



THE WHITE DESERT

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

A father's lack of confidence in his son's ability caused

HOUSTON to inherit a lumber mill on condition that he maintain a high output. A series of mysterious accidents are preventing this and when young Houston arrives in the Colorado timber lands he finds that his superintendent, **THAYER**, has been systematically wrecking his plant. In making the discoveries, Houston has been assisted by

BATISTE **RENAUD**, an eccentric French-Canadian, who quit the practice of medicine and retired to a cabin to forget the double tragedy of his son's death in France and the murder of his wife. He nurses Houston back to health when the latter's automobile plunges over a cliff. Houston, to deceive Thayer, feigns complete loss of memory. In Batiste's cabin, Houston meets

ROBINETTE, a girl who owns the adjoining timber lands. Suddenly, Thayer arrives from the railroad station with

AGNES **JERDON**, a girl who has a mysterious hold on Houston.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER VI.

THE woman in the buggy was holding forth her hands to him and he assisted her to the ground. "Well," she asked, in a sudden fawning manner, "aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Of course!" He took her in his arms. "I—I was so surprised, Agnes. I never thought of you."

"Naturally you didn't." It was Thayer again. "That's why I sent for her. Thought you'd get your memory back when—"

"I've had my memory for long enough!" Houston had turned upon him coldly—"to know that from now on I'll run this place. You're through!"

Three hours later, the last of the men paid off. Barry Houston approached the door of Batiste's cabin. Barry raised his hand to knock—and halted. His name had been mentioned angrily; then again—

"I don't know what it is, Batiste. Fred wouldn't tell me, except that it was something too horrible for me to know. I can't be pleasant to him when I feel this way."

She ceased. Houston had knocked on the door. A second later, he entered the cabin, to return Medane Robinette's cool but polite greeting. "I'm afraid I've stayed longer than I intended," she apologized. "It's late. Good night."

Then she was gone. Houston looked at Batiste, but the old French-Canadian merely waved a big hand. "Woman," he said airily, "peuff! Batiste is nothing. Bat will pass. Now, what must Batiste do?"

"At the mill?" I wish you'd guard it for me. I'm going to Denver on the morning train to hire a new crew. "Ah, oui. It shall be."

The next evening brought Barry to Denver, and the three days which followed carried with them the sweet smell of the employment offices and the gathering of a new crew. Then, tired, anxious with an eagerness that he never before had known, he turned back to the hills.

With his rough-faced men about him, Houston reached Tabernacle, and started the journey to the mill. Into the canon and to the last rise. Then a figure showed before him, a gigantic form, running and tumbling through the underbrush at one side of the road, a dog bounding beside him. It was Batiste, excited, red-faced, his arms waving like wind-mills, his voice booming even from a distance.

"M'sieu Houston! M'sieu Houston! Batiste have fall! Batiste have fall! He watch for you! He glad you come! Batiste ashamed! Ashamed!"

They had reached the top of the rise. Below them lay something which caused Barry Houston to leap

to his feet unmindful of the jolting wagon, to stand weaving with white-gripped hands, to stare with suddenly deadened eyes—

Upon a blackened, smoldering mass of charred timbers and twisted machinery. The remainder of all that once had been his mill!

CHAPTER VII.

"Eet was my fault!" The French-Canadian still stared at the ruins. "Eet is all Batiste's fault—" "I thought you were my friend, Batiste."

"Sacré! I am!"

"Then show it! I've got about fifteen thousand in the bank. There's enough lumber around here to build a new saw-shed, and money to buy a few saws. And I need help—I won't be able to move without you. But—" "Oui?"

"But," and Barry smiled at him. "If you ever mention any responsibility for this thing again—you're fired. Do we understand each other?"

The next morning Barry went to Denver, and in a week returned to Tabernacle, thence across country to camp.

He found no Batiste but there was something else which held Houston's interest for a moment and which stopped him, staring wonderingly into the distance. A new skyward had made its appearance on the side of the jutting mountain nearest the dam. Logs were tumbling downward in slow, but steady succession, to disappear, then to show themselves, bobbing jerkily outward toward the center of the lake. A thunderous voice was booming belligerently from the distance—

"You lie—unstan? Batiste say you lie—if you no like eet, just—what you say—climb up me! Unstan? Climb up me!"

Houston broke into a run, racing along the flume with constantly increasing speed as he heard outburst after outburst from the giant trap-

FACING HIM WERE FIVE MEN WITH SHOVELS AND HAMMERS, WORKMEN OF THE BLACKBURN CAMP.

per, interjected, by the lesser sounds of argumentative voices in reply. Faintly he heard a woman's voice, then Batiste's in sudden command: "Go on—you no belong here. Go on—handle this. Go long!"

Houston, at last made the turn of the road as it followed the flume, and saw the broad back of the Canadian, squared as he was, half across the road. Facing him were five men with shovels and hammers, workmen of the Blackburn camp. Houston looked more closely, then gasped. It was another flume; they were making a connection with his own.

"What's this mean?" he demanded angrily.

The foreman looked up caustically. "I've told you about ten times," he answered, addressing himself to Batiste. "We're building a connection on our flume."

"Our flume?" Houston gasped the words. "I own this flume and this lake and this flume site."

"If your name's Houston, I guess you do," came the answer. "But if

you can read and write, you ought to know that while you may own it, you don't use it. That's our privilege from now on. In cold black and white. As far as the law is concerned, this is our flume, and our water, and our lake and our woods back there. And we're going to use all of 'em, as much as we please—and it's your business to stay out of our way!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE statement took Houston off his feet for a moment; but recovery came just as quickly, a recoil with the red splashes of anger blazing before his eyes, the surge of hot blood sweeping through his veins, the heat of conflict in his brain. His good hand clenched. He leaped and he had struck the foreman on the point of the chin, sending him reeling backward, while the other

TINTED TRAVELS

By HAL COCHRAN. (Copyright, 1922.)



New Ontario is a wooded place
Where lumber workers roam;
They change trees into furniture
Like you have in your home.

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

QUICK BREADS

QUICK breads are always nice to serve with afternoon tea. All women like them and they are much nicer to offer to guests than elaborate filled sandwiches or sweet rich cakes.

Graham flour or bran makes a bread that will be welcomed by the woman who would eat and grow thin. She may enjoy her cup of tea with lemon and a brown bread sandwich at 4 in the afternoon and not worry over added ounces.

Bran Bread.

One cup whole wheat flour, 2 cups bran, 1 cup sour milk, 1/2 cup molasses, 1/2 cup nuts, 1/2 cup chopped prunes, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Soak prunes two hours in cold water. Drain and remove stones. Cut in small pieces. Mix flour, add molasses, salt, nuts and prunes. Dissolve soda in milk and stir into mixture.

Turn into a buttered and floured bread pan and bake an hour in a slow oven. If wanted for sandwiches bake the day before needed.

Nut Bread.

Four cups flour, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1 cup nuts, 1 1/2 cups sweet milk, 1 egg, 1/4 cup finely shredded crystallized ginger.

Mix dry ingredients. Add nuts broken in small pieces and shredded ginger. Add milk and egg well beaten. Bake in a buttered and

floured bread pan. Let the dough rise for 20 minutes before putting it in the oven.

Bake half an hour in a hot oven. English walnuts, hickory nuts or pecans should be used.

Brown Bread.

Two eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup granulated sugar, 1/2 cup molasses, 3 cups graham flour, 1 1/2 cups white flour, 2 cups buttermilk or sour milk, 2 teaspoons soda, 1 cup seeded raisins.

Beat eggs well. Add salt, sugar and molasses and mix thoroughly. Stir in white flour. Add one cup sour milk and half the graham flour. Dissolve soda in remaining milk and add to mixture. Add the rest of the flour.

Mix thoroughly and scrape mixture from mixing spoon. Be sure bread is perfectly blended. Stir in raisins. Turn into a buttered and floured bread pan and bake an hour in a hot oven. This bread should be baked at least six hours before attempting to make into sandwiches.

Pound baking powder cans make very good round tins for sandwich breads. Don't fill the cans more than half full of the dough.

Date Bread.

One and one-half cups cornmeal, 1 1/2 cups graham flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 3 tablespoons molasses, 1 1/2 cups milk, 1/2 cup chopped dates.

Mix dry ingredients. Add molasses, milk and dates. Mix thoroughly and turn into buttered and floured bread pans. Bake an hour in a hot oven. (Copyright, 1922.)

men rushed to his assistance.

"That's my answer to you!" shouted Houston.

"Run tell Thayer!" shouted the foreman, and then with recovering strength, he turned for a canthook. But Batiste seized it first.

"Here comes somebody!" Batiste's grip tightened about the canthook and he rose, squaring himself. Houston seized the club and stood waiting a few feet in the rear, in readiness for anyone who might evade the bulwark of blows which Batiste evidently intended to set up.

A moment more, and Batiste, with a sudden exclamation, allowed his canthook to drop to the ground.

"Eet is Thayer and Wade, the sheriff from Montview, and his deputy. Peuff! Have he fool heem, too?"

The sheriff pulled two legal documents from his pocket, and unfolding them, had shown Houston the bottom of each. Barry's eyes opened wide.

"That's—that's my signature," came at last.

"This one's the same, isn't it?" The second paper was shoved forward.

"Yes."

"Then I don't see what you're kicking about. Do you know anyone named Jenkins, who is a notary public?"

"Yes."

"Then look 'em over. If that isn't a lease to the lake and flume and flume site, and if the second one isn't a contract for stumps at a dollar and a half a thousand feet—well, then, I can't read."

"But I'm telling you that I didn't give it to them," Houston had reached for the papers with a trembling hand. "I don't remember."

"Didn't I tell you?" Thayer had turned to the sheriff. "There he goes pulling that loss of memory stunt again. That's one of his best little bits," he added sneering, "to lose his memory."

"I've never lost it yet."

"No—then you can forget things awfully easy. Such as coming out here and pretending not to know who you were. You can't even remember the night you murdered your own cousin, can you?"

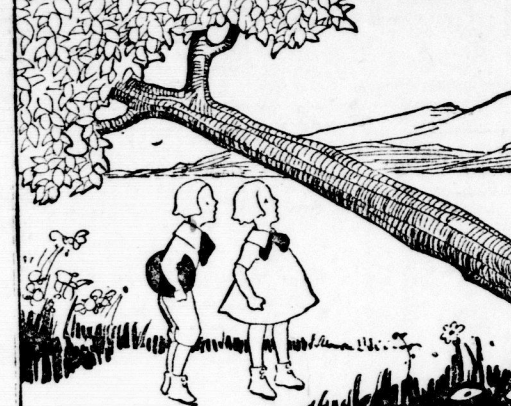
"That's a—"

"See, sheriff? His memory's bad." All the malice and hate of pent-up enmity was in Fred Thayer's voice now. One gnarled hand went forward in accusation. "He can't even remember how he killed his own cousin. But if he can't, I can. Ask him about the time when he slipped that mallet in his pocket at a prize fight and then went on out with his cousin. Ask him what became of Tom Langdon after they left that prize fight. He won't be able to tell you, of course. He loses his memory; all he will be able to remember is that his father spent a lot of money and hired some good lawyers and got him out of it. He won't be able to tell you a thing about how his own cousin was found with his skull crushed in, and the bloody wooden mallet lying beside him—the mallet that this fellow had stolen the night before at a prize fight! He won't."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

TRICKY TRIXO

(By Olive Roberts Barton)



A larger tree beside the path toppled and fell.

THE next valley was a terror. The white dove warned the Twins about it.

"No matter what happens," said he, "pretend not to notice, but go straight ahead. The Valley-of-Watch-Your-Step will be sure to try your courage. But no matter what happens, be sure not to scream or cry out. Old Tricky Trixo, the second cousin to Twelve Toes the Sorcerer, and third cousin to Eena Meena the Magician, lives in this valley."

"He has no power over you if you do not show fear. Pretend to notice nothing."

With these words he flew away and the journey began again.

"I don't see anything to be afraid of," scoffed Nick. "This looks like our own lovely meadow at home, doesn't it?"

They were walking over a nice little bridge that crossed a sparkling stream of clear water. But scarcely had the words left his lips when the bridge broke in the middle and down they went into the stream.

Nancy grabbed Nick and Nick grabbed Nancy, but not a sound did they make. Then, just as suddenly as it had gone down, the bridge righted itself again, and the Twins with it. There they were, walking peacefully along as though nothing had happened. They were not even wet.

"Did the bridge go down?" whispered Nancy, "or was I dreaming?"

"It really did," Nick told her. "Wasn't it queer? It must have been one of Tricky Trixo's tricks."

Before Nancy had time to answer, a large tree beside the path toppled and fell. That is, it nearly fell, and right on top of the Twins at that.

But before it quite reached them it suddenly straightened and stood as firm and graceful as ever, its branches waving quietly in the breeze.

Not a sound had the Twins uttered in this queer Valley-of-Watch-Your-Step.

(To Be Continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

Sheer and Floating Effects Mark The Summer Frocks

THE fact that Paris is using a great deal of lace just now, added to the fact that many lovely frocks are featuring it, indicates that lace of every kind, color and width will be much used this summer.

Spanish laces, in black or white, are still decidedly popular. A new lace which seems destined to enjoy a real vogue this spring and during the early summer is a mixture of silk and wool in a big floral design. This comes in wide flouncing.

To meet the demand for dainty fabrics which float gently, the manufacturers have done their utmost, and the array of chiffons, crepes, embroidered nets, sheer novelty cottons, batistes, voiles and the like is enough to turn the heads of beauty-loving womankind.

The spring of 1922 has witnessed such an orgy of color, following a season of somber black, that it will be no surprise if the brightest colors in wash fabrics are ignored by the woman selecting her summer dresses, and white or sweet pea shades chosen, leaving the high colors for the younger generation, which does not grow so fagged and flushed when the thermometer begins to climb.

White or cream, pale blue, yellow or orchid always look exquisitely cool, and will be worn extensively.



Doctors Recommend

Bon-Opto for the Eyes

Physicians and eye specialists prescribe Bon-Opto as a safe home remedy in the treatment of eye troubles, strengthen eyesight. Sold under the safeguard guarantee by all druggists.

BE PRETTY! TURN

GRAY HAIR DARK

Try Grandmother's Old Favorite Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyer's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, after each shampooing, and by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive. —Advt.

SORE THROAT

IS A COMMON AILMENT WHICH UNLESS CHECKED IN TIME WILL LEAD TO A SERIOUS CONDITION. SIMILARLY DEVELOPED AND REQUIRE SUSTAINED TREATMENT. BUT IF TREATED AT ONCE MUCH OF THE ACUTE SUFFERING MAY BE AVOIDED. AN OLD AND RELIABLE REMEDY IS FOUND IN

DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

Radio Radiations

Amateurs are requested to make their queries as brief as possible to facilitate the publication and answering of the questions. Address your communications to the Radio Editor, The London Advertiser.

BY THE RADIO EDITOR.

CONTINUING our trip around the construction of such a coil you will find that the spark gap is the next step after the condenser.

The purpose of this gap is to discharge the energy stored up in the condenser in the form of radio frequency oscillations. It also quenches the spark—that is, restores the gap to its non-conducting state when its energy has been passed on to the antenna circuit.

The most popular form of spark gap is the quenched. It has several heavy copper plates separated by insulating washers. These are placed in a rack or holder and pressed tightly together by means of a pressure bolt.

The distance between each copper plate is not over 1-100 of an inch. The sparking surface inside the gap is absolutely airtight to prevent leakage and sparking, which would cause a loss in the output of the current.

Each gap requires about 1,200 volts. Using 20,000 volts approximately 17 gaps would be employed.

Oscillation Transformer.

Next comes the oscillation transformer, consisting of a primary and secondary winding. The primary of this is in the closed circuit (consisting of all parts heretofore described) and the secondary is in the open or antenna circuit.

The function of the oscillation transformer is to transfer the energy from the closed circuit to the open by means of the wave length of either circuit can be increased or decreased by varying the self-inductance of either the primary or secondary coil.

When the limit of charge has been reached in the condenser it discharges through the primary winding of the oscillation transformer across the spark gap.

This discharge consists of a number of radio oscillations, the frequency of which will be increased if inductance is reduced to the primary winding or decreased if inductance is added.

A reduction in the capacity of a condenser will likewise increase the frequency of the oscillations and an increase in capacity will reduce it.

RADIO PRIMER

Short Circuit.—An intentional or accidental connection by a conductor across the terminals of an electric generator. A shortening of an electric circuit by touching of two bare conductors in which the current runs in opposite directions.

Radio Editor.—Please tell me the action of the three-electrode tube as an oscillation detector, without the grid condenser? Explain how the radio frequency amplifier is adjusted to amplify damped oscillations.

A. E. J.

Your question is not of general interest to the radio public, and this department cannot take the space to answer it fully, as it would just about fill the whole paper. What you need is a book, and you had better write to the Wireless Press, 326 Broadway, New York. Ask for a copy of Bucher's Vacuum Tubes.

Radio Editor.—Did you ever publish directions for making honey-comb coils?

READER.

No directions for making these coils have been published, because they are very difficult to make, and this department believes that the amateurs will do better by purchasing

Radio Editor.—I am making a lightning switch of a bar of copper 10 ins. in length and 1 1/4 ins. in width. Will you please tell me how to connect it? I am making a loading coil of a Quaker Oats box 7 ins. long and 4 ins. across; what will be the wave length of this coil? My aerial, including the lead-in, is over 100 feet long and 35 feet high. Can I improve it?

ROBERT DEUEL.

A lightning switch can be used with an aerial that is used for receiving only. Some form of inclosed lightning arrester is what must be used, and your lightning switch is not necessary. The loading coil that you mention will have a wave length of about 600 to 700 metres, depending on the size of the wire that you use. Your aerial is all right, but one can always be improved. This part of the set is very important, and will stand much experimenting before perfection is reached.

GENERAL CHANGE OF TIME—CANADIAN PACIFIC TRAIN SERVICE EFFECTIVE APRIL 30.

Train No. 22, now leaving Detroit at 3:40 p.m., and arriving London 6:50 p.m., and leaving at 7 p.m. for Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, will now leave Detroit at 4 p.m., arriving London 7:05 p.m., leaving London 7:15 p.m., arriving Toronto 10:20 p.m. Train No. 633 will leave Toronto 3:20 p.m., and arrive London 7:15 p.m., leave London 7:25 p.m. for Detroit.

Train No. 19, now leaving Toronto 6:45 p.m., and arriving London 10 p.m., leaving London 10:10 p.m., for Detroit and Chicago, will leave Toronto 7 p.m., arrive London 10:15 p.m., leave London 10:25 p.m. May 1

THE same exclusive quality, workmanlike and satisfaction are guaranteed, as has always been given by this reputable old concern. You are cordially invited to inspect the sample displays of distinctive switches, transformations, lamps, wicks, etc. If you are unable to attend, we will be pleased to serve you by mail. Telephone Mr. Barnes for an appointment.

Dorenwends

NEW SHOW ROOMS.

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Are Back Again To Serve You

The Belvedere Hotel

MONDAY—TUESDAY

APRIL 24 AND 25.

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