Full of Flavour "SALADA" TEA

T67

So why accept exhausted bulk tea.

Going On.

We live in a world that is going on. Our language is full of words which mean rest and pause and stop, but they are all outlawed by fuller information. Science has reached its most bewildering and appalling concept in the idea of motion—everything on the move. Sun and moon and stars, all [illegible]ing on with majestic stride, the [illegible] revolving on its axis, swinging [illegible] yearly orbit around the sun, and [illegible] the great solar family of which it [illegible]s but an inconspicuous member proceeding forever in some still farther trek across the boundless fields of space.

Turning from the astronomic immensities, the microscope has examined the molecule, the atom, the electron; and they all speak the same language— going on. Life is motion, and the guess is now abroad that motion is life. At all events, things which once seemed to be solid and sterile and dead are now known to be vividly and actively astir; the rock and the ore of steel and the huge bulk of the mountain—all resolve themselves into motions of incredible velocities. In the long view, the hills are as fluid as the waves of the sea.

And the mystery of it and the wonder is that while all the multitude of things singly and individually appear to have their beginnings and their ends, the whole, of which they are the perishing ingredients, remains. The soldiers drop out one by one, but the army marches on; the trees fade and fall, but the forest continues; nations, empires, generations tread upon each other's heels and vanish, but the human race goes on. So great, indeed, so vast, so incredibly magnificent, is this awful succession and continuance of the far-spread universe of things [illegible]nd forces, that the mind of man [illegible]ails before it and can form no ade[illegible]te conception of it.

And here appears another mystery: For us humans the way of health and [illegible]nd all the fidelities seems [illegible]s same path—go on. To [illegible]p, to fall into futile doubts [illegible]ngs, to palter with destiny, [illegible]mise with action, to hesitate, [illegible]estep the onward urge—we our[illegible]ves call every such hesitation and reluctance weakness, failure, death.

One of the women Channel swimmers said a remarkable thing: "When you put your mind to go, you go. The moment you say 'I am cold, I had better stop,' you are through." The universe seems to be organized into some compelling omnipotence whose ruling slogan is: "Go—keep going."

Hope for the Race.

My hope for the human race is bright as the morning star, for a glory is coming to man such as the most inspired tongues of prophets and poets have never been able to describe. The gate of human opportunity is turning on its hinges, and the light is breaking through its chink; possibilities are opening and human nature is pushing forward toward them.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Indian Summer.

Faint blue the distant hills before,
Yellow the harvest lands behind;
Wayfarers we upon the path
The thistledown goes out to find.
—Margaret Sherwood.

Came In Style.

Burke—"Congratulations, old man! A boy or a girl?"

Watson—"A girl, but she's got a boyish haircut."

Run! Get Some WRIGLEY'S

satisfies the desire for [illegible] elps make strong [illegible]th, removes [illegible]od from [illegible]d aids a

A FROCK OF DISTINGUISHED SIMPLICITY.

Wool jersey—a fabric always clear to the Parisienne—illustrates the chic it can attain when a clever sense of line and proportion are applied in its fashioning. This model is typical of the simple jersey frock most favored by French women and chooses crepe de chine of matching tone for trimming. A flat band of crepe is buttoned to the back and centre front. Crepe also fashions the convertible collar, and sash-belt tying at the left hips. Inverted plaits in the side seams achieve skirt fulness, and tight-fitting sleeves with tailored cuffs are a smart style feature. No. 1418 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch jersey cloth, with ½ yard 39-inch contrasting; or 3¾ yards 39-inch if made all of one material. 20 cents.

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

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

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.

The Admiral's Herring.

Superstitions still cling to the Isle of Man herring fishery. The oldest fisherman in the fleet, the vice-admiral, must eat the first herring of the season.

The opening of the season is inaugurated by the Bishop of the Isle. He blesses boats, nets, and crews in turn. "Three" is the fisherman's unlucky number. When the fleet leaves port, no third boat may pass the harbour mouth. To "cheat the devil," the second and third boats are lightly lashed together till the harbor mouth is cleared.

Fishing for herring may go on until the first new moon before Christmas.

In all Manx churches a special clause is inserted in the Litany. This clause is the work of Bishop Wilson, who, knowing how much the islanders depended on the success of the herring fishery in his day, ordered these words to be said in the Litany: "That it may please Thee to restore and continue to us the blessings of the sea."

Manx officials on their installation in office swear to execute the laws of the island as straightly as the "herring's backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish."

Always have a shop where perambulators can come in.—Sir Herbert Ormond, at Dry Goods Merchants' Conference.

THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

"We can't afford to have anyone see or hear our plans," the lawyer said plausibly. "Now, did you get a jewel?"

Nervously Vira produced the paste pendant.

Mr. Crook took it greedily and began to examine it. He seemed to know jewels. Suddenly he turned on Vira and all the animosity and hatred in his face shone, glaring at her. "Say! Are you kidding me? Now, come through—right!" He took a step toward her.

Vira backed away. "You let me alone! I'll tell Craig Kennedy if you lay so much as a finger on me!"

The man laughed and grabbed at her. "You little minx! You'll try to fool me, hand me a paste jewel, will you? Here—"

But Vira had broken away. Wildly she looked about. There in the corner, the only way that Crook did not block, was a wire cage locker room and office. She made a break for it, slamming the wire door in Crook's face just as he came up behind her. The spring lock caught.

Then Vira seized the telephone in the locker room and began jiggling the hook to call central and get help. She had not seen the lawyer throw a switch that cut off that extension of the line. She jiggled the hook more frantically as he tried to break in the wire door to get at her. There was a handle on her side, but only a key would open the snap lock on the other to gain entrance, after the door was shut as she had banged it.

Crook looked around. From the exhaust of Vira's car clouds of fumes were coming. The motor needed tuning.

It seemed almost as if the man must know that Ken and Buckley were hastening to the girl and that whatever was done must be done quickly.

He saw the fumes of the exhaust filling the closed garage, creeping over toward the wire cage. It gave him an idea.

As Vira still jiggled frantically at the hook of the useless telephone, he moved the car up closer, adjusted the gas and oil until he had the fumes even denser. He knew the menace of insidious death that lurks in fumes from a motor running in a closed garage. He kept himself well out of the way. He was taking no chance for himself. He smiled as he saw the curling fumes of the carbon dioxide with the invisible deadly monoxide in them. He closed the door, stepped into the pure air and safety.

Vira, without knowing it, had begun to totter as the fumes began to overcome her. Even if she had central now she could not have summoned aid. She sank, collapsing in a heap on the floor. She was now unconscious. Vira could not live long in this fearsome atmosphere. It was now a question whether anyone could save her.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE "SEA VAMP."

Helpless, gasping for air, unconscious, Vira was facing death in the closed garage, just as hundreds of people ignorant of this peril have perished from letting motors run in closed places.

It was not only the peril of asphyxiation that faced Vira, either. The attorney, Crook, had had accident cases and knew just how to fix a motor belching great masses of only partly consumed gas so that it would not only be the products of combustion that came from the exhaust but the products of incomplete combustion—carbon monoxide. This was the deadly "white damp" of the miners. It is a gas that enters into the blood and actually destroys corpuscles. Such a peril it was through the devilish ingenuity of Crook that Vira faced for having played sport with him and brought paste jewels.

There seemed to be no one to save her. It was now only a question of seconds. Ken was urging Buckley to hurry and Buckley was doing his best. As for Kennedy, Easton and myself, we were miles away by this time tracing out the lair of the gray racer. And, as usual whenever Kennedy's back was turned, it seemed hell broke loose in other directions.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Ken as he tried the garage door, hearing a motor running inside, and found it locked, then raced around and peered through a dirty window. "It looks as if the place was on fire! I wonder if it's going to blow up! Is Vira in there?"

Buckley frantically cupped his hands over the sides of his eyes and peered in also. Through the fumes he could just make out the form of Vira lying on the floor in the wire cage.

"Yes! She's in there! Overcome!"

Buckley stepped back. But it was Ken did the first quick thinking. On the ground was an old discorded tire. Ken seized it and used it as a rubber battering ram. Buckley found another. It was only the work of seconds to demolish the glass of the garage windows and admit a rush of air that began to clear it.

Then Ken and Buckley braved the fumes. As they dashed past the car Buckley reached over and turned the switch. The motor stopped. At least there would be no more poison shot into the air. And the breeze was clearing it fast.

A greater obstacle was breaking into the iron locker cage. But that, too, was accomplished with the machinist's tools that Ken grabbed up from the work-bench.

They had not been a moment too soon. It was some time even then before they dared hope that Vira would revive, yet neither dared leave off with artificial respiration long enough to run for a doctor. As it turned out it was their prompt first aid that turned the trick.

Vira opened her eyes and looked up at Glenn bending over her. The pressure of her hand and the weak wordless motion of her lips told him that their first misunderstanding had passed and that they were now closer than they had even been before.

"Vira, I'm so sorry! Do you feel better? Tell me!"

"Yes . . Better . . . I'm sorry, too, Glenn!"

Boy though he was, the detective instinct seemed to be born in Ken. He had a logical mind. Instinctively he saw just what this perilous episode had done as far as the case was concerned. In the first place, it is true, it had reunited the lovers, Vira and Glenn, who had really been separated over nothing at all. Vira had learned a lesson and so had Buckley. But the second thing was far the most important. It eliminated Vira and Glenn as suspects in the case. First Ruth had been eliminated, thought Ken. Now, in the absence of his uncle, it was Vira and Glenn. He would have much news to tell when we get back. They were not suspects. They were victims.

It was upon this fortunate denouement of a mighty dangerous situation that Rae and Jack Curtis now burst in, almost overcome with surprise and ready to do anything to help. Ken was inclined to doubt their sincerity, to suspect their very presence. But Curtis was quick to make clear that it was only because he had overheard Mr. Crook make the appointment with Vira that he had even thought of coming to the garage. It was an explanation Ken was forced to accept, yet doubt the truth of it.

"You feel better now, Vira?" inquired Ken, anxiously.

"Much better." She was supported by Glenn, for she was still weak from the poisonous fumes.

"I'll take care of her. Leave her to me," assured Glenn.

Ken had been thinking of the unguarded Radio Shack and wondering how Laddie was getting along with his job. He was worried and, if he were not needed here, felt that his place was back upon the job on which his uncle had left him.

Rae and Jack could see that, now with the danger past, they were not on quite such good terms with Vira and Glenn, that very soon there would be things to explain. Accordingly they made some excuse to get away, and drove off. Ken was not long in getting away, either, for he was worried. The Radio crooks were clever. Besides, Vira and Glenn did not care how soon, now, they were left alone.

Miles out on the Sound now Dick was getting more and more worried. But the boy had never let his worry betray him into doing anything that would make his position worse. He was patient and kept his eyes open, waiting any little chance.

His chance, or at least one that he had hoped to get, came as the "Scooter" got further away and there was a little bit of relaxing of the strict watch kept over him. He had hoped for just a few moments at that radio. Once he had the opportunity, he had figured on broadcasting an alarm that might bring aid to himself.

Dick had a bit more freedom as the "Scooter" got further out of sight of land. He used that freedom to watch the habits and actions of th crew and particularly of one man who spent quite a bit of his time every hour, at the quarter after the hour, at the radio.

It was after one of these sessions of the man who kept himself under cover, when the man was forward getting a bite to eat, that Dick saw an opening to get into that main cabin where the radio was. He went right to it, blessing Easton for the radio instruction he had given the boys as Scouts.

Dick looked about furitvely to see that the coast was clear. They were all eating, all but the man at the wheel, and he could not see what Dick was doing.

On one side of the cabin was a queer radio contraption. Dick passed that up. It might be important, was, in fact, of very great importance. But not to Dick at this instant. Now was Dick's first real opportunity to radiocast an alarm about himself and his whereabouts over the sending apparatus. He set to work at once to use the fine radio transmitting outfit.

Controlling his nervousness, he had everything set. Then, muffling his voice as much as he could and at the same time making his words slow and distinct, he spoke into the radio telephone, his mouth close to the little barrel-like microphone.

"This is Dick Gerard on the Scout cruiser, 'Scooter,' in the east end of Long Island Sound. I have been kidnapped! Tell my mother, Mrs. Gerard, at Oldfield, near Rockledge, that I am safe and I will be back the first good chance I can get to swim ashore. No harbors here. All I can see are the low cliffs along the Sound shore. That is all now. Dick Gerard himself talking."

Dick cut it short, looked about fearfully. Did he hear the sound of someone coming? If they caught him here he knew it would go hard with him. He breathed a prayer that someone would pick up what he had just succeeded in getting on the air.

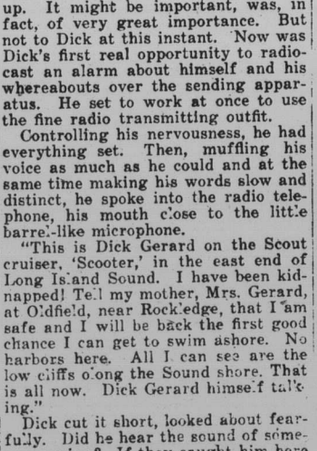
It was as though Dick's prayer was answered. Far off on another part of the Sound was a couple in a small cruiser with the name "Sea Vamp." They had the radio fever. Off and on as they idled from harbor to harbor they would amuse themselves by turning on the radio. It was, by chance, the same couple who had earlier cut in on another alarm about Dick, had seen in the distance the "Scooter" putting in at the Binnacle Inn and had sent Kennedy the tip.

Here was a thrill that for a moment caught their jazz-jaded attention. The woman, especially, was excited.

"You know, it may be that if we can succeed in getting that message to her, this Mrs. Gerard will be properly grateful!" she exclaimed. "I'm sorry for that boy. And besides, you know she is one of the leaders in the social set. Who knows? It may be our chance to make some splendid acquaintances. I know we could keep our end up with that crowd—if we could once get the recognition you deserve."

She was a social climber, and artfully she was leading her husband, a banker, on to assist her, rung by rung, up the social ladder. Thus it was that the wife prevailed upon her husband to turn the cruiser again in shore, while she wrote the message out word for word and planned how best it could be got into the hands of the socially desirable Mrs. Gerard to her own best advantage. Thus, it seems, there is no wind but that blows some good, not even social climbing, at times.

(To be continued.)



"Tell It Not in Gath."

In spite of its origin, this is probably one of the commonest catchphrases in the world. If a golfer, for instance, were to foozle his drive or miss an easy putt, he might say, "Tell it not in Gath," meaning, "Don't tell the other fellows!" If an English actor, temporarily out of a job, were to be discovered by an old friend busking on the bench, he would say, "Tell it not in Gath," meaning, "Don't breathe it in Maiden Lane!"

The saying is Biblical in its origin, the first to utter it being David in his lament on the death of Saul and Jonathan at the battle of Gilboa. Saul had been jealous of David for years, although Jonathan, his son and heir, was David's most devoted friend. David, being a fugitive, had settled with a handful of faithful followers at Ziklag, a small town in the country of the Philistines.

It was here that the news was brought to him that Saul had fallen upon his own sword, after being wounded by the Philistines, and that Jonathan was dead also. He broke out into one of the finest requiems ever uttered:—

How are the mighty fallen!
Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Askalon,
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice. . . .

Askalon was a seaport of the Philistines, and Gath was an inland city of some importance in the same corner of Palestine.

Dinner for Two.

This table, silver-set,
And you across from me,
Soft lights and garden flowers
For tired eyes to see.

Oh, dear, my dear, I come
From battle-fronts to this,
And know the best of peace
Earth gives—your smile and kiss.

Your thought has loving
Made true all this, your hands
Brought comfort, tenderly,
My dear—who understands.

I sit me down within
Light of love's smile, and pray
That I shall prize this blessing
I hold at end of day.

—George Elliston.

Grape Famine.

A serious grape famine has been caused by the recent heat wave over southern Europe, and in Spain it will be the shortest crop on record.

Minard's Liniment for bruises.

The Strait of Dover varies in depth from 36 feet to 174 feet.

"A Stylish Dress for 15 cts!"

It helps a lot when a woman is wise to home dyeing. Old, faded dresses made the new colors of the hour. Just as perfect as any professional dyer could do it—if only you'll use *real* dye.

It's easy to Diamond Dye dozens of things, and do wonderful tinting of underwear and all dainty pieces. Using true dye is the secret. You can Diamond dye all your curtains and covers, scarfs and spreads; any material, and right over other colors. So easy, it's fun!

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L-536

Earth's Hard Heart.

According to a scientist, Dr. E. D. Williamson, who has just concluded a series of exhaustive investigations into the subject, the Earth is built on a principle similar to that of the old-fashioned metal-cored golf ball, with the addition of several layers of a lighter substance and a very thin surface crust.

The metal core of the Earth, according to this authority, is pure iron, or an alloy of iron and nickel, having a thickness of not less than 4,200 miles. The distance from the outer edge of this core to the surface is about 1,750 miles; this is divided into three layers. Next to the core itself is a mixture of iron and rock, extending to within 800 miles of the Earth's crust. On top of this is a layer of rock similar to that scattered about the surface, but containing a much larger proportion of magnesia. The surface crust, about thirty-five miles in depth, consists almost entirely of granite.

This new knowledge of the Earth's formation has been obtained mainly through studying the velocity of earthquake waves as they pass through the earth, as well as by an investigation of the contents of meteorites, which are generally accepted as being similar in composition to that of the earth.

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

Do Not Imagine—

—Other People are the cause of all your troubles.

—You would be happy if you lived in some other town.

—That every one has a grudge against you or they will have.

—That the only difference between you and the big success is the chance you had.

—You can fool your small boy with big talk.

—That being honest is going to hurt your chances in a good cause.

—That you can fool other people as easily as you fool yourself.

Homeward Bound for CHRISTMAS

Old hearts will beat more quickly; old eyes will shine with happiness when YOU go home. And what a joy it will be for you, too, visiting the scenes of childhood days and meeting friends of other years!

Make arrangements now to go home this Christmas on a liner of the Cunard or Anchor-Donaldson Canadian Service. The voyage will be an unforgettable pleasure. The ship's comfortable appointments and the courteous, intelligent interest taken by every member of the staff in your well-being make your journey a real joy.

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