

The Aroma Captivates "SALADA" GREEN TEA

Pure, uncolored, delicious. Ask for it.

"Lacrosse" at Windsor.

Windsor Castle, 26th June, 1876.—At five, after having tea, drove with Beatrice and Jamie E., below the South Terrace, very near the summer-house, where Christian and his children, the Household and others, stood, and I watched a game of "lacrosse" played by a team of fourteen Canadians and thirteen Iroquois Indians. They were first presented to me by J. Lowther, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and their captain, Dr. Beer, said some words, to which I replied. Then the Indians, who had most curious names, came up, headed by their chief, a very tall man, and read a long address in the Iroquois language, with much emphasis, having first placed his tomahawk on the ground before me, in sign of submission. They were strangely painted, and some were very dark. They wore colored feathers on their heads, and sorts of tricots like acrobats. I gave to both Canadians and Indians, each one of my signed photographs. The latter begged to offer a basket of their manufacture to "our good mother," as they call me. They reminded me of Longfellow's Hiawatha. The game was very pretty to watch.—From "The Letters of Queen Victoria," edited by George Earle Buckle.

Home.

"The true pleasures of home are not without, but within."
Home is where character forms. Home is where we learn to live. Here we find liberty and freedom that does not come to us when we are abroad. Home is solitude from the society of the world. It is also society from the solitude of the world.
Home is the root, trunk and branch of character formation. It is where individuality forms. In the heart of home lie all the traditions, grave and gay, of a family—a history handed down through years, perhaps through generations.—Thomas Tappan, in "Chats With Music Students."



Prohibition.

"Say, Buddy, when can a fellow get a drink in this town?"
"Didja notice that little house with green shutters, up on the hill about five blocks down?"
"Yes, I did."
"Well, that's the only place in town you can't get it."

Quotations.

Pope is the fullest of all English poets. Shakespeare only excepted, of quotations—lines or phrases which have become part of our common speech and incorporated in the structure of our common thought. This is itself high praise; but it is not the praise of poetry, which is a subtler thing. The whole of Paradise Lost has contributed only some half-dozen such. Young, a poet only of the second or third rank and now almost forgotten, comes, I think, next after Pope in their abundance.—J. W. Mackail, in "Studies of English Poets."

IDEAL FASHIONS



THE JUMPER COSTUME STILL PLAYS A WINNING GAME.

The sun never sets on the activities of the instable two-piece mode. Here we see it in its smartest and most approved version—straight, simple over-b blouse, and softly flaring skirt, so charmingly youthful for the slender figure, and equally flattering to more mature lines. The blouse opens at the neck under a flat plait and chooses a collar of the boyish type. There are gathers at each shoulder where the back joins the front, and two set-in pockets furnish the only trimming note. The long sleeves are set in at the armhole and finished with linked cuffs. The blouse, No. 1044, is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch plain material; 3/4 yard contrasting color. The flared skirt, No. 1299, is joined to a body lining and is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 bust requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch material; bodice top 3/4 yard 36-inch lining. Price 20 cents each pattern.
Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Good Morning.

"Good morning!" said in accents cheerful.
Starts the day off with a zest!
Makes the whole world seem less drearful—
Warm the heart in every breast;
Makes the sunshine seem lots brighter,
And the mists to fade away;
Makes the hardest tasks seem lighter,
Lifts the burdens of the day!

Something magic in the greeting
That just seems to brighten things!
Trouble clouds are swift retreating—
Joy comes in on angel's wings!
It's a certain gloom dispeller;
Makes the whole world seem less drear;
May God bless the sunshine fellow—
Whose "Good Morning!" rings with cheer!

Walking-Stick Farm.

Of the many curious farms that have been established in the English countryside, surely a walking-stick farm is the most novel.
As a matter of fact, however, there is at least one such establishment, a flourishing concern to be found in the depths of Surrey. Instead of the cornfields, pasture land and root-crops usually expected on a farm, the walking-stick acre present the appearance of long, neat rows of tiny sapling trees, some four years old, others younger.
Quite a forest of walking-sticks may be produced in four years; but the handle occasions some delay. To obtain a right-angled handle, the growth is pegged down along the ground, and from this the sapling shoots upwards vertically.

THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

Kennedy turned to reassure both the mothers. It was no easy job. I do not know that he succeeded, but he did as well as anybody could have done under the circumstances and in a few moments we four, including Ken, Easton and myself, were in the car speeding across country to the big plant of the Radio Corporation.
There again we found that the trouble with the oscillators of the night before had long since been discovered and corrected.
"Very well, then," decided Kennedy, to whom now the facilities of the big station had been thrown open by Professor Vario, "as soon as there is an opportunity, put me on."
We waited in one of the big broadcasting rooms. At last the man in charge received notification from the manager that the air was clear on the wave-length they were using. Kennedy took his position before the microphone.
"All set!" whispered the manager.
Kennedy began in a clear, bell-like tone.

"Broadcasting a general alarm to all police department and radio listeners. This is station YXYZ, Rockledge, Long Island. Look out for Dick Gerard, fourteen years old, kidnaped some time this morning in former sea patrol boat now named the 'Scouter' off Rockledge, Long Island. If you have any information either as to the boy or the boat, please communicate with Craig Kennedy, the Nonowantuc Club, Rockledge. This is station YXYZ, Rockledge, Long Island, broadcasting."
"Uncle Craig," whispered Ken.
"Can't I talk—please?"
"Stand by for a moment. Scout Ken Adams of the same troop as Dick Gerard will have something to say to you!"
Eagerly, not a bit self-conscious, Ken took his place before the microphone.
"Scouts of America!" pleaded Ken. "You have heard of the carrying off of one of us! I call on you to find missing Dick Gerard, my pal. I call on you in one accord, every troop of Boy Scouts throughout the country, one and all of the great army of Boy Scouts in the land to go on a still hunt for the lost Dick Gerard. Just because my uncle, Craig Kennedy, the great detective, will give you a description of him by which you can recognize him."
Ken turned to Craig and Craig launched into a brief description of Dick.

Professor Vario, by this time was standing in the door, nodding with interest and sympathy. Kennedy called. "I hope this message will be timely. But sometimes the radio is a temperamental thing—if you can call inanimate things temperamental." His manner was that of a scientist warning them not to expect too much.
Just then one of the employees of the Radio Corporation came to the door. "Is Mr. Kennedy here, Professor?"
Vario indicated Craig.

"I have a message for you. There was a telephone call from the Nonowantuc Club that there are important messages waiting for you there from radio fans."
Easton was at once interested. "Must be the response from our broadcasting last night with my Cold Tube."
Kennedy smiled. "Undoubtedly. Cast thy words upon the ether and they shall return to thee—right away!"
Ken was the most impatient of us all. He seemed to think that the broadcasting from YXYZ ought to bring instant results. However, the use of the Cold Tube the night before had begun to bear fruit with the call about the Jardine garage. Here was more fruit. He was anxious to be off.
A few moments later we climbed into the car.
"Step on the gas!" urged Ken.
Craig did.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BLUE ROOSTER TEA ROOM.

It was a fact. Ken's message to his fellow scouts at once aroused them to action. Scout leaders all over were busy notifying the members of their troops. Indeed the scout world, especially along the shores of Long Island Sound, both in Long Island and in Connecticut, was being mobilized for action. And everybody who knows anything at all knows that when you want action, when you want to know anything, the place to go is the Boy Scouts.
It was not until later that we learned, but one place in which both Craig and Ken were listened to with mingled feelings of interest and anger was in the cabin of the "Scouter."
The operator of the "Scouter" was keeping in touch with all sorts of sources of information and there was mighty little that his skilled mind missed.
The operator noted that Dick, secured, was out of contact on desk in the middle of the Sound with no boat in halting distance although one was visible. He called to the captain.
"Cap'n," he whispered, "take this earphone and listen. They are on to us. Of all places in the world, they are broadcasting an alarm for that young imp out there from YXYZ!"
"What?" The captain came on in time to hear Ken speaking. He listened until Craig started to speak again. "That's good. Something is interfering somehow. But I'm afraid the damage has been done. They'll be looking for this boat. We'd better get the boy off as quickly as we can. Let me see. It's time for our hourly communication with the racing car in its new hiding place, isn't it?"

The operator nodded. He started to get ready to send. A few moments and he turned to the captain. "I have them. Now what instructions do you wish them to have?"
"I'm changing the course of the boat," the captain began. "We are putting in to the Binnacle Inn. I want you fellows to get off right away and meet us there. There has been an alarm broadcast over YXYZ for this boy Dick Gerard whom we have seen at Rockledge. We want to get Ken Adams, but this boy will do, for the present. If they get too close for us we can trade off the boy for safety. But we can't hold him on the 'Scouter.' Now you have changed your appearance completely. It is pretty safe for you. I order you to start right away with the racer for the Binnacle Inn. Meet us there and we will transfer the boy to you. You can hold him at the new den until this thing blows over. That will be safest."
In the new den with the splendid field wireless outfit the radio things were listening. They were pleased in one way. It was something to do, some excitement. But in another way they would have liked it to be some other orders.

"I would rather handle anything but a Boy Scout," growled one. "These boys learn so much that it takes a good deal to fool them, even to hold them. I'm afraid of them—I really am!"
The other thing laughed, but there was a seriousness in his laughter. It was about as fine a testimonial as the Scouts could have had, praise from the enemy. To a crook Dick was no asset; he was a liability. He was too much for them—when one considered the vast army of boys organized behind him to help him.
However there was nothing to do. The thugs with the now gray racer had to obey. They folded up the radio apparatus and stowed it away again in the back of the car. A few hurried preparations and they were off. It was a desperate gang with tentacles that reached over land and sea and air that Craig Kennedy, Ken, and Easton were in death grips with.
Had any observers on the Island been keen witted enough they might have penetrated the camouflage of the gray racer as it sped along to the Binnacle Inn. But there were none to do so.
However, out on the Sound, there was one boat that carried a couple, a man and his wife, idling around enjoying the sea air and rest and they were not asleep, whatever else might be said of them. It was the little cruiser that was hanging in the fog.

"I believe that is the boat they are looking for, over there!" the man exclaimed. "It is putting in to the Binnacle Inn. Now if we're ever going to help them catch it, we must put in somewhere nearer and quicker and telephone this club."
The owner of the little cruiser also changed his course and headed in where he saw a cove with a big house. They would have a telephone and he figured that he could get Kennedy on the wire and start him out immediately on what looked, now, like a promising lead.

While these things unknown to us were going on, Craig was giving her the gas to the satisfaction even of Ken. We were speeding along the concrete highway toward the Nonowantuc Club.
We had shot past a dirt road that intersected the turnpike when Ken, always keen eyed, suddenly shouted above the rush of air.
"Stop! Uncle Craig, I think that is Virg's car up that dirt road!"
Kennedy stepped on the brakes and if there is anything that Craig prides himself on it is having his brakes perfect. We stopped.

"But Ken, there was a sign and an arrow on that road, I saw. It read: Blue Rooster Tea Room."
"I can't help that. That was Virg's car. I know it. I know the license number."
"We can't go up there," considered Craig. "We'll get nowhere if I am now around in fact any of us. Now, I have an idea. I think you have the making of a detective in you, Ken."
The boy was flattered, but Kennedy's manner was far from making a boy overconfident. Still it was by repeating confidence in them, putting them on their mettle, that Craig got results with boys. The character and future of Ken were close to his heart.
"Now," continued Kennedy, "we'll go on to the Nonowantuc Club, will drop you here along the turnpike. Then you get back there to that Blue Rooster place. I've heard it is pretty gory. But just watch your step. Keep under cover as long as you can. But get a line on what's doing. Then report to me."
"Very well, sir," Ken was a boy of few words when there was anything to be done. He dropped out of the car and as we shot away in high again the last we saw of him was as he cautiously made his way back along the turnpike and by a footpath turned parallel to the dirt road to the Blue Rooster so that he could approach it from an unexpected side and get an earful. Ken was playing detective. And Craig was pleased.

The Blue Rooster was a former farm house, ample in size and off the main road. That was precisely what the proprietor wanted. He wanted quiet for the select clientele of sports to whom he catered.

It must have been an hour or so before we passed across on the turnpike that Virg and Glenn had pulled up to the place. There was an engine of the Blue Rooster was done in late afternoon and evening.
The proprietor had made a great deal of money, and was now engaged in raising the scale of prices as well as the selectness of the clientele to which he catered. Consequently when Virg and Glenn drove up he was pleased. It was a trade from just this section of Oldfield, Nonowantuc and Rockledge, he wanted.

He was not so pleased, however, when Virg let the conversation around to borrowing money. Glenn and she were desperate for money to meet the losses with the bookmakers at the track last week. They had much to fear if the money was not paid and the news ever leaked out to their parents.
(To be continued.)

Meadow Silk.

Across a weft of tender green
Is shot a weft of blue,
With threads of gold and bronze between,
Woven the whole piece through.

Broidered with sprigs of sorrel red
And starred with daisy-bloom;
The waving silken tresses spread
Upon a meadow loom.

Stitched o'er with many a glistening bead,
Prismed by rainbow light;
What magic in the shuttle laid
To weave a silk so bright!

—Florence Beach.

Furry Bear.

If I were a bear,
And a big bear, too,
I shouldn't much care
If it froze or snow,
I shouldn't much mind
If it snowed or friz—
I'd be all fur-lined
With a coat like his!
For I'd have fur boots and a brown fur wrap,
And brown fur knickers and a big fur cap.
I'd have a fur muffle-ruff to cover my jaws,
And brown fur mittens on my big brown paws.
With a big brown furry-down up to my head,
I'd sleep all the winter in a big fur bed.

Unanimities.

Nature has taken more care than the fondest parent for the education and refinement of her children. Consider the silent influence which flowers exert, no less upon the dither in the meadow than the lady in the bower. When I walk in the woods, I am reminded that a wise purveyor has been there before me; my most delicate experience is typified there. I am struck with the pleasing friendships and unanimities of nature, as when the lichen on the trees takes the form of their leaves. In the most stupendous scenes you will see delicate and fragrant flowers, as slight wreaths of vapor, dew-lines, feathery sprays, which suggest a high refinement, a noble breeding, as it were. Bring a spray from the wood, or a crystal from the brook, and place it on your mantel, and your household ornaments will seem plebeian beside its nobler fashion and bearing. It will have superior there, as if used to a more refined and polished circle. It has a salute and a response to all your enthusiasm and heroism.—Thoreau.

Disowned.

Aunt Mary had been introduced to all the friends of the family while visiting her brother. Now, womanlike, she was trying to discover if her niece favored any young man especially.
"That young Mr. Smarts who comes here seems a clever sort of man, Maude," she began.
"Yes," replied Maude, "he is clever."
"What is he by profession?"
"A bit of a lawyer and a bit of a musician."
"But what is he really?" asked Aunt Mary, puzzled.
"Well," explained the girl, "the lawyers says he is a musician, and the musicians say he is a lawyer."

Steel House for Workers.

In England modest houses all of steel are meeting the needs of workmen of small means.

Let Wife Do It.

"Yes, a lawn is too much work."
"I like a house with a garden, don't you?"



'Twas Always Thus.
Veteran of World War—"And that's how the terrific battle was won."
She (adoringly)—"Wonderful, wonderful. And how mean it was for the rest of them not to give you any help!"

Minard's Liniment for insect bites.

Don't Wear Out Your Clothes with Rubbing

Use **Rinso**

Simply dissolve Rinso (25 seconds).

Put into the wash water—

Put in the clothes.

Soak two hours, or more.

Rinse—

And that's all.

Hours of time saved—

Gloriously clean, white clothes.

Made by the makers of Lux

R-460



Henri Heineken.

He was born at Lubbeck, in 1781. When he was ten months of age, he could speak perfectly. When twelve months, he could repeat the five books of Moses. At fourteen months, he had read both the Old and the New Testament. At two years of age, he had read many of the best and most learned writers of the day. Ancient history and geography he was particularly fond of, and few adults even surpassed him in these branches. He spoke Latin, and was also acquainted with some of the modern languages. He died in the fourth year of his age.

Nature now and then produces a prodigy, and here, certainly, was one. I do not know of one quite the equal of this. Pascal was a genius at ten years of age, but this boy at many months. Johannes Secundus wrote Latin verse at fifteen years of age, but Henri Heineken, before he was four, conversed in Latin.
It is far better, however, to have a well-balanced mind than a mind developed all on one side. The average boy, of the average mind, if he cultivates it, is far more likely to be useful, and happier, too.



Roasts 'Em in Paris.

1st Lady—"You shouldn't have reproved those two fappers in one another's presence."
2nd Lady—"I always roast chickens in pairs."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

What's the Difference?
"Where's the glass of water I ordered, waiter?"
"Why—er—you have a glass of milk right before you, sir."



ISSUE No. 31-2A

LUNEN LOSS

Halifax, with wreck of life?—age that's the Canadian Laurier had of search crew of the little school hearts of a burg County gone entire and there void of was mystery of From about Lunenburg families are their great had given ageous res of men with ships. In ness is at been days alternating people star so great h news of the ing ache of Warden La Have t

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