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The Queerest of Creatures

In that part of Africa that was the seat of the war between the British and the Boers there are many ostrich farms. It was at the time of the Boer War a thinly settled country, for the most part bare and comparatively unproductive. As the ostrich farmers of the left flock to the left and the right flock to the right, they would pick up anything that is not too large for it to swallow, the advent of the British and Boer forces, with the chance that it gave at the leanings of the camps, was a great boon to the ostriches.

At Belmont a flock of ostriches came roaming into the British camp. The Canadians had never before seen these birds on their native heath. They were tame, and much on the lookout for rations. The Canadians had heard of the "digestion of an ostrich," and were resolved to test it.

One of the men threw the foremost ostrich a bar of soap. The ostrich swallowed it, and looked for more.

Another man tossed out a matchbox. The ostrich swallowed that, and looked pleased. An empty jam can followed, and the bird ate that.

"I wonder if he would eat cartridges?" said an Irish member of the regiment.

No one ventured to violate regulations or waste ammunition by trying the experiment, but suddenly an out-

A Well of Quotations.

Which is the most widely-quoted poem in consideration of its length? This honor would seem to be due to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

Nearest every line in it, is more or less, familiar to poetry readers; but to the man in the street, such expressions as: "The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love," "The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind," "Passing rich with forty pounds a year," "Shouldered her crutch, and showed how fields were won," "His pity gave ere charity began," "Even his fallings leaned to virtue's side," "Still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew," "Fools who came to scoff remained to pray," "Allured to brighter worlds and led the way," "The day's disasters in his morning face," "E'en though vanquished he could argue still," "Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn," and "Words of learned length and thundering sound."

Then there is that most delightful picture in a couplet:

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

It is not always recognized that Goldsmith was a bit of a Socialist ere the poem was invented. Here is a good quotation for a platform peroration:

"A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man."

Emigrants from Great Britain to Canada in 1920 numbered 75,800, as compared with 57,200 in 1919.

Do You Follow Your Intuition?

"If I had only followed my first impression; if I had only listened to my intuition, instead of arguing myself into doing something else, I might have gotten somewhere," said a man recently in telling of some of the unfortunate results of acting contrary to his inner convictions or intuitions.

How often we hear similar expressions from men who have failed to listen to the inner voice that said to them: "If I had only done as I first thought of doing!" Or "If I had only listened to my wife!" She told me not to have anything to do with that man; that he had a yellow streak in him; that he wasn't straight, and would turn out badly.

That inner something, which whispers a protest or a warning, tells us to do this or not to do that, is something infinitely higher and finer than any reasoning power we know of. Our inner promptings are more trustworthy than our reasoning faculties, which often bring us to unfortunate conclusions. The voice that speaks to us, what we call intuition, is a sort of spiritual sense, which doesn't stop to reason, but almost flies to a decision. It says a man is all right or he isn't all right. If he isn't all right the intuitive person feels it, senses it, because intuition pierces all masks, all pretenses, goes behind all effort to

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The Kingdom of The Blind

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

CHAPTER I.

Lady Anselman stood in the centre of the lounge at the Ritz Hotel and counted her guests. There was a great French actress who had every charm by youth, chastity and vivacity with a tall, pale-faced man whose French seemed to be as perfect as his attitude was correct. The popular French actress and raising her fingers to her lips, "there is no one who does not know Madame Selarne. Lady Anselman had met before, haven't we? I am sure you will find it in his new play the first night I am allowed out. Mr. Daniell I have met, and Lord Romey may perhaps do me the honor of remembering me," he added, shaking hands with the Cabinet Minister.

He turned to face Geraldine Conyers, who had been watching him with interest. Lady Anselman at once introduced them.

"I know that you haven't met Miss Conyers because she has been asking about you. This is my nephew Ronnie, Geraldine. I hope that you will be friends."

The girl murmured something inaudible as she shook hands. The young man looked at her for a moment. "I hope so, too," he said quietly.

"Olive, come and make friends with my nephew if you can spare a moment from your young man," Lady Anselman continued. "Captain Grant is Miss Olive Moreton. And this is Geraldine's brother—Lieutenant Conyers."

The two men shook hands pleasantly. Lady Anselman glanced at the clock and turned briskly towards the corridor.

"And now, I think," she announced, "I should like to see you personally. As she moved forward, she was suddenly conscious of the man who had been talking to Madame Selarne. He had drawn a little to one side and was watching the young soldier with an intense interest. She turned back to her nephew and touched him on the arm.

"Romnie," she said, "I don't know whether you have met Surgeon-Major Thomson in France? Major Thomson, this is my nephew, Captain Grant."

Grant turned at once and offered his hand to the other man. Only German given to noticing things, and who had also reasons of her own for being interested, observed the rather peculiar scrutiny with which each regarded the other. Something which might be passed over to the other.

"I may not have met you personally," Grant admitted, "but if I see the Surgeon-Major Thomson who has been doing such great things with his hand to the front, then I shall like to meet you every poor cook out there. I love you a peculiar way, aren't you? You are the man I mean, aren't you?" the young soldier concluded cordially.

Major Thomson bowed, and a moment later they all made their way along the corridor, across the restaurant, and took their places at the table which had been reserved for them. Lady Anselman glanced around with the scrutinizing air of the probing hostess, to see that her guests were properly seated before she devoted herself to the cabinet Minister. She had a word to say to nearly every one of them.

"I have put you next Miss Conyers, Romnie," she remarked, "because when the good things to our men, when they come home from the war, 'And I have put you next to Olive Ralph,' she went on, turning to the sailor, "because I hear you are expecting to get your ship to-day or tomorrow, so you, too, have to be spoiled a little. As a general rule I don't approve of putting engaged people together, if you can't get on your feet so. And, Lord Romey, please don't imagine for a moment that I am going to break my promise. We are going to talk about everything in the world except the war. I know quite well that if Ronnie had had any particularly thrilling experiences, he won't tell us about them, and I also know that your brain is packed full of secrets which nothing in the world would induce you to divulge. We are going to try and persuade Madame to tell us about her new play," she put, and smiling at the French actress, "and there are so many of my friends on the French stage whom I must hear about."

Feeding a City Afloat

So far as mere eating and drinking goes, one usually lives better as a passenger at sea than anywhere else in the world. On most boats the fare is good, but comparatively few hotels keep such a splendid "table" as one finds in the big Atlantic liner.

For supplying their catering departments the companies owning these vessels maintain large bonded stores, grocery shops, and such-like establishments. Each of these must be well stocked, for the little army of cooks which each liner carries has every day what she is at sea to prepare as much food as would suffice for a fair-sized town.

Take a well-known ship like the Mauretania. She is fitted with huge kitchens, equipped with the most up-to-date plant. Amongst the latter are electric grills that cook four hundred crops or steaks per hour.

If you are lucky enough to be making a trip in her, and desire a chop or a steak for your lunch, all you have to do is to choose "cut," and in a few minutes' time it will be served up to you "done as you want it."

As for bread, you may select what you fancy. Everything from plain "household" to the crispest of rolls is baked in the ship. And if you have a dainty tooth—well, there's a confectionery shop at your service, from which you can obtain all sorts of toothsome things, from ice cream to fancy cakes.

Turning out such a variety of edibles necessitates a large staff being employed. Cooks by the score are carried in all liners that ply to and fro across the "herring pond." On the regular catering staff of the Aquitania there are seventy-five cooks, fourteen

STRANGE SECTS OF OLD LONDON

PAGAN CREEDS AND 300 CHRISTIAN BODIES.

"Seventh Day Baptists," "Peculiar People," "Sandemanians" and "Shakers."

The Londoner who cannot find a creed and a church to suit him must be very difficult to please; for, on the evidence of a well-known bishop, "it is possible in London alone to worship every Sunday for more than five years in a church belonging to a different sect or professing a different faith."

In the East End, for example, the Mohammedan—who, among many strange beliefs, includes that of a Judgment-day fifty years in duration, after which both good and bad must cross a bridge—thinner than a hair, stretching over the mouth of the lower regions—has his mosques. The Chinaman burns his incense-sticks in two joss-houses; and the Buddhist whose antiquated heavens number between four and five hundred, in which his stay is limited to ten billion years, conducts his strange worship.

Religions of the East.

There is a Malay temple within a short distance of St. George's Street, East! in Bloomsbury the Parsee prostrates himself before the sun; and there is a Mormon mission in Islington. Zionism, the cult of the late Dr. Dowse, is represented by a modest up-room; while it is said there are houses in London where the worship of ancestors is practised, and where sumptuous feasts are spread for their enjoyment in the silent hours of the night.

Such are a few of the pagan creeds which have a footing, however slight, in the world's capital; while of Christian sects the number is said to fall little short of three hundred. Among the least-known of them are the Sandemanians, an offshoot of the Glasites who separated from the Scottish Kirk some two centuries ago.

Amongst articles of faith of the Sandemanians is abstinence from blood and things strangled, and from all amusements in which chance plays a part. They attend the Holy Communion once a week; are great believers in the virtue of love-feasts, and have an amiable practice of dining at one another's houses between morning and evening services on Sunday.

Another little-known religious body is that of the "Seventh Day Baptists," who believe that Saturday and not Sunday should be observed as the Sabbath, and who usually conduct their services, so few are their numbers, at one another's houses.

No Use for Doctors.

The Peculiar People whose fortunes have been so chequered, still survive in the East of London, and practise their strange creed with a loyalty deserving, one cannot help thinking, of a better cause. Founded in London eighty years and more ago, they have no faith in doctors, relying for cure (in medical cases) on anointing with oil by their elders, and in the efficacy of unceasing prayer and careful nursing. The members of this sect are almost exclusively poor, struggling people; and they bear an excellent character for morality and Christian charity.

Another curious sect is that known as Cokers, or Cogelers, a nickname

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Another sect which still has its members in London is that of the "Shakers," which, like the Peculiar People, has had a stormy career. This community, who christened themselves the "Children of God," was founded nearly two centuries ago by James and Jane Wardley, who were joined later on by Anne Lee, a woman who declared that she was the final incarnation of the Delity.

This singular claim found many supporters, especially in the East End of London and in Berkshire. In 1872 the members of this sect formed a colony in the New Forest on land purchased for them. Although they led busy and blameless lives, they were unable to support themselves. After enduring much hardship they were evicted, and for a time led a sordid and wretched existence in sheds.

Smokestack Cooled by Small Stream.

The heavy vegetation-killing acid fumes from a copper smelter in Wales are carried up the steep side of a mountain and discharged high above its summit by a smokestack which is a novelty in chimney construction. A nearby brook was diverted to flow alongside the long tube, partially smothering it, thereby cooling and condensing most of the rich vapors upon its walls. That this is well worth while is demonstrated yearly at the time of cleaning, when a ton or more of high-grade metal is recovered.

Exempted by illness.

A little girl was being asked by an elderly gentleman "how old she was." She replied in a shy way: "I am only seven, but I ought to be nine."

"How do you make that out?" asked the old gentleman.

"Well," she said, "I have been ill in bed on two of my birthdays, so that I missed those two years."