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finest tea that is grown?

# "SATADA" TEA "Fresh from the gardens"

WHAT  
New York  
is WEARING  
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished  
with Every Pattern

By Annette Worthington



2966

## Primitive Huts Italian Lake Bed

Prehistoric Dwelling  
Built on Piles And  
Discovered

## POTTERY COLLECTED

First Traces in Italy of Bronze  
Age Peoples

Home—in the Valley of the Po, after the Iberian  
Ligurian people of the Mediterranean had disappeared.

The importance of the discovery is  
ten-fold. It fills in the gap in the history  
of this region and gives archaeologists  
a chance to study this form of  
construction.

**Tree As Foundation**

This lake bottom is 13 feet below  
the sea-level, and at the point  
where the water of the torrent Po  
flows into the lake. The huts  
have been found in an area of 50 feet by 250.

Within this space are the primitive  
foundations, true to the description  
of ancient lake dwellings, driven into  
the mud.

When the water had risen, the  
water snaking about the lake,  
the huts were built on piles driven  
into the mud.

In addition to these huts or  
houses built on piles, there is found  
a quantity of early pottery which  
for its rarity, as it was made  
in an unusual manner.

Besides, a mixed sort of clay found in  
the pottery, this was mixed with soot  
and charcoal. The people of this district  
built houses on piles driven in the  
marshes, for two purposes, first to  
protect themselves from wild beasts  
and in order to live near the water  
and still keep dry.

**Few in Italy**

This is the first time  
historic remains of this kind  
have been found in this district. In  
fact, no historic relics are rare  
throughout Italy, and this has led to  
the supposition that they were no  
early inhabitants in this part of the world.

The present discovery  
affirms the theory that "pan-  
tropical," or "people who  
lived their houses on piles,  
lived in the water edge and  
mainland by means of portable  
bridges."

Professor Robert found  
no indication of the number of  
inhabitants in the district, but the  
theory leads to the belief  
that it was occupied by a people  
who built such huts at the end of the  
iron age and through the iron  
age.

These were the people who later  
arrangements with the publishers of this fascinating war story  
offering a one year subscription to this popular Canadian weekly.

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## On Wings of Wireless

by ARTHUR B. REEVE

### CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

Far down the porch Vira caught sight of Glenn and had no intention of playing the lay figure longer. Girls and fellows were passing and with a nudge at Ruth, Vira broke up the party and the three, leaving Garrick to figure it all out, especially Ruth, who, the moment they were gone, seemed to resume leadership.

Dick had been sauntering alone about the Club, speaking a few words to friends, lolling in wicker chairs, nodding to others when he heard the noisy entrance of a group of young people.

Dick Delfo was the quieter type of man, undoubtedly destined to make any reasonably normal girl happy. A gracious, if reserved, manner seemed to announce to the world his reserve of strength of character, if trouble brewed.

He quickened his pace as he saw Ruth. His face lighted up with one of his charming smiles. Ruth was talking vivaciously to the girls when she suddenly caught Dick's smile and answered it.

"Ruth," he said as he drew her aside with eager deference, "may I have all the waltzes this evening?" She hesitated, took at him a bit shyly, shrugged one beautiful shoulder as though debating whether to say yes or no. "Dick, you're a fast worker! I believe you bailed the musicians. They're playing a waltz this minute! Wait, till I put my wrap up. I'll be with you in second."

Dick watched her go, glowing all over. He was going to hold her close to him, he was going to breathe the perfume of her golden hair, he was going to waltz, a dreamy and enticing waltz with the girl over whom he was狂妄。

Then he heard some one call Ruth. It was Dick Curtis. "Ruth," he said, "when I want a dance with a girl I just put my arm around her like this . . . and we're off!" Ruth laughed merrily, flushed back at Dick. "And when I don't want to dance with a friend I do this . . . we're not off!" Jack had tangled himself with his own legs or else it was an added pressure as in wrestling. He was on the floor while the other fellows were laughing and Ruth, smiling, hauled him up.

"Dick, I keep you waiting long; Dick, I love this one." Dick tingled with joy as he realized what the dreamy strains of the waltz meant. It was half over when Dick felt himself being held closely to Dick.

It was Ruth, who had been dancing again. She was smitten with joy as she realized being held closely to Dick.

She was one waltz when he could not get Ruth. He hunted all over. She was not dancing; not on the veranda. Nor did he see Jack Curtis or Glenn.

**CHAPTER IV.**

"I'm sorry!" The Webster hesitated at the sharp glance of the club steward, then decided it was not like a theatre that there was no panic danger, dropped his duffles and saxophones and snare drums and ran. A moment later the shrill whistle on the village power plant screeched across the other side of the lake bottom, calling the mob in evening clothes.

"Guess we'll make a luxe bucket brigade!" panted Tony Bleeker. "It's the East Wing!"

Up the corner of the Lodge back of the Club casino, where were the living rooms, Dick, a hungry red shaft of flame, Dick looked in dismay. On the third floor were Garrick's rooms.

A moment later he was bounding up the stairs and had flung his shoulder against the door. It did not yield—until he turned the knob. It was unlocked. Through the stuff of smoke he fought his way to the chest and flung it open. The hat and the films were gone!

The suffocating fumes of chemical extinguishers sent him blindfold, struggling, gasping back. Outside he could hear the bells and the shouts of the local fire fighters. Handkerchief crumpled over his nose and eyes, he stumbled in the hallway.

"Don't get up, Dick. You'll stay here with me tonight." In a dazed Dick felt about under him and over him. "They've given me rooms in the West Wing until repairs are made!" explained Garrick.

Dick lurked around, his eyes still stinging and his head in a whirl. "Who did it?" he gasped. "Who got the things?"

Garrick smiled quickly. "I don't know who got the prints I made. The old man who got the prints I made them himself and the hat were in the Club half an hour after you left this afternoon!"

Early in the morning came a call from Greenport. The "Bachante" had dropped anchor during the night. With an early breakfast Garrick and

## Plans to Remedy Vets' Grievances

High Honor Paid Sir Arthur  
Currie by Legion

Regina—Adoption of important  
solutions seeking legislative action to  
remedy existing grievances in connection  
with pensions and medical treatment  
of ex-service men and the application  
of the Returned Soldiers' Insurance  
Act featured a recent session of the Cana-  
dian Legion.

"Splendid lines" enthused Dick.  
"What I'm most interested in is  
what I believe must be a very efficient  
wireless on her," muttered Garrick.

A small boat had put out from her  
and was rowing toward the shipyard.  
The shipbuilder himself joined them.

"Take that former submarine patrol  
boat," winked Garrick to him. "That's  
a fast craft, capable of going anywhere.  
What might a boat like that cost, if you could pick one up?"

The builder caught the coin. They  
were deep in designs and prices when  
Dick suddenly interrupted at the approach  
of two men from the street to the town.  
"Professor Vario . . . and, I believe,  
jove, Jack!"

The four stood talking boats as the  
skipper with a sailor neared them. Vario  
was a thickset man with a shock of  
hair and bushy eyebrows. His manner  
was the manner of a socialist, but his  
sun-bronzed skin showed intimate acquaint-  
ance with the outdoors.

Dick, who had known him quite well  
since discovered that he was on a little  
vacation, his family having taken a cottage  
on Shelter Island.

"He's the best radio troubler in  
the world," put in Curtis. "There's a  
friend of mine down east owns this  
boat. He had put in and pack-  
aged it." The skipper had come alongside  
by this time. "Say, brother," he inquired,  
"you know the builder of Curtis? You  
know him well?"

"I do," said Vario. "He's a good  
customer here. If you would like to  
make a sale—maybe get an order to  
make?"

"The skipper had come alongside  
by this time. "Say, brother," he inquired,  
"you know the builder of Curtis? You  
know him well?"

"I do," said Vario. "He's a good  
customer here. If you would like to  
make a sale—maybe get an order to  
make?"

Dick nodded ungraciously and the  
two skips set out.

It was perhaps an hour, or even  
more, before Vario buried himself in  
the cabin, going over everything from  
radio to headgear, testing vacuum  
tubes, getting a fine adjustment on the  
variable condenser. The air fairly  
reeked with talk of tuning coils, trans-  
formers, variocouplers and variometers,  
rh-ostats and regenerative sets,  
the merits and demerits of nearly  
every controversial piece of apparatus  
known to radio. It was to be expected,  
thought Garrick, with a practical man  
like Vario meeting up with Dick, of the  
inventive mind. In fact he was pleased.

The second hour was long, however,  
when Vario had the apparatus working  
properly. Curtis who had spent  
most of the time in the little pilot  
house going over some charts with the  
navigator, rejoined them.

"Suppose you're going back to your  
cottage, Professor, not to Rock ledge  
yet?" he asked, then turned un-  
happily a bit, to Garrick and Dick. "Like  
to take a little run over to Shelter  
Island with us and back while we take  
the Professor home?"

The skipper excused himself and  
dropped down into his skin and the  
"Bachante" was cutting across soon at  
a great clip, as Vario proud to show  
his paces.

"This is the hour of evening when we  
come to the sun-shine and the sun-  
shiny ship."

When hours were passed and hours  
flying home, "And like a gold in my  
hand, And like a gold in my  
hand," sang the skipper.

The hour of sleep is high.

A quiet wind is stirring in the trees.  
Soon to be silent, and the birds are  
still.

And silence comes upon the shore of  
the seas.

And in the valley and along the hill,  
And like a wind upon a long bough,  
Earth passes down to rest.

This is the hour of evening when we  
come to the sun-shine and the sun-  
shiny ship."

When day is done with, and the world  
is gone.

Canada the Keystone

Kingston Whig-Standard: It is rather  
wonderful to look at the position  
which Canada held in the world for  
so very many years ago, but it is also  
wonderful to see how the idea of that  
great man, Cecil Rhodes, visioned  
what his position along with the other  
Dominions would in time grow to be.

He saw that in the future Canada  
would be the keystone of the British  
arch, with one base in South Africa  
and the other in Australia and New  
Zealand. As time goes on the realization  
of this vision becomes more and more  
apparent. A little while ago  
there may have been some doubts  
about South Africa, but recently Profes-  
sor Herzog has shown how he believes  
in keeping South Africa attached  
to the British Empire. The more  
the people of the Empire see the  
world power for good which the  
British Empire has, the more they will  
insist upon the arch remaining intact.

It is now clear that the world  
will not be able to stand without  
the support of Canada.

How often men think that new  
ideas call for new areas! They are  
generally wrong. The new world  
is for the old fight, the new courage for  
the old conflict. "Go home to thy  
friends." Show the new life where  
the old one was lived. It will cost,  
but it will count. The new way of  
doing the old duty, bearing the old  
burden, fighting the old temptations,  
is the vindication of a new heart. Be  
bold, I make all things new!

"Well," chortled Garrick as they sat  
on the deserted sand naked and ex-  
hausted, he had nothing on when we  
came into this world . . . but they're  
got something on us now!"

Dick snorted and looked over at  
Guy Garrick, a man after his own heart.

"As we used to, say at Upton,  
Where do we go from here?"

Garrick rolled over on his back and  
stretched as the sun boiled out salt  
water that had puckered his skin.

"Starting the 'Inner Circle,'" he  
replied tersely as if it were all in  
day's work.

(To be continued.)

**FALLURE**

We are hampered into shape to fill  
our places in the machinery of life.  
Some of us break under the hammer  
and are thrown in the scrap heap. But  
we have this advantage over the  
metal: We can have something to  
say as to whether we shall break.

## Biggest Dock in World in Britain

Hundreds of Men Busy Fill-  
ing Up Bay in  
Southampton

London—With characteristic Brit-  
ish shorthorn work has now been com-  
menced on a remarkable colossal  
scheme for expanding the Southampton  
Docks. An idea of the immensity of  
this gigantic operation will be realized  
when it is learned that when completed  
the scheme will provide 16,500 feet  
of additional quayage, which will be  
sufficient to accommodate twenty of  
the world's largest liners! It is esti-  
mated that the cost of this huge under-  
taking will be \$65,000,000. Surely this  
is a record for a mere extension and  
one which Uncle Sam would proudly  
boast if he could.

The Returned Soldiers' Insurance  
resolutions dealt with the status of par-  
ents brothers and sisters who are de-  
pendent on the ex-service man who is  
disabled, and who, under certain sections  
of the Pensions Act are not recog-  
nized as legitimate dependents of the  
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The resolution passed by the con-  
vention calls for an amendment to  
the act, providing that in all cases as  
insurance policy is granted but that  
in the case of men classed as having  
no reasonable expectancy of life, the  
policy will not be effective unless the man  
lives for five years after the date of  
the policy, unless death is the result  
of injury or accident.

A long series of resolutions dealing  
with problems of Imperial veterans  
living in Canada was passed, these  
being one of the outstanding contributions  
of the newly admitted Imperial  
Veterans' divisions of the Legion.

Another resolution passed called for  
the payment of the funeral expenses  
of pensioned widows or parents or  
relatives of ex-service men when these die  
in circumstances similar to those of  
the late General Caron.

Col. L. R. LeFebvre, Gatineau, vice-  
president of the Canadian Legion, was  
nominated for the presidency of the  
newly admitted Imperial Veterans' division.

A resolution was passed by the  
office of