

FOR ALL your baking use

# MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Made in Canada - No Alkali!

### Looking at Pictures.

Among the most pathetic figures in the world must be counted the men and women who may be seen in any picture-gallery slowly circumambulating the four walls with eyes fixed upon catalogue or guide-book, only looking up at intervals to insure that they are standing before the right picture. . . .

They do indeed deeply honor the names of the great masters upon the picture-frames; some slight acquaintance with them inspires reverence and respect, but where it goes beyond this it is for the most part indiscriminating and unreasoning hero-worship.

We long to feel at home in a collection of pictures, instead of lost in a strange world and out of touch with its inhabitants. . . .

Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see, acquire an interest, a fascination for us that is in the nature of a revelation. Our purely intellectual pleasure in the puzzles and problems of pictorial art, its historical and archaeological sides, grows to be of the keenest. . . .

It is the wholehearted enjoyment which comes with growing powers of appreciation that gives painting, and all art, its fascination for most of us. Sympathy and whatever of the there may be in each of us enables us to read something of our own into the most perfect picture ever painted, something of which even the painter never dreamed. . . .

### Farm Workers to Get Three Acres and Cow

The possibility of becoming the owner of a home with enough land to grow vegetables and keep a cow, pigs and poultry, is opened to every agricultural worker in Britain by a Government measure on "Small Holdings and Allotments" now before the House of Commons.

With a return for nearly four years ago, when he had been taught to say "Yes, ma'am" and "No, sir."

Miss G's Effort for Cote.

# THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR H. REEVE

## CHAPTER XXIX—(Cont'd.)

"Where's the Chief?" Kennedy demanded it of the most villainous of the crew.

"Cautiously now we started down the companionway. What new peril might we encounter? The crew were evasive. But what about this man they called 'Chief'? Could he be relied on to surrender when he agreed to surrender? Did such a man play fair? I did not believe it.

Yet until he was captured we could not say we had succeeded. With him loose, all our efforts would have failed. For in a week he would have built up another Radio Gang with new material, perhaps worse than the first.

I had been right as to his character. Suddenly the door of the cabin opened just a bit. A hand with a big Colt protruded. A deadly black mouth was yawning at Craig and there was no mark at which we could fire first.

Suddenly Laddie leaped, sank his teeth in the wrist that protruded with the Colt.

With an oath of pain from the owner of the wrist, the gun was discharged harmlessly up through the deck over our heads.

The cabin door swung open now, disclosing a man on the floor clutching a smoking gun and rolling over and over with the collic.

Kennedy sprang in, seized Laddie firmly with one hand and spoke sharply. The dog released his hold.

Then Craig dragged the muffled skipper up from the floor. He swung him around in the light so that we could see him.

"Professor Vario!" gasped Ken and Easton in a breath.

Kennedy held him off so that he could look at him.

"So! You are the master mind of the Radio Yeggs!"

"Vario!" Kennedy repeated his name. "I gathered as much from some negatives I discovered hidden away in a chest at the Binnacle Inn. Also those were photographic—and on one of them I recognized your handwriting. . . ."

"I don't see those studs that were taken from you, Vario," sneered Craig sarcastically. "No wonder you were not much worried over rubbing yourself."

Our eyes were fairly bulging at the unaccounted wealth there before us, which Vario and his Radio Gang had been pilfering to the north.

Kennedy produced a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and snapped the bracelets on Vario's wrists, tightening them so that by no manipulation could he force escape from them, wizard though he had proved himself to be.

"It's getting dark," suddenly exclaimed Easton. "I never did any night flying in the 'Sea Scout.' Do you think we ought to take a chance?"

Craig, with the caution of recovered jewels under one arm, waved the other first at the villainous crew, then at the trim, fast, and powerful "Scout."

Kennedy assumed the job as skipper while Easton devoted his attention to the hydroaeroplane trailing along behind us. With the boys, each of us had a gat in each hand, I perched myself at the highest point of the cabin roof where we could sweep the deck, and so it was that the crew in silence but obedience worked the "Scout" into port, where we lodged Vario and the rest of them in jail and lashed the vessel for the government, leaving it in charge of the authorities.

It was late when we arrived in port and one of the first things Kennedy did was to send Dick, with Ken and myself, to find a telephone.

"Tell your mother first that you are safe, Dick," he directed, then to Ken, "You had better call up your mother, too, tell her you are all right, that we are staying to-night on the 'Scout' and that they may look for us in the 'Sea Scout' the first thing in the morning before Eagle's Nest."

There was no one late that morning when we tumbled out of the berth. Everyone of us was on the qui vive. We had determined to make a quick job of it, take both boys in the "Sea Scout" and land them as soon as possible back at their Scout camp.

The day dawned clear and cool without too much wind. Easton made a splendid take-off for a good bird, flying down the Sound Shore, passing headland after headland on our triumphant flight back to Rockledge.

"Mother! There they are! See that speck!"

It was Ruth, peering out over the Sound, and thinking of Easton Evans as the group stood on the shore below the camp where Dick had been carried off.

"They're waiting for us!" Ken's sharp eyes discerned the group as he had passed the last headland. He pointed ahead to Dick.

Though it was only a matter of minutes, it seemed an intolerably long time before the "Sea Scout" was berthed safely on the surface of the water and those on the shore ran out surf boats to ferry us in to them.

## The Magic Carpet

These is neither marvel nor magic here in our Western world, where hurrying wheels are whirled, and folk rush to and fro? Ah, that, my friend, were true! If true—but it is not true! See—I will show to you a wonder that I know!

Come to one quiet corner of the dusty city park. This autumn day, and mark this which shall strike a crowd of believers on a summer.

Here on its spendthrift glory Trustful I fling me down—Lo, swift the clanging town is left behind, forlorn, Just as in Eastern story! High over field and wood I swoop, in exultant mood! On my Magic Carpet borne!

Oh, vanished Land of Childhood! In an instant's flashing space I have reached that marvelous place! I am on the leaf-bright floor Of my old-time gingham wildwood! The gold and the scarlet glow! And the long years seem but a dream, A misty dream—no more!

Glad playmates all around me! We gather the leaves so fast! Each lover that the last—Presto! All vanished—all! But oh, best Magic that found me! It shall bear me again and again Far from the haunts of men, When the leaves of the maple fall! —Minnie Leona Upton.

## Has Been Successful in Alberta.

R. M. Bacon, of Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta, who came from Harlan, Iowa, 11 years ago and took up a quarter section of land in the district of which he is living, now owns 800 acres. His wheat crop has averaged since he began to farm in Alberta, from 40 to 50 bushels to the acre, and his oats from 80 to 100 bushels on the average. Mr. Bacon states that the taxes are much lower in Alberta than in Iowa, and he estimates that in the past eleven years the value of his original investment has quadrupled. He says that he finds the climate in Alberta not quite so hot in the summer nor so cold in the winter as in Iowa, and he considers that Alberta, particularly the central part, a good district for anyone from Iowa to farm in and if a settler will work hard his success will be assured. He has found the educational and social advantages particularly good.

## English Discard Waffle, Return to Bacon, Eggs

London has voted against the American waffle. Just about a year ago a great firm of caterers put the crisp and toothsome American concoction on their menus. Maple syrup, so-called, was imported to pour on the waffles.

For a few months they were popular. Then the demand dwindled and finally disappeared. The caterers attempted to revive interest in the waning waffle, even tried putting an egg in the batter, but still old London held aloof.

The caterers say the explanation is that eating is a serious business with the English. Bacon and eggs, beef and boiled potatoes stick to the ribs in cold weather. Waffles may satisfy American appetites, but they scarcely arouse English curiosity as food.

## Industries in Manitoba.

J. E. Walsh, General Manager of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, recently completed a survey of the industries in the Prairie Provinces, and statistics included in the survey show that in 1910 Manitoba had 428 factories with a turn-over of \$53,000,000, while in 1924 the same province had 768 factories with a turn-over of more than \$102,000,000. Mr. Walsh pointed out that other Western provinces had shown corresponding gains and mentioned that the manufacturing industry in Canada is moving westward.

## Climbing.

His first surprise was to find the skier not as he expected, within his reach, but still as far off as before; his amazement increased when he saw a wide extended region lying on the opposite side of the mountain; but it was to astonishment, when he beheld a country at a distance, more beautiful and alluring than even that he had just left behind.—Goldsmith, "The Citizen of the World."

## Pot Calls Kettle Black.

"Isn't it strange how some people try to get along without tools? Why, those new neighbors of mine haven't a lawn mower, hose, stepladder, or even a saw."

Willard's Liniment for Sore Back.

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## AN ATTRACTIVE NEW FROCK.

Youthful charm is achieved in this attractive frock having scallops at the lower edge of the modish bolero and two-piece skirt shirred to a fitted lining. This dainty frock is appropriate for evening wear as pictured here, or long dark-fitted sleeves, included in this number, may be made for daytime wear. No. 1468 is for misses and small women and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 3 1/4 yards 39-inch, or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch material, and 1 1/4 yards 36-inch lining. Width of dress at lower edge, about 84 inches. 20 cents.

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Outside of That— "My boy, why are you not in school to-day?" "My mother needs me at home to-day, besides, this is a holiday, besides school hasn't started yet besides I'm not old enough to go to school."

## Hunting Game With Airplanes.

Hunting game with airplanes is the latest sport of the Royal Canadian Air Force. It is a sport which promises to be very profitable to the farmers of Canada and the United States.

Ever since the close of the war the Royal Canadian Air Force has been employed in peaceful service of an expanding character. Following thousands of square miles of forest, mapping by photography the rich mineral lands of northern Canada, and now hunting game.

The hunt is being conducted as part of the effort being made by the Canadian Government to stamp out the disease of rust in wheat. In connection with the Dominion Rust Research Laboratory at Manitoba Agricultural College investigations are being made by the Air Service as to the existence of rust spore in the atmosphere. By means of devices for the purpose the planes have succeeded in trapping spores at an altitude as high as 5,000 feet, and sometimes at distances more than 300 miles from the nearest wheat-growing area.

The Canadian Department of Agriculture has already succeeded in producing early ripening varieties of wheat which have forced the wheat line further and further north until Canada has become the greatest wheat exporting country in the world. It is believed that means will also be found to stamp out rust, and farmers of the who's continent will be placed under a further debt to scientific research.

## Wendy, Who Is Eight.

Silent and still, she lies. The light is burning low. Her face a cameo, and her eyes Seek in the dusk to dimly hidden. If down the passage kindly hidden One should come, whom she has bidden. She feels me near, and softly says To find it is no other. Then gaze me gently with her hand, Mothering me—her mother. —Cassie M. Perkins.

## Big Yield of Potatoes.

A most remarkable record of potato production has been reported from a plot of little more than half an acre on the farm of Mr. Graybill, just a mile west of Commerce, near Lethbridge, Alberta. These were Gold Coin potatoes and non-irrigated, and the small plot yielded 12 tons and 300 pounds. One potato weighed 63 oz. or three pounds 15 ounces, and there were over 200 potatoes which weighed between two and three pounds each.

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## SMP BEACON LANTERNS

Tiny, eight inch, abnormally Christmas family grown-up joy the . . . And it tradition tree help makes a pamon person . . . An im inches hi and Chr novelty Trees w fective, i with car out befo the tree. . . . If the to a sma nuts or thread of deoratio and a s anywhere tions are fol, not paper, do nothing. . . . If the in a The hea branches tree will Wrap squares if or bright these w silk, tins ribbon, colors, th to work two surg Packag or white or gold

Chr

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CHR

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For wind