to blame.

—Lucy Larcom, in "Childhood Songs."

Holding Doesn't Pay

Holding eggs for a "rise in the market doesn't pay, as a recent report from federal inspectors at Winnipeg clearly shows. It reads: "The majority of receipts are of good quality, although some hold eggs are in evidence. These invariably grade seconds, showing the fallacy of holding perishable products for any length of time in anticipation of a higher market." At the time this report was received the spread of extras over seconds was five cents per dozen. The Egg Marketing Service of the Dominion Department of Agriculture urges farmers to market their eggs in the very best of condition, which naturally is as soon after laying as possible so that they will get the benefit of official grading.

For Women Drivers

Cover one-half yard of dress weighting with silk ribbon and fasten at each end with clips of the snap variety. The weighting will lie across the drivers' lap, and with the ends clipped to the skirt, will hold it in place without injuring the finest material or pinking. Thus the annoyance of fluttering skirts will be avoided.



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.

ASPIRIN

TRADE-MARK REG. Made in Germany

KRAFT Salad Dressing offers everything anyone could ask for in exquisite, refreshing flavor, yet it's sold at a price so low it's within the reach of everyone. A large 12 ounce jar costs only 25 cents, one-half the cost you're used to paying. Get some today. Try it and you'll instantly know why it's the favorite everywhere in Canada.



KRAFT Salad Dressing

Made in Canada by the Makers of Kraft Cheese and Velveeta