

Test it Yourself! "SALADA" GREEN TEA

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Words.

What mysterious things are words. Those syllabled breath, invisible shapes of air, sound sculptured by the deft tools of tongue and throat, and lips into architectures more enduring than steel and stone! And yet these flimsy forms are the golden causeways thrown up between man and man and between ages far separated by the guile of time so the growing spiritual and intellectual traffic of all the centuries may move silently over them.

A word vanishes in the utterance, and yet nothing of man's creation lasts so long. Words have rebuilt empires where swords had destroyed them; and modern man in nothing more truly exemplifies the essential worth of civilization than in the pride and affection with which he regards effective forms of words nobly uttered and geared into what he believes to be the truth and justice and right as they exist in the nature of things.

All our great institutions are built upon words. Charters and creeds and laws are nothing until firmly set within the "syllabled battlements of sound." We do not trust a man until he has "given his word"; and no contract is binding to the full until it is "put down in black and white"; that is to say, the agreement is not a valid instrument until the words have the validity of a clear and fixed expression.

We have a way of thinking still that the sword has been man's great and effectual fighting tool, but the pen is mightier than the sword because the pen is armed with words.

The great battles of the ages have been word battles, in which wit and eloquence and understanding have struggled against error and ignorance. Words are great thoroughfares that bring all times and places into communication. They are inventions of peace and not of war, the sublime means by which men arrange armistices and agreements and not clubs to maul each other with over their differences. That is a great sentence in the Gospel which says: "In the beginning was the word."

Uncle Sam's Souvenirs.

The majority of the Americans going home this year after a holiday in Britain take with them at least one old brick! This sounds an amazing statement, but upwards of one thousand charred bricks have disappeared from the ruins of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, which was recently destroyed by fire, says an English magazine. The greater part of these bricks have been removed by souvenir hunters.

It has been suggested that a fee of a guinea or so should be charged for the privilege of taking away one of the remaining bricks, so that a sum may be raised to aid in the building of the new theatre.



"Say Joe, did you know Mike Byrne's wife had lockjaw?"
"Well, the Irish always were lucky."



Run! Get Some

WRIGLEY'S
satisfies the desire for sweets, helps make strong healthy teeth, removes particles of food from teeth crevices, and aids digestion. So it is a wonderful help to health.

ISSUE No. 39-24

THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR R. KREVE

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

The muffled operator in the cabin of the "Scout" got the message. He agreed with the idea and shot back the information that he would plan it and let the gray racer gang know how it was to be executed. He was thinking a moment about it as his quick mind went over means and methods, when suddenly he was annoyed by some unexpected interference on the wavelength he was using.

Hank had gone directly from the village home to his home. He had calculated that he might be in time for the next hourly period set for communication by the wireless through those higher up in the radio gang to the chief. And he realized the vital importance of the threat which Cauliflower Pete had just made. Once Cauliflower Pete began to spill the beans there was no telling how far it would go.

Hank mounted quickly to his room where he had begun his new radio and at once he began to send. It might be a minute or two late but still there was a chance.

Out in the ramshackle red barn and in the cabin of the "Scout" in the Bayles shipyard, as it chanced, both ends of the radio line were working as Hank tuned in.

"Someone's butting in, confound 'em," exclaimed the thug who was operating the field set with the gray racer. He was annoyed for he had just propounded a weighty idea to the man higher up on the "Scout" and before he signed off he expected some orders to come through in respect to carrying the idea out.

At the same time the man muffled in the great coat in the cabin of the "Scout" was for the moment equally annoyed. But it was only for a moment.

"It's that boy, Hank," he muttered, and he cut in to signal back to Hank to go ahead.

Hank was eager to reply. "Cauliflower says you must get him out or he'll squeal!"
With any ordinary thugs this threat might have struck consternation in them. But this radio gang was resourceful. Here were three arms of the law in instant communication. The man on the "Scout" instantly had an idea. While those in the red barn were making the air blue with their language he was doing some quick thinking.

His instructions to Hank came back almost as fast as one could think it. "Well Cauliflower to stick. We'll get him out. We'll trade his freedom for the key. Get off false message as if from Dick Gerard on 'Scout' to Ken Adams that Dick is at Bayles shipyard. Lure him there with news from Dick and a fake chance at rescue. We will take care of the rest."

Hank was overjoyed at this commission. Nothing could be more to his liking than to get Ken in the clutches of these criminals. As for the gang in the red barn, they, too, were overjoyed with added instructions came through to them to co-operate in carrying off Ken.

Hank Hawkins thought a moment as the radio message ceased. How was he to get Ken? The first problem was to locate him and as quickly as possible. He reached for the telephone to call the Radio Shack, disguising his voice as he did so.

Of course at that moment there was no answer over the telephone at the Radio Shack. We were still at the Club.

"Here's a message for you, Mr. Kennedy," the club clerk had at last located us and handed Craig a note that had been left for him that morning.

Craig hastily read it. "Every hour, on the quarter after the hour, I am picking up some fellow on a boat sending on 250 meters. It is about a boy. He seems to be sending and receiving from some one with a car on land. Could it be the Dick Gerard you are looking for? The last message was 'Kennedy and Jameson are away with Evans from the Radio Shack.'"
"Who sent that?" I asked. "Is it a trap?"

"No, I don't think so. It is signed by our former friend K904, Deer Park, Long Island. No, I think this is on the level." Craig read the message with keen interest. "It's important. It must be that the communication is between the 'Scout' and the gray racer. I think we might do well to pick up some of these messages and hear what they have to say."

Ken was quite excited. "If we could only find that gray racer, it might lead to something. But how are we ever going to do it?"
The remark of Ken seemed to give Craig an idea. "I have it, Easton! What about your direction finder, your radio compass? We could set that up, discover the direction from which the messages are coming. Sooner or later we would run them down."

"Bully!" exclaimed Evans. "Just the thing! We'll get over to the Radio Shack right now and get the thing set up. By that time it will be the quarter after the hour that this kind amateur tips us off about."

Thus it was that some time after Hank had vainly tried to locate Ken at the Radio Shack we actually returned there.

Evans was perhaps one of the cleverest inventors of his age. He had that natural bent toward radio that some men in some people. His perfection of the radio direction finder had been an evidence of it. Here, in the direction finder as he had developed it, he had another invention almost as sensational as the Cold Tube of Evansite.

Easton had taken the loop idea and by applying other principles he had developed an instrument which when pointed gave strong impulses along the

radial lines from which broadcasting was taking place. In other words, by focusing the radio compass or direction finder one might by successive scans and scans at last get even closer to the source of wireless waves, the center or focal point.

Easton was setting up the direction finder in a hurry, for the quarter after the hour was at hand. He rotated the thing slowly.

"There it is; K903 is right!"

With his sensitive compass Easton was making a hurried calculation. "It comes northeast by east, one point!"
"How," exclaimed Kennedy, "we'll get into the car, start out as nearly as possible northeast by east, one point. An hour later when we are set up somewhere we will get the direction again, correct it, narrow it down. If they do that every hour, it must inevitably lead us to them in their den!"

"Why," exclaimed Ken, "this is regular Scout stuff! It is like tracking."

"Exactly. Tracking through the air." "Being a radio detective!" cried Ken.

"Yes, indeed. Detective work is like scouting. It is tracking of another sort. We are now scouting through the ether! And the motto is the same as the Scout motto: BE PREPARED!"

Kennedy was pointing to the Evans direction finder as he spoke. He wanted to impress Ken with the manner of Easton's living—always prepared for any emergency in the air. I could not but admit that Craig's little object lesson and brief sermon had a sharp point.

We carried carefully the delicate little direction finder out into the car and made hasty preparations to be off. Every minute counted now if we were to track down this nefarious radio gang in the gray racer.

"We can't leave this place alone, though; not now," Easton had begun to realize how valuable was the apparatus he had stowed away in the Radio Shack. And, if he realized it, how much more quickly would those subtle minds in the radio gang realize it. "This place ought to be guarded," "Right!" agreed Craig. "Ken, it is your duty to guard the Radio Shack in our absence."

Ken's face fell. He had been counting on the excitement of the radio chase with the direction finder. Here it was, all lost to him.

Still he was a Scout. He clicked his heels without a word of murmur and went out.

The last thing we saw as we whisked away, planning on what roads were nearest northeast by east, was Ken standing guard, manfully.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DANGER!

While we were riding and calculating with the radio direction finder, exciting events were preparing at Rockledge in our absence.

Hank had literally scoured the neighborhood over the telephone to locate Ken. He was not at the Radio Shack to start with. Nor was he to be found at the Club. Hank had even taken a chance and called Ken's mother. But she did not know where her boy was. On a venture Hank had asked for Ruth. Perhaps Ruth might know. But Ruth was not at the Club and her mother did not know where she was, either.

Hank would have despaired but he had a keen, crafty mind. He would get at Ken through Ruth. Ruth was the easier to find. He knew the hangouts of the young people and surely in one or another of them he would locate Ruth.

He tried the Blue Rooster. Not there. Then he thought of the Vindicator Inn. Sure enough, there Vira Gerard, Glenn Buckley, Ken and Jack Curtis were and with them was Ruth, waiting in. She had taken Laddie along with her. As Hank held the telephone he quickly thought up his story.

"Ruth," he whispered excitedly, "don't tell anybody. But get away. Find Ken. Tell him that Dick has got a way of using the radio on the 'Scout' and that if Ken will listen in on the radio he will be able to get him from Dick—perhaps rescue him!"

Ruth was overjoyed. She thanked the perfidious Hank, left the telephone, climbed in her car with Laddie and was off in a cloud of dust. This was great. If she could help in getting back little Dick Gerard it would re-establish her uncle's faith in her. And she thought much of Uncle Craig.

But it was not such an easy job to find Ken. Looking for the boy was like hunting for a needle in a haystack. Hank had found it so and had passed the buck to Ruth.

Ruth started out first to find Craig and me. But wherever she went, whether it was at the Club or elsewhere, she could find no trace of them. Fortunately she knew nothing of Hank's first telephone call that had failed to locate Ken at the Radio Shack. Otherwise she might have avoided going there, considering it of no use. But after he had found Eagles' Nest also deserted, she at last brought herself to drive around to the Radio Shack. She had not gone there sooner for the simple reason that she had not wanted to see Easton just yet. But in a matter regarding Dick Gerard she felt herself capable of keeping the conversation to that point and off those things which now might embarrass her until they were cleared up and explained.

Thus it was that Ruth nosed her car along the road past the Radio Shack. It, too, as she approached,

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looked deserted and she was full of misgiving as she pulled up on the brakes.

But it was only for a moment. Ken had been attracted by the sound of an engine. He was right on the job as guardian and came on the run from around the side of the shack where he had been playing watchman on the harbor front.

"Hello, Ruth," he called. "Anything new?"

"I should say there is, Ken. I just had a message from Hank Hawkins. He told me that he was sorry for what he had done and that he had heard that Dick was on the 'Scout' and trying to get in touch by wireless with some of us. Don't you suppose you could get in the Shack and listen in? Maybe we might pick up something."

"Why, yes. I have the key. We'll try." Ken was quite excited by the prospect of communicating with Dick. So excited that he did not even stop to doubt the sincerity of any conversation on the part of Hank.

They entered the Radio Shack and Ken selected one of Easton's radio sets with which he was most familiar. He began to twist the knobs.

"He didn't tell you, by any chance, what wave length Dick was using on the 'Scout'?" he asked. "I didn't get it clearly. He said something about three hundred, or three hundred and something. I couldn't understand."

(To be continued.)

The Man in the Moon.

The face, or disk, of the moon is brighter in some places than at others. The dark spots are so arranged as to represent the eyes, nose and mouth of a man, and the whole disk represents the face of a human being. So the moon appears to us, but people in other countries claim that they see other things in the moon.

The Tartars behold "a woodcutter, bearing on his back a huge bundle of wood, and supporting himself with a staff." The Japanese say that they see a rabbit, in a sitting posture. His long ears stand erect and before him is a large mortar.

In his forepaws he holds a pestle, and is generally busy grinding rice. But the telescope shows that the dark spots are really huge mountain craters, for the surface of the moon is about as uneven as that of the earth.



The Barometer.

"How do you know this is a good show?"

"Simply because all the preachers in town said it was awful."

The Dawn at Sea.

The stars grew pale in the cloudless sky before the uprising of the sun, while the last vapour lifted a white wing from the sea, and a dim spiral mist carried skyward the memory of inland oceans. The whole wide wilderness of ocean was of . . . azure aflame with gold and silver.

The morning twilight wavered, and it was as though an incalculable host of grey doves flew upward and spread earthward before a wind with pinions of rose; then the dappled dove-grey vapor faded, and the rose hung like the reflection of crimson fire, and dark isles of ruby and . . . amethyst and pale gold and saffron and April-green came into being; and the new day was come.—Tiona Macleod.

Lamp Posts.

Are these
With slender straight trunks of grey?
No branches or leaves have they,
Growing along the edges of the walk;
Only a single stalk
Bearing a magic flower with heart of flame.

What is your name,
Mysterious soft bloom?
I see your clusters in the gloom.

—Helen Hoyt.

The First Scarlet Maple.

It flared out from the deep green of the surrounding woods like a burst of flame. The foliage of the whole landscape was heavy with an August richness, full of quiet. The green leaves wore a quiescent air, an atmosphere of deep repose like soft draperies in a quiet room. Against this background the scarlet maple rang out like a bugle call. It shivered with an arresting beauty in its sharp contrast.

In every locality there is always a maple that turns red before there has been any sign of frost. It is as though Autumn had lit the torch which should set to whole countryside aflame with thrilling beauty; or had prepared a palette of colors ready to be plashed over woods and fields. About the same time there comes, in the late afternoon and evening, that perfume of frost in the leaves; that first odorous breath of autumn, cool, pungent, deliciously penetrating, filters up from bush and fern. Like the first red of the maple it comes before any of us are conscious of even the faintest breath of frost, and we are roused to a fresh appreciation of the beauties of crimson and gold.

After the long languorous days of summer, all green and blue, the first scarlet of the maple comes shrill and brave like the music of flutes in the morning.

It almost seems as though summer were all soft curves. Trees all in varying shades of green are softly and roundly outlined, everywhere the thick luxuriant foliage melts and subsides angles into billowy indefiniteness. The white sleepy clouds of summer are round and soft looking. But with the first breath of autumn this changes; a splash of red here and of gold there, and hedge and woods are marked sharply and clearly with long angles and straight brush strokes. The breeze that all summer has rolled along quietly, suddenly straightens out briskly and carries an invigorating tang as sharp and clear as a drawn line. And though your apples are still clinging to the trees, and your nuts are still milky in their green husks, you can detect a faint, far-away odor of ripened apples and nuts and drying leaves, the first hint of the fine, full autumn flavor. In that breeze is the remembrance of old roads all carpeted with crisp leaves; of fields stretching level under a sky that is sharp and clear; of banks of sweet fern with great glowing plumes of sumac rising above them. Then the first scarlet maple is like the shout of a trumpet, its imperious summons calling you to all these things, and you step out a little more briskly toward the fields and woods and the sumac.

"By the Skin of My Teeth."

The expression, "I escaped by the skin of my teeth," used, say, when a pedestrian has just dodged a motor car by a hair's breadth, is often regarded as pure slang, and many a boy has been rebuked by his very proper maiden aunt for using it. Yet it is taken direct, with the change of one small preposition, from the most literary book in the Bible, that great poem of "the ways of God with man," that we know as the Book of Job.

It occurs in chapter xiv, verse 20, that reads: "My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh, and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." It is a forceful metaphor, because the teeth have no skin, and thus it carries the idea of the closest shave imaginable.

Job is referring to the fact that all his family have perished and all his riches have flown away; and that he himself is not only in dire poverty, but in very bad health as well. The only thing left to him is his life, and even that is so full of misery that it is hardly worth retaining.

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

The coldest period of the day is usually a few minutes after sunrise. This is due to the fact that when the sun first strikes the earth it causes the evaporation of a chilling moisture.



Minard's Liniment for toothache.

ENORMOUS WINTR

Winnipeg.—The were experiencing ditions on Thurs which were driv before them in m

Winnipeg was i storm Thursday rrupting telegrap Portage la Prairie ported to be th of midwinter pro phone poles blow town limits.

During the pas Canada has exper ditions varied in cluding rain, snow districts, bringing field operations i vices.

All provinces h heavy hand of wi day the snow ear ward, with Brande fall of the autom ed a heavy rainf 18 hours, and in the coming of a w

ARCTIC EXP ARRIVE

Prof. Hobbs' P uly Success

Gree

North Sydney, Guy Morrissey, oy Captain Robert the stream at the returned from the pedition to Greenl

The expedition i cessful, and al a part of health. An are Prof. Hobbs, dition; Prof. Geo the Geological Soc son of Admiral Pe of the North Pole several of the exp for their homes i while the rest of the for the ship, wh marine slip in Sy shaft put in before destination.

Big Increase

Ottawa, Ont.— ada for the first was 68 per cent, a same period a year ago figures m Dept. of Immigra tion. The total in first seven months 86,480 compared v same period in 19 Immigration showed an increas over July a year ago 16,227 and 8,150 of July immigration 2,197 from the Un 737 from other cou to the above immig 6,487 Canadians w turning from the v Having entered the intention of remaini ently. These new tion of permanent ada.

Tornado Twists

Ala

Sandusky, Ohio, its way a g a Lake Erie near her the centre of Huron and disappeared i fatalities were reg check up of the dis at Huron was plac 690 and \$20,000, ed and trees uproo

Ca

Saint John, N. thirty-three saili Saint John for the Steamships, accord schedule just an twenty-six in the Steamship officials dence in the gro believe that the lar ness on the St. L will in all likeliho Saint John season, tional sailings.

Montreal, Que mate of Canada's has been made b tions, with compar years ago. In 1991, in this cou 22,406, as contrast capita in 1993. On listed, Canada ank States showing \$2.9 billion per capi Toronto, Ont.— the city of Toronto 991, which shows a gures for the last t according to a state by the Chief City A of increase in popu compare favorably years.

Winnipeg, Man, being taken by farm Provinces in growi ensilage. This year that 40,000 acres ha sunflowers, as comp