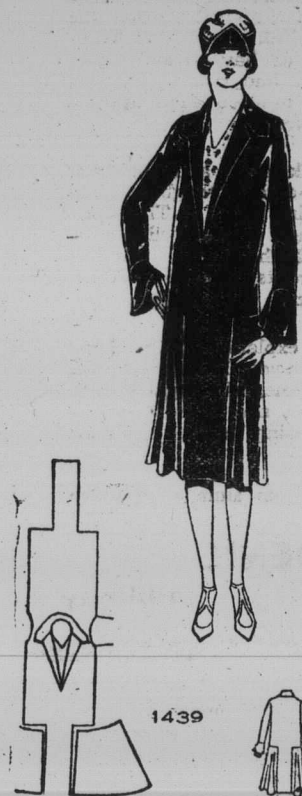


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Look Within.

Almost simultaneously there appear in the press two expressions of opinion which, placed side by side, are mutually explanatory. One is that of a lady who has just returned from traveling alone in Africa, and who says that the Dark Continent is not nearly so wild as some pretend; the other is that of an English visitor to Glasgow, who says that its manners are much worse than they should be. Adventures are to the adventurous; if the lady traveler had been of a quarrelsome nature, if she had annoyed the rhino and riled the buffalo, they would, in all probability, have got as wild for her as for anybody else. And if the Sassenach explorer found something wanting in our manners, it may have been because there was a lack in his own. But the probability is that he failed to understand us.—Glasgow Herald.



The Usual Length. Now, you'd (at table) "You cooked this spaghetti too long." "Mrs. N—, I assure you it's the usual for 24, 40."

Fall o' the Year.

Thin is the morning air—
Thin and clear—
And brittle as fine glass,
The light wind tinkles as it flits
Along the dun grass.

Faint is the bluebirds' note—
Faint and sweet—
A very thread of sound,
From the tall maple tree it drifts
Softly to the ground.

Hot is the noonday sun—
Hot and still—
The valley lies asleep,
In the shorn meadows the swart
crows
Solemn meeting keep.

Tall are the roving clouds—
Tall and fleet—
The squadrons of the air,
They crowd sail bravely to the breeze,
Over seas to fairs.

Dim is the setting sun—
Dim and pale—
And shrouded in gray wrack,
The wise cows early from the hills
Homeward turn their back.

Swift is the gathering dusk—
Swift and shrewd
The breezes as it falls,
A house door closes, lights spring up,
For off an owl calls.

—Elizabeth Brainard Bonta.

Days Out.

On the days out—ah, those delicious days out. For the cook's outings are my innings. She is happy, too. How she works! The luncheon dishes are whisked out of the way, the kitchen is "red up," and she flies to her room to dress. I slip out, glance up the back stairs, go to the range and poke the fire, change the draughts, shift the kettle a little, then hastily retreat to the parlor, and play the piano, with the soft pedal down, until I hear the back door shut. Then! No more piano for me! I can play the piano any time.

I walk swiftly and boldly out into the kitchen—my kitchen—my kitchen. I perch on the table and swing my feet in a glory of possession. What shall I make? I go over to the range again. Good fire—good oven. I can make anything, anything! . . . I go to the pantry and scan its contents. I am always careful to have it well stocked on these days. . . . I pick up the cook book and resume my perch. I am in no special hurry. It is not yet four, and one can do almost anything between four and half-past six.

The telephone rings. I go, with my thumb in the cooky recipes. . . . I hang up the receiver with a sigh of relief. Yes, I think—ginger cookies. Hester and Tom will be in soon—and they're so good when they're just out of the oven. . . .

The front door opens and shuts, there is a stampede of feet up and down stairs. Then the kitchen door bursts open. "Oh, good! It's Sarah's day out! Hester! Come on. It's Sarah's day out!"

Hester arrives. "May we make the toast?"

"May I set the table?" "What do I smell?"

"May I stir?" "May we scrape the bowl?"

"May we make griddle-cakes?"

It is like a frog chorus in spring. Perhaps I try to be severe.

"Griddle-cakes? Nonsense! Who ever heard of griddle-cakes at night? Ginger cookies are queer enough. Besides, they don't go well together."

"No matter! Who cares? We always do nice, queer things when Sarah is out. And we can eat up all the cookies as soon as they're done, and then they won't interfere with the cakes."

It makes very little difference how it turns out, what things finally get cooked. The important thing is, that the cooking goes merrily on, and joy returns.

It is, I maintain, a joy to rejoice in. I am heartily sorry for the people who never do their own cooking. A busy mother who was a wonderful cook, once said to me: "Sometimes it hardly seems worth while to cook things when they go fast; but then, I think after all, they leave behind them a memory of a jolly home table that does last, so perhaps it pays."—From Days Out and Other Papers, by Elizabeth Woodbridge.

And the Apples Are Good.

About this time of year the newspaper editors, who print three lines of news of the day on the front page and continue the rest in the back of the paper, want to know why the farmers put the large apples on the top of the barrel.

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.

THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Cont'd.)

"Why did the 'Scooter' leave you?" he asked at length.

There was no answer. It was one thing to take it with strangers but they knew they would get away with nothing with Kennedy. Sullenly Jack Curtis looked away. Rae Larue was defiant.

"They were put off," answered the owner of the "Sea Vamp" for them. He could not help seeing that the two did not exactly make a hit with Kennedy. "The captain said we could hand them over to the police if we wanted to, do anything we chose."

Kennedy leaned over toward the couple. He was determined not to mince matters. "You were guests at the Gerards' that night of the robbery," he said. "Your story was that you were out at the time of the robbery moving in the cars from the storm, putting up the windows and closing the curtains. You were certainly thoughtful and busy. Was that all you did before the others saw you after they had been robbed?"

"Directly," exclaimed the woman on the boat. "Were they at the house that night? You know, in a way, we're friends of Mrs. Gerard." Even in such a situation she could not forget being a social climber. Probably Mrs. Gerard had spoken to her once.

There was still no answer. "She had the hands of a lady and the voice of a gun moll!" That's how Easton described the girl at the radio robbery that night. Craig was looking fixedly at the hands, then at the face of Rae. One could imagine her using a harsh, tough tone. In fact, one might wonder whether it was all affection, whether the polished tone was not the one affected.

"You can't make me talk!" she snapped out finally. "I don't have to talk and I won't—not until I see a lawyer!"

It was easy to see that the brains in this combination were Rae's, not Curtis's.

Kennedy was not, however, much impressed. "But I can make your feet tell about other things, even if your tongue does betray a little bit more than you realize," Kennedy had reached into a small packet he had taken up when we left the Radio Shack and began unwrapping something carefully packed. "I have here copies of the footprints left on the beach by a man and girl who engineered the kidnapping of young Dick Gerard. I suppose you know that kidnapping is a crime only a degree less heinous than murder."

He moved over toward Curtis. Curtis looked over his shoulder and caught the eye of Easton, with me standing behind him. Quickly Kennedy applied the prints of the footprints to Curtis's foot. It fitted. Then he turned to Rae. The prints of the woman's shoes fitted her, too!

"Why did you do it? Why did you carry out the orders of someone else at that radio robbery of your friends? Why did you carry out orders for such a crime as kidnapping?" There was no answer. "Do you want me to tell you why? It was gambling that did it!"

"Yes!" Rae was bitter. "We owed a small fortune."

"Who was it gave you orders? How was it that anyone ever got such a hold on you?" Kennedy paused. "Who is the Chief?"

I had thought that Rae was breaking down when she agreed with Kennedy as to the cause of their downfall—gambling. But it was surely a testimonial to the terror which the head of the Radio Gang inspired to see the subject fear, the frightened silence that greeted Kennedy's query as to the name of the Chief. I believe they would rather have died than divulge it.

Kennedy had no time now to go into a third degree. Moreover, the owner of the "Sea Vamp" had told us we were on the same taken by the "Scooter." It was something we would like to find out for ourselves in an hour or less. He turned to the man and woman.

"Well, you can turn these two over to the same constable at Rockledge who is holding the boy, Hank Hawkins, one of the gang."

"Hank Hawkins!" the couple exclaimed. "Yes, put in Evans, 'one of the members of the gang'!"

"Members of the gang!" echoed the woman on the "Sea Vamp" showing her consternation even beneath the paint and powder on her face. "Why, that's our boy!"

"I know it," Kennedy's tone as he cut in was marvelous. He looked up the ownership of the "Sea Vamp" when I heard from you first. In my opinion you have done worse than Hank has done. You are to blame. Parents who shift children over to the care of servants are to blame if the children go wrong. Why isn't he here? You are cruising up and down the Sound, putting into ports, being entertained at house parties and giving sailing parties in return. Children are in the way in social functions. They'll be a great deal worse in the way if they grow up as Hank is growing up! Come on, Walter. All right, Easton. We must be on our way. As for you, I'd advise you to turn these prisoners over as I suggest, and at once. Then we can sit down and I will advise you to the best that's in me as to the future of Hank, or you'll have him to turn over some day for a serious crime. Good night!"

We left that sporty Hawkins crushed. They had suddenly learned a bitter lesson about their son, Hank. Parents should make pals of their children—but they can't do it if the parents are not right.

Transferred now from the comparative freedom of the cabin to the quarters of the fo'c'st'le, Dick was getting more and more nervous as he saw the land receding from the "Scooter." He was tied hand and foot and the sailors after watching him a time came to the conclusion that there was no use neglecting their other duties just to sit around and watch a bound boy.

Left alone, Dick worked at his bonds as he had seen a man, Houdini, do on the stage. He was not as successful. But he had a degree of success. He managed to get his feet loose. But he could not loosen his hands. He poked his head out. There was no one on deck. They seemed all to be in the cabin. He made his way quickly to the stern where there was a row boat as a trailer.

Turning about he could wiggle his fingers enough to loosen the painter of the rowboat trailer. Then he made a leap into the boat. It is true he landed sprawling but he picked himself up quickly and began working at the things that bound his hands. Now he would have no one to interrupt him in freeing himself.

Suddenly his heart gave a leap as he looked down at his feet in the bottom of the boat.

As his feet had struck the boat his weight had loosened two or three of the seams. Water had begun to seep in, unnoticed. But it was plain enough now. The "Scooter" was disappearing toward the horizon unmindful yet that he was gone.

What could he do? If the boat sank, how could he swim with his hands tied?

In the bottom of the boat was an old can. He turned and grasped it. Frantically he tried to bail out the boat with his hand still tied behind him. The rope cut his wrists as he worked. Besides, it was wet and the wet rope bound and hurt worse than when it was dry. He tried bellying, holding the can with his feet, while he worked desperately to loosen his bruised and bleeding wrists. His face was contracted with pain.

The water was gaining. The boat was setting. It was only a question of minutes now when he would be in the ocean with hands tied behind his back, far out of sight of land.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
THE RESCUE.

From the side of the little cruiser of the Hawklines, the hydroplane "Sea Scout" rose gracefully, taking off in a gorgeous cloud of spray.

"We'll have to hurry," urged Easton Evans. "There's not much daylight left—and if they have the start of a whole night's run out in the ocean it will be a terrible job to locate them."

Kennedy and the rest of us swept the sea with keen eyes for it was little Dick Gerard's safety and freedom now at stake and we felt we must make good on it now or never.

Dick, in the now rapidly sinking rowboat, was struggling as best he could to keep it afloat. He might as well have tried to bale it out with a thimble as to keep the water down, handicapped the way he was.

"Help! Help!" he called.

Only the cruel waves heard, and the wind. The ocean is one of the most beautiful creations in nature—but also it is one of the most cruel. And, as the scientists quibble, there is no sound if there is no ear to hear it. Certainly out there on the edge of the Atlantic there was no ear to hear Dick's despairing cry.

Still, though Dick did not know it, there were others scouring the seas for him. Perhaps he would not have felt encouraged, however, if he had known.

For his absence had now been discovered aboard the "Scooter." They had heaved to, and searched. Dick was not in the fo'c'st'le, nor in the cabin, nor in the hold. Certainly he was not on deck. Not a possible hiding place on the scout cruiser was left unsearched. Still no trace.

"Where's our tender?" One of the sailors barked at last hit upon the solution of the mystery.

With the glasses now the crew searched the sea.

"What's that?" The keen-eyed skipper pointed to a speck on the water barely discernible even when raised on the crest of a wave.

All the glasses were trained on it. "That's the little devil!" cried the skipper. "He'll suffer for this. Come on, now—under a jingle!"

The "Scooter" swung about and proceeded at record speed now in the direction of Dick on the sinking row boat. It might mean safety for him, but it also meant continued captivity.

"Uncle Craig! What's that? Isn't that the 'Scooter'?" And what's that speck they're in such a hurry to get to? Why, they're turning back, running this way, toward us, not away from us!"

Kennedy seized the glasses. "Why, it's Dick—it looks as if he was in a rowboat, awash, out here in the ocean. He must have got away from them and they're making a desperate effort to get him back. But how strangely he acts. He must be bound—and adrift in a sinking boat! Now, Easton, show us your speed!"

There was no name for the manner in which the "Sea Scout" skimmed the air. Never before had she shown such velocity as now with Dick almost in our grasp.

We came as near as we dared approach, then down to the surface, and taxied along closer and closer to Dick. The rowboat had left him in the water now, trading water to keep his head above the surface. He could not

have stood that long, and besides, it was getting him nowhere.

"Look! They're going away!" Ken had eyes all over his head, it seemed. Not only was he following Dick in his nearly fatal predicament but he had seen that the "Scooter," catching sight of us, had turned and was headed away at full speed in its former direction out into the ocean along the outside route, to escape.

It was ticklish business, but Easton knew his hydroplane well and manipulated it carefully. Fortunately it was not very rough water.

"Be careful!" urged Kennedy. Remember, he can't catch hold of anything to save himself."

"I only hope he can keep himself afloat," murmured Easton. "If he can, I can save him."

He set the "Sea Scout" drift with the wind, managing to guide it so that he could make as gentle an approach to Dick as possible. On we floated guided by Easton's skillful piloting.

Kennedy and I leaned far out and down from the wing of the "Sea Scout" and as the poultion floated us along we managed to grasp Dick by the upstretched bound wrists. Together we hauled him up on the wing, and gently over into the boat. He was all in.

Then we all began reviving him, while Ken whipped out his ever-present boy scout knife and cut the things that cruelly bound the lacerated wrists of the boy.

Chafing his skin, rubbing, and wrapping him in our extra clothing, we soon had Dick where he was getting control of himself after his ordeal.

Laddie leaned over him and his rough tongue began to lick the boy's face. Dick smiled, and, though it hurt him, patted the faithful dog's head.

As for Ken, he had almost gone crazy at the restoration of his pal. (To be continued.)



Sounds Reasonable. "Sometimes I think Jack is beneath your level." "Well sometimes he is. He's a mining engineer."

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About the thresholds of the year
In a spring tide,
Multicolored, palpitant,
Leaves of delicate pattern,
Grass that thrilled its whisper of green
sea

Across grey earth.

High rides the glowing crest of autumn,
Gold-petalled, ruddy-leaved, spicy-breathed,
Where the wave draws full,
And overturns its harvest of rich bloom

Down the long beaches southward;
Leaving to the mother-breasted sun
The sleeping forms of rose and dahlia,
Of silk-white violets—

Until the reclaiming chime of April's hour,
And the rush of the returning tide.
—Grace Clementine Howes.

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