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# "SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the gardens"

## APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

### SYNOPSIS

Mary Kate O'Hara is in love with Cass Keating and wants to marry him. But she also wants to help her brother, Martin. He is studying medicine at night and has had to turn down an opportunity to go to Germany because of the family's poverty.

Then Christopher Steynes, a friend of her employer, makes a strange proposition. He has been followed by a Russian countess and her daughter with a view to matrimony, and he wishes to discourage them. It means to Mary Kate enough money to give Martin his opportunity.

### CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

"You completely misunderstood me," said Christopher Steynes. "I want someone that I can introduce as my wife. I then move my sailing to the next boat, which leaves eleven days later. The Countess and her daughter don't change their sailing, for there is nothing to gain by it. Once they are convinced that I am married, I don't suppose even a Russian countess would bother me. Do you? Do you know anything about them?"

"There are only four on our block," the girl explained.

He had a wild fresh laugh; she described it in her secret soul as an idiot laugh, but she rather liked it. He looked suddenly now, and gave himself and his chair a little jerk nearer her, and settled down with a fresh access of confidence and affability.

"Now listen, here's what I'd want you to do. Gordon Rountree is a prince. You can trust him. Will you concede that?"

She laughed. And remembering how her employer had acted when Mother was ill last summer, and his polite thanks whenever anyone stayed ten minutes late to do anything for him, and the half salary gift at Christmas time, so tactfully presented in a book, or with a handkerchief, she nodded willingly.

"Agreed. All right then! Gordon Rountree has a place down in Burlington, right near the one I rented for the polo. You're acquainted with Burlington. It's some twelve or fifteen miles down the Peninsula, south of the city. You know it, of course. Now I'm a stranger down there, nobody knows much about me—they're all terribly decent to me, and all that, but I mean that none of them would be very much surprised to hear I was married, do you see?"

"Gordon Rountree gives the Countess and Marka a dinner next Friday night, do you get me? And the next day I give them a luncheon at my house. The day after that they take the Overland for New York and then Russia, and it's all over."

"All I ask you—I mean, all I ask anyone to do, is to come to that dinner, sleep overnight at my house—I rented a swell old Danish housekeeper and her husband with the place, and she'll keep her mouth shut—and then play wife again at luncheon the next day."

"Were you engaged to this Russian woman?" Mary Kate asked, thinking. "She thinks I was."

"Has she?" Mary Kate was a movie fan. "Has she letters?"

"Some."

"Are they incriminating?"

"No. Oh, Lord, no!" said Christopher Steynes. "But they're affectionate."

"Then it's all off, isn't it?" the man said, despairing.

Mary Kate considered. "Well, yes, I suppose it is."

"I tell you it's a perfectly cold-blooded proposition," he said. "I know you'll understand when I say that I'm not in the least interested in you. I'm not in any girl. I've never been in love—I get a case occasionally—I never follow them up. You don't believe that. It's true."

"I don't suppose there's a chance with my mother," Mary Kate said, considering.

"Of course there isn't! But in the first place, you'd do me a perfectly inestimable favor, it'd be a work of charity," he pleaded. "And—are you engaged? Would you have any use for a little extra money?"

Her happy color rushed up. She sat regarding him doubtfully, hesitantly.

"You see, I really did take a terrible fall for this girl—by the way, she speaks perfect English," he interpolated. "So we couldn't get away with any asides!"

"We? I don't get you."

"I mean that whoever entered into this little masquerade with me," he said succinctly, "couldn't take a chance on their not understanding anything, for they understand everything! To go back. I met Marka in London, at a sort of theatrical party. There are lots of Russians on the loose all over Europe, and everyone is decent to them—buying their jewels, and jolly-ing them along, and all that. So when I met this girl, and really she is stunning—I began to lay it on pretty thick. In the first place, I didn't imagine she'd understand American slang, do you see?—So I'd call out to Fox-Curran—it was at his place—I'd call out to him, 'I'm crazy about her! Where has she been all my life? I'm getting on gloriously with Miss Romanoff!' and so on."

"Well, of course she took it—darned seriously," he said, looking at Mary Kate, widening his eyes. "In the first place, she was distinctly connected with the Imperial family, and she wanted to get that all straightened out. Then she asked me if I would come the next day and have tea with her mother and herself—tea, at twelve o'clock. It seems they have sort of betrothal teas—can you tell me that?"

"Heavens!" said Mary Kate, her face whitening with sympathy.

"Well, you can imagine. You see a girl like that—she's about twenty-seven, she was seventeen at the time of the war, a girl like that doesn't expect to know her young man very well. It's just got to be a suitable arrangement with plenty of money. She's been banging about the world for ten years now, looking for something soft, and she thinks she's found it."

"But do you like her?"

"I loathe her! However, I didn't tell you the worst. I went to their place next morning, thinking there would be a regular gang there, and I was the whole party! There were some elderly relatives, and cakes, and some old servant kissed my hands—I tell you, I was stamped! So I got out of these—this was last December, and I shipped on the Adriatic two days later."

"And now they follow you?"

"Now? They followed me then. They were on the ship. I don't know how they knew, or how they made the grade. I was deathly ill, I always am, and the Countess would get into my room, and play bezique with me—she plays darned well—she made something that way, but she was welcome to that! And when we parted in New York, she asked me when we should give the glad tidings to the papers."

"Give it a stick and a tail hat while you're about it," said Mary Kate drily.

"I give you my word it's every syllable true! On my honor!"

"Why, that's horrible!" the girl said indignantly.

"I'm glad you see it that way. Well, I stalled her off in New York," Christopher Steynes resumed, by telling her that there was a girl down South my mother wanted me to marry. There was, too. You know Russians will take a lot of that, because everything with them is formal—arranged by the higher ups. So I cut away again, now—I want you to play that girl."

She had laughed out, two or three times, during the recital, had frowned, shaken her head. Her eyes had flashed anger and interest. Now she said inflexibly, but in a much gentler tone, "I'd have to ask my mother."

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Her happy color rushed up. She sat regarding him doubtfully, hesitantly.

"Look here," he said. He caught up a pencil on her desk, and wrote some figures on a scrap of paper. Her eyes followed his hand.

"What's that?" asked Mary Kate blankly.

"That's what it's worth to me."

Her incredulous, suspicious look deepened.

"You're crazy!"

"I'm not crazy. I'm in a tight corner. I asked Gordon Rountree if he knew any girl who looked the part who would help him out. If you'll do it I swear to you that I'll treat you as I would my own sister—I'll swear it. You'll be sent to Sacramento Friday night—that's what the office will think and you will come back Saturday. That's all anyone'll know. And that cheque will go into your bank account tomorrow, if you say the word."

"What, before I even go?" She laughed; her cheeks were burning.

"Well," he said, "aren't you trusting me?"

"Yes, I do trust you!" she said quickly. She paused.

"Call it a lark, a practical joke," he pleaded. "It'd be the greatest fun in the world. Say you'll do it."

Mary Kate hesitated for a long minute.

"I'll think about it," she said slowly.

CHAPTER XI

"Now the point is," Mary Kate said with a jump, "exactly what can we pay?"

"Rent?" Cass Keating asked, with a downward glance at her, walking along a sunshiny spring street beside him.

"Rent."

"Is that a new hat?"

"This? Well, I'll tell you. A girl at the office named Louise Snevily, gave it to me for Tess. And I gave Tess fifty cents for it."

"It's wonderful," Cass bestowed another look upon his promised wife, a look that broke the first Commandment.

It was Sunday, a warm March Sunday that smelled of earth and flowers. White clouds were moving above a blue, blue sky; the world looked washed and clean, church bells laced the sunny city with a lingering solemn clamor. Late churchgoers were moving briskly along, but Cass and Mary Kate had already performed their Sunday duty and were free.

The girl had indeed been out in the cool twilight of seven o'clock, catching the sunrise over the towers and ship spars of lower San Francisco. She had loitered over a delicious breakfast alone with Ma and Pat, and had seen more sunshine slanting into the shabby kitchen, striking glints from the brass sink faucets and the nickel alarm clock. She had roused Tess and Regina and Tom and Mart, and washed her bright hair, and read the Sunday paper and worked out the crossword puzzle while it dried; he had helped her mother straighten the kitchen, after the children's breakfast, and had heard once more the story of the day Aunt Nellie caught fire the just before the Rowe twins were born, which recollection inevitably led Mrs. O'Hara into a dissertation on Uncle Jim Rowe, who was irresistibly high-spirited, and who had been known in his youth as "the life of the wake." This naturally evoked memories of the Dugans, the Creels and the Spite Wall.

(To be continued.)

"Spoonership" Origin  
Now Explained

Few men have become the subject of so many myths as Canon Spooner, former warden of New College, Oxford, who died the other day leaving to the English language a new word—"spoonership"—topsy-turvy words and phrases. All manners of spoonerships have been fastened on to him.

Addressing farmers he called them "sons of soil" instead of "sons of toil." He turned "loving shepherd" into "showing leopard." "A half-formed wish" became "half-warmed fish," and once when making reference to a dear old Queen—"It was during Queen Victoria's Jubilee celebration—she spoke of 'the queer old dean.'"

But nobody believes that the venerable ex-warden of New College and high dignitary of the Church, was so absent-minded that when being seen off by a lady relative at a railroad station he gave her a "tip" and kissed the porter.

Dr. Spooner once denied his authorship of these mix-ups and attributed them to the "woolish fit" of undergraduates. However "spoonerships" is an accepted word to be found in all good dictionaries.

And that brings to mind an amusing schoolboy "howler" vouched for by Lord Dawson Penn—King George's physician—a recent visitor over here. It was at a dinner of the Mothercraft Training Society—appropriately enough—that Lord Dawson told his listeners, mostly nurses, of a small boy who, asked to state the famous motto, said:

"Liberty, equality and maternity."

Honey and Water  
For Anti-Freeze

Saskatoon.—No more frozen radiators, says the bees of Saskatchewan, according to Dr. C. F. Patterson, professor of horticulture at the university. He announces he has found that a mixture of two parts honey to one of water will prevent radiators from freezing at temperatures under 15 below zero. The mixture, he says, "slushes" but does not freeze.

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2 cups flour 2 tablespoons shortening  
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder 1 cup cold sweet milk, more or less

Method—Sift together flour, magic baking powder and salt, then cut in shortening. Gradually add cold milk sufficient to make a soft dough as can be handled, using a knife to mix with.

Flour centre of board generously, drop dough on it, pat or roll out very lightly to 1" thickness. Cut out, bake 15 to 20 minutes in a hot oven.

All ingredients should be cold. Handle as little and as lightly as possible and avoid working in more flour after milk has been added.

\*This fact was recorded in a recent Dominion-wide investigation.

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## The Little Princesses and Their Relation to the Throne of England

In the event of the ultimate succession of the Duke of York to the throne would his two daughters, if no brother was born to them, become equal and joint heirs to the Crown of England?

It is true that when a peer "with remainder to heirs general" dies leaving several daughters but no son they all rank equally and the peerage goes into "abeyance" between them.

But the Crown is not a peerage, and its descent is governed by different rules. Moreover, although the House of Lords, in determining peerage claims acts on the assumption that peerage law has never varied from the earliest times, this is well known to historians to be a mere legal fiction. In fact the nature of peerage and consequently the law governing it have varied very greatly; and in particular the law of abeyance was not established until about three hundred years ago.

A slight inquiry into the history will show why it cannot be held to apply to the Crown.

In the first place, there has never been a legal decision applying the principle of abeyance to any peerage except a barony. Now going back to the beginning of barony, in the first two centuries after the Norman Conquest it is found that the status of a baron involved three things:

- (1) Tenure of land.
- (2) Office of lord.
- (3) A title.

The duties were at first of chief importance. They involved a large measure of government of his tenants, and the responsibility for supplying and commanding a contingent troops when the King went to war.

When the baron died the first essential was that his duties should be carried on. If he left sons the matter was simple; the eldest took the land and the title and performed the duties to the King. If he left only daughters it was still essential that the com-

mand of the military contingent and the duty of presiding in the feudal court should devolve upon a single person. So the eldest daughter took the lands and her husband bore the title and did the work.

But when the feudal system began to break up, the sheriff and the justices of assize ousting the barons' courts, and a money payment taking the place of their military service, the urgent necessity for maintaining the unity of the barony disappeared.

Consequently, in questions of succession the emphasis shifted from the duties to the property. If there were sons the custom of primogeniture was now sufficiently strong to secure the whole of the eldest; but the succession of daughters being much less usual, was less hidebound; and the new custom was able to grow up, where there were only heiresses, of dividing the lands between them.

The title followed the lands; and if the lands were divided it went into abeyance. When the title, rather than the lands, emerged as the main essential of peerage, abeyance survived as the general rule.

Now, the old threefold combination of property, duties, and the title obviously applied to the Crown as well as to a barony. The old rule of succession is therefore logically applicable to the Crown.

But when barons lost their duties the King increased rather than diminished his; and consequently there is no rational ground for supposing the change of custom in succession to apply here. The King, unlike a peer is primarily an officer with duties to perform, and only secondarily a titled and propertied personage. His duties can neither be divided, like property, nor go into abeyance like a title; and so, like a baron of the original type, he must still have a single successor. So if he has only daughters to succeed the eldest of them will be Queen.

## What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON  
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If you are looking for a dress that is conservative for all-day wear for early fall here is a charming style. It's slimming too with the wrapped movement at the front with the skirt falling in soft drapes.

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