

A Trial Will Convince!

"SATADA" TEA

Is not equalled by any other tea.

Being "Twins."

The poet Byron once stoned for all the cynical things he wrote by two beautiful lines:

"All who joy would win
Must share it—happiness was born a twin."

They enshrine in unforgettable fashion the truth that no one ever attains happiness alone.

I suppose no one has ever said: "From this moment I'll shun all my fellow-creatures. I'll neither marry nor make friends. No one will ever be able to say he has ever talked with me heart to heart; and I shall see for myself how far it is possible to go by being officious to myself."

But many men—and some women—have really lived their lives on that creed. They have not deliberately avoided marriage or friendship. They, because they were following some particular end, have simply lived in the spirit of Kipling's dictum: "He travels the fastest who travels alone." And when love or friendship offered they have turned away because they feared to be hampered in their choice of a life-endowment, of a career.

Pursuing their object, singly and blindly, they grow old. What have they then? Some have money; some may have success and renown; some are failures. All are alone. For it is even truer that he who travels alone arrives alone. There is no more poignant, no more terrible fate than to be old and alone.

How much more than lonely is a man or woman without happy memories, who has run away from the happiness that is only to be found in being to someone a "twin"?

The happiest old person I have ever known was an old countrywoman. She sat day after day with a smile on her face; not a vacant smile, but the smile that springs from contented thoughts. When she spoke her words were always of people—her husband, her children, and a multitude of friends. They had all gone; but they lived in her memory and were worth more to her than riches. She had stored up well for her loneliness because she was not loath to be a "twin."

Yes, it may be true that you travel fast if you travel alone. But what is your speed worth if you pick up no treasures by the wayside?

There is another side to this business of being a "twin." Although, strictly speaking, there are no give-and-take bargains to be enforced in the world of affection and friendship, there are very definitely debts of honor. For every kind word, every kind thought, that we receive from our "twins," we are in honor bound to return as good as we have been given. If we give a little more than we need our "twins" are spurred to give even more in return, and in a short time the world is an infinitely richer place than either of us had dreamt it ever could be.

Byron, I think, wrote truer than he knew.

Heart Trouble.

The young woman travelling with her stern-looking father was evidently not in the best of health. She was decidedly pretty, but her cheeks were pale.

A kind—but inquisitive—passenger sitting opposite leaned forward and addressed the stern parent.

"Your daughter seems very ill," he remarked, sympathetically.

"Yes," replied the father. "It is an affection of the heart."

"Dear me! Aneurism?"

"Oh, no! Only a Lieutenant in the Navy."

"IDEAL FASHIONS"
by *Van Dine Hamilton*



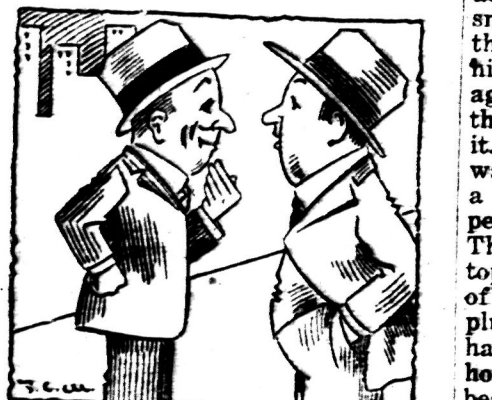
PLAITS AND LACE EFFECTIVE FOR DAYTIME DRESSES.

Fashion dictates stress the importance of the plaited frock, and since plaits are so smart, this little frock takes full advantage of this fact, and joins groups of plaits front and back to a round yoke. Fashion also dictates the use of much lace, and wide bands of insertion serve as a trimming for the front and lower edge of the skirt, as well as fashioning the round yoke. The long full sleeves are gathered into narrow wrist-bands, and a string belt girdles the frock at the hip line. No. 1152 is in sizes 14, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch material, and 3/4 yard wide lace insertion, and 1/4 yard allover lace for yoke. Price 20 cents.

The secret of distinctive dress lies in good taste rather than in lavish expenditure of money. Every woman should want to make her own clothes, and the home dressmaker will find the designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book to be practical and simple, yet maintaining the spirit of the mode of the moment. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of your 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.



Saving Time.
1st Author—"So you've come to live in New York at last?"
2nd Author—"Yes, one gets one's MSS. back in so much less time."

True Politeness.

Ceremonies are different in every country, but true politeness is everywhere the same. Ceremonies, which take up so much of our attention, are only artificial helps which ignorance assumes in order to imitate politeness, which is the result of good sense and good nature. A person possessed of those qualities, though he had never seen a court, is truly agreeable; and if without them, would continue a clown, though he had been all his life a gentleman usher—Goldsmith, in "The Citizen of the World."

The Ruler.

There can be no pleasure equal to that of feeling at once the joy of thousands all made happy by wise administration.—Samuel Johnson.

Platinum for London.
Platinum to the value of £250,000 arrived in the Thames from Russia recently by the steamer Zero.

THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

Kennedy quietly stepped out from the protection of the bathhouse. I thought he was about to saunter eastward down the dock, suddenly springing into life and literally, with our backing, snatch Dick from the very hands of his captors. In fact it may have been his plan.

But Dick, happening to glance up, caught a full shot of Kennedy. Dick must have known more than the rest of us. He did not betray by word or muscle what he had seen. His mind must have worked fast. This was the time, if ever, to make his getaway, before the arrival of the car caused us to be outnumbered.

Without warning Dick rose, poised an instant on the seat of the tender, and leaped.

"Man overboard!" sung out the man at the tiller, as the other was tying up at the dock.

We now emerged from hiding, all there was no use in keeping under cover now. Besides, so interested were they in getting Dick that they did not see us anyhow.

My heart was in my mouth. Dick did not come up!

Where was he? Drowned? Had his head struck some sunken rock or pile. Had he gone down and had we witnessed a tragedy?

It was nearly a minute that we were in this breath-taking suspense—all but Ken, our eyes glued to the spot where the little body of the boy had disappeared.

"There he is!" It was Ken and he was pointing some thirty or forty feet away from the spot at which we were focusing our attention. Sure enough there was Dick, bobbing up, and striking out with his powerful crawl, for the shore diagonally from the dock, headed for the spot where the bulkhead ended and the beach again began.

"I knew it! Dick's the best kid under water there is in the troop. I've known him swim under water seventy-five boards along the dock at home, and they're wide boards, too."

Dick's ruse had been good. He had not only gained a long start of them in pursuit, but he had fixed it so that they were non-plussed and he had the advantage of all of the start. He was like a submarine; you never could tell just where he would come to the surface.

Once they had seen him, however, they were not long in forming their plan to head him off. The fellow at the engine quickly cast off the dock and started up, in as quick a sweep as he could to head Dick off from going too far down the beach. The other fellow, still unimpaired of us, started up the dock to gain the bulkhead along the shore down which he was going to run to head off Dick in that direction.

The man in the tender had a bit of difficulty in spinning the engine, but at last he was off and the speed of the tender quickly made out only for Dick's start, but the slight delay. It was certain he would force the boat to swim inshore. Our part was to take care of the tug on the sea-wall.

Easton, in his regard for little Dick, was quite unable to restrain himself any longer. He waited as long as he thought was prudent. Then he leapt like a tiger at the powerful tug who was running to head off Dick. Craig forced ahead now in the effort to get to Dick as he scrambled out of the water on the beach. Dick was striking out lustily as the tender decreased his lead over it.

I turned with an effort to see how Easton was getting on. I had had no fear of that football hero. But I had not counted on muckermism and his opponent was a mucker. The tug had actually extricated from his pocket a small blackjack. Easton had broken the force of the blow but it had struck him, hanging him. Next he had managed to wrench the thing away from the man but had not been able to hold it. It fell in the water. I started toward them. Easton was recovering a bit, but was groggy, as the tug, perceiving me, made a lunge at him. They grappled an instant, then both toppled into the water from the top of the seawall. I glanced over. The fellow had quite revived Easton. He had his man out of the running anyhow and was striking out for the beach where Dick was headed.

Kennedy was leaping along to pull Dick out the moment his feet touched bottom. Suddenly a bullet clucked the sand ahead of Kennedy. I half turned. Down the shore road now was roaring a gray racer!

I ran faster. Ken was now struggling to hurry up to me, as Dick's feet evidently touched bottom and he began to drag himself to shore, just ahead of the oncoming tender. The tender turned not a moment too soon to prevent it running aground. Off it circled.

But Dick was not safe—not yet. He was some fifty feet down the shore from Kennedy and had seen the approaching racer in battleship gray. He sensed trouble. He started to run along the shore.

The gray racer swooped off the hard road on to the wet sand and came down on the shore, firing at Kennedy ahead as it rapidly overtook the boy and his pursuer.

Who would get to Dick first?

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WIRELESS DICTOGRAPH.

Wildly, Dick was running in his heavy, dripping clothes along the shore gradually forced down toward the water by the gray racer as it swooped off the beach road on the beach in pursuit. He could not take to the water again without endangering his capture by the tug in the tender of the "Scoter."

Kennedy was still many feet behind Dick and I was even further away. This Kennedy, Easton was still standing in the water trying to avoid the second sailor-tug.

One of the men in the gray racer had climbed out on the running board and was hanging far out as Dick ran into the water as far as he dared. The racer slowed up and the powerful fellow on the running board managed to scoop Dick up, struggling but weakened and breathless after his long swim and the chase.

The dingy gray racer plunged on through the sand as the driver gave it the gas, its wheels spinning but the momentum carrying it on. At last it gained the beach road.

Kennedy fired at it trying to get the tires but the shots went wild as the car careened crazily. The gray racer was now off in a moment. We had almost had Dick safe, and he had been literally snatched from our very hands. Dick was still a prisoner, but on the land.

The tender from the "Scoter" turned and picked up the sailor still swimming in shore and chugged away, as Easton dragged himself on the sand.

Craig, Ken and myself sat down with Easton as he stretched out in the sun on the bulkhead to dry. There was no use to pursue. By the time we got our car the gray racer might have made a dozen turns in the network of good country roads about the Binnace.

"Now that we know about this transfer of Dick to the land," considered Craig, "I doubt very much whether they will keep him here. Their next move will be to transfer him either to the 'Scoter' again or some other boat. I feel sure." He looked about and his eye rested on the inn with its large flat roof. "That radio room up there where we were must be some kind of hang-out for this spunky crowd of young people. We must figure out some way to find out about it and what goes on there."

Easton, too, had been looking at the roof with the aerial on it.

"There's no use going back there and asking questions. They won't answer any more than they would have done at the Blue Rooster. They've got to protect their customers. What I've been consulting you about, Mr. Kennedy?"

"Is it perfected?" asked Craig.

"Not finally. But it's practical."

"Just the thing, Easton!" Craig exclaimed. "They do not know us yet. We'll go back to the Radio Shack and install it here and listen in on them when they don't realize it."

By this time Easton had dried out. We climbed back into the car and soon were on our way to the Radio Shack. Back at the Club where Mrs. Adams was also stopping she had been trying in vain to locate Ruth.

"Is Miss Ruth about?"

Cora Adams turned at the voice of Professor Vario who was coming down the porch.

"No, Professor; I am looking for her myself."

"To be sure. I was going to ask her to play a little game. You seem worried about something, Mrs. Adams. Can I be of assistance?"

"I'm worried over Ruth—and that robbery has upset me."

Most thoughtfully he tried to reassure her.

"Oh, it's not the jewels after all, Professor," she confessed at length. "Better to lose them a thousand times than to have Ruth go to the dogs the way I fear. Oh, why can't she listen to Easton? Why can't Easton do something with her?"

Vario did not relish that much. Easton Evans was his serious rival for Ruth. "I thought he was one of the crowd," he hazarded.

Mrs. Adams shook her head positively. "No, I am sure he is not. I wish, if you should happen to see him, like you would tell him I'd very much like to see him."

Vario promised readily. He was very ingratiating with the mother of the girl he would like to win. Mrs. Adams excused herself and Vario started thoughtfully toward the Radio Shack.

We had arrived at the Shack by this time and had let ourselves into Easton's laboratory up on the second floor, once the left of the former Evans' bathhouse over the hangar where he housed his radio-hydro-aeroplane, "The Sea Scout." Here in the paraphernalia of this complete radio laboratory Easton hurried to assemble the parts of his wireless dictograph, the battery, antenna, wire and so on. It did not take long and we had just about stowed the stuff away in the back of Kennedy's car when Vario drove up.

"Sorry you're leaving," he remarked. "By the way, Evans, Mrs. Adams just asked me up to the Club if I happened to see you to say that she wants to talk with you as soon as you can see her. I thought I'd run over, that perhaps you were interested in some new work I am doing."

"What is it?" Easton was fidgeting. He did not wish to offend Vario who was likely to become a big man in the radio field, yet there were many other more opportune times to talk about radio devices. Still he wanted to be polite.

"Why, it's my new Wave-meter, a calculating device so that amateurs can more easily find the wave lengths of stations broadcasting."

"I should think it would be very useful," Easton was impatient to get to the point. "I certainly am interested. Would you mind if I dropped over at the station to see it? I'll ring you up very soon. But just now Mr. Ken-

Because
you really
live with
your Lace
Curtains,
they should be
Laundered in LUX

EVERY hour of the day you see them.
If they have been poorly laundered they are a constant annoyance.
Lux laundering will keep them true in both colour and shape—will permit them to drape in soft graceful folds.



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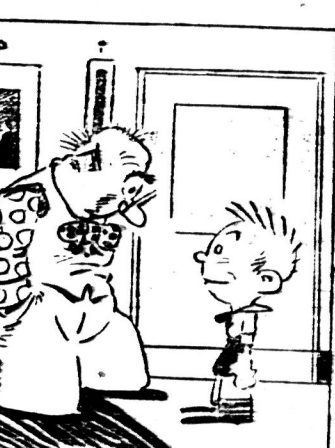
Sunset on the Lawn.

Out of my open window I can see a lawn. It lies like an oval pond of green water surrounded by heavy trees. It is trimmed closely about the edges where beds of brilliant flowers drop their petals gently upon its stretch long sharp shadows, for the evening sun is about to slip away behind the cloud pillows.

The lawn is richly toned and richly covered, and an impression of something prosperous and stately rises to be there before the late afternoon sun begins to gather.

The coast was not as clear as it had been the first time. The waiters were beginning to gather. Craig singled out the head waiter and was quite convincing with his story that we represented the insurance company, and were inspecting the fire and lightning hazards of radio installations. At any rate it gained us access to the roof to examine the aerial.

Downstairs Craig left Ken with a whistling injunction to keep the head waiter busy so that we might be free to do our quick work on the roof.



Contented to Know He Had It.
Dad—"You don't know on which side your bread is buttered, young man!"
Bad Boy—"And I ain't goin' to drop it to find out neither, I'll say."

Was Bobby to Blame.

Brown is very fond of his young son. He was talking to a visitor about the wonderful intellectual development and future possibilities of the little fellow.

"Not two years of yet, and he knows all the animals by proper scientific classification. He's going to be a great naturalist. Here, let me show you."

He took a book of natural history from the bookshelf, placed Bobby on his knee, opened the book and showed him a picture of a giraffe.

"What's that, Bobby?"

"Borsay," said Bobby.

Next a tiger was exhibited, and Bobby said "Pussy." Then a picture of a lion was shown, and Bobby said "Doggy."

And when a full-page picture of a chimpanzee was displayed, Bobby exclaimed, enthusiastically, "Daddy!"

Easy!

"I don't believe in learning German, Spanish, French, or any foreign language," said a man. "Why," he continued, "I lived among a lot of Germans, and got along with them just as well as if I had known their language, but I didn't, not a word of it."

"How did you manage?"

"Well, you see, they all spoke English."

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