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is not found in other teas

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS

Mary Kate O'Hara, in order that her brother, Martin, may have an opportunity to go to Germany to study medicine, agrees to play the part of Christopher Steynes' wife at a function given by her boss, Gordon Inouette. Her husband, however, is a devious and cunningly devious man, who is desirous of marrying Steynes. Mary tells her mother she is going on a business trip. Steynes meets her at the station in Burlington. That night a burglar enters Steynes' home and Chris shoots him. Police enter and take Mary's name and address. She returns home only to find she has fallen in love with Steynes. She tells this to Cass Keating, who is engaged to her. Then she meets Steynes at lunch and he tells her the man whom he shot refuses to let them drop the case. Mary goes to the hospital and finds the wounded man to be her brother, Martin, who had entered Steynes' house to protect her. Martin returns home with Chris Steynes and Cass Keating. Mary goes to the hospital and finds the wounded man to be her brother, Martin, who had entered Steynes' house to protect her. Martin returns home with Chris Steynes and Cass Keating.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Mary Kate had stopped breathing. All was lost now. She raised her head and looked defiantly, steadily at her brother. Martin's face was ghastly. "You said there were others in the house, Sis?" he asked, almost in a whisper. The eyes of sister and brother met, and they might have been alone in the world. "There weren't," Mary Kate answered, hardy and audible. "And he did call you Mrs. Steynes, didn't he?" "Yes, Mart."

"But if I'd gotten him that night—as I wish I had," the boy went on, levelling a sudden look of hate at the late comer. "If I'd gotten him that night, then he would have paid. Then he would have paid!"

"And you would have paid, too, and Mary would have paid," Chris reminded him, unperturbedly.

"She pays anyway," Martin returned sharply.

"I was a fool," Mary Kate whispered, her head still resting wearily against Cass' arm, her eyes still closed. "But that was the worst I was!"

There was a moment of silence, when she could feel, like tangible currents through the air, the hostility of the glances the men exchanged. Then there was a stir, and she opened her eyes and started to her feet as her mother's voice struck suddenly across the other voices.

"Well, what is all this? What's going on here?"

Mrs. O'Hara, rosy and breathless from walking, her widow's veil dangling from her dingy bonnet, her cotton gloves in her hand, was standing, amazed, in the hall doorway. She had come in from the front of the house; Tom was peering sleepily, curiously, over her shoulder.

Christopher rose politely to his feet, extinguishing his cigarette with a quick motion of long brown fingers against the little ashtray on the sink. Martin, trapped, looked desperately about him, brought his eyes back to his mother's face. Mary Kate, her face tear-stained, her hair dishevelled, her breath coming shallow and quick, went to her mother. She took off the widow's veil with her own loving experienced hands, and carried it, as she had carried it many times before, into her mother's room. She came back to smile gallantly at the other woman.

"Nothing's the matter, Mother!" she said.

"Don't tell me that!" Mrs. O'Hara rebuked her sharply. She crossed to the chair Mary Kate had just vacated, and sat down, staring bewilderedly from face to face. "Whatever's happened, Mart?" she asked.

For a full minute there was the silence of utter confusion. Christopher and Cass sat down again, and Mary Kate took the chair she had first occupied at the table, and rested her chin in her hand again.

"You've met Mr. Steynes, Mrs. O'Hara?" Cass remembered to say, then, rather flatly.

The older woman acknowledged the introduction only with a shrug appraising glance, and a brief nod. "What come to all of you?" she demanded.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Again for a moment nobody spoke, in the orderly kitchen, with its wiped, shabby table oilcloth, and its brushed linoleum that was worn into brown circles. The clock ticked, and the hot water faucet dripped; an occasional pearl upon the dry zinc surface of the sink. Only one lamp was lighted, the green-shaded light on the table, where the children did their evening lessons; the drop light over the sink was dark.

"Mother, we've been in—sort of—trouble, the last few days," Martin then began, haltingly. "And perhaps we ought to tell you about it—"

"I couldn't go out," he added, as in sheer stupefaction Mrs. O'Hara was still, and none of the others spoke. "So I had to ask Mr. Christopher Steynes (the syllables were so many threats) I had to ask Mr. Christopher Steynes to come here," Martin repeated, with a glance at him. "I thought you'd be at Uncle Robert's until at least eleven."

"Your Uncle Robert is very bad, and I promised I'd get into a wash dress and go back and set with him," Mrs. O'Hara said automatically, "I'm afraid not upon her words, her anxious eyes upon his children. "I don't know why you had to keep anything from me, Mart," she added, her look moving from one member of the silent, self-conscious circle to another.

"In this case, Mrs. O'Hara," Cass said, "there was no reason why you should ever have been bothered by it!"

Mary Kate's mother gave him a glance of superb scorn, a look expressing all the resentment of the retiring, proud woman whose private affairs are indecently and unfairly made public. Then she turned her expectant eyes toward Martin again.

(To be continued.)

Sticking to its Number

The two rather racy-looking men met on the race course and their conversation turned to the topic of strange coincidences.

"The most amazing coincidence I ever remember happened last year," said Charles, the bigger man of the two.

"What was that?" asked Henry eagerly.

"It was the eleventh day of the eleventh month, and I lived in a house with number eleven on the door, and I backed the eleventh horse in a race," explained Charles.

"And," broke in Henry, "the horse won, I suppose?"

"Nothing of the kind," came from his companion. "The beastly animal came in eleventh."

TALK

I don't like to talk with people who always agree with me. It is amusing to coquette with an echo a little while, but one soon tires of it.—O. W. Holmes.

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In a Public Park

Once on a time (the fairies tell me so)

The trees grew weary of green livery,

Saying, "Why should not we the radiance know

Wherever the dainty garden flowers glow?

Would we not wear such beauty splendidly?"

Then jacaranda, borrowing the blue

Of skies in summer, wore it, and was proud

A little while; but certain gumtrees knew

A better secret, and the long day through

Waited till color stained a sunset cloud.

Saffron and rose and crimson then were blent

Burning toward beauty with a gentle flame

And when adown the leafy lanes I went

I saw the wise trees crowned so, and content

To face the rifled skies and know no shame.

Ethel Davies: the Australasian.

DRAPERIES MADE NEW

"When we resumed housekeeping a month ago I found my draperies had become creased from packing. I hung them out on the line, hoping to remove the creases. Then I forgot them. The result was they became badly faded and sun-spotted.

"I was heartsick until the happy thought struck me to dye them. I just dyed them a deeper green, and as I used Diamond Dyes they look gorgeous and new. I have never seen easier dyes to use than Diamond Dyes. They give the most beautiful colors—when used either for tinting or dyeing—and never take the life out of cloth as other dyes do."

Mrs. J.F.T., Montreal.

He Wanted His Share

Midnight! Slowly the householder crept down the stairs. Suddenly he threw open the drawing-room door.

"Don't move!" he cried, pointing a gun at the man who crouched by the trophy case.

The burglar raised his hands.

"What's in that sack?" asked the householder.

The burglar lowered his hands and revealed a glittering array of silver cups and cutlery.

"Put them back on the sideboard at once," ordered the other.

"Lumme, gov-nor," cried the burglar, a pained look on his face, "not all of it! Be fair! Art belongs to the 'ouse next door."

The language of friendship is not words, but meanings. It is an intelligence above language.—Henry D. Thoreau.

50,000 Wanted 50,000

Spring Muskrats

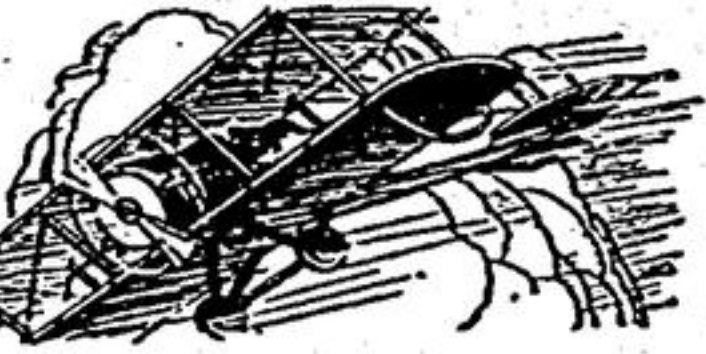
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The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



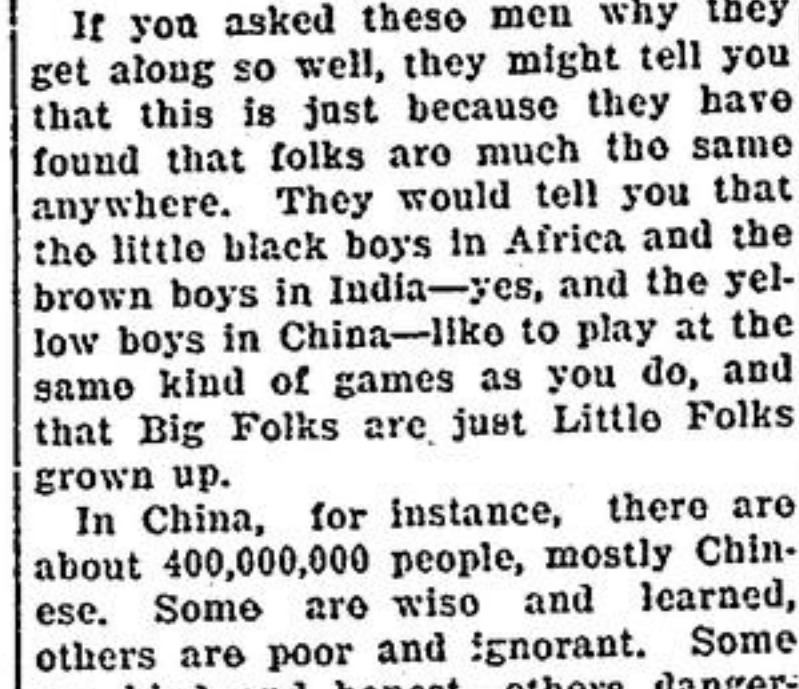
There is a race of men who are born with a gift of roving, and a thought that all lands are home. They'll hang their hats in an Esquimaux igloo, or a Chinese Emperor's palace, and settle down as complacently as a black cat on a warm hearth rug. Give them a stout old pair of shoes and a new highway, or an old boat and a salt wind to push the sail, and they'll find their way into the queerest places—with absolute surety that all will come out right in the end.

If you asked these men why they get along so well, they might tell you that this is just because they have found that folks are much the same anywhere. They would tell you that the little black boys in Africa and the brown boys in India—yes, and the yellow boys in China—like to play at the same kind of games as you do, and that Big Folks are just Little Folks grown up.

In China, for instance, there are about 400,000,000 people, mostly Chinese. Some are wise and learned, others are poor and ignorant. Some are kind and honest—others dangerous and wicked. There are other things, too, in China. There are great bamboo forests full of tigers, bears and wild animals. There are shady rivers where pirate junk ships lie in wait for plunder. There are glittering temples with the funniest little spires and turrets, and there are frowning, forbidden cities away up in the mountains, where the bravest white man dare not go.

One bright morning Scottie and I talked it over, and decided to go to China and meet with new adventures. Inside of a week we were on board a steamship bound for Shanghai, and our good plane safely crated. Talk about your rough weather. They screwed down the hatches; and shut all the portholes, while great black seas crashed over the ship, driven before the blast of a screaming east wind.

Landing in Shanghai, we began to assemble our plane. Just as the job was finished, reports came in that fighting had broken out between two



rival armies less than a hundred miles away. I asked Scottie if he would be interested in going to the front, and he wagged his tail and danced about like the Chinese very well at first. Once he had been captured by Chinese bandits, and since then he carried a grudge against the entire race. He mixed with them just as a lighted match mixes with a keg of gunpowder. I shouldn't have taken him with me when I went to see General Lu to ask for a pass to the front.

General Lu was located in a palace in a small walled city. Walking into the room he greeted us with dignity, shaking hands with himself in the Chinese fashion. General Lu was an immense man—very tall and stout, and gorgeously dressed in silks. He was extremely impressive to me—but he didn't impress Scottie a bit.

Imagine my dismay, when right in the midst of the bow, Scottie growled, and I, fearing the leash from my hand, made a jump at him.

The General was startled—then angry. Instinctively he shot out a violet slipper foot to ward off Scottie's attack, but the terrier was all ready for such a move. He dodged—and quick as a flash, he caught the slipper in his teeth, shaking and tugging, and pulling for all he was worth—finally making off with it.

There are times when whatever one says it is the wrong thing, so I waited for the next move. I glanced up, expecting to see the General order us put out, or what not, and much to my surprise he was smiling. The situation was so ludicrous that it had appealed to his sense of humor.

That was indeed a relief, and I apologized fluently for Scottie's shortcomings. General Lu stood and smiled and didn't understand a word of it. Then the interpreter began to talk in Chinese. Suddenly General Lu spoke sharply. I waited in suspense—so much depended on his answer.

(To be continued.)



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(To be continued.)

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An Early Start

The young couple were married and set off for the Lake District to spend their honeymoon.

"Let me have a postcard from you as soon as possible," were the bride's mother's parting words.

The newlyweds duly arrived and, after booking accommodation at a hotel, went for a row on one of the lakes.

The following morning the bride's mother received a postcard, which read: "Arrived safely. Dick and I had a grand row before supper."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the fond parent to her husband. "I didn't think they'd begin to quarrel so soon."

Always act in such a way as to secure the love of your neighbor.—Pliny the Elder.

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Canada's Leading Hydro Systems

Department of the Interior Gives List of Eighteen With Largest Output in 1929

The large hydro-electric power systems of Canada are defined as those interconnected undertakings under a common control and management that have each an annual output of 100,000,000 kilowatt-hours or more. The growth of such systems is of particular interest as illustrating the modern tendency towards interconnection and unified control. Interconnection promotes reliability of service; unified control makes possible the highest class of expert advice and increased the economy and efficiency of operation.

The Dominion Water Power and Hydro-metric Bureau of the Department of the Interior has made an annual study of these systems since 1922, at which time there were several such systems with a total output of about 6,692 million kilowatt-hours. By 1929 this had grown to eighteen systems with a generated output of nearly 17,000 million kilowatt-hours, these being all classed as "central electric power stations," and this output accounted for nearly 93 per cent. of the total amount generated by all central electric stations in the Dominion. It is, however, the total output including that purchased that determines the scope of operations and services to the public by each system—for instance the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Consolidated purchases over one-third of the energy it distributes to its customers.

The eighteen systems generating over 100,000,000 kilowatt-hours each in 1929 stood in order of their total output as follows:

1. Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario.
2. Shawinigan Water & Power Company.
3. Duke-Price Power Company.
4. Gatineau Power Company.
5. Montreal Light, Heat & Power Consolidated.
6. Price Brothers and Company.
7. Winnipeg Electric Company (including Manitoba Power Co.)
8. Canadian Niagara Power Company.
9. West Kootenay Power Company.
10. City of Winnipeg Hydro-Electric System.
11. British Columbia Electric Power Corporation.
12. Canada Northern Power Corporation.
13. Ahtitibi Electric Development Company.
14. Dominion Power and Transmission Company.
15. Southern Canada Power Company.
16. Huronian Company.
17. Calgary Power Company.
18. Great Lakes Power Company.

Of the above systems the first five exceeded a thousand million kilowatt-hours each, the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario leading with over four thousand million. These great hydro-electric power systems are well distributed from coast to coast—Quebec has 6, Ontario 7, Manitoba 2, Alberta 1, British Columbia 2. It is of interest to note also that it can be shown that in proportion to its population Canada has attained greater development of these highly modern large electric power systems than any other country.

Protection of Wild Life

Colombo Times of Ceylon: By far the greater portion of fauna which year by year is destroyed throughout the world is made for the purpose of putting clothes on the backs of women, and it is quite obvious that so long as women demand feathers and furs, so long will there be those who will be able to supply them. Laws prohibiting destruction are utterly useless. In this connection the osprey is an outstanding example. Various countries have prohibited the importation of the osprey, but there is probably no country in the world where the osprey cannot be purchased. The only true solution would appear to be the punishment of those who wear the feathers or the furs of prohibited animals. The average woman does not wear either furs or feathers in places in which she cannot be seen by an envying a sisterhood, but, on the contrary, she flaunts her acquisitions with the greatest possible publicity. It would be a comparatively simple matter for those found wearing prohibited feathers or furs to be punished in the same way that a motorist without a number-plate or a licence is dealt with. It would, however, be an extraordinarily brave Government which would dare to introduce such legislation.

Fear and Fussiness Causes Ill-Health Doctor Declares

Toronto.—Speaking of the two different schools of medicine existing today, Dr. George, Phillip told the Hamilton old boys' meeting at the Royal York hotel that fussiness about health increased fear and implied the serenity of mind, and fear was conducive to ill-health. Over anxiety showed itself in three ways: Worry about children, and over-anxiousness about health on the part of a whole community.

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