

"Swat the fly" with GILLETT'S LYE

A teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye sprinkled in the Garbage Can prevents flies breeding

Use Gillett's Lye for all Cleaning and Disinfecting

Costs little but always effective



The Good Day.

When the Golden sun he knelt
On the far horizon's brim,
Casting off the cloaks of night,
At my bed I bowed with him.

Said my prayer, and, as he rose,
Rose up, too, and went my way,
Fed the beast and cleaned the byre,
Bent my back above the hay.

When at noon full hot he paused,
Then I spread my cloth, and ate
Meat that had its life from him
Meat and fruit from his estate.

Rose refreshed, and took my scythe,
Toiled until, as dusk drew nigh,
Passing hence, the moon his bride,
Held her glowing monstrance high.

Bade me see him still, then, blessed,
Sent me home with joyous tread,
Where the two dear hands I love
Poured the wine and broke the bread.

Henry Howarth Bashford.



Colonel E. M. House

One of the very few pictures of the late Woodrow Wilson's silent partner, and of unique interest in view of the recent publication of his memoirs.

Sentence Sermons.

The World Gives Us—Our opportunities, but we must make our own decisions.

Time, but we must improve it.

Plenty of material, but we must work it up.

The right to live, but we must earn our living.

Plenty of acquaintances, but we must find our friends.

Many things to enjoy, but we must cultivate the power of appreciation.

More in exchange for dependability than for cleverness.

The Measure.

Little Betty, who was staying in the country with her grandma, went to the fowl-house to see if there were any eggs. She returned in a few minutes, looking very disappointed.

"No eggs this morning, grannie," she said, and added, "except the one the chickens measure by."



After Every Meal

It doesn't take much to keep you in trim. Nature only asks a little help.

Wrigley's, after every meal, benefits teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

A Flavor for Every Taste

THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

"And where were you?" shot out Easton.

"Why were you going to call up the Parris to get them to come over," chorused Rae and Jack Curtis. "But it began to rain. We dashed out to put up the windows, let down the curtains on the cars. Got wet, but closed 'em up. Who was in the car?"

Easton waved his hand. "They can tell you as much as I. We've been robbed. I'm going to find that break in the feed wire if I can, restore the lights. I don't believe it was the lightning did that."

Meanwhile Ken Adams and Laddie in the station wagon had got through the deeded roads to the club. The first thing Craig and I knew about it was when a boy in a very wet poncho with a very bedraggled collar at his heels burst in upon us. "Uncle Craig! We've been robbed!"

"You'll come with me, Walter?" Craig turned to me.

"Give me a chance to get a raincoat," I answered without hesitation. "I'll get yours, too, Craig."

"What was that, Mr. Jameson?" one of the old ladies about the Club called to me as I was dashing up the stairs. "The Gerards robbed? Oh, how frightful!"

I answered hastily. What this case needed was action, instant action, and Craig. I was wasting no seconds in getting him over to the scene of the crime.

Out in the lashing rain we slogged into the station wagon and were off. It was a wild night for driving, and Craig took the wheel.

Suddenly it seemed as if that fiver must lose its balance. I never shall be able to figure out just where the centre of gravity of a fiver is. Kennedy, in the nick of time, had spied a huge, high-hooded racer without lights bearing down on us. He had turned in the nick of time just at a point where the crown of the macadam road made it dangerous. All was well, but by mere luck.

"I bet that was that yellow racer," piped Ken. "Rae and Jack said they saw it at the place. And this fellow in the mask said they had other work to do to-night. They've robbed some other place, I'll bet. Now they're making a getaway."

Everyone at the Gerard house was talking at once as Craig, Ken and I arrived. Easton had found the break in the line and had spied it. The lights were on again now.

Quickly Kennedy went over the facts of the case, getting the stories of Ruth, of his sister, Mrs. Adams, of Mrs. Gerard, of Vira and Glenn, and of Rae and Jack Curtis, as well as Vario, who, though he had not lost much, was more gum at his torn and rumpled shirt bosom than at the loss of the diamond studs.

"What did she look like?" asked Kennedy.

"I'll tell you this much. Easton was slow and deliberate as he answered. "She had the hands of a lady and the voice of a gun moll!"

Kennedy smiled at the description. It was not much of an identification. While Kennedy was investigating the pace for possible clues, fingerprints, tracks of feet and so on, Easton had joined the boys. A moment later he returned.

"I think we've got the telephone connected up again. The break was outside."

"Good!" exclaimed Kennedy. "Then we'll better send out a tracer, an alarm, for the yellow racer. First I want to get the local authorities here in the county, alarm them, have them all out watching every road that leads out, all the ferries across the Sound."

He turned to Professor Vario. "Then I'll want you to take us over to the Rockledge Radio Station and we'll broadcast an alarm over XYZZ."

"Be glad to do it," returned Vario. "I'll have them turn loose all the resources of the station. We can't have Miss Adams—and the rest—treated in this way."

It was only a moment for Craig to pass the word along to the county authorities and have them notify over the telephone all the local constables. Then, with a raincoat buttoned over Vario's damaged shirt front, Craig and I, with Easton, Ken and Vario piled into one of the fastest of the cars and shot away through the howling storm to the great Rockledge station, one of the most powerful in America, we proceeded at once to the splendid broadcasting room with its artistic draperies and hangings, and all manner of musical instruments, mechanical voice and sound reproducers, and its library of records. Professor Vario had at once put the entire station at the disposal of Kennedy.

A few moments and Kennedy was before the microphone giving the facts of the radio robbery to be listened in by hundreds of thousands of radio fans.

Though we did not know it at the time, among the interested listeners was a benevolent middle-aged gentleman who had been badly bitten by the radio bug. He was not many miles away, in Deer Park, and his official title as an amateur was K903.

Another station which was getting it was at Police Headquarters in New York City.

Suddenly, in the midst of Kennedy's elaboration of the events of the night and the description of the yellow racer, there came a telephone call. Vario answered it. He turned quickly and summoned one of his assistants.

"Something is interfering, Don," he said hastily. "New York has just called up, telling me they are not getting it very clearly."

The man bowed and retired. Kennedy proceeded with his alarm.

A moment later the man had returned.

"It seems, sir, one of the oscillators has suddenly burned out. The storm seems to have affected them all. It will be morning before we can get them in shape again."

Kennedy was vexed. He had been talking into thin air most of the time. We had been his audience instead of the millions he had hoped to reach. What to do? If anything was to be done, it must be done now. Here was a most unfortunate accident blocking us.

"I have it, Mr. Kennedy!" This was Easton. "We'll have to go to the Radio Shack." He leaned over and whispered the rest to Craig.

Kennedy nodded. A few moments later we were out in the storm again, this time just Kennedy and Easton, Ken and myself.

"If anything can do it now, it will be my Cold Tube, the Evansite Tube," cried Easton, now greatly excited. "A few moments and we were in the shack. Here at last, with Easton Evans' invention on which he had been working with Kennedy's advice, we started again on sending out our alarm, over this tube that could be used both in transmitting and receiving, needing no oscillator tubes nor high frequency generator for transmission since the Evansite element produced its own electronic waves in the ether, receivable by any receiving set, even a crystal set."

So it was that the message of alarm got through to the radio fans of the country in spite of every obstacle of accident and chance.

Meanwhile, tearing through the murkiness of the night, the yellow racer was disappearing up a dark country entrance drive to a private estate.

"As for me I was quite excited. Who was this Radio robber? Who headed this Radio gang? Above all, who was this mystery girl, 'with the hands of a lady and the voice of a gun moll'?"

CHAPTER IV.

EAGLES' NEST.

The Gerard estate on the cliffs over Long Island Sound was a place of activity the following morning.

By the first train a swarm of newspapermen and women had flocked down. But even they had been preceded by others who had come down in cars in the small hours of the night. The news had spread fast, not alone due to the exciting circumstances of the radio robbery itself but quite as much because of the sensational way that Kennedy had spread the alarm over the radio.

My own paper, the "Star," carried a big headline about the robbery and a story I had telephoned in after the broadcasting.

But in spite of all this publicity on paper, in the air and by word of mouth, there was no news of the yellow racer. Apparently the last that had been seen of it was when it almost forced us off the road into an accident. After that it seemed to have dropped out of sight completely.

Local authorities swelled the crowd about the Gerard house and from them one might have learned that the city police had nothing to report. There was no report of any such car having crossed any of the bridges. State troopers reported that it had crossed no ferry from the island. There were no reports either from any of the local constables of any surrounding towns. It was, therefore, still on the island. But it must be in hiding somewhere.

Kennedy, Easton and myself had learned all this and it was with that in mind that we adjourned to a quiet place, the workshop of Easton Evans, leaving the crowd to overflow the Gerard place.

There are some to whom such notoriety may be sweet. But it did not seem so, I learned afterward, to Glenn and Vira. For no sooner had Glenn driven up to see Vira Gerard on some mission than the newspaper army armed with cameras flocked over to take pictures. It quite took Vira's breath away, but it angered Glenn. As one of them who had been taking pictures of every angle of the house turned his box at Glenn and Vira in the car, Glenn hopped out, dashed over and demolished the camera with a blow of his fist. Then, before the outraged curiosity photographer could even start to settle the score, Glenn was back in the car, shot it into high, and was away with Vira. But that was a poor retreat. The other shutters clicked and they were fastened as news for the picture papers.

Had the camera men known it—and the Gerard servants were more than faithful, so that they did not—the real picture story on the big place would have been quarter of a mile down the cliffs on the shore in the boy scouts' camp that Ken and Dick had established with the picturesque name as the Eagles' Nest. This meant something more, too, for the eyrie was an excellent location for the establishment of a radio station, both for sending and reception.

It was in this typical boy scout camp with one tent well located for the purpose near the shore that Ken and Dick were busily engaged tinkering with a home-made radio set.

"We've got to get this thing ready, Dick," urged Ken. "Maybe, already there are people on the air about that yellow racer after what Uncle Craig broadcasted last night."

They bent closer to their work of assembling the parts, Ken with his soldering iron working deftly and fast. Suddenly there was a cautious movement in the shrubbery, just a bit back from the tent and a face appeared looking about shrewdly. It seemed that the Great Radio Robbery had almost everybody by the ears. Here was

Hank Hawkins. One who did not know Hank might have thought it was strange to see him thus watching two fellow scouts in this surreptitious manner. But to one who knew Hank's character better it would not have been strange. It was the nature of the boy. Ken had once hit the nail on the head when he had said of Hank that he was the "fellow who'd do things no scout should do."

For one thing, Ken and Dick were exceedingly proud of being scouts, so proud that they used the uniform whenever it was possible. Hank was not in his uniform. And that very thing was something that, if one stopped to think, might tend to throw some suspicion on Hank. The consequence of that was that whenever one saw Hank in a scout uniform, other than at times when he was required to wear one, it was open to wonder what ulterior reasons he had for wearing it.

Hank parted the bushes and peered at the boys for a long time, until suddenly Dick, happening to look up, caught the face among the leaves.

(To be continued.)

The Answer.

Few things in nature are more touching than the confidence which some politely nurtured children repose in parental wisdom. Even in the books that are especially designed to make them wise, the little people cannot always be sure of turning to the page that will enlighten them. But they seek father with an assurance that he knows almost everything, and when he is frank enough to confess an ignorance in any particular direction it is likely to take them by surprise.

We who are older and consider ourselves wiser are forever interrogating the infinite and putting to it the riddle of the universe without finding an answer. Yet we go on in the faith that in order to live aright it is not necessary to have every problem immediately solved. Dr. Samuel Johnson said that there are many doubts that do not deserve to be cleared; and the pity of it is that so much time is spent in busy speculation that should be given to action. We must ask questions; progress begins with the endless curiosity that the child manifests. There is no education without interrogation. But when we cannot receive the full and satisfactory reply and the mystery of life remains opaque and impenetrable, that is no warrant for discouragement nor for a refusal to play our valorous part in a universe where our finite minds forever grope amid uncertainties.

Let us therefore not be disheartened by all that we do not know nor repine because we cannot tell ourselves why a sacrifice is asked of us or a particular burden is committed to our feebleness to carry. Though now we see through a glass darkly, some day we shall understand and shall know as we are known.



King Boris, of Bulgaria.

The lonely royal bachelor who has not been out of his kingdom since 1913. His hobby is railroad, and he often travels in the cab of an engine. He would surrender his crown willingly at any time to foster a union with the Serbs.

Don't Get Enough Sleep.

Eight or ten hours sleep are necessary if you wish to keep fit and live to a good old age. We crowd into our days three times as much as our grandparents did, and the strain of modern life is far greater, yet it is doubtful if we take as much rest as they did. That may be the reason more die of heart disease than of anything else. In bed the labor of the heart is reduced one-half. A man who has had a strenuous day's work under modern conditions, should sleep his eight or ten hours if he wishes to keep his youth and keep his arteries elastic.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

North to Go South.

If you look at one of the flat maps of the world which you will find in most geographies, you will decide that the shortest air route from London to New Zealand is over Geneva, Bagdad, Bombay and northern Australia. Now get a globe and do a little measuring. You will find that the shortest line is almost exactly over the North Pole. To travel southeast you would begin by going due north!

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in connection with the Ontario and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three-year Course of Training to young women, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Nursing. The course includes the study of anatomy, physiology, pathology, bacteriology, and the principles of nursing. The graduates are eligible for positions in the Toronto Hospital for Incurables, or in any of the hospitals in the city. For further information, apply to the Superintendent.

Be Sure To Say "SALADA" GREEN TEA

It is by far the most delicious. Ask for it.



IMPORTANT IN THE SWIM OR ON THE BEACH

Summer just "faint" without a bathing suit, so a bathing costume is as necessary for these early summer days as is a sport suit. The two-piece model pictured here is the acme of chic in its gay printed fabric and charming lines. The tunic has the fashionable V back—not too low at the back to avoid burning—and very short kimono sleeves. The straight trousers are gathered to a fitted body, lining opening in the centre front. If desired, the lining may be omitted and elastic run through a casing at the top of the trousers. No. 1355 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material, or 2 yards 54-inch; body lining ¾ yard 36-inch. Price 29 cents.

At the very moment you are making selections for vacation wardrobes, for the season of sports, and for general summer wear, you will find a charming assortment of fashions from which to choose your requirements, in our New Fashion Book. There are many adaptations of Paris models, picturing the accepted, the definitely smart thing that will endure. The patterns are accurate and every detail is explained, so that if you have never sewed before you can make without difficulty an attractive dress. 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.

Acceptance.

As it's given to me to see, I have come to this conclusion: Telling God what ought to be is impertinent intrusion. So when I get down to pray I just ask for what is best And the strength to face the day And the faith to meet the test.

As I run my own life through, 'Spite of all the pains I'm taking, I'm ashamed to sit and view I've so bungled my affairs. Doing what I thought was wise, That I've ceased to put on airs And I fear to criticize.

All my boasted judgment seems But a hodge-podge and a jumble, I have spoiled so many dreams That I should be very humble. For the gain I thought was good Often turned out very bad, And the loss, when understood, Brought what small success I've had.

As it's given me to see, I have come to this conclusion: Telling God what ought to be is impertinent intrusion. Since I cannot wisely run All these small affairs of mine, Surely I am not the one To resent the will divine.

Edgar A. Guest.

Minard's Liniment for Sore Feet.

That Youthful Feeling.

Youth, the elusive, is what every woman seems to hold against the strong pull of the years. Some succeed, others don't. There is an art in preserving those youthful looks, and few women really possess it.

Perhaps the most important aid to preserving youth has nothing whatever to do with beauty parlors or cosmetics. The first essential is a happy mind; this means that the woman who would look less than her actual years must cultivate happy, care-free thoughts. Nothing ages like worry; it is the King of the Wrinkle-makers.

Perfect health makes for beauty. Therefore scrupulous attention to physical fitness is the next essential. Some women in the later thirties and forties acquire that vice of middle age—a love of good things to eat. This tendency must be curbed. But this does not mean that the youth-seeker should "bant." To fight Nature when Nature intended you to have a full figure is to court disaster.

Some women imagine that they can defy every law of health and buy youth in the salons of the beauty specialists. The best they get is a poor imitation. Nothing can take the place of plain food, outdoor exercise, adequate sleep, and a happy disposition.

When you sleep the little soldiers of youth are at work repairing the ravages of time. Give them plenty of opportunity to do their work well. This may involve refusing invitations. But what is a dance missed compared with a year dodged?

Drawing the Crowd.

"Oddity is the best policy," seems to be the most recent slogan of the Japanese shopkeeper. This is especially true of the small shops that have sprung up all over Tokyo since the earthquake of 1923.

One shop claims to give the highest discount for cash purchases. The sign reads, "Take (Japanese socks) at a hundred yen a pair, with ninety-nine yen off for cash."

A fruit store goes by the name of "Fighting House." When the proprietor was asked what the connection was between fruit and fighting he answered that the word "fight" always attracted a crowd, and the crowd might as well gather in front of his shop as anywhere else.

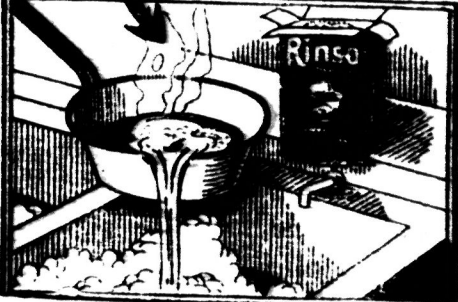
Discounts are announced nearly everywhere; but one man decided to be different, so he said, "Absolutely no discounts here. You pay through your nose." The results, he claims, are exceptionally good.

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



Minard's Liniment for Sore Feet.

In Planning

The best assistant farmer, in the paper first, not only to the factory in which are finished.

Manufacture out a product, ally and efficient factory built, ranged, clean, suited to the many farmer, storage built, feeding shed, ures to make buildings, esp, les where h, Faulty built, the highest op, erators su, day in the ment means, and wasted, ed in the fa, that they n, and substan,

Indeed, it short a space list of all the should be, problem of m, stone, brick, there is fine many million, is rat brood, erment toll, or destroys t, every year, how large to pends on the farm, financ, onal desire, lems. There, ing problem, tion; sizes of arrangement, use of sp, questions, is, must answer, is to be made, barn or other, cial problem,

The Care

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Quick With the chine very att, note paper in, Buy a pack, Run each e, threaded nee, chine, flap ro, margin at o, Take your s, closing of th, flat sheet, per, a quarter-in, Write your,velope. Paste, seal the enve, sides and top, Hasty-line, of firm pad, ing machine, top opening o, A few of, and a small, tically no p, They are bet, they give pr, sage and they,

Chase Away Since natur, of green, the grass stains fu, the busy hou, methods are r, Wash the f, without soap, should therefo, Alcohol or green coloring, rial cannot be, Apply Javel, medially with, ough rinsing w, affecting the f,

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