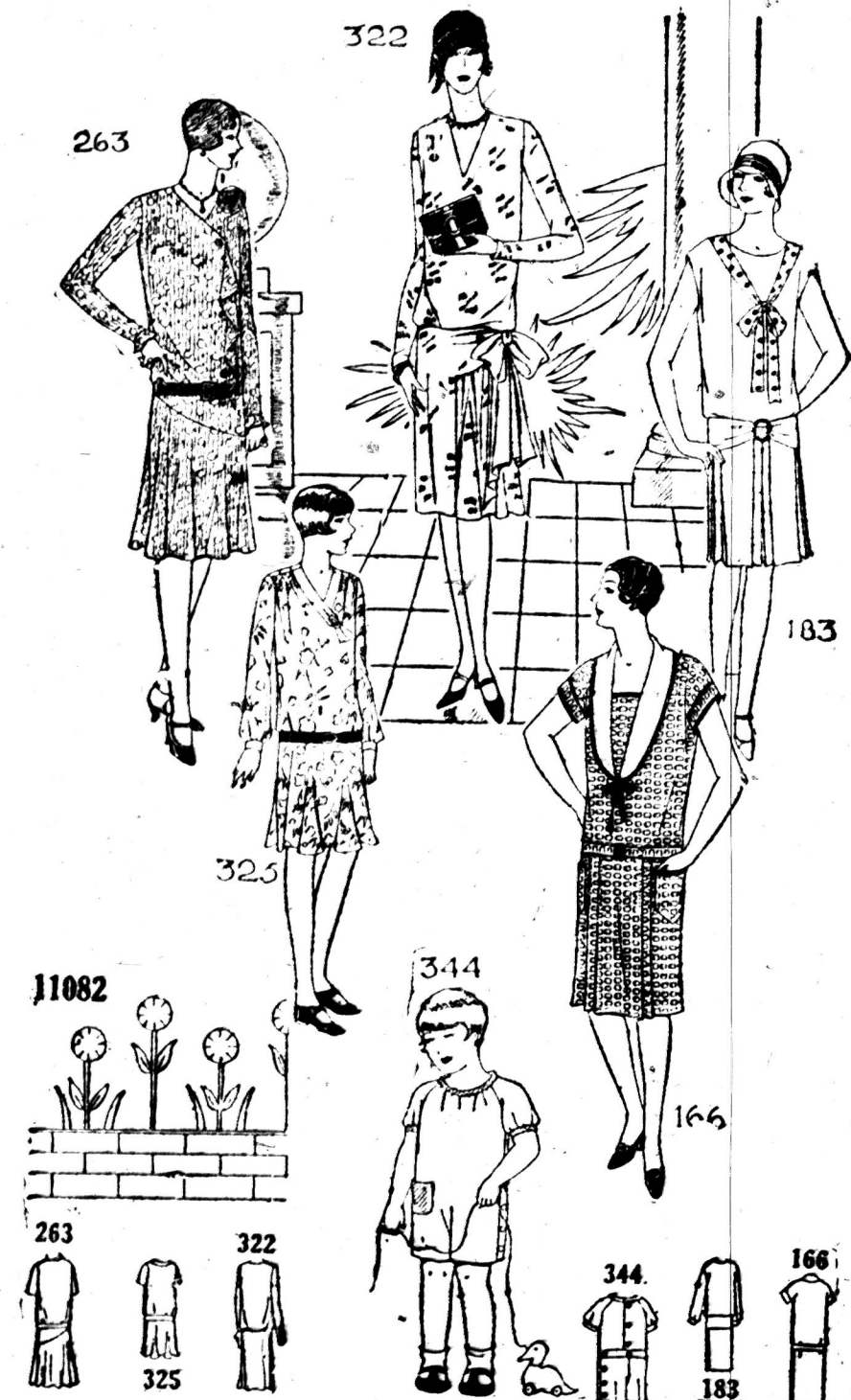


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(GREEN)

JAPAN TEA
Fresh from the gardens' 654



No. 325—For Smart Junior. This style is designed in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch material with 3/4 yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 322—Exclusiveness! This style is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material with 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 344—Dawning Rompers. This style is designed in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material with 1/4 yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 166—Sportive Wash Frock. This style is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting and 4 1/2 yards of binding.

No. 183—Sportive. This style is de-

Radio Directs Plane to Ship 300 Miles at Sea

Special 100-Watt Set is Installed Aboard Burnelli Plane for Mail Pick-Up

Gives Ship Bearings

A giant Burnelli monoplane was guided by radio last week to the Leviathan 300 miles east of New York westward bound, and picked up mail pouches from the deck in an experiment to determine the feasibility of speeding up mail deliveries from overseas by means of a special plane loading device.

The Radiomarine Corporation of America equipped the plane with radio-telephone and telegraph apparatus. Tests showed the apparatus to have a range of approximately 500 miles.

When the plane left the mainland it established contact with navy compass stations which furnished bearings and advised of the Leviathan's position. As the plane drew nearer the liner, both telephone and telegraph communication was established. The chief radio officer of the liner, George Sinclair, used the ship's radio compass direction finder to determine the plane's position.

Four were carried in the crew of the plane. In addition to Commander George Richardson Pond, who acted as pilot, were his co-pilot, a man to control the pick-up device for the mail pouch, and an engineer of the radio company as operator.

forerunner of a regularly established service for quickening the delivery of incoming European mail, regard the radio apparatus which the airplane carries as essential to such a service because of its value in locating the incoming vessel, especially in case of rain, fog or darkness.

The plane's transmitter derived its energy from a wind-driven generator mounted in the slipstream between the twin motors. Its power rating is 100 watts and a 600-meter wave length was used.

He: So you think I'm a nobody. I'll have you know I own the best paper in this town.
She: What did you pay for it?
He: Two cents.

IDEALS
It is always a sad thing to lose an ideal. However far we may be from it, the test of our character lies in the loyalty with which we cherish it and the degree to which we strive to approach it.

For sunburn, apply Minard's Liniment.

WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A.E. DINGLE

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Alden Talbot Drake possesses characteristics which fit all three of his names. The urge which took him to sea on leaving school has never left him. He is contentions of the idle life he is leading in his luxurious home.

One day, when Drake is in a particularly angry mood, he swings a gate to with a loud clang, starting an old gentleman and a pretty girl who are riding by in an old-fashioned low chair. The memory of the girl's beautiful face, raised in haughty reproof, stays with him.

One night Drake slips away from a party at his house and makes his way to Sailortown, ancient rendezvous of men who follow the sea, where he meets up with fat little Joe Bunting. "Introduce you to Mag Parrot," says Joe.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
"Here, Mag! Meet my friend Mister Drake," Joe Bunting was wheezing; and he was shaking the cool, hard hand of Miss Parrot.
Later Drake ambled through the smoky room again.
He stood at the bar. After two treats the crowd accepted him. Alden Drake felt some queer influence at work within him. The smoky room was hazier; the clatter of tongues harsher. One by one the crowd dropped out; but they started to more dancing.

All the musical instruments he had ever heard started to play every song he had ever heard at once. Alden Talbot Drake smiled a foolish smile, wagged a silly head, and two barmen dumped him on the bench beside Joe Bunting, already asleep.

The girls began to drift away. Mag looked at Drake quite earnestly, for Mag.

"I'm goin' t' get a cab for 'im," she stated. "'E ain't our sort. 'E's a gent, 'e is. I'm goin' t' send 'im 'ome." She flounced out into the thick night. The barmen looked at the landlord.



THE CRIMP LAUNCHED HIMSELF FORWARD IN A CROUCH.

He swept his eye swiftly around the somnolent crowd, counting them.
"Take 'im upstairs," he ordered.
"If that 'ussy brings a keb, 'e's gorn 'ome, see?"

CHAPTER IV. A DUDE LIKE THAT!

Of one thing Drake was sure, when a beam of hot morning sunlight stabbed him into wakefulness: He was alive. That he was certain of, because, afterwards, he recalled wishing he were dead. The sun came through a dirty window. It burned his eyes. It made his head throb. It reminded him that he had played the giddy goat in Sailortown.

"Great Caesar's ghost, what a head!" he groaned. He tried to sit up. He could not. He knew he lay on some sort of couch, because his hand, groping beside him, felt no floor. He lifted the hand; it weighed fifty tons. His wrist watch was gone. With that, his hand must have weighed five thousand tons. He shook his head. He seemed to be in a room. There was a window. The sun shone brilliantly. It must be well on in the forenoon. He knew he had a fob watch. He felt for it, but his hand fell listlessly toward the oar again.

"I must have drunk cyanide. This must be Hell," he chuckled. Somehow, he felt amused at his plight. If only he knew what time it was. If only he had a drink. He stared through a yellow shawl of dusty patterned sunbeams, out of the dirty window. There was a long jibboom with jibs furling upon it; spiking out over the street from the dock beyond the high brick wall. A distortion in the window glass focused the light in a squat red circle. He laughed foolishly. It was the fat red face of Joe Bunting smiling at him. He tried again to rise, and fell back with his head ringing horribly.

"Thank my lucky stars I wasn't Shanghai'd, anyhow!" was his painful but thankful prayer. "If I only had a big jug of water. Oh, Lord!"
Voices sounded outside the room. They were at the door. One was a roaring, storm bred voice. It was spouting bitter briny profanity. The door opened. Drake turned headily to look. There was a big blond man wearing a pilot jacket, and the landlord. They were angry. He felt only mildly interested. He tried to ask for water, but was not sure that they heard him.

"I paid you to get me twelve men!" roared the big blond man. "You wretched me, you crimpin' crook!"
"Over 'yln', Mister Stevens," shouted the landlord, unafraid. "I got seven. This bloke looked as if he might pass out, that's why I didn't send 'im wiv the rest. 'E's orlright, nah. I'll send 'im dahm."
"Send him to hell!" bawled Mister Stevens, furiously. He leaned over Drake, glared into his face, and thumped him heavily in the ribs. Drake only grunted, but tried to shake his heavy head reproachfully. "See here! This ain't the first time you've ditched me over men. You would send this junk-laid hunk o'—"
He stepped crouching toward the crimp, his blond face turning purple with rage, his blue eyes snapping. The crimp put up his hands, and spat fearfully on the floor.

"Don't you lay 'ands on me, Mister!" he warned. "I give yer my word, I'll 'it back, 'ard! Stoppit! Stoppit!"
Drake only hazily knew the moment the fight began; but he was sitting up before it was finished. The crimp hit, and hit hard; but he was putty in the hands of the big blond man. Mister Stevens hit him once, a blow that would have flogged him but for the wall. The wall creaked under the impact of his body. Crafty in free-for-all fighting the crimp rebounded from the wooden wall, launched himself forward in a crouch, and gouged upward with his extended thumbs for his foe's eyes. Mister Stevens was crafty, too. He jerked his head upwards, and snapped at the thumbs with his teeth. He caught one, and bit hard on it, while the crimp bellowed with pain.

Then Stevens let him go; and while the man stood on one leg, twisting round and round, wringing his half severed thumb, the blond man stepped in, coldly, methodically, like a cooper walking around a cask, and pounced with all his muscle and weight at the other's face and jaw.

Six sickening punches landed before the crimp fell. Six cutting punches that sent the blood splattering over walls and ceiling. The last two landed upon an unconscious man; and when he pitched headlong across the couch where Drake lay, his head struck the iron with a crack. The fall knocked the wind out of Drake; but it also dissipated some of the mists that fogged his brain. He dragged a leg and arm free, and began to struggle up. He meant to have something to say to that big blond man. The landlord was heavy. The big blond man glanced contemptuously backward as he quitted the room.

"Send me a bloody dude for a sailor, will you? A dude like that, too! If it was only a man—"

Mister Stevens passed from view, and Drake fought himself to a sitting posture, his sluggish blood beginning to leap with shame.

"I'll show him!" he gritted, and made a full stagger across the room. He was back in his shipboard youth again. A fight was the natural sequence to an insult like that.

Drake began to doubt that he was entirely awake. Horrid things, red plotted things whirled before his eyes. He felt his wrist. His wrist watch was undoubtedly gone. Coins jingled in his trousers pockets. He drew forth two copper pennies. His keys were gone.

"This is too much of a good thing!"

LUXO FOR THE HAIR
Ask Your Barber—He Knows
ISSUE No. 26—29

he muttered, and marched through the door. At the threshold he stopped, conscious of his incomplete attire; for a woman's voice came to him from along a passage; not the voice of a woman like Mag Parrot, but the cultured, soft-toned voice of a girl. Men's voices could be heard, too; and among them the hateful voice of Mister Stevens, the voice that had uttered that scorching remark. He wanted to interview Stevens. A gentleman could not face a lady at that hour of the morning in the quite inadequate remnants of a dinner suit. He drew back into the room, throwing the door shut after him, and lay down on the couch, his arms wrapped about his face.

(To be continued.)

Summer Care of Good Looks

Hints to the Girl—Old or Young Who Cares About Her Appearance and Who Doesn't

We should all be asking our best beauty for summer, for it is during the summer we have our greatest opportunity to "get better looking." Everything seems to conspire to help us in this pleasant task. The weather invites us into the open more often, and we work in the house with all windows and doors set wide open for the fresh air.

But you have to do your part, too; there have to be a few self-denials. You have to remember to hang your wide-brimmed old straw hat at the door or on the porch where you can snatch it up and put it on before going out into the noonday sun. You should keep a big loose pair of gloves with it, so your hands won't be burned or tanned to an ugly darkness. These two little things to remember not only will prevent sunburn, but the hat will often prevent a headache from a too hot sun.

There is a very excellent cream that you can buy from any good druggist or toilet-goods counter. It is the best of preventives for sunburn. When you get up in the morning, after you have bathed, you use the slightest film of this delicate cream all over your skin, wait a minute for it to take hold, and then dust your powder lightly over it. It takes scarcely two extra minutes in the morning to do this, and yet it will defend your skin from sunburn as few other things will.

Salts of Lemon

In homes where there are children it is advisable to use a substitute for salts of lemon, as the real thing is poisonous. The substitute consists of a mixture of table salt and lemon juice.

Use salts of lemon for cleaning a slimy sponge. Mix a little with warm water, and immerse the sponge several times, squeezing well after each immersion. Rinse in clear, warm water, and suspend from a nail to dry.

A solution of salts of lemon will remove marking ink stains from linen. Apply to the affected parts with a camel-hair brush, allow to remain for a few minutes, then wash the whole article or garment in the usual way.

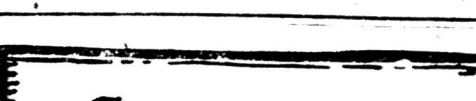
Copper vessels that have become blackened by contact with fire can be restored to their former brightness with salts of lemon. The solution must be removed immediately to prevent the acid eating into the copper.

"Wider Markets"

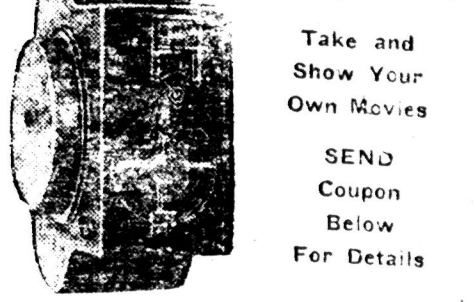
Halifax Herald (Lib.): It is "hauling coals to Newcastle" with a vengeance when apples are imported into this province from half-way round the world! But there it is—a cargo of New Zealand apples will arrive in Halifax this month for distribution throughout Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario. And we are still hearing talk about the need for "wider markets," when Antipodean butter and apples can be freighted that distance and sold here in our own market right under our very noses!

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Q.R.S. Canadian Corporation Ltd., 379 Spadina Ave., Toronto 2, Ont. Gentlemen: Please send further details regarding the Q.R.S. De Vry Home Movie Camera and Projector.

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The Powder to Use

Of course, if you have already exposed your face and neck to sunburn, or you become burned because of an enforced stay in the sun, don't forget to have a good cleansing or cooling cream so you can soothe the hot parts right away.

I know a delightful talcum powder, too, that is particularly soothing on a burned skin, though it is better suited to your cream do the first cleansing work; then you can use your powder.

And, speaking of powder, I wonder if you know a few little facts about using powder in summer.

The powder you use in summer should not be one of the very heavy powders; the lighter powders are better when the skin is warm and especially moist.

Never put powder over a hot, red skin.
Never put powder over a sunburned skin.
Never put powder on creases, obviously, nor use the wrong shade for your skin. All good powders are bought in several different shades.

Evacuation of the Rhineland

Brooklyn Eagle: To meet the enormous financial burdens which she is now willingly assuming, Germany is entitled to the help which prompt Rhineland evacuation will provide. It is to be hoped that the French, Belgian and British Governments will cooperate in a prompt decision to end the occupation.

NURSES WANTED

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' course of training to young women having the required education and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

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