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THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

RADIO DETECTIVE CHAPTER XXV.

Slowly the wind cleared the smoke away, the water quieted down and the echo of the explosion ceased to reverberate through the hills about Rockledge.

"That other thing, aback of them, is gone altogether!" I exclaimed.

"And the motor boat's awash and sinking!" added Easton.

"Yes—but where are the boys?" Kennedy was peering out anxiously over the waters of the harbor.

It was true. Not a sign of the boys could be seen. Had both perished in the terrific explosion? We could only stand, frozen with fear, wondering.

Suddenly Kennedy started down the side of the cliff toward the dock.

"There they are—watch that sinking motorboat."

Sure enough, both Ken and Hank had been blown to the far side of the motorboat when the great crash came. They had come up and had struck out for the nearest floating thing, which was the motorboat. Although it was sinking it afforded them something to hang on. As for the duck boat, it had been completely wiped out by the terrific force of the wire-ess bomb, set off by an apparatus tuned to a certain combination of wave-lengths by which a current was released through a sparking coil and the fuse ignited.

We lost no time dashing down the hill and out on the dock after Easton. There we jumped into a rowboat and lustily started to pull out to the boys marooned on the motorboat, nursing their bruises and, for the moment, too weakened to attempt the long swim to shore.

"Thank heaven, you're alive!" Easton reached over and dragged Ken into the boat.

It was none too gently that I helped Hank over the side. I felt that it would have made small difference to the world if some accident had actually happened to that incipient crook.

Both boys were considerably shaken up and we did not question them severely but started back to the shore with them.

"How did it happen, Ken?" asked Kennedy at length when we had them sprawled on the float drying out.

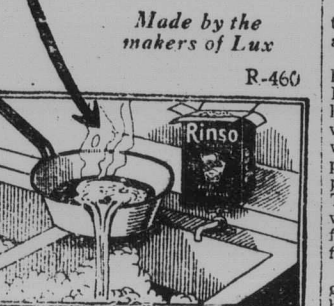
I was keeping a sharp eye on Hank. I had seen quite enough of that young gent in action and meant to be careful to see that he did not pull any

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ISSUE No. 45-26.

Easton and been installing all sorts of radio devices.

Aloft, this hydroaeroplane, like a mother ship, carried a little radio-plant of Easton's design, a radio-telephone, so to speak.

Smeared and greasy, Craig and Easton were hard at work over the engine, looking over the propellers, the pontoons, everything on the "Sea Scout," as well as on the radio torpedoes overhead.

Ken could scarcely restrain himself when he was alone with Hank and myself upstairs. He took a step over to Hank, who cringed.

"Why did you lie about my sister and the racing debts, Hank? She might have been at Be-more Park. But neither you nor your parents nor anybody else saw Ruth bet and lose. She has no gambling debts. The others have. But not Ruth. Now why did you say so when you knew it wasn't true?"

"I know it," sniveled Hank. "I lied. I wanted to throw you off. Ruth's all right."

"Yes," and Easton thinks so, too. You'd better look out, Hank, or Easton will give you another licking within an inch of your life."

Hank was a miserable, dejected object. Yet I could not feel sorry for the mucker. All I hoped was that the lesson might sink in and save him. There was just one thing to do for the present and that was to make sure that we were ourselves protected from him.

I thought it was a good time to extract more information from him about Dick. "Where are they taking Dick? You know?"

Hank sniveled again. "Oh, Mr. Jameson! . . . I s'pose up north somewhere—in Nova Scotia, where they take their stunts."

I nodded. Craig and Evans could not get that radiophone ready too fast. Every hour meant that it would be harder to locate the "Scooter" and head it off to save Dick.

Just then there was a noise at the door and the constable entered.

"There, sir," I said sternly. "I want you to take charge of this boy for safe keeping. Don't put him in the lock-up. But hold him somewhere where we can be sure of laying our hands on him. It will give him a chance to think things over. We'll need him."

Hank begged, but I was inexorable. His future could be taken care of later. Now, the question was for us to join in helping Easton and Craig down below.

There wasn't much that we could do. Both Kennedy and Easton were thoroughly familiar with the "Sea Scout." It had been the marvel of Rockledge all that summer. Nor had there been any more than the ordinary amount of precautionary exercises and tuning up necessary. Easton had always kept the radiophone fit.

"There's one thing you can do, Walter," called Kennedy from the cockpit.

"What's that?"

"You can examine that sideway thoroughly, then open those doors. We're ready! All right, Easton, spin that propeller!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Rae Jarvis and Jack Curtis, when they had left Vira and Glenn, did not return to the Club. Even their cautious souls were not impervious to the idea that the game was up with them as far as any of us were concerned.

Accordingly, though they had nonchalantly climbed into their car with a familiar good-bye and promise to see you later to Glenn and Vira, too busy with the messages to care much about these young crooks, who had caused them so much trouble, Rae and Jack knew they were through. There was only one thing for them to do and that was to make a safe getaway as quickly as they could before Craig and the rest of us returned or they would be landed in the other cells next to Cauliflower Pete.

They had taken the chance to speed as far out on the end of the Island as they could, by means of the underground network of the "Scooter" gang, they had signalled the "Scooter" to put in and pick them up where they abandoned their car. Once aboard the "Scooter" they had figured they would be safe.

The fact of the matter was, however, that Rae and Jack Curtis were as safe with the mysterious skipper of the "Scooter" as a paraffin cat chased by the antibodies of Hades. He swore when he found that it was they whom he had been signalled to pick out on the tip of the east end of the Island. He might have been far out to sea if it had not been for this delay. His sole purpose in life at that moment was to make a safe getaway. He feared Craig Kennedy. And he was sore at Rae and Jack. He had no further use for them and did not hesitate to tell them so. It was a bitter pill for those smart young criminals to swallow, to realize that they were merely little cogs in a machine that the gears had been stripped and they were slated for the scrap heap.

(To be continued.)

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Tree in a Hat!

The cedar of Lebanon is not common in England even to-day, and less than 200 years ago there was not a single tree of this species in Europe. A celebrated botanist, Bernard de Justeu, visited Palestine in 1737, and was struck by the stately appearance of the trees on Mount Lebanon. He selected a tiny sapling, and, for lack of a better "pot," filled his hat with the native soil, planted his young cedar, and brought it away.

Yourses were slow in those days, and the botanist's vessel was driven out of its course by gales. Even the drinking water became scarce, and there would have been none for the precious plant had not the botanist shared his ration with it. He was in danger of a serious breakdown in health when the ship arrived at Marseille, but the tree still lived.

The Excise authorities then made trouble, thinking that Justeu's jealous care of his hatful of soil meant that it concealed some dutiable article. He was ordered to empty it, but he pleaded so hard, and described so graphically the hardships he had endured for the sake of his botanical specimen, that at last he was allowed to go ashore.

The sapling was planted in the famous Jardin des Plantes in Paris, grew to gigantic proportions, and became one of the sights of the city. It grew to a height of 80 ft., and continued to flourish for a century.

The Mind Awakened.

Whatever arouses and wakens the mind, and causes it to forget itself and generously give its attention to matters outside itself—that is education. Whatever stirs it from its sleep or its indolence or its prejudice or its timidity or its indifference—that is education. Whatever "leads it out" into new fields and broader interests and opens up larger vistas—that is education. Whatever makes it keenly aware; whatever makes it conscious of its own powers and inspires it to use them; whatever encourages it or calls to it to exercise them—that is education.

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A Dream.

I dreamed a dream, a passing dream,
'Twas wondrous as Aurora's bush,
And radiant as shining sun,
Which tints the cheeks with rosy flush;
Its gentle music in the heart
Was sweeter than the breeze's song;
'Twas combination of all joys
For which the human heart doth long.

Its step was like the falling snow,
So quietly it won the heart,
And sat upon its throne within,
To be, of life, the higher part.
This sweetest dream which comes to me
Is constant as the stars above,
And fills the heart with sweet content;
It is the white winged angel love.

—Martha Shepard Lippincott.

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FOR SOLVING THIS SECRET MESSAGE		CASH

Here is the Secret Message. Can you solve it and win a prize?

**MYB TRMMR RA OFOZRS TXUUN XN
NFMXNADNMXRS RO TRSBH OBALSCBC**

Follow these directions to solve the message:

- 1) May in the secret message stands for THE.
- 2) Take first letter of secret message. This is M. Find it in top line of chart above. Move straight down to F. Now from F move to extreme left of chart. The letter there is T. This is the letter you are looking for. Now take Y. Find it in the top line of chart. Move straight down to F. Then to the extreme left. The letter there is H. This is the second letter you are looking for.
- 3) In the same way find out what each letter stands for, each time going straight down to F and then to extreme left.

EVERYONE WINS A PRIZE

The entry gaining nearest 500 points will get the beautiful Whippet Overland Sedan. Cash prizes from \$200 to \$5.00 will also be awarded to the twenty next best entries. Besides this every qualified contestant will receive a valuable surprise gift. Be neat and careful. Complete with the rules.

DO NOT DELAY

Send your answer to-day. As soon as the judges have examined your entry we shall notify you how many points they have awarded you. We shall then ask you to show a few Paragon Products to your friends and neighbors. That is all you will need to do to qualify your entry and make you eligible for the highest prize. For any further efforts you may make to introduce Paragon Products we shall pay you extra. Send your entry to-day. Do not lose this opportunity.

RULES OF CONTEST

- 1—Write your answer plainly in ink. In the upper right hand corner put the name of this paper; also your name and address, stating whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Use only one side of paper putting anything else you wish to write on separate sheet.
- 2—Contestants must be 15 years of age or over.
- 3—Employees of Paragon Mills, or their friends will not be allowed to compete.
- 4—Entries will be judged and points awarded, as follows: 40 points for each word of the message correctly solved, making a total of 400 points; for filling the conditions of the contest, 10 points; for neatness, style, and general appearance, 20 points; for handwriting, 10 points. Thus the highest number of points possible to obtain is 500, and the nearest to 500 points takes first prize.
- 5—The committee of judges who will make the final award is composed of three gentlemen prominent in the public life of Toronto. They have no connection whatever with this firm and their services in this contest are purely voluntary. Their names will be made known to every contestant.
- 6—The last day of the contest is April 30. Entries should be sent at once.
- 7—Each contestant will be sent a copy of the Paragon Knitting Catalogue and will be asked to select at least three items worth of Paragon Products to introduce amongst friends. This is not a sales contest. The only qualifying condition is fulfilled upon completion of the above requirements. Everybody's opportunity of winning is equal.

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