

# It Will Delight You "SALADA" TEA

Perfectly balanced—superb in flavour.

## A Road's Unfolding.

I had been told of a road that ran for many miles southward by the Alps until it ended at the Mediterranean and I sought it. When I left it, I wondered if there was another such in the world.

It takes you where the fields are small, but are full of folk; where the villages are plastered like swallows' nests, high up on the faces of cliffs, with a church and a castle over all; where the church bells have a peculiarly peaceful note.

It is a road of the mountains. It rises as high as eight thousand feet, and day after day progress consists in winding up one side to wind down on the other. It is a road of great moments.

Usually near the top of the coils, the slope flattens and the last stage, in the ascent of the gray, barren peaks begins with meadows and trees or shrubs. On either hand the summits tower, frequently clothed in snow, and in front is the saddle-dip over which the road is carried. Behind and below, the road and the river run back into the blue mist, huge delicately tinted ranges keep the horizon.

Mont Blanc being rarely absent; and you know that a few yards ahead at the summit you will look upon another wonderful panorama of valley and mountain lying before you. At this point you hear the tinkling bell of a drowsing cow and through the trees a house appears.

I hope that for many centuries yet there will be people, who, on these high meadowy slopes shut in by the gray jagged peaks, will wish to pause and wander up the mountain paths, to daily by the streams, to see the sun setting and rising, and to feel the awe of the wonderful land of forest and stream and village and mountain lying below, beyond and above.

Not a mile of the hundreds was dull. The contrasts were light. Gray, bare mountains looked down upon one of the sunniest and happiest of broad elevated basins.

The valley below, where a crowd of people were in the fields lifting potatoes with mules and oxen and carts, was the sunniest and happiest of the places we went through.

From that we plunged into deep river gorges, the rocks on both sides rising sheer as a stone falls, for hundreds of feet above us, the clear blue waters from the snow fields above rustling and foaming down over great boulders, twisting round sharp corners, leaping over stone walls, the rocks through which the road was cut hanging over us.

Thus the scenes were unfolded, until at last through a gap in the hills we saw a short straight line on the horizon and a little below it. Then we knew we had reached the sea and the end of the road.—J. Ramsey MacDonald, in "Wanderings and Excursions."

## Task for the League.

Protecting children from undesirable moving pictures seems at first thought to be a rather surprising task for the League of Nations to undertake; but when the interchange of films from one country to another is taken into account the action becomes both logical and commendable. The plan that is advocated is the creation of central censorship boards in the member countries, which shall prohibit the showing of pictures that tend to degrade the minds and morals of young people, and shall encourage those that educate.

## The Blue Asbestos.

Blue asbestos, which occurs only in South Africa, is a better non-conductor of heat than ordinary white asbestos.

**Good for All the Family**

It makes them smile—it's sure worth while.

After every meal



1261

## SMARTLY CORRECT.

This season the two-piece frock rules over a wider domain than ever, and on many days, the hours of its reign extend from morning to evening. Therefore, it must be practical, yet combine as well, a semi-formal charm for leisurely events. The model pictured here is a typical example of a sports costume that is smartly correct for either a morning of shopping, or an afternoon of bridge. The jumper shows a high, turn-down collar, joined to a vest with button trimming, and eddy-shaped patch pockets that support a narrow tie belt. It has long set-in sleeves gathered to deep cuffs at the wrists. The skirt, attached to a body lining, is box-plaited at the front only. No. 1261 is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 1 1/2 yards 36-inch plain material for skirt, with 3/4 yard lining for bodice top; blouse requires 2 1/4 yards 36-inch figured material, and 3/4 yard plain contrasting. Price 20 cents.

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., 78 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

**Wily Scotch Angler.** Anglers will enjoy the anecdote of a foxey old Scot who, while fishing in forbidden waters, saw the head gamekeeper coming his way.

Hastily the Scotman pulled off his hat and on the hook stuck a potato the size of a big egg. Then up came the keeper, who said:

"What are you fishing for then?" Sandy said nothing, merely pulled in his line, stuck the potato on a little firmer and threw it back into the water; at the same time putting his finger to his lips to ask the keeper to keep quiet and not frighten the fish.

The keeper looked at him for a few minutes and decided there was no harm in letting a lunatic fool around with a potato for bait and so went his way.

Later in the evening as the keeper was coming out of a tavern he saw the Scot with a creel full of fine fish.

"Great Hoots, mon," said he in astonishment, "did ye catch all those fish with a potato?"

"Ah, nay," replied the Scot, as he walked away, "it was only you that I caught with the tater."

## Poetry.

Poetry? The smile on a baby's face, The perfume of a rose, The laugh of happy children, The Autumn wind that blows, The bright wings of the butterfly, The crimson and gold of the evening sky.

—Scottie McKenzie Fraser, from "Things That Are Mine."

Raising the lid of a new receptacle for cigarettes intended for home use starts a music box to playing a tune.

Minard's Liniment for Backache.

# THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR E. REEVE.

## CHAPTER II.

### The Superheterodyne Dance.

#### THE STORY SO FAR.

Craig Kennedy, scientific detective, interested in the Radio Gang which has been preying on wealthy families in the North Shore colony, has given a box party at the great championship football game at Rockledge University. Present are his nephew, Ken Adams, and his pal, Dick Gerard, Boy Scouts in the Prep School; his niece, Ruth Adams, whose sweetheart, the radio genius, Easton Evans, is captain of the team; Vira Gerard, Ruth's chum, and her fiancé, Glenn Buckley; a sporty couple, Rae Larue and Jack Curtis; together with Professor Vario, head of the great Radio Corporation, also in love with Ruth. Rockledge wins in the last thirty seconds and a radio dance is planned in honor of Captain Evans.

#### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

About the only persons in the great Gerard summer mansion at Oldfield, Long Island, who were not on their toes over the intimate dinner dance given that night in honor of the historic victory of Rockledge over Sheffield and the record run of Easton Evans were Ken Adams and Dick Gerard. That was not over the dinner. Both Ken and Dick were famous two-handed eaters. It was rather over the dance.

Out in the huge porch living-room, richly furnished in summer wicker, near one of the many French doors that opened into the dining-room of this wonderful millionaire summer place, had been set the big new superheterodyne in a splendid period cabinet. There was no need of anyone to attend to the big radio set. Easton himself was there, if anything went wrong. Otherwise almost any of the guests could do it.

The guests were not slow in arriving and Mrs. Gerard was a pleased hostess. Already Craig's sister, Mrs. Walden Adams, had arrived with Ruth. "So glad to see you, Coralie."

"Glad to greet you, then, with a significant greeting to Ruth. 'I can imagine my dear how thrilled you were at the game this afternoon. Vira has told me all about it. Oh! What a beautiful necklace, Ruth, dear! Are those the Adams pearls, Coralie? You flatter our party,' she laughed 'but I think I can guess why.' With a kindly smile she glanced over where Easton Evans could be seen approaching, eyes for no one but Ruth.

Mrs. Adams herself was not above being flattered at the notice given the famous pearls. The necklace had been an heirloom in the family and must have had a value of much over a hundred thousands dollars. She herself had on some famous emeralds. As for the diamond necklace that Mrs. Gerard herself was wearing, it also stood for a fortune.

Vira linked her arm in Ruth's. Vira was quite simply dressed that evening. She wore only one small piece of jewelry. That was Glenn's engagement ring. She was proud of it. Perhaps that had been her idea—to emphasize it by wearing no other jewels to detract from it, but rather by their absence.

The meeting of Easton and Ruth was frankly cordial. It took no second sight to discover that these young people had eyes for no one else. However, Vira could not have been jealous even if she had wanted to be, for Glenn Buckley came only a few feet behind Easton.

Professor Vario, his sister Rae, and Jack Curtis, another friend, were arriving just as Ken and Dick burst in, followed by a splendid collie.

"Ken!" remonstrated his mother, Mrs. Adams. "I don't believe Mrs. Gerard will appreciate Laddie quite as you do. Don't you think you'd better leave him outside?"

Ken did not argue it, but dutifully called the beautiful collie outside. That was comparatively easy as far as Ken was concerned. But there was worse in store for him. Dobbs, the Gerard chauffeur, had just arrived with a couple of very sub-debs, the Stanley girls from across at Crane's Point. It was only then that Ken realized that this was a superheterodyne dance.

Either it had been reception over the new radio. Now he and Dick were supposed to play grown-ups and do the honors. The boys rebelled—but were too polite to show it openly.

They had been over looking closely at the construction of the new superheterodyne when the Stanley girls arrived. Their mothers had to call them to attract their attention. However, now that they were in for it, the boys tried to make the best of it.

Dancing with girls, little or big, was not just in their line at that age. They were good dancers, but then a new superheterodyne was something, too!

Dinner was served and between courses and dances on the porch and light-hearted chaffing of Easton and the rest, the gaiety was rising high under the stimulus of one of the most spectacular victories that Rockledge had ever won.

Kennedy and myself had some matters to attend to at the Nonowantuc Club, and had promised to drop in before the evening was over, more especially as there were some problems of radio construction Craig desired to put to Professor Vario.

Between dining and dancing the evening had prolonged itself very pleasantly. Vira had succeeded in getting more dances with Glenn than Rae, and Easton had practically monopolized Ruth so the discomfort of Professor Vario. Reluctantly Ken and Dick had danced with the Stanley girls.

Ken gave Dick the high sign. He had succeeded in making some temporary excuse, so the radio gave a squawk and Easton was adjusting, that they had better go out and make sure that the high wind that was

springing up had done no damage to the outside aerial. In disgust the Stanley sisters turned to dancing together.

"Say, Dick, I think this wind is going to blow up a storm," whined Ken as they cast about for some other excuse to avoid the dance floor when this one was worn out.

"Think so! Don't you know it? See that flash and the thunder. That's not far away."

"I guess we'd better go in. Besides, I want to see how this new machine acts with the static. Come on, Dick."

Rain had already begun to fall as the boys scooted for the house. Around in the parking space of the drive someone was busy closing windows of closed cars, putting up side curtains on open cars.

"All juzzed by Nature's jazz," the boys heard someone in the living room porch say.

The broadcasting of the orchestra in the palm room of the new hotel in the city was seriously interfered with. But although the dance here also at Oldfield was interfered with, the dancers were bound to let nothing break it up. Already a couple were pushing out a victrola and selecting records. Others closed the French windows to keep out a sudden gust of wind and deluge of rain.

Had Ken and Dick only been on the east side of the house, just around a wing from where the cars were parked, they would have seen something that would have made their adventurous hearts stop beating.

Someone was sneaking, two figures, in the dusk of the rain, along the wall, until they came to a spot where the telephone wires entered the house. Quickly with a wire-cutter, the connection with the outside world was snapped. Then the figures retreated to the shelter of an all in the building. There was a burst of nature's fireworks.

"Suppose the lightning blows a fuse—or the power house shuts off the current."

"So much the better. You can see sparklers in the dark with an electric bulb's eye, can't you? I've a good mind to assist the storm, house those lights, anyhow." One of the pair had produced a heavy rubber glove and was considering it as he held the wire-cutter in the insulated hand, when there came a sudden deep-lunged bark from the direction of the car.

"That's that confounded collie of Ken Adams, Laddie. I'm going to do it, anyhow!"

The sombre figure in the shadow dived into the cellar. A moment later there came a particularly brilliant flash of lightning. The next instant there was just a spark in the cellar as the feed wire was clipped—and sudden darkness, consternation, upstair among the dancers.

"Where's Vira? Mrs. Gerard—can't we find the candles for you?" It was Ken, always the Scout in him uppermost, ready to do a helpful turn to everybody in need. "Come on, Dick, you show me where the candles are. I'm sure the current will go on again in a moment, Mrs. Gerard. Now, don't anybody get excited. We'll have lights in a moment!"

There was another sudden flash of lightning. Then a flash of light that did not die away so quickly, a shaft of light, through and along the porch. Quietly in the swirl of the storm one of the French doors was flung open.

The shaft of light from a pocket electric flash made a quick circuit of the startled faces in the interior room. Back of it a sensitive eye might have discerned two shadowy figures, a man and a girl, each with face hastily covered with a handkerchief.

"Stick 'em up! Don't move! Not one of you! Don't make a sound! Remember, a fly can pump off this automatic gat I got you all covered with!"

## CHAPTER III.

### The Radio Robbery.

"I always wanted a string of them beads! Hand 'em over!" The man was covering the astounded dancers at the radio dance as the masked girl stepped forward and started to frisk them. She advanced toward Ruth and laid a heavy hand on the famous and valuable Adams pearls.

It was too much for Easton. He made an involuntary movement toward Ruth but checked himself as he suddenly realized that all his brains and muscles counted for naught against the cold blue steel of the automatic yawning at him from the shadows of the French door in the hands of the man with the electric bull's-eye.

"Don't move there, bo! You heard what I said. A fly can pump off this gat if he ain't careful!" The flash-light moved. "Now don't move—none of you! Get that diamond too!"

Easton perforce had to give up. The girl, directed, turned her attention toward Mrs. Adams and her emeralds, leaving nothing untouched before she got to the diamond necklace of Mrs. Gerard.

"Say, if you kids get fresh, I'll fill you full of lead! This gat has no conscience!"

Ken and Dick had moved. They also suddenly restrained themselves. The girl was now removing a ring from Easton's finger. Easton, wondering who was next, glanced about as she left. He did not turn his head, but in the shadows he could not see

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either Vira and Glenn or Rae and Jack Curtis.

The girl turned to go. "You forgot one!" She looked about hurriedly, caught sight of Professor Vario and deftly removed the studs from his dress shirt, almost literally tearing them out. Then he suddenly turned and the two backed off the porch to make their getaway.

"Now, freeze! Understand? Quick! We got another engagement, too, tonight!"

The moment that they were gone Ken took a step toward the telephone. A shot rang out, penetrating the ceiling over his head, harmlessly. But none needed a further hint from the shadows.

It was only when the barking of a deep-lunged rooster was wafted in over the howling of the storm that Easton thought it safe to grab off the receiver.

"Vires cut!" he exclaimed as he uselessly jiggled the hook. There was no response. "Ken, I think I hear Laddie penned up in the cellar. Release him. Take your flivver station wagon, get over to the Club and get Kennedy and Jameson. Dick, you can start to trace out the telephone wires where they enter the house on the corner. Find the break, if you can."

"What's the matter with the lights?" It was Glenn and Vira who had come in.

"Where were you?" asked Easton. "Just out on the porch—parried, watching the storm, and the lights went out. We thought we heard voices."

"Very likely you did," returned Easton, dryly as Vira seemed suddenly to realize what had happened. "It must have been some people in that yellow racer."

(To be continued.)

## June on the Merrimac.

Here can't forget his droopy tone, And care his face forlorn; The liberal air and sunshine laugh The bigot's zeal to scorn.

From manhood's weary shoulder falls His load of selfish cares; And woman takes her rights as flowers And brooks and birds take theirs.

The license of the happy woods, The brook's release are ours; The freedom of the unshamed wind Among the glad-eyed flowers.

We walk on holy ground; above A sky more holy smiles; The chant of the beatitudes Swells down these leafy aisles.

Thanks to the gracious Providence That brings us here once more; For memories of the good behind And hopes of good before! —Whittier.

## Flowers and Gems for the Year.

January, Snowdrop, Garnet; February, Primrose, Amethyst; March, Violet, Aqua marine; April, Daisy, Diamond; May, Hawthorn or apple blossom, Emerald; June, Rose, Pearl; July, Poppy, Ruby; August, Water-Hily, Sardonyx; September, Morning-glory or golden-rod, Sapphire; October, Aster, Opal; November, Chrysanthemum, Topaz; December, Holly, Turquoise.

## A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

Earn money—and get it every week. Sell fruit trees, flowering shrubs, shade trees, bedding, roses and overgreens. Order furnished. Old, established firm has 25 attractive propositions for man or woman of good standing and energetic. E. D. SMITH & SONS, LIMITED, Windsor, Ontario.

## Mock Mahogany.

When desiring to stain light-colored wood a good mahogany color, a method that produces the best results, while at the same time requiring only one coat of the stain is as follows:

Before applying the stain, procure some permanganate of potash. Dissolve this in enough water to make a good rich reddish brown shade, and apply it to the wood with a clean brush. When dry, apply mahogany stain or stain and varnish combined.

If a very silky finish is desired, use both stain and varnish, then very gently rub down the varnish with fine sandpaper or powdered pumice, afterward applying a coat of liquid wax as a final finish. This use of the permanganate of potash as a first coat furnishes a good body color.

## Sentence Sermons.

The Most Unfortunate Man—Always has a chance until he gives up. Never gains anything by self-pity. Never helps his cause by knocking other people.

Will always be able to find someone with whom he would not trade places.

Is the one who has to provide roosts for the chickens that are coming home.

Never meets a worse misfortune than the loss of self respect.

Is the one who is enslaved to his own habits, passions and emotions.

## Minard's Liniment for Burns.

Don't put too much faith in logic. Many a man whose girl used to fix his slipping necktie and pick lint off his coat thought he was marrying a neat housewife.

## NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables is now accepting applications for nurses. The hospital is situated in the heart of the city, and offers excellent opportunities for advancement. The salary is \$100 per month, with board and laundry included. The hospital is a charitable institution, and the nurses are expected to be of good character and have a good knowledge of English.

## SIMONDS MACHINE KNIVES

There are scuffs, flower designs wild which one can almost there are subdued brilliant. Autumn beauty things; birds of from delicately tinted these wonderful scar graced the Queen of All the colors and man of the Orient are port real artistry.

That dark dreamy eye Can one ever forget? Hilda's woman's shop!

Many young men troubles and most of the

## This Washboard will wear for Years

It's so strong you could stand on it without doing it any harm. The rubbing surface is heavy SMP Pearl Enamel, positively smooth as glass, but unlike glass, it cannot break! And it won't wear out, like zinc. The back is heavily re-inforced with wood. It's a washboard that will last for many years, and remember, it is SMP made.

The Sheet Metal Products Co. of Canada  
Manufactured in Toronto  
Wholesale and Retail

**SMP ENAMELED WASHBOARD**

Now single cylinder Harley-Davidson's World's Record 100 m.p.h. on a 1000 cc. engine. \$1000 cash, balance \$100 per month.

Walter Andre  
946 Yonge St.

# WHEN DIGESTION IS ON

Feed Fails to Nourish  
Can be Had Through  
Williams' Pink Pills

In your digestion on stomachs away from your time, although you know the nourishment your food gives? Is what you eat, pain, flatulence or no symptoms show that you are in no state to digest food? Do not rely on merely give temporary relief. Stomach depends upon and if it does not do its intended, the trouble must be better way to build up by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Every dyspeptic who has delighted with the health and strength to follow their usual life. Mr. Stratford, Ont., is one of the value of these pills. This kind. She says: "I want to let you know what Pink Pills have done for me. Time ago I suffered severe indigestion, which left me nervous. I could neither eat nor sleep. I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got three boxes and had taken them I felt I got three more boxes taken then I felt like and I was again able to work, and have not since turned of the trouble."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are all medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box. Williams' Medicine Co., Ont. A little booklet, "How to Eat," will give any address for the ask.

**The Scarf Maker.** In the rear of a little scarf maker works at. Before the sun has bay harbor with its silv winds her way through streets to her little den. She does not hurry walks unseeing among pedestrians; her gaze is the fast brightening eyes she watches the softer hues, gradually rosecate ones, which vermilion. In fancy roaming the rough hills country. She tends the hilleads, breathing the of down-laden wild flow the flash of the bird's gorgeous tall feathers tall grasses. The scene on a faraway tree in dance with appreciative life. Coralie, dew, sun is her loveliness!

Such remembrances a her footsteps. There is scarf of the sheers finished from yesterday peacock design of deco chosen from her portrait memories. With the applies the paint to her shapely brown face delfly and eagerly.

The odor of the faint sweetest of fragrances, sign develops, her hair shines. The stroke of the a caress, the shadings cate and so perfectly later, when viewing her joyous surprise is hers achieved in those happy

At one o'clock the for business. No rappetive buyer, however answered in the morning hours are reserved a larger part of the day artist herself display of a common language understanding and aptness with which handles the scarfs; th of joy and wonder, th art recognition all th to the artist the purch

There are scarfs flower designs wild which one can almost there are subdued brilliant. Autumn beauty things; birds of from delicately tinted these wonderful scar graced the Queen of All the colors and man of the Orient are port real artistry.

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