"SALADA" TEA

855

Never before has such care been used in preparing teas for the public. Never before has such a blend of high quality teas been made, as in "SALADA". This flavour, this unfailing deliciousness is bringing pleasure to millions.

A Smartly Simple Frock

This one-piece frock is an extremely smart and easily-fashioned style. There are tucks at each shoulder, a convertible collar, long dart-fitted sleeves, or short sleeves with cuffs, a belt, and a front band adorned with buttons. NO. 1620 is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch, or 2¾ yards 54-inch material; ¼ yard less 39-inch material for short sleeves; 1⅛ yards additional 39-inch contrasting is required for View B. Price 20 cents the pattern.

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 Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

The Mexican Muddle

New York World: The next best thing to a clear understanding of a political situation is to realize clearly that you don't understand it. For ourselves, we do not understand the course of events in Mexico City since the assassination of General Obregon. The correspondents have no doubt done their best, but it is plain enough that they do not understand it either. This is not surprising in view of the fact that, as in Italy, there is no independent press to which correspondents can turn for news and interpretation of events, that the real leaders of the Obregon party were away from Mexico until Wednesday attending the funeral, that President Calles is difficult to interview at a time like this, and that Mexico City is a whispering gallery of rumor.

3 handy packs for 5¢

Look for it on the dealer's counter

WRIGLEY'S P.K.

More for your money and the best Peppermint Chewing Sweet for any money

CI 22

Amateur Talks to Africa by Radio Phone

F. L. Carter Converses With Station at Cameroons, C.A., on Picture Sending Set

For what is believed to be the first time in the history of radio, direct communication by radio telephone was established with Central Africa recently when Frank L. Carter, Long Island City, New York, amateur, picked up the microphone of his short wave transmitter at 4.30 p.m. daylight time, and carried on a conversation for a solid hour with station FQPM, located at Cameroons, Central Africa.

Operating under a special license with the call letters, 2XBN, granted by the Federal Radio Commission especially for experimental work with picture transmission, Carter, who is a member of the Institute of Radio Engineers, is seeking to perfect a method of transmitting "still pictures" on short wave lengths. The channel granted to him for this work is on 8.195 kilocycles, or approximately 36.6 meters.

Finding that the telegraph code was a detriment to the quick response necessary in making adjustments from reports received when communicating with stations while experimenting with the transmission of pictures, Carter installed a microphone in order to use voice transmission. Reports on the tremendous strength of the carrier wave station, 2XBN, indicated that stations within a reasonable radius would have no trouble understanding the radiophone, but after the installation of the microphone, the results exceeded Carter's greatest expectations tenfold.

One Sunday at 1.30 a.m. in the early morning, Carter succeeded in "raising" a French amateur near Paris whose call letters were given as FE-8EST, and after requesting the foreigner to stand-by, he plugged in and asked, "How are you receiving this radiophone? Can you understand what I am saying?" The Frenchman's report astounded and pleased Carter so much, that on the same day, in the late afternoon, when the signals of a station signing FQ-PM were detected, he turned on transmitter and sent a call fleeting across the ocean and into the depths of Central Africa. The African immediately responded, saying that he was almost overcome with surprise at the novelty of hearing a voice come filtering out of the air calling for him from such a great distance, instead of the usual telegraph signals.

Other stations who have been communicated with recently and advised to listen for the picture transmission from 2XBN are OA-5DX, in Australia, halfway around the earth, who was in touch with Carter's station at 2.30 p.m. New York time, while the afternoon sun was still high in the sky here; and an amateur signing GI-A8, who gave his location as Gdytivken, South Georgia Island, which is more than 1000 miles east of the southerly tip of South America.

Using the Cooley system, Carter conducts his picture transmission experiments every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at his home at 3978 Bliss Avenue, Long Island City, on the 36.6 meter wave. Several other crystals make available channels at 37.5, 39, 41, and 42.125 meters.

Fast, Light Craft Lead French Naval Program

Paris.—Information obtained at the French naval ministry has disclosed that the naval program, designed to give France a powerful modern fleet, will be augmented this year by the construction of three 10,000-ton cruisers, twelve flotilla leaders, eight destroyers, twenty-nine submarines and other craft.

The flotilla leaders of the destroyer type are the largest afloat. Two cruisers built last year have recently proved by tests to be the fastest ships of their size in the world.

The war-time French fleet, almost obsolescent at the armistice, is being replaced with ships that are fast, light and economical, ships destined to guard the 36,000 miles of sea communications between the homeland and the empire overseas. Sixty million people live in these colonies and the area is many times that of France.

Employer (to butler): "What made you so late?" Butler: "I fell downstairs, sir." "That ought not to have taken you very long."

Minard's Liniment—A reliable first aid

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Hope Ranger, daughter of Loring Ranger, is missing and a reward of a hundred thousand dollars is offered by her wealthy father for her safe return. Assisting in the search for Hope are her father's two friends, Eustice Higby, attorney, and Juarez Charlie, adventurer.

A command comes from Hope's abductors for Ranger to deposit in a specified place a hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds. This is done according to instructions.

At Dr. Bristow's sanitarium a friendship arises between Dr. George Kelsey, who is detained there, and Vera Copley, patient, who is registered as Nurse Anita Copley's sister. Alderman Higgins is making his home at the hospital and Dr. Morton is an assistant there.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

She was sane. He knew it. He could not be deceived. The idea that a person of her self-control, her clear perception, was harboring a delusion was nonsense. And if she said she was Hope Ranger, it was so. He believed her. He required no proof beyond her simple word.

Doctor-like, though, he kept mentally buttressing his decision with arguments from the books, and it struck him that he had read only a day or two before a passage which seemed to have a direct application. He reached over to his book-shelf to take down the volume he wanted, and as he did so, a folded, yellow piece of newspaper dropped out—that fragment of Sunday supplement. He had thrust it in there as a bookmark.

Spreading it out on the table, he studied its array of portraits. There could no longer be any doubt. The hair was arranged differently, but the features, the contour, the expressions were the same as Verna Copley's.

CHAPTER XIV.

Throughout the night Kelsey sat in his chair. The thought of going to bed did not even occur to him.

On only one point could he think clearly, or come to a decision—he must see the girl without delay, at the earliest possible moment. He must warn her to be on her guard, to question every move or suggestion of those about her.

As the day broke, he eagerly scanned the morning sky, and thanked fortune that it was fair. If the weather were rainy or threatening, she would not be allowed on the grounds. The sun, though, was rising on a model June day, rare enough for any poet's praise.

He knew that there was no chance of her appearing before ten o'clock; and so after breakfast he went to the office and pretended to be deep in his research work, although his eyes were constantly seeking the clock.

On the stroke of ten he hurried out, but only to find her closely attended by the nurse who had been with her the day before. The same thing was true at eleven, and again at twelve.

But when he made his next reconnaissance, his heart leaped. Hope, as he called her by now, was sitting alone on the stone bench where he had talked to her the day before. She was writing on her pad as usual, and the nurse had turned her attention to a more difficult patient.

Kelsey sat down a foot or two away from her and pretended to watch the men pulling down the wall.

The girl went on scribbling, her face turned a little way from Kelsey; but as he seated himself she began talking low and fast.

"Let me talk first," she said, "I've got to make clear to you my plan for getting away, while I have the chance. Dr. Bristow is going to town this evening?"

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I heard him on the telephone this morning telling the chairman that he would be at the meeting without fail."

"Then we can manage it!" There was a thrill in her voice. "Listen."

And while she scribbled, she unfolded to him a plan so simple and yet so supremely audacious that it took his breath. Before she had half finished, he had caught her idea and was on fire with it.

He drew his cap down over his eyes, and clasping his hands behind his head, stretched his feet out lazily.

The nurse came toward them, and Hope, with a swift movement, slipped her pencil beneath her on the bench. She looked nervously about and then as the woman stood before her, she glanced up with troubled appeal.

"I've lost my pencil," she said. "I was writing a beautiful story, but what can I do without a pencil?"

Kelsey, as if he hadn't noticed her before, took a pencil from his pocket and handed it to her. She thanked him and began to write again.

"She'll keep that up for hours," the nurse smiled at Kelsey. "Not a word cut of her, and never moving from the spot. Lucky for me, too. Her sister is on the sick list and I've got charge of Verna, but my hands are full this afternoon with Miss Susy Doane. She's seeing mashers peeping out from behind every bush, trying to flirt with her."

She was interrupted by a scream. The patient she had just left was backing away in terror from a passing gardener.

"All right, Miss Susy," called the nurse. "He won't speak to you. I'll be right there and protect you."

She turned to the girl on the bench. "Now you'll stay here, dear, until I come for you, won't you?" Then she hurried away.

"There's only one thing that bothers me," Hope resumed the discussion of their plan," and that's the question of time. They force us to go in at six o'clock, you know, and you may not be able to do your part so soon. If not, I must stay behind."

"I will never leave without you," Kelsey declared firmly.

They talked a moment or two longer, and then Kelsey, giving a start as if he had just awakened from a reverie, got up and walked back to the house.

His sleepless night, the full realization of the dangers that threatened Hope, the feeling that he was about to embark on the most momentous adventure of his life had left him haggard and pale.

Back in the office again, he worked steadily for a few minutes and then dropped his pen and pressed his hands to his temples with an uncontrollable groan.

"Something the matter, Doctor?" Bristow's secretary, who was working across the room, looked up sympathetically.

"A touch of my old enemy, neuralgia," Kelsey answered. "I slept in a draft last night."

"Why don't you lay off?" urged the secretary. "I'll explain to Dr. Bristow."

"No," said Kelsey drearily; "I'll stick. It's rather important to get these notes off this afternoon. I had a pretty bad twinge just now, but it may pass away."

But again and again during the afternoon he writhed in unmistakable pain. After the secretary left at five

Kelsey snatched the hypodermic and drove the needle into Bristow's arm.

o'clock he made hardly any pretense at writing, but sat with his head in his hands, twisting about in his chair as each fresh paroxysm seized him.

At about ten minutes to six Bristow came in, wearing a cap and a motor coat over his evening clothes, ready to start for town; and he at once noticed the condition of his collaborator.

"What's wrong, man?" he asked quickly. "You look done up."

"One of my ghastly neuralgia attacks." Kelsey tried to suppress another groan. "I'm afraid I haven't been able to accomplish much this afternoon. The darned thing has been growing worse all day, and although I've tried all my usual remedies, I don't seem to get on top of it. I'm wondering if you will give me a shot of morphine—a good stiff one?"

"Surely." Bristow laid down his gloves, and passing into a lavatory just off the office, prepared his hypodermic.

At last the doctor was back. Kelsey had already taken off his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeve, and now he apathetically extended his left arm.

But as Bristow bent over to apply the needle, Kelsey's right shot up in a quick, wicked smash to the doctor's jaw. A good boxer in his college days, he had never driven to the button with a better aim.

Bristow's head snapped back, and lifted fairly off his feet, he went backward to land across a leather couch several feet away, where he lay dead to the world.

Kelsey snatched the hypodermic from the floor, and jerking open the cuff of Bristow's shirt, pushed it back and drove the needle into his arm.

"There, I guess that will hold you for a while!"

As he straightened up, the clock was on the stroke of six. This was the hour when the nurses and attendants would be shepherding in the patients, and the verandah would be deserted. With one vindictive glance at the unconscious Bristow, Kelsey walked out of the office and locked the door behind him.

There was no one about. Even the chauffeur was not in sight, having left the big, gray car in the roadway, while he strolled around to the side of the house to engage in bandinage with one of the attendants.

Kelsey's eyes swept the lawn. Hope was nowhere to be seen. For one terrible second he thought the game was up—and then he saw her. She was clinging to one of the porch pillars, obstinately resisting all the efforts of the nurse to disengage her.

Kelsey took a step toward them, and the nurse saw him.

"Do help me, Dr. Kelsey," she begged. "I don't know what's got into her. She's usually so amenable, but now she refuses to go in. I've sent for her sister; but maybe, if you'll speak to her, she'll listen."

Kelsey waved the woman to stand aside, and laid his hand on Hope's arm.

As if yielding to a superior will, she let go the pillar; and with the manner of soothing her, he led her along the verandah.

"Now!" he said when they reached the steps leading down to the drive; and catching her hand, he rushed her down, and swung her up into Bristow's big car. As he leaped in after her, she grasped the starting lever, threw in the gears, and they were off.

Across the lawn she drove, over the flower-beds and low shrubbery, heading straight for the gap in the wall.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Blistered Feet.

British Broadcating Earns $2,000,000 Net

London—The British Broadcasting Corporation's report for 1927 shows a total income for the year of $4,508,130, of which $4,004,796 was received for licenses. The sum of $2,438,640 was spent on programs.

There were 68,000 hours of transmission during the year with only about twenty hours of breakdown. Music occupied two-thirds of the program.

An increased interest in educational broadcasting is shown, the report says. Four thousand schools were known to listen to London and Daventry alone—double the number of the previous year—and about 1,500 adult educational bodies co-operated in the distribution of the sessional talks program.

The total number of listeners increased by 217,000 during the year to 2,395,174.

The five-minute charitable appeals on Sunday were known to have realized $200,000, though the actual sum was considerably larger.

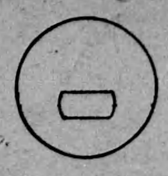
Interviewer (to big business man): "I have called to learn the secret of your unparalleled success." Big Business Man: "Just one moment, please. Are you from the press or the district attorney's office?"

BICYCLE BARGAINS

NEW AND SLIGHTLY USED, $10 UP. Shipping Paid. Write for Latest Illustrated Bicycles and Accessories FREE CATALOGUE. Peerless Bicycle Works, 191-3-5 Dundas St. W., Toronto.

Est. 1903

UNIVIS



THE BIFOCAL YOU HAVE HOPED FOR

It removes the hazard of stairways.

It allows freedom of action of the eyes. Gives greater comfort in reading. Does not imprison the eye behind a blurred field.

A British Invention.

Ask Your Eye Specialist.

TONGUE TWISTER

A glowing gleam, growing green.

The wish that was wished was very well wished.

Five fine fish for frying.

A big mixed biscuit tin.

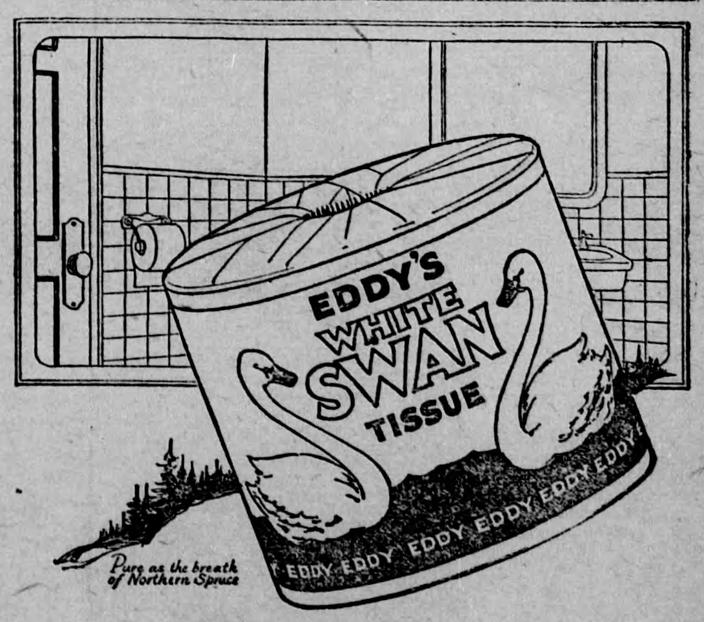
A big beadle placed a body in a big black box

Wilful Winnie went warbling to Wembley, when Wily Willie whacked Wilful Winnie well.

Peter Parker patted poor portly Percy Patrick; portly Percy Patrick panted.

NURSES know, and doctors have declared there's *nothing* quite like Aspirin to relieve all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it *is* Aspirin the name Bayer should be on the package, and on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine—in red—is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box:

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) indicating Bayer Manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitations, the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trade mark.



Other popular EDDY TISSUES

"COTTAGE"
The finest Tissue that money can buy. 3000 sheets.

"NAVY"
A real good Roll, full weight. 700 sheets.

"ONLIWON"
Neat, handsome, compact. Highest grade tissue. Serves two sheets at a time.

This Wrapped Roll is more economical!

EVEN on the straight issue of price you get more for your money when you buy WHITE SWAN TISSUE at 15c. a roll.

The big WHITE SWAN ROLL gives you more paper—750 sheets, full count—more than three times as much as the ordinary 5c. roll. Actually one "WHITE SWAN" at 15c. is a more economical purchase than three average 5c. rolls.

And when you purchase WHITE SWAN you are getting a paper of real quality, a tissue worthy of your fine bathroom appointments. Every roll of it is completely wrapped, protected against taint and dust, guarded from all unnecessary handling.

Ask your dealer for WHITE SWAN, the Tissue of immaculate cleanness and big value.

EDDY'S Toilet TISSUES

FINEST VALUES IN CANADA

THE E.B. EDDY CO., LIMITED, HULL, CANADA.

24

WHEN IN TORONTO
Stay at the
Royal Cecil Hotel
Cor. Jarvis and Dundas Sts.
Every Room With Private Bath
Rates $1.50 up — Garage at Hotel
3 Minutes Walk to Shopping District.