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"SALADA" GREEN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

APRIL ESCAPE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS

Mary Kate O'Hara works for Gordon Rountree. A friend of Rountree's, Christopher Steynes, proposes to Mary that she play the part of his wife at a reception at Rountree's to a Russian countess. In order to discourage the countess who is on his trail, Mary's brother, who is studying medicine, and the proposition means enough money to give Martin his opportunity. Mary tells her mother she is going on a business trip for Rountree, and Steynes meets her at the station at Burlington. The countess is discouraged. That night she stays at Steynes' house and during the night a burglar breaks in. Steynes shoots him; the police take Mary's name and address and she is terrified for fear her mother will find out. Mary returns home and finds she is in love with Steynes. She tells this to Cass Keating, who is engaged to her. Steynes phones her and they have lunch together. Steynes tells Mary that he wants to drop the case against the burglar but the burglar refuses to let it be dropped. He asks Mary to go to the hospital to persuade the burglar. On entering the room at the hospital, Mary sees—her brother Martin.

CHAPTER XXXV

On the following night Mrs. O'Hara went over to see Uncle Robert, as always on Wednesday evenings, escorted by Tom. Martin was left in Mary Kate's care, his bandaged arm carefully propped on pillows, himself comfortable in the big kitchen chair.

Cass came in, and he and Martin played cribbage; both furtively watched Mary Kate, who busied herself quietly and constantly about the kitchen, wiping the last spoon, putting it away, brushing the stove with the old turkey wing that hung beside it, wiping sinkboards and chairs carefully.

She was subdued and nervous tonight; close to tears. Mrs. O'Hara had imagined this condition a natural reaction to Martin's accident; she had a turn herself that she would not soon forget. She had suggested that Mary Kate go with her to Aunt Julia's, but the girl had wearily declined. She didn't feel like going out, somehow.

The little child was straggled up to bed at eight o'clock. Cass, made uneasy by Mary Kate's paleness and her manner, wondered if there was anyone to whom they could telephone, for a fourth at bridge. But Mary Kate also negated this idea; she said supposedly that she meant to go to bed early.

Martin had not spoken to his sister since his return home the day before; they had avoided each other's eyes. Of the shadow on his hand, some face she had been fearfully conscious all day; she knew the terrible hour of reckoning must come. And meanwhile, it was unbearable to be at odds with Martin. They had been inseparable friends since actual babyhood; they had never quarrelled. It had been a mutual admiration society, Mary Kate thinking that no brother had ever been like Martin and Martin as proud of his pretty, clever sister as a father, brother and lover in one.

It made her heart sick tonight to think how good, how pure and safe, Martin had always felt his sister to be. When the last claim of the children above stairs had been satisfied for the night, and when the gate had clicked behind Mrs. O'Hara and Tom, Martin suddenly put the cribbage cards aside, and jerked his head authoritatively in the direction of his sister.

"Sit down a minute, Mary Kate, I want to talk to you," he said. "Cass gave her an apprehensive glance and turned red. But Mary Kate obediently sat down, and turned a tired and miserable young face toward her brother.

"Does Ma know any of this?" Martin asked, without preamble. "About what really happened? No." "How much do you know, Cass?" Martin asked.

"I know it all," Cass assured him, promptly. "You know it all?" "I told him," Mary Kate explained, very white. "I didn't want to marry him without telling him."

"You didn't have to tell me," Cass said, embarrassed. "You know how I knew you were down there, Mary Kate?" Mary asked. "Yes, you told me in the hospital. You said that you had driven Doctor van Antwerp home, and that you saw me at Mr. Rountree's."

"Where'd you get the dress?" "Mr. Steynes bought it." "I might have known!" Martin said. He looked ten years older than his twenty-two years tonight, and as he spoke he put his hand over his eyes, with a gesture of despair. "You can't take that tone with me, if you are my brother!" Mary Kate

said, trembling, but in a restrained tone.

"Look here, I understand the whole thing," Cass put in suddenly, "and it isn't half as bad as you think, Mart."

Mart moved his haggard eyes to him. "I don't get you," he said heavily. "Why, look here, Mart. All Mary Kate did was to go down there—this Chris Steynes had a house party, and she pretended to be a girl he was engaged to. Gordon Rountree knew all about it—there was no harm done!"

"Did he?" Mart asked, with sudden incredulous hope in his eyes, of Mary Kate.

"Certainly he did!" she said coldly. "And how many people were at the house?" Cass supplemented, encouraged.

Mary Kate could ignore this question, for Mart spoke simultaneously. "I thought you pretended to be his wife, Mary Kate?"

"No," she answered unhesitatingly, "just—just his girl."

"Oh—?" Martin said. But look here," he went on, puzzled. "I went up to Rountree's door, after I saw you—I had been home to change my clothes—and I asked if Mrs. Steynes was there, and the girl said that Mr. and Mrs. Steynes had just gone home. That was after one. Then I went to the Steynes house, and everything was dark."

The girl shuddered. She was sitting sideways at the table, her elbow resting on the red oilcloth. She leaned her cheek against her hand, looking down at the floor, her face, her whole aspect, desolate.

"I wish you'd taken Tess or me along with you!" Martin said, suddenly.

"I didn't think Mother or you would approve."

"It wasn't such an awful thing to do," Cass said generously. "He had his nerve to ask her. But I don't think it was so bad!"

"I lay in the hospital there, trying to think how I could get hold of you. I knew there must be some explanation," Martin said, with a somewhat mollified glance at his sister. "There was distinct placation, appeal in his tone. "I wanted to die," he said, simply.

Mary Kate did not change her position. Her sorrowful gaze was lowered to the floor, with its old lineolium of red and yellow, black and white. Now the tears began swiftly to fall, running down her cheeks, splashing on the little frilled collar she wore on a plain blue dress, and on the thin young hand that looked forlorn and helpless, somehow, curled in her lap.

"Why couldn't you tell Rountree that you couldn't do it?" Martin asked in what was almost his usual gentle tone with her.

"I thought—" she said huskily, in a lowered tone, "that you could use the money, Mart. I thought you could go to Germany."

"The money!" he echoed, with a scowl. "That was what started it?" "He said you?"

"But why should I have done it, otherwise?"

"You mean you thought I'd take his dirty money?"

"Mart, don't talk that way."

"I might have murdered the fellow, and you take his money!" Mart said bitterly.

"But I couldn't know that," Mary Kate reminded him, openly wiping her eyes, looking at him through sopping lashes. "I am as sorry as I can be," she said. "But—but you have no right to be so hard on me, Mart."

Just then there was an authoritative knock on the kitchen door. And instantly she knew it would be Christopher who stood in the opening when Cass opened it—as indeed it was Christopher.

He sent a quick glance about the orderly, homely room, and came in. Hardly a word was exchanged as he took off his hat and overcoat, and hung them on a peg by the hall door. Mart nodded toward a chair, and Chris sat down in it. Mary Kate was seated to her own seat; she could not move. Her lashes were wet and dark with tears, her shining hair had slipped back into a careless cap of waves and loose tendrils, her face was pale and stained with tears. She continued to rest her head on her hand; she did not look up as Chris came in.

"Am I late?" Chris asked. His voice went through her like an actual

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pain; her senses whirled about in a sort of vertigo. "No, it's not mine," Martin answered coldly. "What's the matter, Mary?" Chris asked, in an undertone, leaning from his chair to bring his face within a few feet of her own. She twisted about, doubled both arms on the red oilcloth, and burst into silent, tearless sobbing that was all the more violent because of her effort to restrain it. "What's the matter?" the man asked. "Have they been riding you?" "I wanted to ask you a few questions, but my sister answered some of them already," Martin began, in a measured tone. His uneasy eyes moved continually to Mary Kate, who had controlled herself and sat frozen with fear. He faced Chris. "You and she were alone in the house on Friday night, weren't you? Your house, I mean, in Burlington?" "My servants were in a garage room that is attached to the house—yes," Chris answered somewhat surprised.

Londoners Toil At Strange Trades

Sponge Wetters, Coin Ringers and Confetti Counters on List of Strange Trades

London.—There are queer jobs in London, jobs Sherlock Holmes could never detect by a glance at a man's shoes, his clothes or his hands. Sponge wettters, nippers, mudpushers, confetti counters, clock winders, pea shooters, coin ringers and the patient men who sit in little boats under Thames bridges, paddling and waiting for somebody to fall in, are among the persons in strange trades.

Sponge wettters run around with a bucket of water at racetracks and wet bookmakers' sponges. Nippers are the chefs of London's streets who cook for laborers and brew them strong tea. Mudpushers are the valets of Father Thames. Every time the tide recedes they clean the gravel bed by pushing the silt and muck back into the stream.

Girls Count Confetti

Confetti counters are girls, scores of them, who take the ticket punches of London bus conductors, sort out the hundreds of colored bits of paper from the tickets punched and check them against the tickets sold.

Clock winders with long necklaces of dangling keys pass their lives winding the old clocks in government buildings and city offices. Pea shooters are early risers who scuttle through the streets where poor people live and blow a mouthful of peas through a little tube to rattle against upper bedroom windows so the occupants will wake up in time for work.

Riggers Test New Coins

Coin ringers are in his majesty's service, employees at the royal mint, where they stand hour after hour, day after day, flicking new coins on small circular anvils, testing them by the silvery note for perfection.

Then there are men who paint the spots on rocking horses, just the right number and in the right places, and the men who keep the post boxes a brilliant royal red. There are still lamplighters in old London, and men who make quill pens, and, of course, muffin men and the old women who sell lavender.

World's Deadliest Plant Found in South Africa

Cape Town.—Discovery of the most deadly plant in the world, a small quantity of which was said to be sufficient to kill thousands of persons, was reported recently from Pretoria. The discovery was made by a botanist, who named the plant Adenia. One ten-thousandth of a grain was reported as sufficient to kill an adult. The poison is not traceable after death.

Railway workers in the interior died after they inadvertently tasted the plant. A botanist and two natives were overcome by the fumes of the plant when they sliced a bulb, reports said.

"Ethel, will you run to the door and call Fido, please?" "I can't, mamma, 'cos I aren't speaking to Fido since he broke my doll."

Shaped trimming pieces of plain crepe at the end of the V-neckline and on the sleeves are voguish.

This smart Style No. 3039 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30. The 16-year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

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The Fear of Death

(Arthur Symon in Scribner's).

The fear of death is not, as most persons would like to believe, in inverse proportion to the love of life. Generally it is the other way around. Those who have little reason to love life cling to it tenaciously and fear death proportionately.

Age and illness and vicissitudes seem to strengthen, rather than weaken, the instinct of self-preservation. The artist or genius whom life serves badly almost always has a morbid fear of the cessation of beloved energies and of the great silence, so that in his imagination he literally dies a thousand deaths.

"When I have fears that I shall cease to be," Keats wrote; and the pathetic music of Tolstokovsky and the wistful poetry of Poe record poignantly their despair at watching the golden sands vanishing on a "surf-tormented shore."

Doctor Johnson so dreaded the thought of death that his friends took a malicious delight in tormenting him with it. Once when Boswell persisted in persecuting him with the subject, Doctor Johnson was thrown into such a state of agitation that he thundered out: "Give us no more of this!" and sternly told the trembling and too-curious philosopher: "Go; let us meet to-morrow!"

Upward

If hyacinths should wait until The weather were serene Before they forced aloft their spears Of tender April green;

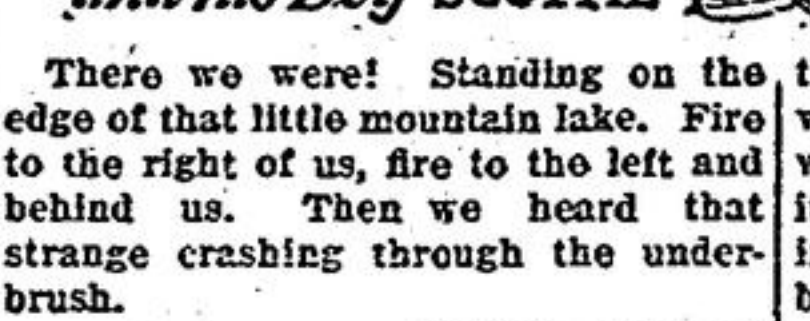
If birds should wait until the trees Provided them with food Before they sang; would not the world Be steeped in solitude?

If poets never lifted pen Save when in ecstasy Or suitable environment, Where would be poetry?

—P. P. Strachan.

The little boy was asked if he knew who Atlas was. "A giant who was supposed to support the world," answered the boy. "Oh, he supported the world, did he?" "Yes, sir." "Well, who supported Atlas?" "I expected he must have married a rich wife."

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



There we were! Standing on the edge of that little mountain lake. Fire to the right of us, fire to the left and behind us. Then we heard that strange crashing through the underbrush.

Scottie stood bristling and growling—then to our relief, a deer and a fawn burst through the bush and rushed along the edge of the lake. They passed so close I could have touched them as they dashed along.

Then the woods seemed to be alive with scurrying small animals all rushing down to the shore. Ancient enemies ran together—grudges and racial fears forgotten—and a score of little furry things one never sees by day, came out of their hiding places and made for the water line.

It was quite useless to try and go around the fire in either direction—we must have a raft. There was plenty of time now for it would take the fire some time to reach us from any direction. I casually set about getting through logs to build one.

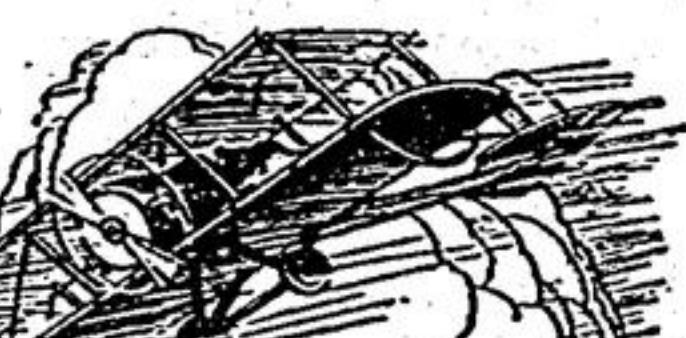
Of a sudden Scottie cocked his ear. I listened, too—and sure enough it was the drone of a motor. Before long we could see the plane, and in a few minutes it was spiraling down to make a landing in the lake. You see, it was an amphibian plane that lands either on the ground or on the water.

It hit the water with a "splash," "splash," and taxied slowly up to us. There was good old Bob from the air-drome—and maybe he didn't look good to me. But what a rattletrap of a machine he had! "Bob, where did you get that old crate—it sounded like a Vickers—but if that's a Vickers, then I'm a negro!"

"Well," said Bob, "you don't look unlike one, and speaking of old crates—where did you get that swell suit of clothes?"

Sure enough, I was black from head to foot from soot and cinders. My leather coat had been cut up to make a rope—my shirt to make a sling to lower Scottie over the falls.

"But seriously, Bob, wherever did you get that floating wreck?" "The motor is a hummer—it's a real Vickers," answered Bob, "but whoever hung that scarecrow of a plane on



that good motor I cannot imagine. It would make a good wagon for the wheels are sound—or a good boat, for it doesn't leak—but it acts like a flying rooster in the air—lots of noise but no lift."

"I don't like it any better than you do," continued Bob, "but when I heard that you and Scottie were lost there wasn't much time to go around looking for a good machine. It was a question of getting hold of some kind of plane and getting started. In fact, I didn't even stop to enquire who owned this craft, just as long as the propeller went around, that was all I asked of it."

"Anyway, here's your life preserver," said Bob, "and you'd better strap it on. If this bunch of misfit parts does not hang together—you may have to walk home."

By the time the parachute was strapped on, we were ready to go. Bob gave her gas carefully—we moved out into the lake, turned and headed into the wind.

If we did have to jump, I must find some way of strapping Scottie so he could not possibly fall out of my arms. I found a piece of strong canvas in the bottom of the cockpit and in the middle of this I cut four holes, just big enough to shove Scottie's legs through.

This sling I fastened securely to one of the parachute straps. Scottie was now well tied to the parachute, and if I had to jump his chances were about 50-50 with me, and with all these autos around, that's a dog's chance anywhere.

After a while I settled down, and somehow it seemed so secure drifting along up there far above the ground, that I forgot all about the possibility of having to jump.

Suddenly I received a sharp reminder. We ran into an air pocket and I dropped like a lead shot. Only for an instant—then we were out of it—but that instant was a death blow to the old plane. It just seemed as if every nut and bolt were ready to fall apart. Bob turned and motioned me with his hand. Up to the edge of the cockpit I stepped—then jumped.

(To be continued.)

Livingstone Letter Found in Africa

Document Telling of Famine and Slave Hunters is Discovered at Cape Town

Cape Town, South Africa.—An interesting document relating to David Livingstone has been found during an examination of Government House records here by C. Graham Botha, chief archivist of the Union of South Africa. It is a letter written and signed by the famous missionary and explorer, telling of a vivid story of famine, hardship and slave hunting encountered by his party more than sixty-eight years ago.

Written in ink on blue foolscap, the letter is dated Elephant Swamp, Jan. 27, 1853, and is addressed to His Excellency the Governor of the Cape. It is in part as follows:

"In accordance with my instructions to keep you informed respecting my movements, I have to say that we came up this river quickly with the lake steamer in tow and here met with a newly formed bank which has caused a short detention. A messenger from the Oxford and Cambridge Mission passing down gives us the intelligence that the Rosewood Sudamore had been cut off by fever, and the whole country is suffering from famine—the direct result of the slave hunting which has been going on for some time.

"The Zette people are not the only tribe to attack another with guns, to be repaid in slaves. With these Zette people we came into contact, knowing them perfectly, took the captives from them. The slave hunting continuing, many fled to the River Shire to place that between them and their enemies. Famine followed and many, dispirited by want, sold themselves or were sold by others into slavery.

"An immense number perished. We counted nineteen bodies floating down this river in a week. "The Zette people are not the only delinquents. A half-caste called Marriano with, it is said, 1,000 armed slaves has been devastating the whole country around Mount Clarendon, east of Shire, and we see the poor, starving fugitives from his sway pining and dying on the banks of the river.

"An officer at the mouth of the Shire told us that he seized a canoe laden with gunpowder, arms, wine and spirits going up to Marriano in the name of the missionaries! "And the ruffians who supply arms to these rebels have been telling the Governor of Quellemann that the missionaries and we bring in all sorts of things by Kongono.

"Marriano was a guest last year at the Governor's table after undergoing punishment for some forty murders, and attacking the village of Senna. He then ran away and the Governor ran after him, and, of course, could not catch him.

"Another, and yet another, turned slave hunter. Indeed, any one may do so who has a few slaves and guns. No notice is taken of him till he has plundered enough to stand a good squeeze. He is fined and then allowed to begin again.

"This system, carried on from Cape Delgado to Delagoa Bay, completely neutralizes all the efforts of our citizens. On the West Coast the squadron kept down slaving till the influences of civilization and Christianity spread inland. Twenty missions have been established and twenty dialects have been reduced to writing. Over 12,000 communicants sit down in various churches. And lawful commerce has increased from £20,000 to between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000.

"Indeed, a larger tonnage is employed in carrying it than ever was engaged in slaving. But here is still the paltry peddling in ivory and gold dust. The customs at Quellemann realize only £600 per annum, and for this the Zambesi, which the Portuguese never use, is shot by a 'paper blockade.'"

Cyclists in Copenhagen Outnumber Pedestrians

If you take a visitor to the Danish capital which of all things has impressed him most, he may for the moment leave Copenhagen's many attractions out of his appreciation and answer, with a mixture of surprise and annoyance, the cyclists!

In many thoroughfares the number of pedestrians is less than half that of the cyclists says "The Christian Science Monitor." For example, of which connect Copenhagen with its two bridges across the harbor eastern offshoot, Christianshavn, the Langebro figured with 11,412 pedestrians, 30,500 cyclists and 12,700 vehicles, while the other bridge, the Knippelsbro, had 15,246 pedestrians, 32,900 cyclists and 8,200 vehicles.

A third roadway across the lakes, formerly outside, but now in the middle of the town, the Gyldenlovsvej, boasted as many as 38,000 cyclists during the twenty-four hours and 15,000 vehicles.

There are special cycle tracks along most of the more important roads and thoroughfares, and the municipality provides cycle stands in convenient places. Denmark, with its 3,500,000 inhabitants, is said to possess 1,000,000 cycles, of which about one-third are to be found in Copenhagen.

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

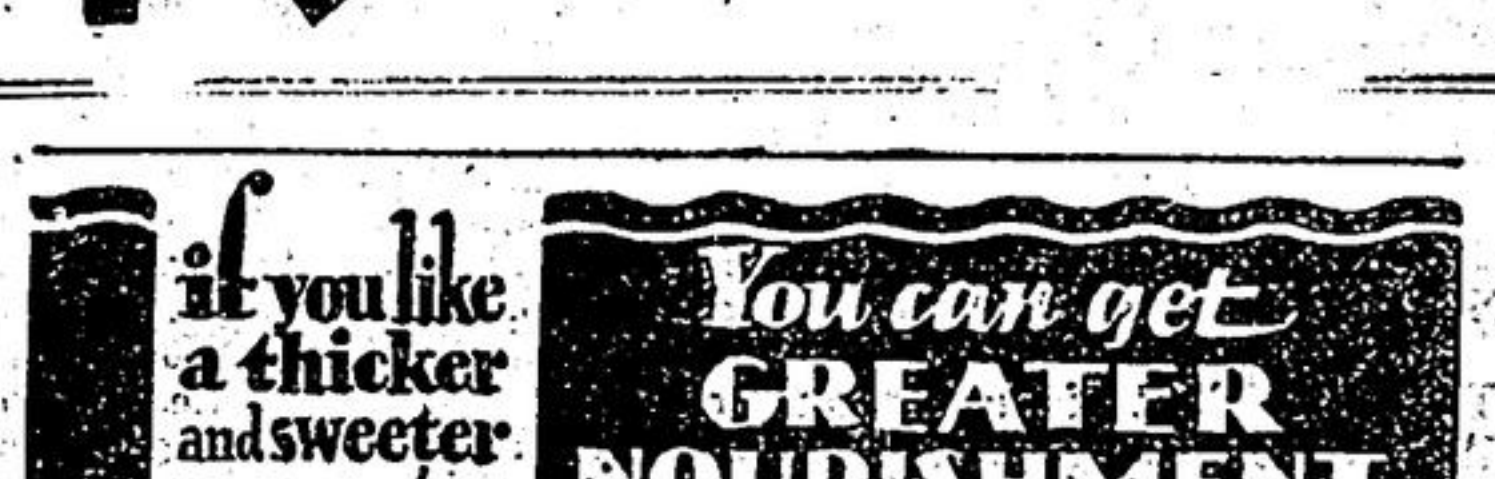
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Barrister (to flustered witness): "Now, sir, did you, or did you not, on the date in question, or at any other time, say to the defendant or anyone else that the statement imputed to you and denied by the plaintiff was a matter of no moment or otherwise?"

Answer me, yes or no. Bewildered Witness: "Yes or no what?"

"Music is the most aristocratic of all the arts, inasmuch as it is the greatest refiner of human emotions." —Walter Damrosch.

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