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RADIO PERMEATES ALL CANADIAN LIFE

Possibility of Benefit to This Country is Extensive and it Has Been Widely Adopted.

COAST LINE DEMANDS EFFICIENT SERVICE.

According to Government estimate there are about 300,000 radio receivers in Canada, and conservatively it is figured there are a million constant listeners. Approximately 150,000 radio receivers were licensed during the year 1926, states the Radio Branch Dept. of Marine and Fisheries, 15,000 more than the year before, this number representing about half of those in use. Figures of licenses issued would suggest that Ontario is the greatest devotee by a wide lead, followed by Quebec, then by the four Western provinces, and lastly by the Maritimes. This refers to all stations though the majority are private receiving stations operated by individuals.

In many of the phases of its economic life, Canada would appear to be a land specially created as the sphere of the radio, where its influence is greatest, its possibility of benefit widest. Though wireless has been in existence in Canada for some time before the advent of radio was hailed enthusiastically, it was generally adopted throughout the land, and rapidly came to permeate every phase of its life. It is playing its part in trade, shipping, forestry, and the fisheries, has linked civilization with the yet untamed places of the Dominion and been a further factor in revolutionizing the existence of the pioneer agriculturist.

LICENSED STATIONS.

Licensed stations in the Dominion are divided as follows:—Coast stations 30; Direction Finding stations 8; Beacon stations 6; Radiophone stations 4; Government ship stations 28; Commercial ship stations 252; Limited Coast stations 3; Public Commercial stations 9; Private Commercial stations 59; Private Commercial Broadcasting stations 55; Amateur Broadcasting stations 16; Radio-telegraph training schools 9; Experimental stations 37; Amateur Experimental stations 37; and Private Receiving stations 134,486.

Canada's extensive coast line demands an efficient radio service; 48 Coast stations have been established on shore to communicate with ships at sea. The coast station system consists of two chains, one extending from Vancouver to Prince Rupert on the Pacific, and the other from Port Arthur to the Atlantic Ocean in the east. The primary aim of the coast station organization is to provide facilities whereby any ship within 500 miles of the Canadian coast can establish instant touch with shore. Constant watch, twenty-four hours a day, is maintained at practically all the stations, these handling about 7,000,000 words a year.

These stations give general aid to navigation, communicate with ships in distress, and in addition certain of them on both coasts and the great lakes broadcast information to navigators covering weather forecasts, position and nature of dangers to navigation, etc. Urgent information, such as hurricane warnings, is broadcast immediately on receipt. Each coast station reports all passing ships communicated with, giving names, dates and time, this information being available to the public and published in the daily press. Thirty-three of these stations handle commercial traffic to and from ships.

OF AID TO FISHING, FORESTRY, MINING.

The coast system is naturally of invaluable aid to fishermen and the fishing industry in general. More than one province uses the radio as part of its precaution against forest fires, keeping rangers in constant touch with each other and with headquarters. Planes on fire patrol have been equipped with radio, enabling them to communicate information at any time to their bases. Several of the larger pulp and paper companies have similar communication between different parts of their limits and between the limits and headquarters. Prospectors and mining men in the newly opened northern fields are in ready communication with the outside world through the medium of radio. The mounted police posts and isolated trading post of the Sub-Arctic regions are in daily touch with the larger Canadian centres, not only increasing their efficiency but considerably reducing the rigors of their existences. In peculiarly effective manner radio has come to play a large part in all phases of Canadian frontier life.

ADVANTAGES TO FARM LIFE.

Probably the most widespread revolution the radio has wrought in Canada, however, has been in the farm home. The figures of radio licenses issued in Western Canada are striking, and this factor coming on top of the general construction of fine provincial roads and the universal use of the automobile has altogether changed the existence of the agriculturist of this area from what it was before the war. The only drawback from which the Western farmer might be said to have suffered in the past, if indeed it can so be termed, was his remoteness from the populous centres. To-day he is in ceaseless touch with them, and their pleasures and facilities are at his command. Modern pioneering has been robbed of all its terrors.

Canada has been progressive in advance of other countries in its institution of a section of the Radio Branch to combat preventable interference. Government depots for this purpose have been established at Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Montreal and Halifax, and these equipped with automobiles fitted with special instruments and apparatus. When radio fans are troubled by interference they simply get in touch with the nearest Government radio inspector's office, and register their complaint, when an expert starts in a car to locate the source of the interference, and, if possible, to correct it. This department's work has met with very great success.

Canada Talc Deposits.

The sweetly scented talcum powder with which women all over the continent powder their noses and dust their babies is another Canadian raw material about which little is heard and concerning which little is known by the general public. Talc in its native condition is really a soft rock and is also known as steatite or soapstone. To chemists it is known as magnesium silicate. It is easily cut, silvery white in color, has a greasy feel and when powdered it is known as French chalk. It is heat-resisting and non-conductive. It is used principally for toilet purposes, as a lubricant, as a filler for paper and for tailor's chalk. It also enters into the manufacture of rubber goods and textiles and cut in blocks is used in furnace linings. Canada possesses the most important high-grade talc deposits in the world. The very highest qualities are necessary in the manufacture of talcum powder, and Eastern Ontario is the chief source of supply of the indispensible toilet article for the North American continent.

Mussel Mud as Fertilizer.

The fertility of the soil of Prince Edward Island, although naturally high, is further increased by the constant application of mussel mud collected along the shores and spread over the fields. This rich fertilizer is composed of decayed shells and estuarine silt and contains a large percentage of organic matter. The content of lime in this fertilizer forms a valuable ingredient in the soil. Further fertility is assured by the use of seaweed and fish. This care of the ground and systematic replenishing results in abundant crops and rich green verdure.

Going fishing—take Minard's Liniment.

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by Louis Joseph Vance

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BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

In appreciation of his daring in rescuing her and her companions from highwaymen,

Mme. de Sevenie had invited the man who preferred to be known as

Andre Duchemin to dine in her chateau.

Duchemin accepts, despite his desire to avoid all social activities during his leave of absence from the English Secret Service. He was anxious to meet again

Eve de Montalais, the American widow who had been one of those saved by Duchemin from the highwaymen's attack.

En route to the chateau, Duchemin pondered over the arrival in town of a strange motoring party of four men and a woman. He was able to learn only two names:

Phinuit, apparently a secretary, and the chauffeur, Jules.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Duchemin straightened up sharply, and stood quite still, listening. No sound . . .

His vision spent itself fruitlessly against the blackness, which the closed window draperies rendered absolute but for those dull, sardonic eyes of dying embers.

In spite of himself he knew a moment when flesh crawled and the hair seemed to stir upon the scalp; for Duchemin knew he was not alone; there was something else in the room with him, something nameless, stealthy, silent, sinister.

A hand extended about a foot encountered the back of an upholstered chair, which he identified by touch. Assuming the chair to be occupying its usual position, he need only continue in a line parallel with the line of its back to find the entrance-hall in about six paces.

Within three he stopped dead, as if paralyzed by sudden instinctive perception of that other presence close by.

Whether he had drawn near to it, inch by inch, or whether it, seeing him about to make good his escape, had crept up on him, he could not say. He only knew that it was there, within arm's-length, waiting, tense, prepared, and somehow deadly in its animosity.

Digging the nails deep into the palms of his hands, until the pain relieved his nervous tension, he waited once more, one minute, two, three.

But nothing . . .

Then very slowly he lifted an arm and swept it before him right and left. At one point of the arc, a trifle to his left, his finger-tips brushed something. He thought he detected a stir in the darkness, a stifled sound, stepped forward quickly, clawing the air, and caught between his fingers a wisp of some material, like silk, sheer and glace, a portion of some garment.

Simultaneously he heard a smothered cry, of anger or alarm, and the night seemed to split and be rent into fragments by a thousand shooting needles of colored flame.

Smitten brutally on the point of the jaw, his head jerked back, he reeled and fell against a chair, which went to the floor with a muffled crash.

CHAPTER X.

A Woman's Faith.

Duchemin woke up in his bed, glare of sunlight in his eyes.

He groaned aloud and with both hands clutched temples that promised to split with pain that crashed between them, stroke upon stroke, like bows of a mighty hammer.

Also, his jaw was stiff, and developed a protesting ache whenever he opened his mouth.

He got up hastily and spent several thrilling minutes under an icy shower and emerged feeling more on terms with himself and the world.

The valet-de-chamber brought with his tray the announcement that Madame de Montalais presented her compliments and would be glad to see monsieur at his convenience in the grand salon. So Duchemin made short work of his dressing, his coffee and roll, and hurried down to the drawing room.

Her profound reverie disturbed by his approach, she rose quickly, advancing to meet Duchemin with both hands offered in sympathy.

"My dear friend! You are suffering—?"

He met this with a smiling denial. "Not now; at first, yes; but since my bath and coffee, I'm as right as a trivet. But madame is not dressed for her journey!"

"No; monsieur. I have postponed it—"a slight pause prefaced one more word—"indefinitely."

At this confirmation of the fears which had been haunting him, Duchemin nodded slightly.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, when Duchemin had explained his presence in the drawing room: "I, too found it not easy to sleep. But I heard nothing till that chair crashed."

"You came down here—alone—?"

"But naturally, monsieur."

"I don't believe," said Duchemin sincerely, "the world holds a woman your peer for courage."

"Or curiosity?" she laughed. "At all events, I found you, but could do nothing to rouse you. So I called Jean, and he helped me get you upstairs again.

"Well, you see . . . It was broad daylight before I noticed that the screen which stands in front of my safe was out of place. The safe is built into the solid wall, you know. I got up then, and found the safe door an inch or so ajar. Whoever opened it last night, closed it hastily and neglected to shoot the bolts."

"And your jewels, of course—?"

She pronounced with unbroken composure: "They have left me nothing, monsieur."

Duchemin groaned and hung his head.

"I wanted to consult you first, and . . ." She broke off sharply to ask: "Yes, Jean; what is it?"

The footman had entered to bring her cards, over which Eve de Montalais arched her brows.

"Show the gentleman in, please."

The servant retired.

"The men from Paris, madame?"

"Yes. You will excuse me—?"

She wen to meet the man in the middle of the room. Duchemin turned back to the window and was grateful for that moment of respite in which to compose and prepare himself. Within an hour, he knew, within a day or so at most, he must be under arrest, charged with the theft of the Montalais jewels, damned by him yesterday as much as by every turn of circumstantial evidence . . .

The men whom Jean ushered in proved to be, outwardly, what Duchemin had expected: of a class

"Only an alias for Michael Lanyard, otherwise the Lone Wolf."

only too well-known to him, plain men of the people, unassuming, well-trained and informed, sceptical; not improbably shrewd hands in the game of thief-taking.

Saluting Madame de Montalais with calculated ceremony, one acting as spokesman, offered to present their credentials.

"It is not necessary, messieurs," she said. "I regret very much to have inconvenienced you, although of course it will make no difference in your bill; but I have brought you here to no purpose. The necessity for my contemplated journey no longer exists."

There were expressions of surprise to which she put an end with the words, accompanied by a charming smile: "Frankly, messieurs, I have simply changed my mind."

There was nothing more to be said. Openly more than a little mystified, the men withdrew.

The smile with which she dismissed them lingered, delightful and enigmatic, as Eve recognized the stupefaction with which Duchemin moved to remonstrate with her.

"Madame!" he cried in a low voice of wonder and protest—"why did you do that? Why let them go without telling them—?"

"Possibly that is my wish, monsieur." He gave a gesture of bewilderment. "Perhaps," she continued, meeting his blank stare with eyes in which amusement gave place to a look almost apologetic yet utterly kind—"perhaps I have more faith in you . . ."

Duchemin bowed his head over hands so tightly knitted that the knuckles were white with strain.

"You would not have faith," he said in a low voice, "if you knew—"

She interrupted in a gentle voice: "Are you sure?"

"—What I must tell you!"

"My friend," she said: "tell me nothing that would distress you!"

"If you had told those detectives," he said at length, without looking up, "you must have known very soon. They must have found me out without too much delay. And who in the world would ever believe anybody else guilty when they learned that Andre Duchemin, your guest for three weeks, was only an alias for Michael Lanyard, otherwise the Lone Wolf?"

"But you are wrong, monsieur," she replied, without the long pause of surprise he had anticipated. "I should not have believed you guilty."

Dumb with wonder, he showed her a haggard face. And she had for him, in the agony and the abasement of his soul, still quivering from the rack of emotion that alone could have extorted his confession—she had for him the half-smile, tender and compassionate, that it is given to most men to see but once in a lifetime on the lips and in the eyes of the woman beloved.

"Then you knew—!"

"Since the night those strange people were here and tried to make you unhappy with their stupid talk of the Lone Wolf. I suspected, then, and when I came to know you better, I felt quite sure . . . I have faith in you."

"But why?"

She shook her head. "You mustn't ask me that.'

At the end of a long moment he said in a broken voice: "Very well: I won't . . . Not yet awhile . . . . But this great gift of faith in me—I can't accept that without trying to repay it."

"If you accept, my friend, you repay."

"No," said Michael Lanyard—"that's not enough. Your jewels must come back to you, if I go to the ends of the earth to find them. And"—man's undying vanity would out—"if there's anyone living who can find them for you, it is I."

(To be continued.)

Wilson Publishing Company

AN ATTRACTIVE NEW FROCK.

Of decided appeal is this charming frock. The skirt, having the fulness shirred in the front, is joined to the bodice, while the back is in one piece. View A employs contrasting material for the convertible collar, the sleeve puffs, belt across the back, and is applied on the lower part of the bodice. The modish sleeveless bolero jacket ties in a chic bow in front. In View B the frock has short sleeves of contrasting material and a round neck. No. 1561 is for misses and small women and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 4 yards 39-inch, or 2⅝ yards 54-inch plain material, and ¾ yard 39-inch contrasting material for View A, and ⅜ yard for View B. Price 20 cents the pattern.

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Sands which have become saturated with a heavy asphaltic oil or a semi-liquid bitumen are known to underlie an area in excess of 2,000 square miles in Northern Alberta, in the vicinity of Murray on the Athabaska River. These deposits are usually referred to as the bituminous sands of Northern Alberta. While the deposits themselves are very extensive, and represent the largest known occurrences of solid asphaltic material, the actual area that is readily accessible for commercial operation is probably not more than three square miles. The rest of the deposits lie beneath a heavy overburden and will be relatively expensive to operate commercially. The bitumen content of the more valuable portions of the beds varies from 12 to 15 per cent., with higher percentages in limited areas. The crude material has been used for surfacing sidewalks and highways. Separated bitumen can be used for industrial purposes.

ONLY GOOD TEA GOOD VALUE.

In tea, as in everything else, you get only what you pay for. Tea of good quality is satisfying and economical—poor tea is a costly disappointment. A lot of poor quality, cheap tea is being offered to the public to-day.

Farm Machinery Repairs Are Costly.

According to an investigation by the Department of Agriculture, the greatest single item in the cost of farm machinery is repairs. It is obvious, therefore, that care in handling, oiling, tightening bolts, painting, etc., presents the greatest opportunity for saving. Careful housing of the machinery is important in Eastern Canada, but not so important on the prairie. On small farms, considerable saving may be effected by using expensive machinery in co-operation with neighbors. On large farms, the efficiency in saving manual labor may justify the purchase of expensive machinery.

Minard's Liniment soothes tired feet.

Growth of Trees.

Many hold the mistaken idea that when forests burn, a new crop of timber will grow up in 30 or 40 years. This is far from true, except in very favored districts. Most of the timber trees in Eastern Canada are from 75 up to 250 years. In the northern forests spruce only 3 inches in diameter and 15 feet high is from 50 to 100 years old, so slow is the growth. That is why Canadians especially must guard against fire and wastage of forest products.

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