

You Use Less "SALADA" GREEN TEA

It is more economical & more delicious.

Honey.
The bees' way is a blue way
Through the trembling air.
Bearing rich merchandise
On fragile wings he flies. . .

The honey bees go by
On the blue way and high,
Dropping to earth to sip
At some weed's scarlet lip,
Singing a drowsy rhyme
Over green herbs that drip
By little streams, sharp thyme
And spearmint and catnip.

On my milk-white bread
Brown honey I will spread,
Topaz honey fount
By bees with pleasant sound
Of summer melodies,
Red clover, water cross,
Wild grapes and its sweetness,
Walled gardens, apple trees,
The singing honey bees
Have visited.
—Louise Driscoll, in "Garden Grace."

The Giances.

One of the most amusing things that young folks can introduce at an evening company is "the giances." There are two ways of making the ridiculous figure. The first way, is for a tall boy to take another tall boy on his shoulders. They must then be wrapped in two long gowns, so fixed as to look like one dress. The boy on top must have on a bonnet or head-dress like that of a lady. The second way is, let a tall boy take an umbrella and open it half-way. Then if there is a round waste-basket in the house dress it in a bonnet, thick veil and feather, and tie the supposed head at the top of the umbrella. Dresses nicely draped about the umbrella and boy will make the figure at first glance look like a giance. There is always great commotion when such a strange thing suddenly appears in a room full of girls and boys.

World's Wonder Railway.

The Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway, of which Sir Arthur Watson has been appointed general manager, is probably the most wonderful in the world.

Though the two termini, Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso, are tropical towns, the line, owing to the immense elevation it attains in crossing the Andes, runs for hundreds of miles through a region of eternal snow, and is frequently blocked by avalanches. Amongst its wonders is a spiral tunnel that cost a million pounds to build, a natural bridge of rock, and a string of 118 steel bridges linked together by short stretches of solid permanent way.



Heavy Thoughts.
Mrs. Stout (gloomily—on the scales)
—Oh, dear, oh, dear, I weigh much more than I did last week!
Friend—That's nonsense—you're just indulging in heavy thoughts!"



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THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR R. REEVE.

CHAPTER VI.—(Contd.)

I think Kennedy, of all of us, was the only one who sensed just what had happened. At any rate, as it proved, he was the only one that had reassured it out and was constantly on guard.

But some hours before, the paint having dried in the wind, the birds had flown in their new disguised races. They had quietly sneaked out by the other drive from the Jardine place into the middle country road and were by this time miles to the east.

In fact, if we had had a bit of television we might have seen them at this very moment in an old red barn which was their new den, along the Sound, on an abandoned farm.

Here, with a hasty glance at the time, they made no delay but at once set up the field radio set. And they had not long to wait. From the air, literally, they were dragging down their instructions in a code on a secret wave length.

Next they, too, began to report, sending in, also by code, on the same wave length, the news of what had happened since they had conveyed from the scene of the crime the priceless loss of the Radio Robbery.

Far off, out in the Sound, plowing along at a fast clip was the "Scouter." It was there that the news from the field set of the gray racer was being received by the captain and a mate who was a radio expert. Yet even this was not the head of the gang. For they in turn were preparing to relay the report on to the Chief, wherever and wherever that mysterious character was.

The last of the report from the gray racer was coming in.

"We'll get Kennedy if he opens the door to that garage! But that boy, Ken Adams, is a troublemaker. Chief, you must get him somehow and carry him away!"

Before the Jardine garage, in silence, we advanced.

Ken Adams slid forward impetuously, laid his hand on the door with the broken lock, about to swing it open. It had swelled and stuck. He yanked at it harder to throw it open, unmindful of the death that lurked inside at the slightest motion of the door on its hinges.

CHAPTER VII.

WILD OATS.

"Ken!"
It was Craig suddenly, realizing with keen deductive mind the possibility of peril to the boy, in fact, to any one who might open that door. The crooks, he felt sure, must have fled. They would take no such chance in the daylight of being cornered. But it was too much to suppose that they would leave no malignant traces. And how would their minds most likely work in fighting back at him or any one else clever enough to ferret out their temporary hiding place?

"Keep away from that door, Ken!"
Ken heard just in time, dropped his hand from fumbling with the broken lock to push the door open, then jumped back so that he was with Craig out of the direct line of the door.

Hastily Kennedy looked about. There on the lawn was a wooden rake rake dropped where Lenihan left it. He seized the rake, took a position well to one side of the door, got the leverage on it and gave it a smart push. The door slid open.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!
Inside the set gun exploded its full charge, the automatic, clipping the leaves directly back of where Ken had been standing. Had he moved the door an inch the boy would have been blown to kingdom come.

Now Kennedy could see the strings and wires that actuated the gun-trap. He gave them a yank with the rake. Nothing happened. The charge had exploded. He yanked harder and the entire contraption fell down.

Only then did the party venture to enter the garage. They glanced hastily at the cleverly set trap, now demolished, then noted that the garage was empty.

"No one here," exclaimed Lenihan with great power of observation.

"No, I didn't expect that there would be," replied Kennedy.

He was down on his knees examining the tracks left by the tires where a car had been run in from the mud and wet. On pieces of sensitive paper he was making impressions.

"Those tire tracks will be like the finger prints of a criminal," he remarked. "Every worn spot of the tread, every bruise, every imperfection in a tire identifies it like the whorls, loops and arches on your finger prints identify you."

"Look!"
Ken had been examining the grease on the floor of the garage, some of it old, but here and there spots that were fresh. The spots to which he was now pointing were not in the middle, but far out on either side. And they were not only recent, but they were gray.

Kennedy made a hasty examination of them, too. "That's paint," he said as he rose. "They've given the yellow racer a coat of camouflage. You'll find it a gray racer, a mucky battleship gray. We'll have to find that out. It's no use looking for a yellow car."

"Oh, sir," interrupted Lenihan, "it was a wonderful car. While I was looking in through the side window through which they came, I saw one of them lift up their rear seat. Under it they had a hole!"

"Ah!" Kennedy was at once interested. "A wireless field set, I suppose. Everything I hear about them tells me that they are clever. They will be no easy birds to catch. Well, you can keep this place just as it is and show it to the authorities. I have about all I expect to get out of it. By the way,

you did good work, Lenihan, considering what you were up against. Good-bye."

We climbed back in Kennedy's car and started to return to Rockledge. We had not gone far when both Kennedy and Easton reverted to the first sight they had had of Ken coming along the Cliff Road to the Radio Shack, with every evidence of a battle.

"Well, now, young Dempsey," began Easton, turning suddenly to Ken. "Tell us what it was all about. Fighting is a bad business. You didn't have to do it."

"Not when Hank had them turn the hose on me from the deck of the 'Scouter'?"

"What were you doing out there?"
Ken launched eagerly into a description of Hank's spying at Eagles' Nest, the trailing of Hank and his reason for a visit out at the submarine chaser.

"Then when he came ashore, the fight started?" asked Easton. "Who won?"

"I did, of course. Did you ever see Hank fight? He's a regular Battling Bohunkus, hands high, gives you every chance to get at all the good spots for a good wallop. And if you ever get in a fight with him, sock him on the nose. The sight of blood takes all the nerve out of him."

Kennedy smiled. "And it was because of the hose incident?"

"I—yes."

"Is that all?" Kennedy had detected the hesitation.

"Well, not all."

"What was the real reason, Ken?"
Craig lowered his voice solemnly. He knew that this was the way to get the boy to come through with the whole story.

Ken hesitated, fussed about a bit, but his uncle's eyes never left his face and finally, rather than submit to being gripped any longer and made uncomfortable, he decided to tell the whole thing.

"Well, Uncle Craig, you see it was about—about Vira."

"Just Vira? Only Vira?"
"Yes—Vira and Ruth. You see I don't care what he says about any of the rest."

"About Ruth?" cut in Easton suddenly.
Ken felt he might now just as well tell it all. "Hank says that his folks told him they—Vira, Ruth, Rae, Genn, Buckeye, Jack Curtis and Professor Vario at the races at Belmont last week—and that they lost a lot of money!"

"What?" Easton Evans was now nearly wild. Could it be that Ruth had fallen into gambling at horse races?

"I don't believe it."

Kennedy, however, worried as he was by the accusation, was not disposed to let it pass with a mere denial. It was food for thought to him. Where there is smoke there may not be a fire—at least not in that place precisely. But yet where does the smoke come from? It's up to us to trace this thing out.

"I think we'd better go back to the Gerard house," suggested Evans.

"Don't you, Mr. Kennedy? Maybe some of them will be there. We'll face them."

As the car sped along we got the gist of it from Ken. Hank, without mincing words, had sarcastically suggested that the robbery of last night had been staged to order by Ruth, Vira, Genn and the rest, to reimburse their race-track losses—at least that it had been an inside job inspired by the losers for that purpose. Furthermore, it was not the first time Hank had made such remarks. Dick had heard him hint at it. But it was the first time he had dared come out in the open and make the direct accusation.

Meanwhile as we were speeding toward the Gerard house three of those accused by Hank of sowing wild oats were in earnest conversation on a part of the grounds away from the newspaper reporters, Vira, Genn Buckley and Ruth. Ruth was in her car and Vira and Genn were in another.

"We've had no luck, Ruth," said Vira. "We've tried to borrow the money to meet those I.O.U.'s, every where. We can't get a cent. You simply must do it for all of us."

"Well, then if I must do it for you, I suppose I must," agreed Ruth. "I told you not to go in for it—but you would go. And I was with you. Somebody has got to get you out of this scrape—I guess I'm elected. A right, I know just one place where I can go and maybe get it. I'd rather do almost anything than go to this man. But I can't see my friends in trouble. All right. Bye, bye."

Ruth drove off in great haste, and Genn and Vira sauntered down the path just as we drove up. Ken spied them first and Craig pulled up the car, hopped out, and went over alone to them.

"I've been hearing an unsavory bit of gossip about you young folks gambling at the races," he began, then added quickly. "Now I don't want you to misunderstand me, but I am trying to help you out of it."

Vira and Genn were both respectful, but they were not going to admit a thing unless they had to admit it.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in addition with St. Michael's and All Saints Hospitals, New York City, offers a three year course of training in nursing, medicine, dentistry, and other branches of the health service. This hospital has adopted the diploma system. The health service of the hospital, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

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Kennedy kept his temper. His theory was that flies are caught quicker by molasses than by vinegar. "Now, I'll leave it to you, both of you. Isn't it wrong to gamble on the races?"

Vira refused to talk. But Genn was trying desperately to be funny. "It is—if you lose!"

Kennedy controlled his temper. "Especially if you haven't got it," added Vira. "There—now that's all I am going to say. Come on, Genn. You know we have got to meet Rae and Jack."

They turned toward Vira's car. Kennedy came back to us. "Didn't you say Dick had heard of this thing before, Ken?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is Dick?"
"Trailing Hank. I told him I'd meet him at our camp about noon."

"Well, it's noon now. We'll leave the car here. Come on, let's climb to Eagles' Nest."

(To be continued.)



Ho—"Remember the old adage—'Marry in haste and repent at leisure'."

She—"Yes, they've now changed it to 'Repeat at leisure'."

No Practice.
Mary—"Jack calls Cynthia his peach and the apple of his eye. Why can't you call me pretty things like that?"

George—"How can I? He is in the fruit business, and I'm in the fish trade."

Had To.
"The landlady threw my best coat and trousers out into the street."

"What did you do?"
"I followed suit."

Mrs. Experience

says—

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THERE is nothing unusual in the appearance of Sunlight Soap—but what a wealth of goodness it contains. On washday it wades into the work with vigour, turns the clothes out gloriously clean and sweet-smelling and—best of all, its purity is backed by a \$5,000 guarantee.

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