

"SALADA" TEA

The Tea that comes to you,
"Fresh from the Gardens"

APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS.
Mary Kate O'Hara, engaged to Cass Keating, agrees to play the part of Chris Steynes' wife and meet the Countess Marka at Burlingame. 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 finds she 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 wrong-doing. Then Chris asks Mary to marry him.


CHAPTER XLII—(Cont'd.)
"Well," Mary Kate continued. "And I'll be the sort of—oh, well, plainly-dressed smart woman, you know, who knows all about books, and plays, and German and Italian."
"It was French a minute ago," retorted Chris.
"Oh, well, French, too. And I'll study the opera, too, Chris. Do you like the opera? Do you go to the opera?"
"Sometimes. I like some of them."
"At the Metropolitan?"
"At the Metropolitan. The old man has a box."
"A box!"
"Certainly."
"At the Metropolitan Opera House?"
"Why not?"
"Oh, heavens!" Mary Kate said on a gasp. "Should I have to wear evening dress?"
"You would. You could wear that

thing you wore Friday night and my Aunt Minnie's pearls."
"Oh, sure enough! Those pearls are yours, aren't they, Chris?"
"They are yours, now, I present them to you."
She gave a frightened laugh.
"Chris, we may have lots of fun!"
"We will have."
"We didn't think our adventure would turn out like this, did we?"
"Rather not! I didn't know," Chris added, "that there was ever a woman in the world like you."
"I have to go in," Mary Kate said. "My mother's going over to Aunt Julia's and Mart'll need me to help him getting to bed."
Chris tipped her head back, under the spring stars.
"I love you," he said. "I've never done anything to deserve you, and that country house full of kids, and those nights at the opera, and all the rest of it. But—"
He stopped, at a loss for words.
"I know you will!" she whispered, as if he had finished his thought.
Three minutes later, shaken and breathless and bewildered, she heard the side gate click after him. Mary Kate took one more look at the blue dark sky and the stars and the rising tiers of golden apartment-house windows and the powdery silver of the Milky Way and drew one more great breath of the lilac and syringa-scented night. Then she went into the kitchen.
It was just as she and Chris had left it: orderly dimly lighted, empty. Buttercups in a clean jelly glass on the table, curtains moving languidly to and fro over the sill of the open window. The nickel-plated alarm clock over the sink ticked steadily, rapidly, in the silence, and her own heart kept pace. Her mother, once again bonneted and veiled, stood in the doorway between the bedroom and kitchen.
"Mr. Steynes went, did he, dear?"
"Yes, m."
"And you're sure of yourself, Mary Kate?"
"Oh, Mother!"
A long pause. The older woman sighed.
"Well, that's all I could ask," she said at last. "But it seems a far cry

from the little room you were born in, in Brooklyn!"
"I know," Mary Kate said. "Sleep in my room with Pat, dear. He's apt to wake, and I'll be up with Uncle Robert all night," Mrs. O'Hara said. "But I'll stop in at church at seven on my home tomorrow."
"I'll set the alarm and meet you there, Mother. We'll have breakfast together."
She was alone again.
She sat on, at the red oilcloth kitchen table, staring into space, her arms crossed, her eyes narrowed, her lips bitten. The clock hands moved, the lamplight wavered, in the kitchen.
Then suddenly she stood up, and pushed her chair back into place. She took the alarm-clock, and busied herself with the little keys on its back, before locking the yard door, darkening the kitchen, and going to her mother's kitchen bedroom.
Little Pat, freckled and thin and tousled of hair, was sprawled half-covered, crosswise on the wide bed. Mary Kate straightened and covered him. The gas was turned down to a bead in here, and the one window that looked out upon the blank side wall of the neighboring house was open.
She went into the dining room, and opened Tom's forgotten window. Kneeling beside him, she put her arms about him, mother-fashion, and he half roused, in his first deep sleep, and murmured to her.
"Gee, I'm crazy about you, Molly!"
Mary Kate mounted the stairs, and sat for a long time, in the dark back bedroom, lighted only by the rise and fall of the cigarette advertisement block away. Little tawny-headed Regina was sleeping like a baby saint, her hair shaken into a halo on the pillow about her unconscious head; Tess had doubled herself; her covers, and her own pillow into a great snarl, and had to be dragged and pushed and pulled into comfort against her own sleepy resistance.
"A spider-web party," she whispered clearly, as Mary Kate kissed her. The little girls, their big sister remembered, had been promised a spider-web party. They wouldn't have it now.
Last of all she went into Martin's room. He was propped in pillows, he slept in a sitting position, these nights. As he came in he closed his book, and smiled at her, and she sat down on the edge of his bed, and linked her hand in his free one.
So she had sat, with this friend and confidant, and confessor, many and many a time, in the days since her turbulent childhood. She remembered tears and laughter, rebellion, planning, argument—here in Mart's room at night. She remembered reading him her school compositions, here; discussing office affairs. It was here, one night not long after this same year had begun, that, rosy and confused, she had talked to him about stunning Cass Keating, who was so clever and so successful, and who—well, certainly it looked that way anyway, was beginning to—well, to like, anyway, Mary Kate O'Hara.
"Hello, Sis."
"Hello, Mart."
"Put the lights out?"
"Yes. I'm sleeping downstairs with Pat."
"Happy, Molly?"
"I guess so, Mart."
"I know better than he does what he's getting," Mart said in a silence. The girl did not answer she was moving her thumb back and forth across his big hand.
"Nobody like you, Molly!"
"Don't—don't make me cry. I'm—cried out."
"It'll be funny here, without you."
"But you'll be in Germany, Mart."
"Yep. Got to keep up with my rich sister, now!"
"Ah, Marty, don't joke about it. It'll be good for Tom to be king-pin for a while, and we'll pull the whole gang of them up, Molly."
"But not together any more, Mart!"
"No. Not together any more."
There was silence. Then the girl asked:
"Member playing Indians in the old coal box in Brooklyn, Mart?"
"Do you remember Mother used to take us to church, Saturday afternoons, and we used to play house in the pews?"
"Yes. And the day—but that was here—that I brought her home a plant, with my first money."
"A primrose."
"Yep."
"It's still growing in the front garden, Mart."
"I know it is."
"Remember the day the cop pretended to hit me, Mart, and you bit his hand?"
"I was five."
"You would have bitten an elephant, I think, if it had been mean to me!"
"I would have wanted to."
They were silent again, fingers linked. After a few moments, Martin felt something hot and wet fall on his hand.
(The End.)

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Ever the wide world over, lad; Clear to the Arctic Zone; From the glacial ice you can see the slice
And hear the duffer moan. There are greens by the Guadalquivir; Fairways in Old Cathay; And a tough tenth hole that will rend your soul On the road to Mandalay.
"The wild boar to the sun-dried swamp; The red crane to her reed." And an easy par at Kandahar— To lure the golfing breed.
There's a nine-hole course at Quito With greens that fringe the sky, And they cut the grass in the Khyber Pass To furnish a brassie lie.
By the wash of the Parramatta Is the golfing flag unfurled; And the crack of the club in the hands of the dub Is the shot heard 'round the world.
Started by Cartier in 1534
The work of measuring the real direction of the magnetic needle at different places in Canada is an incidental in the activities of the Topographical Survey Department of the Interior, Canada. This work was started by Jacques Cartier in the gulf of St. Lawrence in 1534, and continued by Sir Francis Drake on the Pacific Coast in 1579, Master John Davis in Davis Strait in 1585, Captain William Baffin in Baffin Island in 1615, Captain Cook and Captain Vancouver on the Pacific Coast in 1778 and 1792, and Sir John Franklin in the interior in 1819.

The Golfing Trail

"The white moth to the closing vine; The bee to the opened clover." And the mashie pitch to the ghostly ditch
Ever the wide world over,
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Difference in Force of Gravity

A body weighing one pound at the earth's surface would weigh 27 pounds at the surface of the sun.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

What came before: Captain Jimmy and his dog Scottie get lost in the darkness, while flying over the Chinese War Zone. They are captured by bandits and separated. Captain Jimmy makes his escape and plans to search for the faithful Scottie.
Yes, sir. Just as I crowded the old Chinese interpreter into the freight car to hide from those pursuing bandits, a black object came hurtling in and struck me square in the belt.
"Scottie!"
We untangled ourselves, and there was a grand reunion. But there wasn't any time to waste. The bandits were following closely on our trail. Some place must be found to hide.
In the corner of the car were piled a number of tea chests. These I shoved out so the three of us could hide in behind. Over the top I spread some old straw matting.
If only the train would move along before the bandits caught up, we would be all right, but it seemed to be waiting on the switch until a train coming the other way had passed.
Suddenly the sound of hoofs rang on the rocky railway siding, and a score of bandits began running up and down the train peering into the cars. Things looked pretty serious, especially when a big Chinaman began rummaging around among the tea chests. Luckily he did not notice our hiding place.
Something had to be done quickly, however, or the outlaws would return and find us. Quietly I signalled Fu Hsu and Scottie to follow me. We dropped out of the car and crept softly along the side of the train away from the bandits, and groped our way in the dim early morning light toward the engine.
The engineer and fireman leaned out of their cab anxiously, wondering what was happening down along the track. I slipped in behind them and gave them a good shove. Off they went—end over end into the ditch.
Promptly I threw the reverse

lever and opened the throttle. There was a violent spinning of drive wheels. The cars bumped and crashed against one another noisily, and at the same time I pulled the whistle valve wide open. The whistle fairly shrieked. It was a perfect bedlam let loose.
Panic stricken, the bandits rushed to the doors to escape. Some jumped out, some were pushed out, others simply fell out. But in less time than it takes to tell it, there was not a bandit on board.
Away we roared, gathering speed as we backed down the track for we dared not go forward in the face of the signals. The engine rocked and swayed. I took up the shovel to feed the boiler fire, when suddenly a heavy boot stuck out from under the coal and someone hollered.
What next. Even the coal was alive with Chinese bandits.
"Maybe I'm a bandit, Captain," said the owner of the boot. "But not Chinese anyway!"
Where had I heard that familiar voice before? I shoved him into the light. His face was like a black mask from the coal dust.
"By Golly! Jed Stone," I yelled.
And so it was. My old friend Jed Stone who I had not seen for many years. Our meeting was one of those old co-incidences that you couldn't make happen in a lifetime if you tried to plan it.
Jed told me a startling story. He had a brother Guy, engaged in Chinese famine relief work. A bandit gang had passed through the country raiding and plundering the pitifully scant food supplies of the people. Guy followed the bandits for days, and tried to reason with the chief. Making no impression he finally lost control of himself, and before anyone could interfere, soundly thrashed the villain.
(To be continued.)

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French Savings Pass

\$960,000,000 Total

Paris.—French savings institutions are holding more than \$960,000,000 for "rainy days" in France.
The old woolen stocking, it would seem, has gone out of fashion in France and, despite recent bank scandals, the thrifty French public is increasing its savings deposits.
Savings deposited in 1930 showed an increase of 16 per cent. over 1929, while the number of new accounts was nearly 10 per cent. higher than in 1929.
It is estimated that every fourth person in France has a savings account, the public banks and postoffices alone reporting 10,000,000 accounts. The total savings deposits in 1930 was \$960,000,000.
The per capita savings in France represent about \$24 a person, not counting the investment in French rentes and government bonds, whose total value represents many times the savings deposits.
"Better times are on the way, but they will not come all at once,"—Arthur Capper.
"I have accomplished more since seventy than during my entire previous life."—Capt. Robert Dollar.

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Garden Notes

Get Good Seed

In gardening a fresh and reliable supply of seed each year is even more important than with ordinary field crops because in the case of vegetables and flowers a very much larger variety of plants are grown. Before one is tempted to depend absolutely on seed saved from one's own garden this year it should be remembered that much of this seed is probably a mixture of several shades, varieties and different qualities of plants. The bees, which mix the pollen, are no respecters of color and when they get through with Sweet Peas, for instance, they have probably mixed things up so much that weakly coloured flowers are sure to result from the seed used. Then, again, the seed in this case is often saved from the later flowers and naturally will produce later flowering plants. The bed, too, has been spoiled by allowing the production of seed pods which as soon as they start to form stop all bloom. With vegetables, early and late maturing plants, as well as weak and strong ones, are so mixed up that the seed produced is liable to be disappointing. On commercial seed farms not only are the flowers and vegetables grown in large blocks so that there is less chance of mixing, but in the case of high class flowers, particularly, blooms are screened to keep out the bees and the pollen is mixed by hand so that true varieties or certain desired crosses are obtained. With vegetables, also, there is no attempt made to produce a crop of food for the table, but seed only, and that seed is selected from the earliest and most vigorous sorts so that early crops are the results of using that seed.

Saving Space
Vegetables divide themselves into classes which work in together. Thus we have Onions from seed, Lima Beans, late Corn, Cucumbers, Parsnips, Tomatoes and the main crop of Potatoes which occupy garden space for the entire season. If we wish to make the best use of our soil we can plant these in rows fairly far apart and in between grow early crops like Spinach, Lettuce, Radish, Onion Sets and Peas which are taken out before the latter sorts need the whole space. Then again, the early group just mentioned can go in in one portion of the garden to be followed by a second crop the same season of those late short-season varieties such as Celery, late Cabbage, Cos Lettuce, pickling Beets and Fall Turnips.

Peonies Worth Studying
The gorgeous Peony is a standard flower, particularly in many of our older gardens. Unfortunately in too many cases its season is very short, but to-day with a wide range in varieties there is no reason why we should not have Peony blooms lasting over a month. In the white varieties alone, there is a period of almost a fortnight between the blooming of the earliest and the latest, and there is practically a different date of opening for all the well-known varieties. A little time spent in studying the blooming dates listed in the catalogue before ordering is all that is necessary so that one's list of varieties will include a fair proportion of early, medium and late blooming sorts.

A Medieval Manor
The house of Bourne was altogether unlike one of the tall and gloomy Norman castles. It was much like a house in a Chinese painting; an irregular group of low buildings, almost all of one story, stone below and timber above, with high-peaked roofs—affording a separate room, or rather house, for each different need of the family. Such a one may be seen in the illuminations of the century.
In the centre of the building is the hall, with a door or doors opening out into the court; and sitting there at the top of a flight of steps, the lord and lady, dealing clothes to the naked and bread to the hungry. Behind the hall is a round tower seemingly the strong place of the whole house. It must have stood at Bourne upon the dungeon hill. On one side of the hill is a chapel; by it a large room or bowler for the ladies; on the other side a kitchen; and stuck on to bowler, kitchen, and every other principal building, lean-to after lean-to, the uses of which it is impossible now to discover. The house had grown with the wants of the family—as many good old English houses have done to this day. Round it would be scattered barns and stables, in which grooms and herdsmen slept side by side with their own horses and cattle; beyond, the yard, garth, or garden-fence, high earth-banks with pallises on top, while the waters of the Peter-spool wandered around outside all. Such was most probably "the villa," "ton," or "town" of Earl Leoric, the lord of Bourne.—Charles Kingsley, in "Hereward the Wake."