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To Kim, A Spaniel.

Over the polished floor your scurrying feet
Slide as with frantic haste, day after day,
You greet me when the morning winds blow sweet
Across the garden from the sparkling bay.
Then by the open door you crouch, and pray
For wanderings through the orchard to cool seas,
When day is young and earth is blossom gay,
And sunbeams dance between the apple trees.

The good red dewy earth is musty-sweet,
There are a thousand smells to chase to-day,
And many fanciled foes for you to greet,
Tossing your ears and dancing to the fray,
Before we swim in the clear green-gold bay,
Then race along the sand, and lie at ease
Watching white clouds curtsey and twist and play,
And sunbeams dance between the apple trees.

—Morwyth Rees, in The Poetry Review.

Last Voyage of a Famous Ship.

One of the few survivors of the famous old clipper ships that raced from London to Australia in the sixties has sailed from Vancouver for the South Seas on her last voyage as a deep-sea carrier.

The vessel is the French barquetine Bougainville, whose strangely assorted crew includes a number of Tahitian savages and two venturesome American girls. She will end her days as a floating grain warehouse at Fiji.

The two young women on board, Miss Viola Cooper and Miss Jean Scheen, have figured prominently in New York society. They wished to voyage to Fiji in the "windjammer," and as no passengers are carried Miss Cooper signed as a stewardess, while Miss Scheen is travelling as master-mariner.

Sixty-three years ago the Bougainville slipped out of the Thames on her maiden voyage to Australia, with brass and paintwork spotless and her white sails bulging. She was then the Kimalaya, owned by the Shaw-Savill Company. She did valiant duty as a passenger liner, and many citizens of the Antipodes to-day first landed from her gang-planks.

Her record time from London to New Zealand was ninety days, so she was never in the first rank of crack sailing liners, but she made a name on account of her excellent sea-going qualities, and was popular among colonists who preferred safety and comfort to haste.

The Kimalaya became the Star of Peru when she changed hands in 1896, and for the last thirty years has been bucking ice barriers and Arctic gales in the Bering Sea under the house flag of the Alaska Packers of San Francisco.

The staunch old ship, however, at last became obsolete, and this year the Star of Peru was sold to a French firm and renamed the Bougainville.

French Airmen Fly 3750 Miles in 32 Hours.

The feasibility of a Paris to New York non-stop airplane flight is considered to have been proven by Lieutenant Costes and Captain Rignut, French military airmen, who made an aerial trip from Le Bourget, France, to Jask, on the Arabian Sea in South Persia. The distance flown was 3415 miles. The time was 32 hours.

The aviators are claiming a record only for distance in a straight line between the Le Bourget airdrome and Jask. The actual distance covered by them, counting deviation from this straight line, was about 3750 miles, which is greater than the distance between Paris and New

Prime.

Close open fields with silver stacks;
Sands gryx pumpkins, earthy tracts,
Reapers of the goodly harvest yield,
Under the sun's emblazoned shield;
Ruddy maple and rugged oak—
Heraldic foliage in jewelled cloak,
Powering the lane, bounding the lake,
Shimmering, rippled reflections wake.
—Lucile Barrett.

Frank.

"They say it's not polite to be helped twice, but ye'll take another piece of cake, won't ye?"

"Indeed, Oi will that. Shure, it's the height of politeness to ate a second piece av such cake as this."

"IDEAL Fashions" by Jean Belle Hamilton

A GRACEFUL MODEL.

A frock whose keynote is chic simplicity and one that will inspire the most intense satisfaction if fashioned of satin or woolen material. The two-piece flared skirt is joined to a lining and the bodice is slightly bloused in the latest model. There are soft gathers at each shoulder and the becoming V neck has a collar fastening at the back and tied in front. The belt may be trimmed with three rows of narrow braid finished with flat bows. The narrow cuff-bands also have a row of the braid and these finish the long gathered sleeves. No. 1445 is in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 38 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch material, or 2⅞ yards 54-inch, and 1½ yards 36-inch lining. 20 cents.

The secret of distinctive dress lies in good taste rather than a 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 such 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.

What She Said.

Little Dolly was having a great treat. It was Saturday morning, and her mother had taken her out into the town to help her with the shopping. Among the shops they went to was the greengrocer's, which was kept by a man who was very fond of children. With a smile he gave the little girl a big, red apple.

The child took it, but not one word of thanks passed her lips.

Dolly's mother was somewhat embarrassed by her little girl's lack of manners and said:

"Dear, what are you going to say?"

Dolly held out the apple to her benefactor as she said briefly:

"Peel it!"

The Pink of Condition.

"She says she is in the pink of condition."

"Yes—she's the incarnation of health."

THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Cont'd.)

"I'm going to set you ashore!" he blustered. "I'm going to turn you over to the police! I don't know why I don't tie you up in a sack and throw you out here to the sharks, anyway! What good are you? You're nothing but worn-out tools—squeezed out lemons!"

For a few moments Rae and Jack were quite frightened underneath their slick exteriors. There was no reason why they should be given any consideration by the conscienceless chief. They were not like little Dick Gerard—potentially worth a million for ransom.

The chief suddenly changed his mind as his eyes swept the eastern end of the Sound and he sighted a little cruiser that had turned as if afraid to stick its high nose further out into the great Atlantic Ocean. He signaled it. This was the "Sea Vamp" which had been cruising around aimlessly for pleasure—quite typical of the people who owned and ran it and lived an aimless, pleasure-seeking life.

Even though they were in a great hurry to get along on the high seas, to make the jump to safety in the "Scooter" up to the north, the course was changed. The "Sea Vamp" also hove to, for at first they thought they were being overhauled by one of the coastguard ships out to break up Rum Row and did not know what moment a shot might be fired uncomfortably close across their bow. The man on the "Sea Vamp" was watching closely as the larger boat approached rapidly.

"Why, Helen, that's the same boat we saw putting into the Binnacle yesterday. It's the 'Scooter' they broadcast about. I wonder what they want of us? Can they know we sent news of them?" He was just a bit frightened. "They couldn't have heard that we picked up the message broadcast by Dick Gerard, could they?"

"Impossible!" his wife exclaimed. "How could they know?" She was for brazening it out, as it happened, she was right. Her reason told her that they could not have known.

The two boats approached even closer in the light sea that was running.

"Going down the Sound—west?" shouted the skipper of the "Scooter."

"Yes."

"We got a couple of dead heads aboard. Will you take them to the first place you are going to touch at?"

"Sure!" The man did not like the looks of the rest of the crew. There was not another craft in sight. He hastily figured it would be the best policy to stand in with these thugs and avoid an argument.

"Who are they "

"A guy and his girl!"

The man on the "Sea Vamp" was considerably relieved. He had feared it might be a couple of the villainous crew.

"Put 'em aboard!"

Thus it was that out in the swells of Block Island Sound Rae and Jack were unceremoniously dumped over the side of the "Scooter" on the deck of the "Sea Vamp" as the crew fended off the two boats as they tossed.

"Where shall we take them " asked the man on the "Sea Vamp."

"Take 'em to—anywhere! I don't care. Hand 'em over to the police, if you want to! They're vagrants—no visible means of support!"

The muffled skipper laughed uproariously at his joke, for as the two had been transshipped there has been a liberal view of the visible means of support of Rae at least. As for Rae, she was rather relieved when she saw that the "Sea Vamp" carried only this man and his wife. She had felt an increasing fear of that villainous crew on the "Scooter" and had grave doubts of the ability of Jack to protect himself, let alone a girl in their hands.

"Thanks!" was the last gruff interchange from the skipper of the "Scooter" as they swung off and headed again out into the sea.

Rae and the woman on the "Sea Vamp" stood for a moment, appraising each other. "How did you come to be on that boat?" demanded the woman.

Rae felt that the less truth told the better. "They bunked us into taking a sail. When they began acting fresh, we made such a fight they were glad to get rid of us. I guess they knew we had lots of friends who would make trouble for them."

"You young folks!" The woman shook her head. "You take more chances with strangers who own boats and automobiles! It's no wonder there's so much crime! You just let yourselves in for trouble."

"That's it," chimed in the man. "I don't know what's the matter with the young people to-day. Now, when I was a boy—"

He started off in a long lecture to Jack Curtis. Jack nodded. He was ready to agree with anybody if it was the easiest way and got him anything for nothing.

"Well, we didn't mean any harm going with them," he said, with assumed penitence. "We were just foolish."

"I'll say so. Well, I'll have you back on land in a short time now. Then you can take the train and get to your friends."

It seemed that with the riddance of Rae and Jack the skipper of the "Scooter" became more natural, even more vicious.

Dick had not been interested in what was going on with them. What interested him was another chance, while the others were busy, to broadcast another alarm that might bring help to himself. Accordingly he seized this second opportunity to sneak into the cabin where the radio was.

He had hardly set up to broadcast his second alarm when he heard a voice at the cabin door. Dick had forgotten that the crew wore rubber shoes and moved about noiselessly.

"Hey, kid, whatcher doin'?"

"Nothing. Just looking around." Dick dropped his hands to his sides to give the impression that he had touched nothing.

"Just lookin' around, eh? Lookin' at the radio! Broadcastin' to get us in bad, I says! I'm tellin' the Chief!"

The sailor grabbed Dick by the collar and twisted his arm as he hustled him up on deck while the "Scooter" fell off from the "Sea Vamp."

"I found him, sir, the radio. Says 'e's just lookin' around!"

"Just looking around?" echoed the Chief. "Well, young man, we can't afford to have you or anyone else like you looking around at our radio. Bind him with ropes and keep him in the fo'castle where he can be watched." The sailor jerked Dick backward. "Not so rough, Larsen. Keep him safe. But don't forget, that boy's worth more than money to us. If they'll forget to prosecute and let us make a clean getaway with the stuff, we'll stand ready any time to hand the boy back. But we must get some place where they can't reach us. Then they will be glad to get him back."

On board the "Scooter" they were beginning to be more brutal to Dick.

In the hangar of the Radio Shack now the steady drone of the engine and the staccato hum of the propeller of the air-boat was almost deafening.

Easton had climbed into the boat along with Craig, Ken and myself. The thing was just beginning to move out and down the skidway, when Laddie ran, at the risk of being caught in the thing, climbing up with his front paws and crying.

"Oh," pleaded Ken, "take Laddie, too!"

The dog was hauled into the boat. Laddie settled himself quietly, for he had long been trained to ride in a car without making a nuisance of himself.

On down the skidway the "Sea Scout" moved majestically, off the skids, on the water, the pontoons and the boat feathering out a cloud of spray. Across the smooth harbor of Rockledge we taxied, ever faster.

Then the radio-hydroaeroplane rose from the water, took the air like a giant bird of a new species.

We were off!

Higher, ever higher we mounted until we sailed far above the cliffs along the Sound. Even Mount Misery at the entrance to the harbor was far below us. The country lay like a map with the white line of surf marking off the blue Sound from the green shore.

With a glass behind the windshield Craig was gazing ahead eastward along the Sound as Easton headed out toward where the ocean joined the waters over which the "Scooter" had fled.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SINKING BOAT.

On the "Sea Scout" flew, straight as a great bird seeking its prey. Kennedy's eyes were glued to the marine glasses and he was taking in everything below us as, eastward, the pleasure boats thinned out in number and only a few cargo boats and coastwise passenger steamers were visible below.

I had cruised up and down the Sound for years on the water, but never before had I realized what cruising in an air-boat over it was like, the thrill of exhilaration in the rush of air, the sense of floating on some element soft and springy. What impressed me most was in turning, the feeling of banking on something that gave softly under you, not the solid feeling one has on a perfectly banked road with a car. It was most exciting. And, best of all, we were traveling at a speed impossible down there on the water. We would make up in minutes what even a fast craft would take hours to do.

"Easton!" called Kennedy above the rush of air behind the windbreak. Conversation was hard enough even that way; impossible without something to deflect the on-rushing air. "See that little cruiser ahead! They are coming in. It will take only a few minutes to descend and ask them if they have seen anything. There doesn't seem to be another craft in sight. It may be they'll have news of the 'Scooter'."

Anxious as Easton was, he was willing to drop down and accost these travellers. It might save an hour or so, and we must save time for even with daylight saving darkness might come upon us before we had succeeded in our quest of Dick.

So we planed down, took the water again, and ran along cautiously until we came close to this cruiser. They had shut off their engine and were standing by rather expecting that we might be in need of some assistance. As we came up to them I could read the name "Sea Vamp" in gilt letters on the white.

"By jingo!" cried Kennedy. "We'll have to go aboard! Did you see who they have with them?"

I had not noticed, but now that he spoke I focussed my attention. There seemed to be a rather striking woman and a sportily clad man in yachting togs. But with them in the pit back of the cabin were Rae Larue and Jack Curtis!

Cleverly Easton brought the "Sea Scout" about; they tossed us a rope from the stern and we caught it and made fast, then hauled up, clambered aboard the "Sea Vamp," and let the air-boat run out a bit, bobbing up and down on the waves.

Neither Rae nor Jack showed any apparent embarrassment at the sight of Kennedy, but it quite surprised the man and woman on the "Sea Vamp" that Craig should know them.

"How did you get here?" demanded Kennedy.

Before they could answer, the man told. "They were put off by the 'Scooter'."

"The 'Scooter'?" interrupted Easton. "Then you have seen ser?"

The man nodded. "Putting out to sea through Block Island Sound." He waved his hand to the eastward.

"You were right, Mr. Kennedy—and it's a good thing we came down to make the inquiry. Now we know we are right."

Kennedy was studying the faces of the two young people across whom we had happened so unexpectedly. The more one looked the harder the faces seemed. There was an old look to both Rae and Jack and indeed they were hardened and sophisticated beyond their years, the product of conditions that breed adventurers and adventuresses without principles or honor.

(To be continued.)

Our Yard.

The breadth of Our Yard used to be from the beehives to the red geraniums. When the beehives were New York, the geraniums were Japan, so the distance is easy to calculate. The apple-tree Alps overshadowed New York then, which seems strange now, but geography is not what it used to be. In the lapse of years the Manhattan hives have crumbled in the Alpine shade, an earthquake of garden spade has wiped Japan from the map, and where the scarlet islands lay in the sun there are green billows now, and other little boys in the grass, at play.

In the old days when you sailed away on the front gate, which swung and creaked through storms, to the other side of the sea, you could just descry through a fog of foliage the rocky shores of the back-yard fence, washed by a surf of goldenrod. If you moored your ship—for an unlatched gate meant prowling dogs in the garden, and Mother was cross at that—if you anchored your gate-craft dutifully to become a soldier, you could march to the back fence, but it was a long journey. Starting a drummer boy, you could never foretell your end, for the future was vague, even with the fence in view, and your cocked hat on your curls, and your drumsticks in your hand. . . . There was your stalled hobby-horse on the side porch, neighing to you for clover hay; and stopping to feed him meant desertion from the ranks to become a farmer, tilling the soil and bartering acorn eggs and clean sand-butter on market day. And even though you marched untempted by bucolic joys, there lay in wait for you the kitchen door, breathing a scent of cullers, of gingerbread, or apple pies, or leading your feet astray to the unscraped frosting bowl, or the remnant cookies burned on one side, and not so good for supper, but fine for weary drummer boys.

Mornings in Our Yard the clover prairie sparkled with a million gems. Strung on a blade of grass you found a necklace of diamonds. . . . When supper was over a bonfire blazed in the western sky, just over the fence. The clouds built it, you explained to Lizbeth, to keep themselves warm at night. . . . When the moon shone you could see through the window by your bed the clover prairie and the trellis mountains, silver and gold with fairies—you could see their lanterns twinkling in the trees.—From "In the Morning Glow," by Rolfe Gilson.

Sheik and Chic.

She—"When I see you I always think of the word 'sheik'."

He—"And I think of the word 'chic' as soon as you come in sight."

Here's a Fish Story Told for the First Time.

A fish story with an unusual twist is related by a stone-cutter in the California Cut Stone and Granite Works. John A. Ewen, the cutter, found his prize in a fissure of a limestone block when his chisel uncovered the silhouette of a 10-inch ganoid, perfect in form to the last flick of a fin and colorful scales. Dr. George D. Hanna, paleontologist of the Academy of Sciences, identified the fossil as thousands of years old, of which the gar in the Mississippi is the only living representative. The limestone was brought from Manti County, Utah. The academy gets the fish for permanent exhibit.

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15 Prizes Each a CAMERA.
25 Prizes Each a CLOCK.

1000 OTHER PRIZES

If you can solve this puzzle and will sell 24 Frozen Perfumes at 15c each you can win one of the above prizes. Will you do this? It is very easy. If so, just mark SANTA with an X and send it to us at once and if it is correct we will send you the Perfume to sell right away.

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Valuable Work Done by Canadian Air Force.

An air mail service in Canada may be a reality of the near future, stated Capt. J. S. Scott, of Ottawa, director of the Royal Canadian Air Force, who was in Winnipeg on an inspection trip. The success which has attended the operation of such a service in the United States is now being studied by the department, Capt. Scott said, and it is intended, furthermore, to conduct some experiments in Canada in this regard.

Winnipeg is ideally located for the headquarters of an air force, Captain Scott said. He paid tribute to the splendid work done by the Manitoba Wing of the Royal Canadian Air Force, which he said was one of the best organized and most efficient parts of the organization. During the year some 215 fires were sighted by the air patrol and forest rangers rushed to the scene inconsiderably quicker time than under the old system of patrolling the forests. The air force was also doing valuable exploratory work and in mapping new areas. Last year 47,000 square miles of unknown territory was photographed from the air, much valuable information being thus obtained.

Knew Sheep.

A city young woman went out to teach a country school. The class in arithmetic was before her. She said: "Now children, if there are ten sheep on one side of the wall and one jumps over, how many sheep will be left?"

Then up piped a little tow-headed daughter of a farmer: "No sheep, teacher, no sheep."

"Oh, oh," cried the teacher reproachfully. "You know better than that! Think again. If there were ten sheep on one side of the wall and one jumped over, nine would be left."

"No!" persisted the child. "If one sheep jumped over all the others would jump over too. You know 'rithmetic, but I know sheep."

Best Thing.

"Did you sew the buttons on my coat, dear "

"No. I couldn't match the buttons, but the coat is all right now. I sewed up the buttonholes!"

Loves Waist She Used to Hate!

Never discard a garment because you don't like its color. Nor because it's faded or faded. In less than an hour, you can make it a brand new, fashionable shade!

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