

Salada Orange Pekoe has a most fascinating flavour

"SALADA"
ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
TEA
'Fresh from the gardens'

APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS.

Mary Kate O'Hara, in order that her brother Martin may get his opportunity, accepts the proposal of Christopher Steynes and acts the part of his wife at a house party. Martin, believing she is in danger, follows her and breaks into Steynes' house. Steynes shoots Martin and the police take Mary's name and address as a material witness. She is terrified, for fear her mother and Martin will find out. She visits the wounded man in hospital and discovers that she is Martin's sister. Then Mary discovers that she is in love with Steynes. She tells Cass Keating and Steynes. Steynes returns home from hospital and he, Cass, Steynes and Mary get together. Mrs. O'Hara comes in on the gathering and hears all. She says she believes Mary is innocent of any wrong-doing. Then Christopher promises to marry.

CHAPTER XL—(Cont'd.)

"If you know her longer, you might want to marry Mary Kate," Martin began, with a reposing air. "But— but you'd never seen each other this time a week ago."

"As for that," Chris answered, grimly, "it never crossed my mind—

even an hour ago, that—things are as they are!"

"Well, now you see?" Mrs. O'Hara concluded it, in satisfaction.

"But I'm afraid, Mrs. O'Hara," the visitor said, with a brief unhappy laugh, "that that doesn't help much."

"She'd surely have the right to tell you that she cared for someone else," Cass interposed, quietly.

"Certainly she would," Chris conceded.

"Whatever you'd have to offer her," Martin added, emboldened by Cass's courage, "it would be for her to decide. We—we have something to offer her, too!"

The girl made no attempt to speak. She was like a person who hears a stranger discussed, interested, not concerned. Her bright, serious eyes moved swiftly, her clean-cut chin was cupped in her two palms, her fingers resting lightly against her temples.

"Believe me, I am as much surprised as you are, Mrs. O'Hara. I've liked girls before. But I've never felt— this way."

"What way?" Cass demanded, levelly, not sympathetically.

"That I couldn't help myself," Chris said simply. "I've been driven—"
"I've been driven like someone possessed all these days. I've not slept. I've not eaten."

"Do you think," he asked them all, "that I like it?"

"You couldn't blame Mary Kate for that," her mother defended her, in a slightly perplexed, a faintly hostile tone.

"Blame her!" he echoed. "Nobody blames her. But can you blame me?"

"You're a rich man, Mr. Steynes," Mrs. O'Hara asked, considering him.

"My rich, yes."

"And your good father, your good mother—are they living?"

"My father lives in New York, he has an apartment there. My mother lives in Paris. They're divorced—they're both remarried. And now I think my mother is going to be divorced again."

"Oh, that's bad," Mrs. O'Hara commented, shaking her head, making a little clucking sound in her throat.

"I've got an apartment in the same building with my father, I've got a little place down in Maryland," the man said.

"She'd never fit into that life, you must see that," the older woman reasoned sorrowfully. "She'd not be happy in any such places."

"I don't think she would!" Chris agreed, almost fiercely.

"And have you no faith at all?"

"Yes," he said. And he looked at her. "I have hers," he added, in a gentler tone. "I was brought up in it. It doesn't mean much to my people, but I think it might to me."

"You don't think money, and furs, and traveling places—be still, Martin!" Mrs. O'Hara began again. "You don't think all that would make up to her for what she has here? She was a happy girl, two weeks ago, with a good man lovin' her, and her future all safe. What could you give her that'd pay her for what she'd throw away?"

"We love her," Mrs. O'Hara said, looking at her, her tender Irish voice low.

It was half past nine o'clock. Mary Kate thought that in a few minutes Chris would be gone, and Mother would have changed her dress and returned to the vigil at Uncle Robert's, and Tom would have lumbered to bed. Then she and Cass and Mart would sit on here in the kitchen, talking the whole thing over. After that they would escort the invalid carefully upstairs to bed, and establish him comfortably with his pillows and book, and then she and Cass would come downstairs for a long talk, a sweet-Leart's talk, in the big chair—

And to her Christopher Steynes would soon be a dream, and to Christopher only a dream would be the memory of this hot small orderly kitchen, and these earnest, simple, amusing folk, and this . . .-headed girl. And long before another April Uncle Robert would be dead, and Aunt Julia in a widow's veil like Ma's, and Mart studying in Germany, and Tom the mainstay at home, and Mary Kate Keating expecting a baby—

She returned to the present. Chris, his hands in his side pockets, his head slightly hanging forward, was speaking to her mother.

"Nothing!" Chris said. "There's not a day here," the mother continued. "Don't interrupt me, Mart!" she rebuked the boy again, as he would have spoken. "There's not a day in her life that she doesn't see twenty of her friends," Mrs. O'Hara went on. "There's not a day that she isn't in a gale of laughin', so that you'd laugh to 'ear her, though you was lyin' dead. There isn't a day that she doesn't do a thousand favors for me, or Tom, or Mart here, or one of the little ones."

"Perhaps," the wise, troubled voice continued, "she'd bring me home a handful of flowers, or a little red wreath, come winter. And it'd be, 'Oh, Mother, will you make Miss White a little custard for her father, will you give me some of your soup for old Mrs. Bryan?'"

"And then," said Mrs. O'Hara, in a dead silence, "perhaps she'll lean over one of them that's workin' on a week-day, theme, or doing a Thanksgivin' poster. 'I've got a magaz'ne in my room,' she'll say, 'that'll give you all the advertisements you'd use in a year!' 'I'll hear you your lessons!' she'll say. 'It's she takes them to the movies, if my feet go back on me. She and I have breakfast, on that same table there every morning! there is in it—'readin' the news, and pourin' the coffee—'"

She stopped. There was no sound in the kitchen.

"It would pierce me that she'd be far away from me," the mother ruminated, very simply, after a pause. "It would break my heart that she'd not be married here, where her own people are, brinin' her children—if the Lord sent them—back home to her mother—"

Still silence. Cass and Mart and Tom watched Chris; they knew the power of this quiet voice. Mary Kate gave a little dry sob, bit her lip, the delicate flanges of her nostrils moving with a quick drawn-in breath.

"I have a room," she said, looking somewhat lone and friendless, in his big coat, "I wouldn't want her to be as—as unhappy as all that would make her. I see what you say—I see what you mean."

"It was only," he recommenced, clearing his throat, "that I couldn't help letting her know that—well, that it's this way with me. It was not anything I planned to do, or planned to say! Not until I was standing here, not until ten minutes ago, did it come to me what all this meant! It's not anything you can argue about. I didn't want it to happen!"

There was a strange sound in the kitchen. It was as if Mary Kate had given a brief, exulting laugh. But it was so evanescent that when all their eyes turned toward her she betrayed no sign of mirth; her head was dropped, she had covered her face with her spread fingers.

"It might go as quick as it came," Mrs. O'Hara suggested tentatively.

"It might," Chris agreed.

"And then where would she be," the mother argued. "With a rich husband that was tired of her?"

"That—" Chris said simply, looking at the girl, who had taken down her hands, and whose wide, serious gaze was turned upon him, "that would be Mary's risk."

"Some risk!" Cass contributed, drily.

"No. Not much!" Christopher answered in the same tone.

Mary Kate crossed her arms on the table before her and stared into space. "She's the one to say, after all," her mother summarized it.

The girl roused herself from her dream with a brief laugh.

"Why, Mother, there's nothing to decide!" she said surprisedly. "It just—is, isn't it? Like a broken leg, like an earthquake. If you—well, if you had a baby, you could not decide to go back suddenly, could you, and not have one? If you were wrecked on a desert island, you couldn't just make up your mind to choose to be home again, safe and sound!"

"Mary—" Chris said.

She went over to him again, to take her old position, her shoulder against his, his arm half-way about her. "It's just happened!" she told them. "I know that all that you say is true; I know that it isn't sensible. All the women of his world are the beauty-parlor, bridge-playing sort, who get divorces and drink cocktails and know all the restaurants in Paris. They'll despise me—his mother won't like me! But what of it?"

"Molly, Molly," Martin pleaded, "think what you're saying! You're crazy. Don't let his money—"

"Oh, Mart, hush up!" the girl commanded him, goodnaturedly. "You don't think it's his money? You know it's not! That'd be like saying that I'd sell you and the girls and Pat and Tom for money!"

"Mary," Chris said, hoarsely and gently, seeing nothing but the blue eyes that she raised to his, as he clasped her hands together, and lifted them to his heart, "do you mean it? Will you take a chance?"

"I have to," she whispered.

(To be continued.)

"Living Stone" in Sculpture
"Living stone" and "living rock" are applied in sculpture to rock or stone in its native or original position as contrasted with marble or granite which has been quarried. The Lion of Luzerne in Switzerland, the Rushmore Memorial in South Dakota and the Confederate Memorial on Stone Mountain in Georgia were all carved from living rock.—The Pathfinder.

**The ADVENTURES of
CAPTAIN JIMMY
and his Dog SCOTTY**

What came before: After many adventures flying over the war zone in China, Captain Jimmy and Scotty got lost in the dark and land in enemy territory. A freight train leaves supplies at a siding, and they are cautiously approaching, when interrupted.

Quietly we approached the freight train. The food and gasoline which we needed so badly would soon be ours. Then, right out of the ground leaped a dark form. A heavy blow landed on my head, and I knew no more.

Gradually I became conscious. Jolt—jolt—jolt! I tried to put my hands to my head but they were securely bound. Someone had tied me on the back of a burro, and just ahead the Colonel and Fu Hsu were securely bound on two more. Numbered bundles and boxes moved in single file along a narrow rocky path, and leading each, strode a wicked looking ruffian, armed to the teeth. Chinese bandits had captured us.

Jolt—jolt—jolt! Through the hills we went, while a great blazing sun scorched us with stifling heat. The bandits had plenty of water, but for us, never a drop. Between drinks they would grin at us, and pat their stomachs, seeming to enjoy our misery. Of Scottie I knew nothing, and became very anxious as to his fate.

Everything must end sometime. Toward nightfall we came in sight of a rift in the mountains, where the sheer cliffs rose for hundreds of feet into the air. Here, indeed, was an ideal spot for a bandit camp. A few men could hold the defile against an army. Below stretched a beautiful valley, green and fresh as a mountain paradise.

The burros, scenting the sweet grass, rushed down toward the bandit camp in a regular stampede. As we approached, a miserable looking mob of men, women and children, swarmed out of the tents.

They were a hard-bitten crowd, every one of them. They jeered at



us, and the children pelted us with soft mud. But finally my turn came. Suddenly I dug my toes into that burro and charged the mob. He howled several over, and in a moment the camp was in an uproar. One fat fellow stood in my way, but that donkey just butted him in the belt, and he landed kerplunk on the side of a tent. After that we galloped off into the night before anyone could saddle a horse.

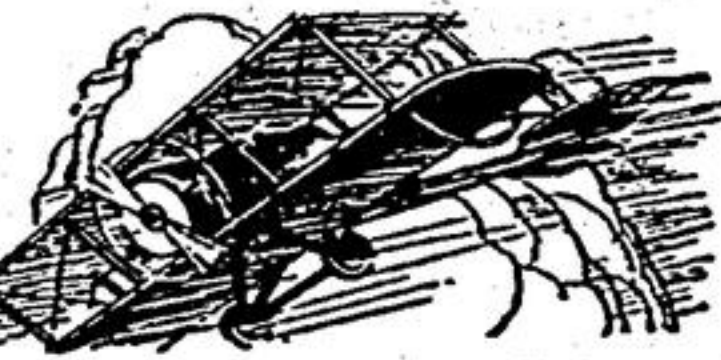
Up the valley, I found a cliff with sharp edged rocks. Working close to it, I began to rub the ropes which bound my wrists, on the rough surface. Then lights began to twinkle here and there in the valley, as the bandits set out to hunt for me with torches. Five minutes, ten, fifteen. I rubbed those tora ropes, while the lights came nearer, then, just as I had given up hope—they snapped and I was free!

My arms were so numb that I was almost as helpless as a baby. Up and down the valley bobbed the torches—and each torch was carried by a man-hunter. I edged close into the cliff, while the feeling gradually came back into my hands.

Fortunately for me, no one came near my hiding place. Whenever a bandit's torch went out, he would make a dash for camp, so as not to be left alone in the darkness. Probably he was afraid of a dragon jumping on his back, and flying away with him to its den. Anyhow, the torches went out one by one, and the search ended for the time. So on the camp quieted down. Sentries paced to and fro, but as the night wore on, even these huddled close to the dying camp fires, and dozed in the fatal light.

Just the idea: time for a raid! No one would ever expect a prisoner to suddenly attack a camp full of armed men. Cautiously I set out toward the tents.

(To be continued.)



Garden Flaks

Growing Plants

The plants started from seed in the shallow boxes on the window sill or in the hot-bed will be ready to transplant if the second set of leaves has developed. Transplanting checks the tendency to grow tall and spindly. It strengthens the roots and stems and gives the plant more room and, therefore, a chance to really develop. All of the normal bedding plants, such as Cosmos, Zinnias, Petunias, Asters, Marigold and similar flowers, as well as Tomatoes, Cabbage, Head Lettuce, Celery and other vegetables should be treated in this way. Give them an inch or so each way and place in shallow boxes filled with fine soil in which there is provision for drainage. Water well after transplanting and keep them away from full sun for a couple of days until they have hardened. A pinch of nitrate of soda will bring the plants along quickly after the moving. To prevent unevenness the box should be moved around from time to time so that all plants will get a chance next to the light.

Good Flowers

For the person who wants a good show of annual flowers but is not any too familiar with the different varieties the following list is suggested for general satisfaction: Calliopsis, Linum, Scablosis, Cosmos, Bachelor's Buttons; the seed of these can be sown direct in the early spring. Marigolds, Phlox, Zinnias, Snapdragon; these can be planted direct as seed or small plants used. Asters and Petunias are best purchased as plants or the seed may be sown early in hot-beds or window flats.

Mulch Paper

Growth can be hastened and weeds checked by the use of mulch paper, which is now highly recommended by Government authorities for the home garden. This is simply tough black paper, coming in various widths, which is tacked down with wire staples or laths between the rows of vegetables. The paper absorbs the sun's rays and heats up the ground and also collects the rainfall which runs into the ground along the rows where it is most needed. With those semi-tender and tender vegetables, such as Corn, Tomatoes, Mellons and similar things, growth is very materially hastened, which is a most important point where the season is short, or where extra early vegetables are wanted. Moreover, this new mulch eliminates practically all cultivation. Gardeners are advised to at least cover a portion of their vegetable patch with this paper.

Ready for Planting

If the weather will allow working in the garden and the soil is not wet enough to muddy one's feet, this is the proper time to get in the first vegetables, such as Radish, Spinach, Lettuce, Carrots, the first Cabbages and other of the hardier sorts. It is also time to dig the soil in preparation for later seeding. Dig deeply and turn in some well-rotted manure or some good commercial mixture and before the seed is actually sown rake over three or four times to break up the lumps. Use a stout string so that rows will be straight and, if possible, run them north and south, so that all vegetables will obtain the maximum light. The narrow sorts, such as Lettuce, Beets, Carrots, Radish and Cress can be put in rows twelve or fifteen inches apart where horse cultivation is not used, while Beans, Corn, Cabbages and Tomatoes require from eighteen to thirty-six inches. To save space it is a good plan to alternate the quick-maturing sorts, such as Leaf Lettuce, Spinach and Radish with Beets, Corn and Tomatoes, before the later sown and later maturing sorts will require the full room and the earlier stuff will be out of the way. Tomatoes should be staked, using stakes six feet high, and when this practice is followed two feet between plants each way will be sufficient. To be tender, vegetables must be grown quickly and this means frequent cultivation, watering when necessary and plenty of fertilizer.

Noted Arctic Explorer Describes Term "Igloo"

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, noted Arctic explorer, has entered the growing controversy over the proper use of foreign words in the latest issue of "Science."

Confusing his views to the field in which he is famous, Mr. Stefansson has questioned the usage of the Eskimo word "iglu" or "igloo" as synonymous with snowhouse.

Quoting Samuel Kleinschmidt, an authority on the language of the Eskimo, Stefansson points out that "iglu" is used as a term for a dwelling place of any semi-permanent form as long as the phrase is in the dialect.

Of the estimated 30,000 population of the Eskimo in all countries there are probably only 10,000 who have ever seen a snowhouse. Stefansson reasons that if we must use adjectives and qualifying phrases to indicate which type of house the Eskimo lives in, we should be specific in saying snowhouse, snowhouse, earthcovered log-house or dwelling. This he feels will go far to overcome the storybook and motion picture presentation that all Eskimos live in houses of ice or snow.

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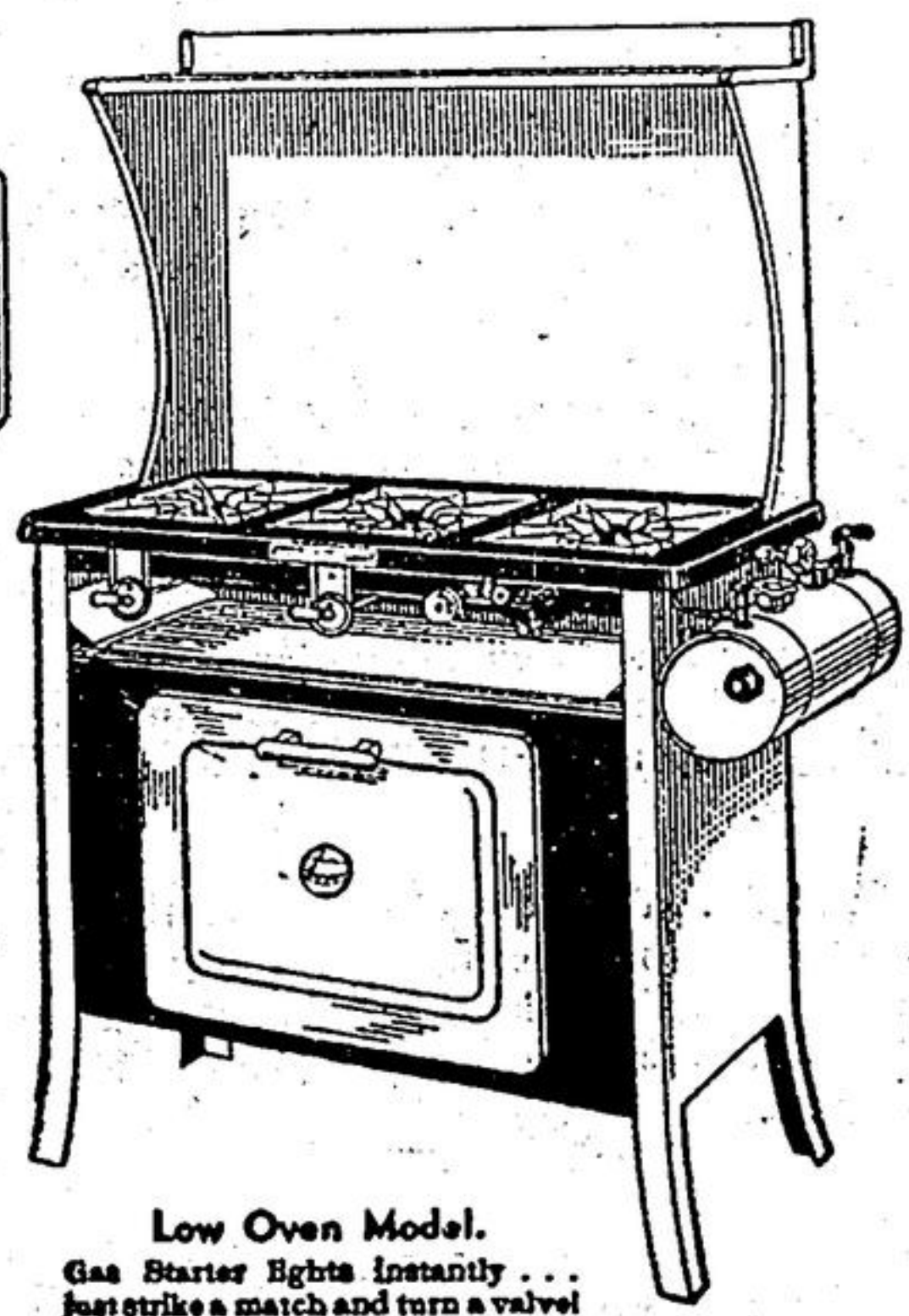
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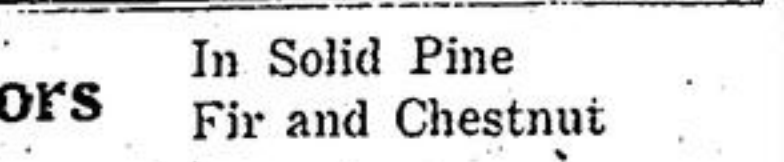
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Air Parties to Hunt Gold in Sands of Arctic Rivers

Point Barrow, Alaska.—Gold lies in all the streams flowing into the Arctic from Alaska and Canada, declare Eskimos here who exhibit bits of the yellow metal. Few of these streams have been prospected by white men because of their inaccessibility. However, this summer several airplane parties will test the sands of the Kobuk, Ananikpak, Colville and Maude Rivers.

Summer COLDS

Almost everybody knows how Aspirin tablets break up a cold—but why not prevent it? Take a tablet or two when you first feel the cold coming on. Spare yourself the discomfort of a summer cold. Read the proven directions in every package for headaches, pain, etc.



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