

# All Grocers Stock "SARADA" TEA

If you want something better—try it.

## A Dead Airman.

May's tapestry of green and gold  
Was hung about us fold on fold,  
Where, in the coveys, the cuckoo calls,  
A scented arra on the walls.  
Of space and time, that held us close  
As bees are garnered by the rose.  
And we two, walking in that wood,  
Had half forgot the mire and blood.

(Forgive us, you who sleep in France!)  
We half forgot, and then some chance  
Or some stern angel led the way  
Through quiet fields to where he lay  
Broken, beneath his broken wings,  
Dead, who had known but twenty  
Springs,  
Still, where a million pulses beat,  
Face downward in the young green  
wheat.

That wreckage, gaunt and angular,  
Had flashed above us like a star  
An hour before, its course was done;  
Finished; and one more woman's son  
Had cast the cloak so dearly bought,  
With patience and in travail wrought  
For nine long months, worn twenty  
years,  
How gaily! Now Fate's awful shears  
Had rent it, and the naked soul  
Slipped out at once.  
To see life whole  
One needs good eyes, but only God  
Can so view death.

—Moray Dalton.

## The Perfect Pocket.

Few people realize what important  
work tailors are able to do in the way  
of preventing theft.

Some tailors have taken to making  
special pockets, called "change" pockets,  
designed to defeat the pickpocket.  
These are small side pockets made in  
the lining of ordinary pockets. The  
thief who has watched money being  
placed in a certain pocket thrusts in  
his hand to find it empty, not realizing  
that the money is concealed in the lit-  
tle inner pocket in the lining.

The writer has a small breast-  
pocket made inside his waistcoat. This  
is the last place that any pickpocket  
would think of trying. Another useful  
pocket is made in the upper hem of  
the trousers just between the brace  
buttons. Tailors call all pockets of  
this sort "peaches," and many custom-  
ers order them. There are pencil  
pockets, incidentally, if you carry a  
fountain pen and a pencil, you should  
have the left-hand breast-pocket of  
your waistcoat made in two or more  
narrow divisions.

There are men who have special  
cigar pockets, and it is quite common  
for a man to order a watch pocket  
lined with chamois leather, which  
keeps the case from getting scratched.

## The Thickness of a Hair.

The microscope shows a variation in  
the thickness of a human hair from  
the 1-250th to the 1-600th part of an  
inch; but, notwithstanding such thin-  
ness, it is a massive cable in compar-  
ison with some other fibres. Thus the  
thread of the silkworm is many times  
finer, being from the 1-1700th to the  
1-2000th of an inch. This, however, is  
nothing to the slenderness of the  
spider's thread, which has been found  
in some instances to be no more than  
1-30,000th of an inch in diameter. The  
fibres yielded by the vegetable king-  
dom are also of astonishing minute-  
ness. Thus every fibre of flax is found  
to be composed of a bundle of other  
fibrils which are about 1-2500th of an  
inch in diameter. Similar fibres ob-  
tained from the pineapple plant have  
been ascertained to be no more than  
1-5000th, or even 1-7000th of an inch in  
diameter.

Carry it  
always  
with  
you!

**WIGLEYS**

Keeps teeth  
clean, breath sweet,  
appetite keen and  
digestion good.

Great after  
smoking

After Every Meal

16-25 No. 32-28

# THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR R. REEVE

## CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

Ken patted his head. But Laddie had other business. His keen canine instinct seemed to scent out among us the sleuth. He wagged his tail furiously in recognition of his young master, but he had a story to tell and no tongue to put it into words. Still, he was bound to tell it.

Craig had just discovered the point where the footprints of Laddie's paws began to be mixed with the other prints. Laddie jumped and barked as much as if he would have said, "I'm glad you're here—but can't you see what happened?" He caught hold of Kennedy's coat in his teeth, and began trying to pull him.

"Down, Laddie boy! Down! Charge!" Laddie by force of habit and discipline felt compelled to obey Ken. But the moment he was down he was up again, repeating the tugging at Craig's coat, leaping and barking and going on at a great rate.

Ken was inclined to be angry. "Laddie!" "Just a moment, Ken," cautioned Craig. "I believe your dog is trying to tell us something. He's more intelligent than we are. Let's give him a chance."

Laddie had Craig's coat in his teeth, pulling not viciously but eagerly, as he raised himself on his hind legs. Kennedy moved with the dog. And the dog did not let go. He moved another step.

Laddie seemed to understand. He realized at last that Craig understood what he was trying to tell. He ran ahead, stopped, turned, gave a joyous bark, as if he would have said, "At last I have made these thick humans understand!"

Swiftly we followed the dog, as he ran with yelps of delight. "Here's one man that's not a dub!" barked Laddie.

Laddie stopped. Craig stopped. We stopped. Here indeed were footprints on the sand and they surely told a story. Here there had been a real struggle. It was not that we saw only the prints from the boy scout's shoes and those of another boy. But here were the prints of a man—and a girl—sharp indentations of the heel and of the toe of a little foot.

On we followed them to the water's edge, the prints of the boy scout's shoes alone, with those of no other boy, but mixed in with the prints of the man and the girl, as if there had indeed been a desperate and losing struggle. Down near the water's edge, the prints of the boy scout's shoes alone, with those of no other boy, but mixed in with the prints of the man and the girl, as if there had indeed been a desperate and losing struggle. Down near the water's edge, the prints of the boy scout's shoes alone, with those of no other boy, but mixed in with the prints of the man and the girl, as if there had indeed been a desperate and losing struggle.

Ken shaded his eyes and gazed out intently over the water. There ever a sign of anything that gave even a clew. I do not know what we would have done if there had been. It was certainly out of the question to swim out and rescue Dick from the unknown. And no one would have had the temerity to start off in a canoe to overtake and overcome the "Scooter."

"Shanghaied!" exclaimed Ken. "That's what they did to Dick—shanghaied him!"

There was a shock in the words even though in the words we had been convinced of the same thing. Craig looked from the prints on the wet sand out over the sea, then considered a moment and turned to Ken.

"Ken, run up to the house. Ask the cook for some paraffin, the cakes of it, such as she melts to cover jelly in glasses when she preserves and puts things away for the winter."

"Yes, sir," Ken was off on a loping, running, few steps, making a few more, running and walking alternately, the scout rope that enabled him to cover the longest distances in the least time without putting himself out.

While Ken was gone we continued our search, but Laddie had showed us about all there was to be shown that was evidence. Kennedy sent me up to the camp to get a skillet while he and Easton gathered some driftwood far up on the beach and started a fire.

By this time Ken had returned with the paraffin. The skillet was hot and Craig placed a couple of the waxy cakes in it.

It was not long before he had a skillet of hot wax. Then he lifted it and strode swiftly down the beach. We followed quite in the dark as to what he intended doing.

Before a clear impression of the foot of a man he paused, poured out a film of the wax into it and waited. Now I saw what his intention was. The tide would soon obliterate this print and all the rest. Then we would have nothing. Kennedy wanted to fix it before it was too late, to keep a reproduction. The wet sand was like a mold.

Ken must have told her. She must have sensed something wrong. None of us dared to speak to Dick's mother. Instead, we all turned to Craig to explain.

Mrs. Gerard must have read it on our faces. She saw the prints on the sand, Dick's and the others, and Laddie's. Here was Laddie. The others were gone. And we were studying the vestiges they had left. She did not need to be told.

Her mother heart gave a jump. Then her face blanched. There were tears forming in her eyes as Craig sought vainly to reassure her. In an instant Mrs. Gerard restrained herself. Other mothers might have faintly, become hysterical. Not so Mrs. Gerard. This meant a fight—to save and get back her boy.

She cupped her hands over her mouth and cried out over the water, "Dick! Dick! Dick!"

There was no answer save the wash of the rollers on the white shore, not even an echo. She turned. In her eyes was the question: Where is Dick? Ken, always meekly, was the first at her side. He took her hand. "Mrs. Gerard, don't worry! My uncle and I—and Easton will get Dick back."

Laddie, too, seemed to understand. He came over, gently, started licking Mrs. Gerard's hand. In her sorrow and consternation she mechanically patted his head. Laddie wagged his tail, turned, went ahead a few paces and stood still.

It was Ken who caught the significance of the action. There, on the wet sand, still just out of reach of the tide was an arrow roughly dug with a foot as it was dragged along. Dick had left a parting message. The arrow was pointing to the west, and his foot had jabbed a rough barb on its lead to make it plain. Now I could recollect a scout cruiser disappearing around that headland.

We looked at each other, for the moment, helpless. West! Where was Dick? Who was the real head of this desperate Radio Gang? Who was this mysterious gun-moll?

## CHAPTER X. BROADCASTING.

We were waiting for Kennedy to clean off the particles of sand from the foot tracks on the shore, wondering what next he would do, how he would tackle the now overwhelming problem of locating and returning little Dick Gerard to his mother, unharmed, when Mrs. Adams appeared down the path.

"Oh, Cora!" exclaimed Mrs. Gerard. "Something terrible has happened—first the robbery last night—now they've carried off Dick!"

"Dorothy!" cried Mrs. Adams, taking in from a glance of Craig that it was not exaggerated. "I'm so sorry! We'll all stand with you—bend every effort to get him back, dear. This is terrible."

Mrs. Gerard turned to the chauffeur, Dobbs, who was just back of Mrs. Adams. "Where's Vera?" Do you know? Have you seen her?"

"Where's Ruth?" shrugged Mrs. Adams. "It was that that I dropped in to see. I thought she might be over at your house, and that I might find them together. But Dobbs says no."

Dobbs touched his cap. "The last I saw of them, Ma'am, was when Miss Ruth drove up about half an hour ago, talked to Miss Vera and young Glenn Buckley and they all drove away."

"Together? Which way?" "No, not together, Ma'am. Miss Ruth went out by the south road in her car, first, alone. I don't know where she went—and, of course, I don't know what it was about. But they all seemed quite excited over something, Ma'am. Miss Vera and young Buckley left a little while later, but that was after Mr. Kennedy and the others came along."

Both mothers now turned to Craig. I did not envy his position of making an explanation with something less than half the facts. However, he did enter into it as gracefully as possible.

"I've been looking into the lives of these young people," he began slowly. He was careful not to mention Ken in this connection, for he wished to save him the embarrassment of the little affair of fighting with Hank.

"That boy, Hank Hawkins, say that his mother and father last week saw Vera, Ruth, Rae, Glenn Buckley and Jack Curtis with Vario at the races at Belmont and that they lost a lot of money. I can't vouch for the truth of it. Where there is smoke there may not be a fire. Yet where does the smoke come from?"

Mrs. Gerard looked at Mrs. Adams. Both of them were thunderstruck. But Kennedy was not through.

"I've been quietly making some inquiries about their habits," continued Kennedy. "You know the young people to-day are quite different from what they were once. There may not be anything wrong in it. I do not say even that I think there is. But the whole party of them have been frequenting the cabaret roadhouses out here in the county. You know what you're likely to meet there. Company that is—well, miscellaneous."

Mrs. Gerard shook her head. This was a blow—first to have Dick carried off, then to learn even the gossip about Vera. However, as to Vera she was philosophical. She shook her head sadly. "When boys and girls do dangerous, stupid things, trouble follows. Common sense and foolishness are sometimes fair equivalents for right and wrong!"

Kennedy was to say the least, surprised at this bit of worldly wisdom.

# Make the Hardest Day the Easiest

Rinso takes the hard work out of washing.

With Rinso you just soak the clothes for a couple of hours, or overnight, rinse and hang out.

No more cutting up of soap and smearing over the clothes. No more rubbing.

# Rinso

The New Kind of Soap

Rinso the clothes clean with RINSO.  
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF LUX

It sounded all right. He did not answer, pondering it for a moment.

However, it did not appeal to Ken Adams one way or another. To his practical mind there was just one question now before them. "But, Uncle Craig," he put in, "what about Dick? What are we going to do first?"

Kennedy was ready on the instant with the answer. He turned to Easton Evans. "Broadcasting by the police for stolen cars, for missing persons, for all sorts of things is a greater success every day. We shall alarm the police of the country, of the world, for that matter, every boat, every amateur station, every newspaper. The wireless of the world is open to us. Shall we try XXXZ again?"

Easton was considering. He was thinking of his still only partially completed perfecting of the Evansite Cold Tube. "Yes, I think it would be best to start there, to give it another trial. The old system still has a wider reach than my Cold Tube. I think that would be wise."

(To be continued.)



Keeping Him Fit.

"I hear Jack has taken up wrestling."

"Well, he's had good training. He's an expert Charleston dancer."

## Soldier-Poet's Resting Place Uncared for on Lonely Island.

Of a million British war graves scattered over the battlefields of Flanders and France and the Near East, practically the only one uncared for is that of Rupert Brooke, the English poet killed at Gallipoli, who wrote the lines:

"If I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's one corner of a foreign field  
That is forever England."

Only just now has the attention of the British public been called to the astounding fact that isolated on Scyros, a lonely island in the Aegean Sea, the poet's grave is not among those maintained by the War Graves Commission. England might still be unaware of the neglect of Rupert Brooke's resting place if it were not for the approaching St. Barnabas pilgrimage of relatives of the men who died on the Gallipoli peninsula.

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## "Bid Me Not!"

Ruth, aged four, found grandma reading and upon inquiry was told she was studying her Sunday-school lesson. "Teach me my Sunday-school lesson, grandma," she said. "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A few days later Ruth's mother went upstairs to make the beds. The air was very cold from open windows, and Ruth was told to remain below. After a time Ruth called, "Mamma, I'm coming up."

Mother explained it was very cold and Ruth might become ill and she must remain below. But Ruth persisted and started to mount the first stair.

Mother heard the tiny step, came to the top of the stairs, and said, "Ruth, I forbid you to come up."

At this Ruth stamped her foot, and with flashing eyes her outraged self retorted, "Bid me not! Such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

Minard's Lintment for Dandruff.

Soap improves with keeping, so it should be bought in large quantities. Before storing it, however, cut the bars into convenient pieces, for this is most easily done when it is soft.

## Poultrymen!

Can YOU answer these 5 questions?  
How soon after hatching should chicks be fed?  
What would you feed laying pullets to stop them "going off their legs"?  
What feed makes chicks mature rapidly?  
Why should very little meat and bone feed be given breeding stock?  
What feeds contain the vitamins that prevent chicks from having rickets?

The correct answers to these questions are worth many dollars to you—yet you can get them absolutely FREE. The Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, has prepared a booklet, "Poultry Feeds and Feeding," which reveals in simple language the secrets of successful feeding. Tell the best and most economical diets for fattening, a high egg yield, rapid growth, etc. Saves you money in feeds, and brings you bigger profits. Remember, you only have to write, and the Government send it absolutely FREE!

Write for these other free booklets, too: Write for the "List of Five Hundred Publications," listing government bulletins on all sorts of farm subjects, such as "Fall Litter for Winter Pork Production," "The Canning of Eggs," "Milk Drinkers," etc. Cross off the ones you want, tear out and fill in this slip, and mail it post free to:

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E-15

## RAIL AN

Winnipeg, caused considerable districts of chowan. Other rain, which value to all some sections of Winnipeg, damage, partic crop areas, areas reported hail damage. Reports from Jaw, Sask., to 100 per cent territory was to telephone buildings in the smashing of hail stones. In



Who defeated guson in the Democratic Texas.

## German W \$9.56

Eorlin.—The man in the fifti industries earns a week of forty istry of Indust parts. From the deduct for the income tax ave for single pers for married.

The organized ers, plutocrats \$13.15 a week, with \$11.70. T of unskilled mai cost of living a ports is almost of metropolitan States.

## Coal Strike E London

London.—Eng foring from the coal strike, but benefitting from since the last c atmosphere been tly so good. E the year London rey Hills, forty rarely vouchsaf

In spite of the total of sunshi July was far m London had W Westminster had more sunshine t—all on account sence of smoke.

## AIRMAN

London.—Ala airman, has slat tance the second riving at Port had virtually o of his second 2

As on his fir England to Can ham saw on his sea to Australia. Somewhat of th shunned by tou near Australia, two live dragon George, Englan These monsters, on Komodo Is, parently are dir prehistoric mon are about ten huge claws, wit to kill and dev large as horses. spew forth fume

When he arri end of his outb will have compl his second great land plane. Se