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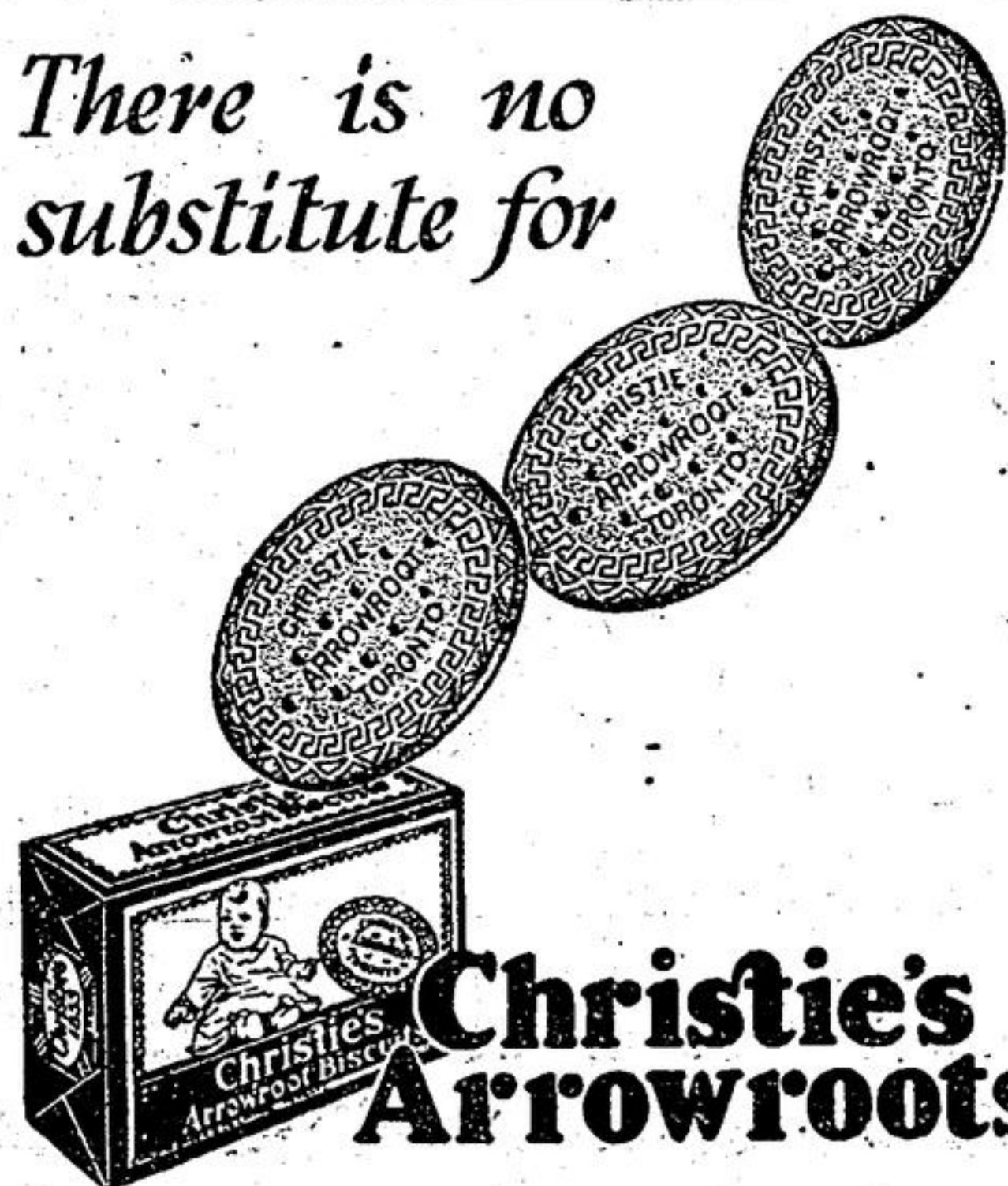
## APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

**SYNOPSIS.** Mary Kate O'Hara, engaged to Cass Keating, agrees to play the part of Christ Steynes' wife and meet the Countess Marka at Burlington. Then she goes to Steynes' home to sleep overnight. During the night her brother, Martin, not knowing the circumstances, breaks into Steynes' house and is shot as a burglar. Upon her return to her home, Mary Kate who has fallen in love with Steynes. Then Mary, Martin, Cass and Chris meet at the O'Hara home and during the discussion the Widow O'Hara walks in and demands to know what the trouble is. She declares she believes Mary Kate innocent of any wrongdoing. Then Chris asks Mary to marry him.

**CHAPTER XLII.—(Cont'd.)**  
"And you're not afraid, dear?" asked Chris.  
"Yes," she said, with the first flash of natural laughter she had shown

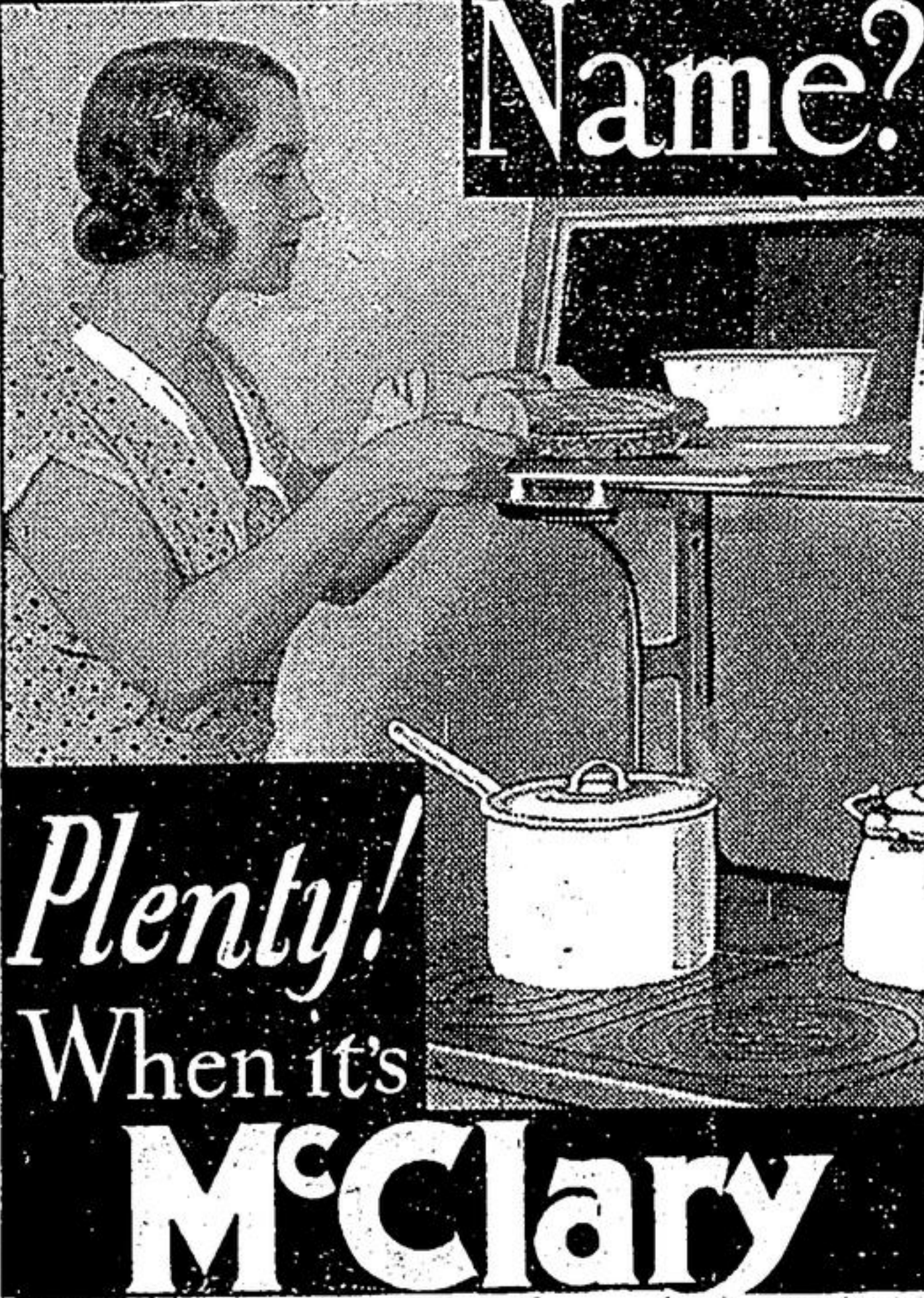
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kitchen, without anyone noting his going.

"How would you know your own heart?" Mrs. O'Hara said then, slowly, dubiously. But she had laid one hand upon the big square shoulder of the coat, just the same. "How would she know hers, and you and the strangers this fortnight ago?" she asked.

"I'll be very good to her; she'll be the most spoiled—the most loved woman in the world," Chris promised humbly.

"You'd say that now—" the mother said, not unkindly.

"But I mean it," he persisted.

"You're rich," Mrs. O'Hara mused, studying his face, with her own plain face very sober. "You're very rich, but there's other things but riches. How do I know that you're fit for a little girl like my Molly?"

"I know what you think of me," Chris answered, looking straight into her eyes. "And some of it's true. But not—the worst things. I've never wanted—girls, much. I'm idle. I play cards, and polo, and tennis, and golf, and the tables at Monte Carlo—but the only woman who ever had a hold on me is—well, Mary met her! And she isn't afraid of the Countess Marka."

Suddenly Mrs. O'Hara's face quivered, and her eyes brimmed with tears.

"It'd be what Mary Kate wanted, in the long last!" she said, unsteadily. She got up and went into the bedroom that adjoined the kitchen.

Tom kissed his sister, laughed a raw, bewildered laugh, lumbered on his own way to bed.

"Don't you care, Molly!" he said.

"It's the darndest break I ever saw!" Martin commented, from his chair. He gripped the chair-arm with his right hand, got to his feet, balancing himself carefully, because of the wounded arm. "I'm going in to talk to Mother," he explained.

Mary Kate, her sapphire eyes stary, was standing by the sink, watching the emptying room as a child watches a Christmas Tree.

"Mother'll be all right!" Martin predicted.

"Oh, yes, she'll be all right!" Mary Kate whispered back.

"She's worried about Uncle Robert. Wouldn't you know he'd choose Holy Week to die in!" Martin commented.

"Wouldn't you know it?"

But in her aching heart she thought: "It doesn't matter what Uncle Robert does now, or whether Regina writes her composition, or Lemmihan has a grocery sale. It doesn't matter whether the Geary Street car is crowded or not, on a week-day morning. The rents of the new apartments don't matter to me any more. And my best slippers with the loose heel I was going to have fixed, and mother's new meat-chopper, and being in the play of the Church Dramatic Club—all gone! All gone!"

She and Chris were alone in the kitchen.

"Do you think it's the darndest break you ever saw, too, Mary?" he asked.

"I'm a little—scared," she admitted, with a laugh.

He held her hands, and her bright hair fell back as she looked up at him.

"Are you scared, Chris?"

"I'm happy," he answered simply.

"Yes, I'm terribly happy, too. I'm—" Mary Kate turned away with a little shrug, despairing of express-

ing herself. "It had to be like this," she said.

From the pegs in the little passage she caught a loose brown coat. Tom's coat, as it happened, and slipped into it.

"Come out in the yard a minute," she said.

They went out into the narrow space between the shabby fences, where there were barrels, clotheslines, sheds, poles, and the children's scooters and coasters.

Chris put his arm about her, and they looked up at the great block of apartment houses on Geary street, rising tiers of little squares of pale gold marking the lines of windows, higher and higher against the dark blue sky. The great electric light sign flashed and wheeled and dimmed un-tiltingly, in the night. Motor cars honked in the street, whizzed, and were gone, and the feet of pedestrians chipped on the sidewalk, beyond the fence.

But millions of stars throbbled overhead, and the soft scarf of the Milky Way hung low and glittering, close to the warm spring world. The banks rose by the kitchen doorway, the great gnarled lilac by the fence, the "mock-orange" that, covered with creamy blooms, stood close to the porch steps, all helped to scent and make magical the April dark.

Chris and Mary Kate stood silent, breathing it in, their hands locked, her upflung head resting against his shoulder, for a long while.

"What are we going to do next, Chris?"

"Get married, aren't we?"

"I suppose so." Her voice was dreamily confident, like the voice of a protected child.

"Tomorrow, don't you think?"

"Tomorrow!"

"Well, why not? You see the longer we delay, the more time there is for newspaper reporters, and fuss, and cablegrams and telegrams and what-not—"

"Oh, horrors!" Mary Kate shuddered.

"Ought you do anything about Keating?"

"About—?"

"Keating. Cass Keating."

"Oh—Oh, yes; I ought to write him. I'll write him tonight."

"And tomorrow night we'll go to—where? Where do people go, here in California? Shall we go in the car?"

"Ha! We have a car." It amused her.

"You'll have your own car."

"I can drive it," she reflected aloud, simply.

"In summer you can. In winter you'll have to have a driver."

"Chris!"

"Don't you like that idea?"

It had silenced her. She was reflecting.

"Will I have to have a maid?"

"Oh, I think so, Mary."

"Ha!" she exclaimed again, this time with a sigh.

"What time do you think the City Hall opens?" Chris asked.

"Ten."

"Then I'll be here at quarter of ten. And if there's any special person you want to marry us—"

"There is."

"Then telephone him, and arrange it, will you?"

"Will your mother-hate me?"

"She'll neither hate you nor like you. We'll visit her, and the Count, in Paris. He'll like you, never fear. He's fifteen years younger than my mother. She'll want to talk clothes with you, any gossip you can pick up about persons she knows, and they'll take us to the races, and to dinner at some Russian place."

"And your father?"

"Dad's absorbed in Madeleine. She's about twenty-six, and rather large, and blond—regular Swede blond, and she lispes. She's the girl who—but you wouldn't remember that. She's the girl who sang 'Wouldn't You Choose the Blues to Lose Your Heart To?' two years ago. But you'll like Dad. He's very businesslike and square and all that."

"And I have a sweet old grandmother, who runs a cattle farm over in New Jersey." Chris went on with sudden enthusiasm. "You will love them all—I mean the people who work for her, and the calves and the horses and everything! Your little sisters—we ought to get them on there, some-time."

For a long minute she was silent.

## The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before: Captain Jimmy and Scottie became lost in the darkness while flying over the Chinese war zone. On landing, they are captured by Chinese bandits. Captain Jimmy escapes and plans to set free the remainder of his party.

Cautiously I moved toward the camp. The fires had burned to embers and now and then flamed up fitfully. Certainly the outlaws wouldn't be looking for an escaped prisoner prowling around their tents at that hour.



As I wiggled closer I could make out his features—Sure enough, it was poor old Fu Hsu (Foo Soo) the interpreter. He was cramped and so cold and scared, I held up a finger in a warning, and worked myself along to a point where I could cut his bonds with a jack knife.

"All asleep?" I whispered. He nodded. Quietly we crept away toward the cool spring. The fresh, cold water revived him wonderfully. He drank as though he never intended to stop. Then I questioned him.

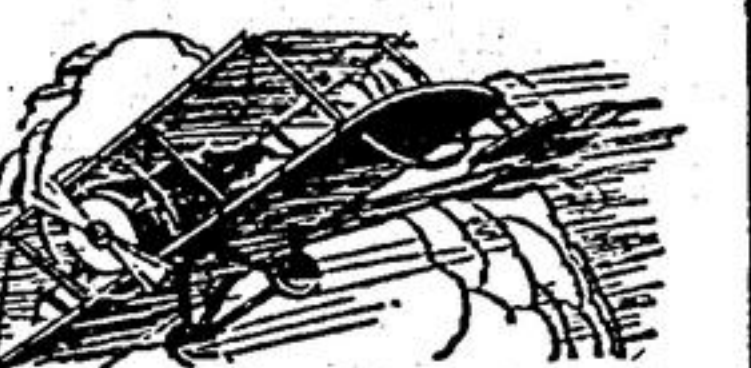
"What happened to Scottie? The dog. Bow-wow?"

"Blind hit him on the head—dog he bite blandit. The dog tree. No idea where doggie."

"And the Colonel?" I asked. "Colonel, he blandit, now. He Cook," whispered the interpreter. "He'll probably make a better bandit than a Colonel."

Meanwhile, a plan had been forming in my mind. Quietly we picked our way to where the Burros were hitched. We tied a dozen of them together so they would lead in a line. The other burros we cut loose, so it would take time for the bandits to catch them and get on our trail.

Taking the halter of the lead burro, I headed down the valley that led through the cleft in the mountains. Fu brought up the rear with two more burros—their lead ropes tied around his waist for fear he might drop it! He was the most hopeless Chinese I ever saw.



Loose stones began rolling, and the burros instead of walking on their tip toes, seemed to stamp along on their heels. You know how loud everything sounds when you want to be quiet, and it certainly seemed as if the noise we were making must wake the whole camp.

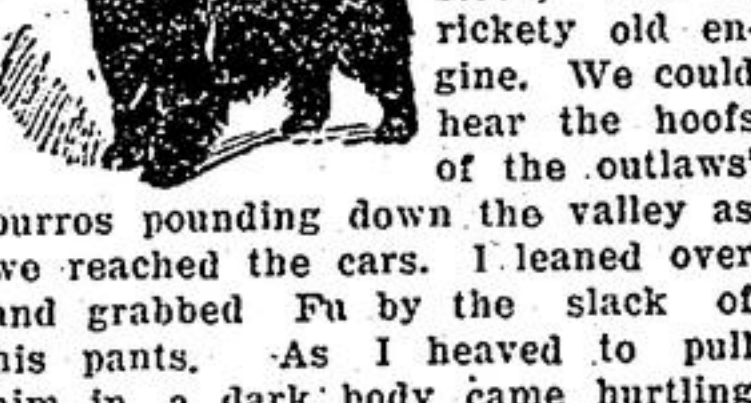
Finally we came to the narrow defile. Beyond that notch there was a bit of a plateau. It was here that the bandit guard would be.

The bandits had just risen to their feet at the sound of our burros coming through the pass. Plainly they were puzzled. Had we come riding out into them like a whirlwind, they would have understood, and started firing on us. But here was a string of burros peacefully wending their way into the light of their camp fire.

Leaving forward from the neck of my burro, I pricked the last of the string with my jack-knife. With a shrill cry he jumped against the next one ahead, who in turn rushed the next. In a moment they were in headlong flight.

They scattered right and left among the bandits, and when a burro failed to bowl one over, the rope caught his feet and tripped him. Then, in the midst of the uproar, we dashed out yelling. The rout was complete. We just waited long enough to grab a rifle and went on a mad scramble down the mountain side.

After a mile we rode at break-neck pace. Far back up the valley the whole bandit camp were in hot pursuit. When my burro showed signs of slackening speed, I thumped him in the ribs and off he went again amid a shower of dust and loose stones.



Rounding a corner we came suddenly to a railroad track, where five or six decrepit old freight cars stood, and a rickety old engine. We could hear the hoofs of the outlaws' burros pounding down the valley as we reached the cars. I leaned over and grabbed Fu by the slack of his pants. As I heaved to pull him in, a dark body came hurtling in, caught me amidships, and over we all went in a pile on the floor.

(To be continued)

## Map Making Most Ancient of Arts

### Aviation Now Demands Special Maps Outlining Course of Flights

Map making is commonly credited with being one of the most ancient of the arts. The desire to illustrate his travels, or to boast of them probably induced early man to put his ideas down in the form of primitive sketches which may be considered as the forerunners of our maps of to-day. These crude beginnings presently gave way to more permanent forms such as recording on the skins of animals, graving on wood or stone (as with the early Chinese maps), and painting on silk or cloth which developed later into printing on paper.

Although map making is one of the most ancient of the arts, it never ceases to reach out for new and modern ideas together with better methods of applying such ideas to its own purposes. A generation ago the science of heavier-than-air aviation was not yet born. Now, however, aviation has progressed so far that it is a commercial actuality, with aerial photography for mapping as one of its offspring.

In the matter of map production, aviation has reached the stage of demanding for itself. The Topographical Survey, Department of the Interior, has just issued a strip map covering the aerial mail route from Winnipeg to Regina. This map is in two sections which may be joined together to make one long strip. One side of the map presents information of interest to the aviator—high voltage transmission lines which are always dangerous for the avian, airports, light beacons, seaplane anchorage, and air lanes—all in glaring red. Other important features from the avian's viewpoint are shown in bold colors so that the map can be easily read as the route is flown. Fourteen colors in all are used. Elevations are indicated in steps of 500 feet by different tints, quick changes being shown by hachures. On the other side of the map is shown a profile of the whole route and large scale drawings of airports and intermediate aerodromes in regular order.

Mouse Is Delicacy On Animal Menu

That the wee mouse is the piece de resistance on the lunch-counter of wild life would appear from a bulletin just issued by the Roosevelt Wild Life Station at the New York State College of Forestry, Syracuse, N.Y.

The bulletin contains a study by Robert T. Hatt, field naturalist of the station, entitled "The Biology of the Voles of New York." The word voles is a general term including certain mouse-like rodents. Birds, beasts and reptiles have an irresistible fondness for mice as food. Through this natural tendency, if not interfered with by man, the control of the depredations of meadow mice and their relatives is comparatively a simple problem.

Orchards, nurseries, garden crops, small forest trees and sometimes other agricultural products may be damaged by mice. But in most cases, it will be found that man is to blame and not mice, because man has destroyed the natural enemies of this rodent which, in some cases, has resulted in mice epidemics.

At least nine different species of snakes thrive on mice. Even the bull-frog and the turtle take their toll. Hawks and owls destroy large numbers of mice. Many mammals from the weasel up to the bear consider the field mouse a choice morsel. But the tremendous mortality of this little ground dweller is taken care of by nature for he is a prolific breeder and he, therefore, sometimes becomes a source of considerable damage to the farmer.

The English Woods in the Springtime

I like the English woods in spring-time, for then the earth is carpeted with fern and velvet moss and in its softness grow clusters of primroses scenting all the air. I love the springy softness of the turf as I kneel to pick the dainty yellow flowers one by one. I love to lie and dream, just in this mossy sunlit dell among the secret woody things!

From where I lie, just through the trees I see a peep of meadow land. Something stirs. Ah! 'Tis a lark! See how she soars—up and up and ever higher. Have you ever seen an English lark rising from meadow in the spring, warbling all her love for England to the skies?

I love this English wood because here, among its thousand hidden joys, you can forget the world. Here where all its fairy nature fills your heart with tender love for all mankind, you can make big resolves. . . . See how the sunbeams flicker through the leafy glades. . . . a bee drones from flower to flower gathering honey. . . . a butterfly flutters over a wood violet. . . . the leaves begin to rustle with a breeze. . . . a chestnut falls. . . . I love the English woods in springtime.—M.S.T., in "The Christian Science Monitor."

There can be no concert in two, where there is no concert in one.—R. W. Emerson.

## Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grown-ups. Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers.

"Why colored? To save the child's eyes?" They were both laughing, and for an inst. his brown lean cheek touched her satin-smooth fair one and her silky hair brushed his cheek.

"No, but because they're so kind to babies," she explained seriously. "We'll have a country place—"

"My grandmother Vreeland's place—"

(To be continued.)

No Hard Feelings.—Lady—"Have you ever been offered work?" Tramp—"Only once, madam. Aside from that, I've met with nothing but kindness."—Hudson Star.

Checking Up on Ma.—Mother—"Why are you reading that book on the education of children?" Son—"To see if you are bringing me up properly."—Utica Press.

Issues have a way of disappearing after election and never coming up for decision.—Calvin Coolidge.

Not the eye but the spirit furnishes the best proof of theories.—Albert Einstein.

SCIATICA? Here is a never-failing form of relief from sciatic pain:



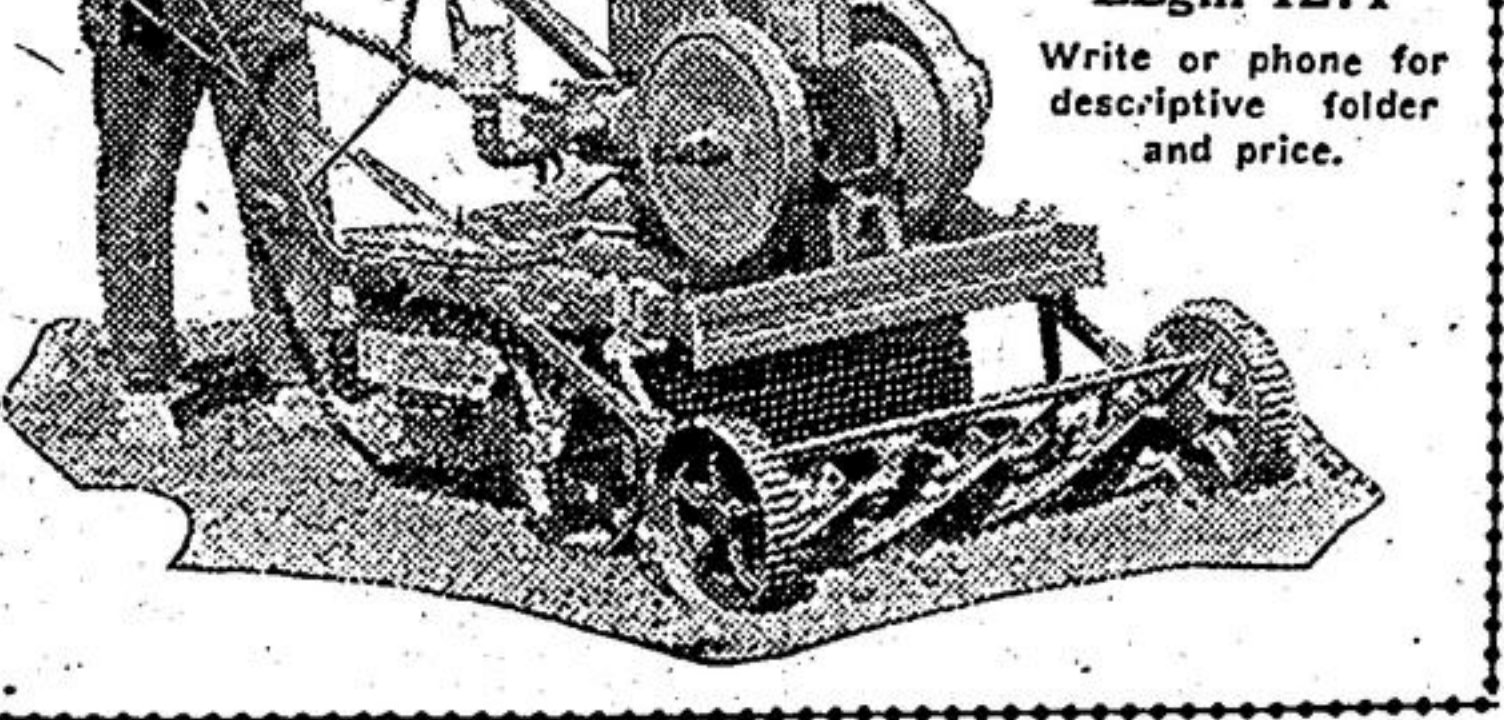
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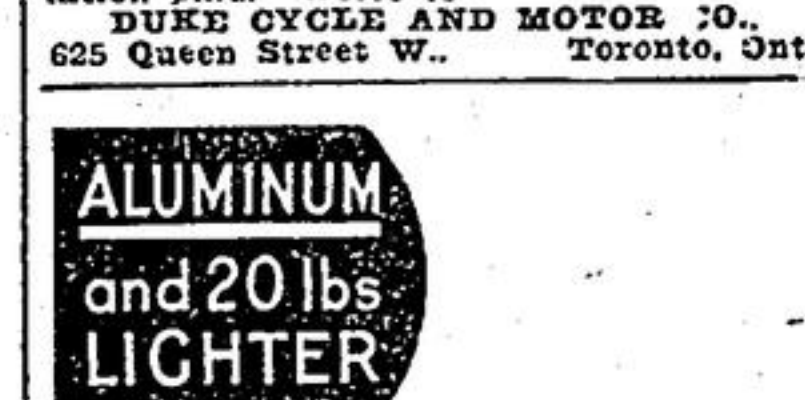
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