

Very Fine Quality "SATADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

Truly satisfying—only 43c per 1/2 lb.

Be Swift to Praise.
"Well done!" Two words so swiftly said, and yet they fall like summer rain.
Are to the hungry spirit bread; the soul quite parched revives again;
And hope returns that once was fled and energy flows through each vein.
When those two words, "Well done" are said.

The song unstung no comfort brings; a violin is surely naught until the bow caress the strings.
Of what avail the unspoken thought? 'tis but a bird clipped of its wings.
Oh, lips! There are such simple ways you can enrich another's heart! Withhold not then the words of praise for kindly words so oft impart.
Fresh sunshine to the dreariest days.

Always have I been much impressed with how much goodness may be wrought;
How hungry hearts are fed and blest just by a timely, spoken thought!
Just by "Well done" said with true zest! And often lest my lips forget,
I whisper that one simple phrase, as fragrant as sweet mignonette.
Oh! lips of mine, be swift to praise!

—Wilhelmina Stitch.

Hot Lunches in Country Schools.

Boys and girls in rural districts like hot things at noon, too! In spite of the fact that one-room schoolhouses are gradually giving place to standardized schoolhouses and consolidation in rural districts, there yet remains a large number of these one-room structures—many of them not well equipped and few possessing adequate means for domestic work.

One teacher in such a school saw the need and realized it was worth while to attempt to meet it. Accordingly she told the children each to bring a cup on the following day. This no child failed to do, and the teacher brought a large plate of chocolate already prepared. When the noon hour approached this was placed on the stove to heat. It might seem that this would create an atmosphere foreign to the schoolroom, but such was not the case. If anything, it created a more homelike atmosphere, and at noon when the chocolate was served the results were gratifying. This humble beginning proved to be a step in the right direction, for each of several mornings thereafter one of the four families represented by children in the school sent similar contributions in turn which were thoroughly enjoyed, especially on cold mornings. Later hot dinners were prepared by various housewives in the district and brought to school at noon. This was started by one mother who walked a mile carrying a large tray of food for all the students.

A social atmosphere resulted, not only in the school but in the entire neighborhood. Any school might well attempt this method while waiting for plans for standardization or consolidation to be consummated, or while making more elaborate plans for domestic work.

Drive Slowly at Bridges.

Automobilists should drive slowly at bridges and at culverts. A bad rut or stone in the road may throw the machine against the structure.



Good taste and good health demand sound teeth and sweet breath.

The use of Wrigley's chewing gum after every meal takes care of this important item of personal hygiene in a delightful, refreshing way—by clearing the teeth of food particles and by helping the digestion.

The result is a sweet breath that shows care for one's self and consideration for others—both marks of refinement. Ask for

WRIGLEYS

ISSUE No. 44-26.

IDEAL Fashions

By Jean Deane Hamilton



GRACEFUL LINES.
This is the type of dress suitable for many occasions. It is made in one-piece, and the collar may be worn closed, or open in V-neck style. An added touch of color could be introduced in the separate tie, while necessary fullness is obtained by the skirt being flared at sides and lower edge. The long sleeves are gathered into narrow cuffs. Patch pockets adorn the dress and, if desired, rows of braid may be used to trim the collar, sleeves and skirt. No. 1359 is for ladies and is in sizes 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 38 requires 3 3/4 yards 39-inch material; or 2 7/8 yards 54-inch, and 45 yards narrow braid. 20 cents.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Price of the book 10c the copy.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of your 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.

A Home.

What is a home? A guarded space
Wherein a few, unfairly blest,
Shall sit together, face to face,
And bask and purr, and be at rest?

Dim image from far glory caught,
Fair type of fairer things to be,
The true home rises in our thought
As beacon for all men to see.

Its lamps burn freely in the night;
Its fire-glow, all unchidden, shed
Their cheering and abounding light
On homeless folk uncomfited.

Each sweet and secret thing within
Gives out a fragrance on the air—
A thankful breath sent forth to win
A little smile from others' care.

So the old miracle anew
Is wrought on earth and proven good,
And crumbs apportioned for a few,
God-blessed, suffice a multitude.

—Susan Coolidge.

Democracy.

A Rolls-Royce drove up to the football field of the private school, and a very important-looking woman called out to a little fellow in uniform: "When you please call my son, Master Agerton?"

In just a moment there was a shout: "Hey, Skhinney, your ma's here!"

Not Lost.
Jack—"So Bill is engaged."
Dick—"Yes, another good scout lost."
Jack—"Oh, no; simply Miss placed."

Minard's Liniment for bruises.

THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

It was not long before Dick's message was relayed another step on its ultimate journey to his mother and to Kennedy.

Dick did not look fearfully around more than once. If this message for help did not get over, he wanted at least another chance. He beat it while the going was good.

It was a good thing he did. Not twenty seconds after Dick made his get-away from the cabin to the deck, the door of the cabin opened and the villainous looking individual entered with two others of his unsavory crew.

For a moment they stood over the queer contraption that had mystified Dick but had not kept him from the more important matter of getting his alarm off on the air.

The villainous leader stooped and began connecting up some part of the apparatus.

"This is the wireless detonator, men," he explained. "When I press this key it will complete a radio circuit in the real detonator tuned to this wave combination. As soon as I can get that boy, Hank, I'll have him tow the old duck boat with the wireless bomb and leave it under the Radio Shack where that Evans chap had his laboratory and his confounded radiophone. Then—bloody!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GRAY RACER.

Kennedy clung tenaciously to the chase for the gray racer, with Easton Evans using the radio compass. It was ticklish and minute work, setting up as every quarter of the hour approached, waiting then receiving the messages that were being broadcast and the answers that came back from the lair in which our enemies were hiding.

But Easton was a genius on anything connected with radio and he made his observations with a care that left little of the personal equation for error. His calculations after each set-up were made rapidly and we lost no time getting under way again.

In fact our chief loss of time was in discovering which road would take us most nearly in the direction in which we wanted to proceed. Country roads are very deceiving and often we would start out on one only to find that it curved and was taking us almost in the totally wrong direction. Then we would have to correct our course and that took time. On sea or in an aeroplane I imagined the radio compass might have been worked much faster.

The afternoon was moving right along. The impulses which we knew were coming from the lair of the gray racer were every time getting stronger, which testified to the result of our painstaking care. We were getting warmer, as the children say in their games, when you get closer to a hidden object that is sought.

It was past four o'clock when we made a set-up of the direction-finder after a particularly cautious experiment, keeping to the direction we wanted by reason of the narrow one-way paths we had to follow. There was a temptation when you came to an open clearing to run the car right over it. Once we had tried it, only to find ourselves in a morass of swamp and woodland which necessitated retracing our way for half a mile and going ultimately in the direction we had sought to avoid by our cleverness.

"I hope this will be our last trial," remarked Kennedy, who was himself getting uneasy. "There's no telling what may be happening in our absence. I trust Ken to keep out of trouble."

"Yes. But he will have to keep the others out, too," remarked Easton. "The others are such morons!"

Easton had completed his set-up and was looking at his watch, anxiously waiting for the minute hand to reach the quarter after four. "It's a good thing that this is a directional receiver," he remarked. "It keeps us posted on what they are doing as well as it betrays the direction we want to learn."

"That's the trouble," I put in. "It tells us they are planning something, without letting us in enough on what it is to tell us how to guard against it and stop it. Maybe it's just as well. If we knew, we might weaken in this thing and so get nothing done."

Easton had raised his hand. The important period in the hour was approaching and we gathered about to see what news the radio would bring, as well as what correction we would have to make in the direction we had been following.

"There's the 'Scooter.' It must be getting along down the Sound," Kennedy was getting eager to go in pursuit of this other end of the gang. "Now!"

The message was coming rather clear. "ALL SET FOR FIVE O'CLOCK THIS AFTERNOON."

"What is at five?" I asked.

"Sh! Now's the time. There's the gray racer gang answering." Easton was adjusting finely, making his observations and notes ready for his hasty calculation the moment he had

all the data. He was talking to himself, as it were, to relieve his feelings as he worked. "This thing must be orientated toward the hidden sender. Whatever the direction of the station from which the impulses come originally, his loop will show best results on the precise line that radiates from it to you. There's no doubt about it now—exact! And the impulses are strong. They cannot be so far away."

The gray racer stopped sending and the interchange between the sea and the shore seemed to be over again. Easton completed his calculations and took down the radio compass, packing it away carefully. "We're getting closer. The impulses show it. I think this will be our last set-up if we can only find the right road and don't overplay the hole like a golf shot that flies too far."

"I hope so." I had absorbed some of Kennedy's anxiety. I was worried over the enigma contained in that last cryptic message from the "Scooter" to the shore. "What is it that they are preparing?"

Kennedy shrugged. "We must get them—then find out."

At last everything was ready and we started out in the direction indicated, looking eagerly for a crossroad or a bend in the road that would give us the correction we needed to make it exact.

There was no such road. Worse than that, the road on which we were, veered entirely wrong. It was not, apparently, the road they took to reach their hiding place, if in fact, we were close to it. They must come in by a back way, not the way in which the crow flies or the radio radiates.

There was nothing else to do but to try it again over an open field and this time it seemed there was more prospect of success for there was no woodland that would absolutely cut us off. The country was broken between woods and fields long since uncultivated.

Our car bumped over the clearing in second. Often we had to go back to first to make it. This was an expedition to be undertaken only in a tank with a caterpillar tread that would sweep ahead through every obstruction.

However, this was one time in which taking a chance did not take us wrong. The clearing got steadily harder to cross and at one point where it was rapidly getting impossible and we were almost in despair at the thought of having to retrace our steps through all the difficulties overcome, we suddenly emerged upon a wagon trail through the woods by which evidently there was access to the beach. It was apparently for the purpose of gaining access to the shore, perhaps to gather salt hay for bedding. At any rate the road in the other direction led almost exactly in the very angle we sought to advance.

"I think we're right! Did you see that?"

I had been peering ahead on the trail and had imagined that over the crest of a hillock or dune I saw something move. It had been like the head of a man and had suddenly ducked as if at seeing us.

"Yes," Kennedy had said, too. "I think that was a look-out signaling our approach."

"In that case we'll have to approach carefully."

"In any case we'll have to approach carefully," was Easton a most jolted out of the car as he clung to the precious instrument to save it from the bumps. "This road must be wonderful in a box wagon with no springs."

Thus by intention, as well as necessity, we jolted ahead over a sort of corduroy road mighty slowly. As we came up to the foot of the hillock over whose top the head of the man had disappeared, Kennedy turned. "I think if I were you chaps I would have my guns handy. I have mine here." He motioned under his legs where I knew he often packed a gat when we rode. It was a good stunt. If one is held up one can never get away with reaching into a hip pocket or even a motion toward a side pocket of a car will cause the hold-up to shoot and investigate afterward. But, in a despairing manner one drops a hand from the wheel into his lap, one is set down as quitting, giving up, and no suspicion is excited. If then, the right hand can find a gun beneath the left leg between you and the seat of the car, you are pretty likely to get the unexpected drop on your enemy. It was a stunt of Craig's and I give it to the public for what it is worth. He liked it, because, ordinarily the use of the left foot and leg with the clutch pedal made it more feasible than the shifting of the right from gas to brake and back.

Over the hillock now we could see an old red barn with a sagging roof. But we saw no one about it. Still we proceeded carefully, mindful of traps. Kennedy suddenly pulled up the car. "This must be the place. You can see there is no other for a long distance down this shore."

He sprang out and began walking ahead, very observant both of the barn for possible sharpshooters and of the path he trod.

Of a sudden he stopped. He kicked at some branches and sod and hay in his path, then pressed on it gingerly. The thing fell in. There, covered by leaves and grass, he had found a pitfall in the very trail we were following. How one would ever have got a car out of it was a question. Not only that but we would have difficulty, as it was, in getting the car around it. We decided to leave the car and complete the affair on foot.

At last we approached the barn. I was astounded at not having received



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a hot reception. I had expected more traps, a set-gun, something unusual. Instead, we had been impeded by nothing.

We made a careful diagnosis of the situation. Here we were again and again exposed to fire from the barn if it harbored any enemies. Nothing had happened. A quick glance had told me that our approach had blocked the only other road, as well as ours.

We peered in, and I can say it took some nerve to do that, after what we knew of this desperate gang.

There at last was the gray racer—but abandoned and dismantled in haste. We examined it eagerly. That is, they did. I stood guard to prevent any sudden surprise in our fancied safety.

But nothing happened. The gang had evidently taken to the only possible escape down the beach below the cliffs.

"These correspond with tire tracks left in the Jardine garage," muttered Kennedy. "The make, the markings, even (with) imperfection."

Easton was at the cover to the rear seat. Under it he and Craig discovered the remains of a mighty fine little wireless field set. But it was also wrecked, dismantled, useless.

Our hopes, I felt, were wrecked, too. "We're too late. The birds have flown!"

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

Provide Unity of Background.

The ceilings, walls and floor should in each case, form a unity of background. As to the relationship of ceiling, walls and floor, we must be guided by nature.

Relief.

"How can I keep my feet dry?"
"Try our pumps," replied the bright shoe clerk.



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To prevent chapped hands

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—To my town, for that is where I make my living.
—To my government, for without it I would have no liberties.
—To my friends, for they forgive me most.
—To my home, for it gives me most.
—To my church, for it has taught me most about God.
—To my conscience, for I have to live with it.
—To my God, for to Him I owe everything else.

Generally Is.

"Madame, if you'll buy the car we'll put your initials on free."
"Oh, it's not the initial cost. It's the upkeep."



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