

# Ask Your Grocer For It

## "SALADA"

### GREEN TEA

Superior to any other green tea sold.

## 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 estimates 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



### Freshen Up

with the Juice of fresh mint leaves



ISSUE No. 17-27.

# Alias the Lone Wolf

by Louis Joseph Vance

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

In appreciation of his daring in rescuing her and her companions from highwaymen, Mme. de Seville had known the man who preferred to be credited as Andre Duchemin to dine in her chateau.

Duchemin accepts, despite his desire to avoid all social activities during his leave, 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 inoperative 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 glistening, 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 blows 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-chambre 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 triquet. But Madame is not dressed for her journey!"

"No, monsieur. I have postponed it—a slight preface 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 went 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 improbable shrewd hands in the game of thieving.

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 do 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 abatement 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."

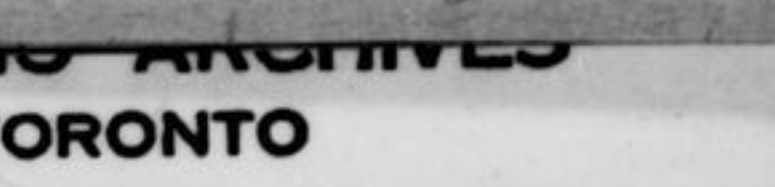
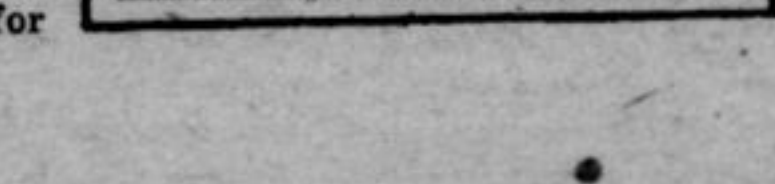
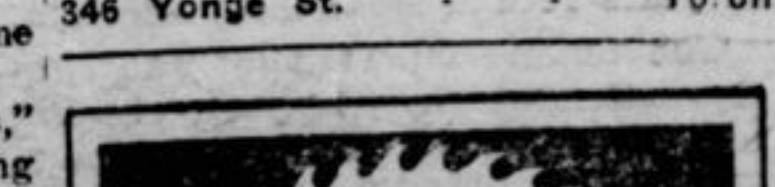
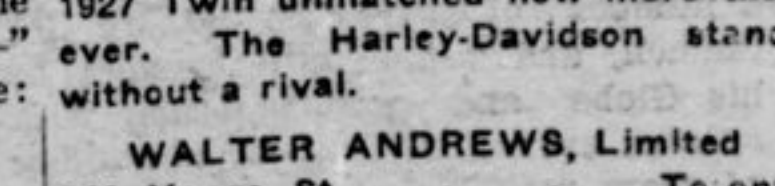
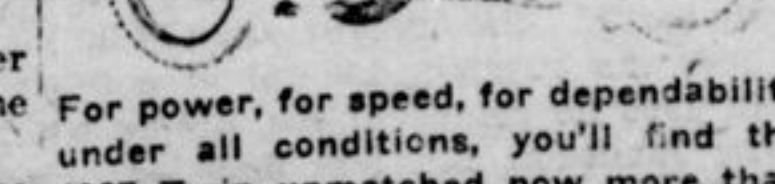
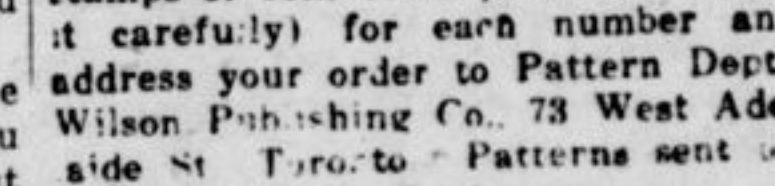
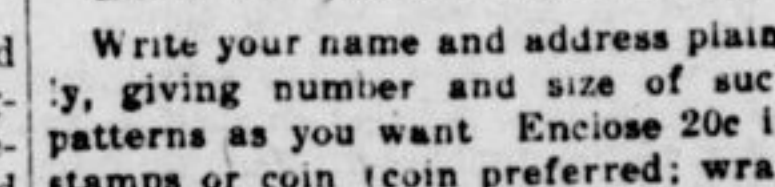
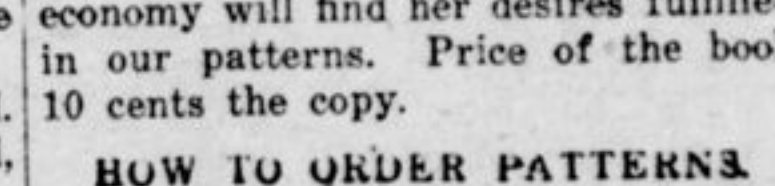
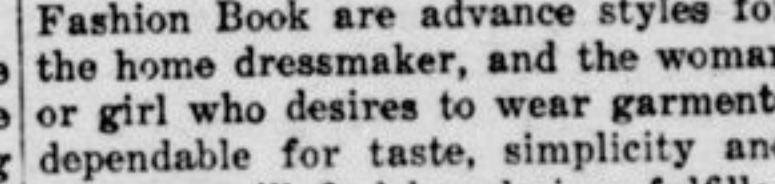
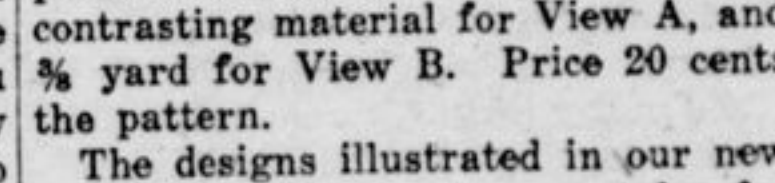
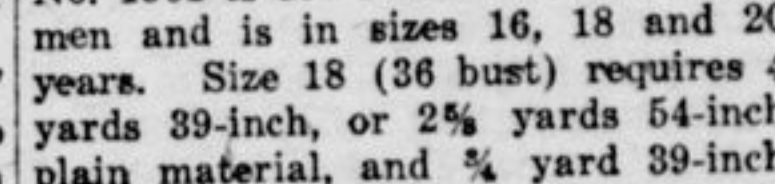
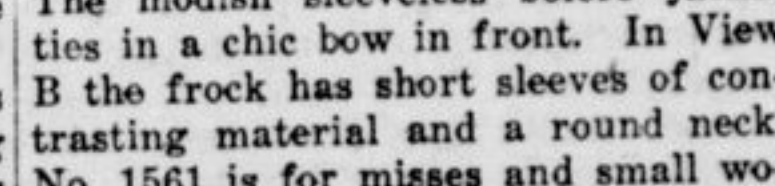
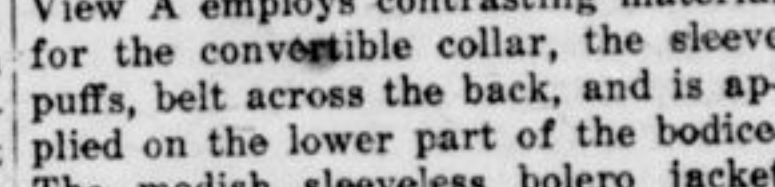
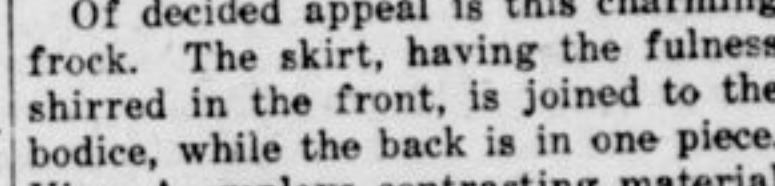
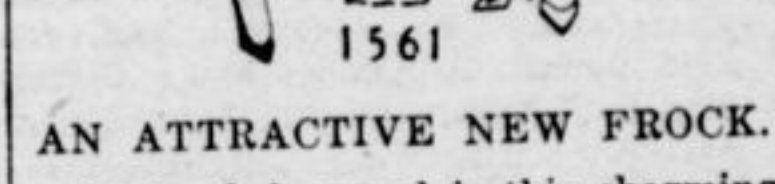
At the end of a long moment he said in a broken voice: "Very well! I won't . . . Not yet awhile . . . But this great gift of faith in me—I can't accept that without trying to repay it."

"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



GILLEX FOR ALL-CLEANING SOFTENS WATER

Canada's Tar Sands.

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 occurrence 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 cooperation 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 to 250 years. In the northern forests spruce only 3 inches in diameter and 15 feet high is from 10 to 100 years old, so slow is the growth. That is why Canadians especially must guard against fire and wastage of forest products.

Strange Racial Blend.

Some of Bermuda's colored people have the coarse, straight black hair and high cheekbones that distinguish American Indians, while the complexions of a few even show a reddish tinge. The explanation is that in 1637, at the close of the Indian war in Connecticut, many Pequot prisoners were shipped to Bermuda as slaves. At a later period Indians captured in the King Philip war in New England were sent to the islands, and a few Caribs are also said to have been brought from the West Indies.

All these inter-married with the Negro slaves, and apparently the admixture of races has had a good effect on the present generation, for Bermuda's colored population is noted for its intelligence and progressiveness.

Six Brains a Year!

If you are thirty, you have had, so far, 180 sets of brains, for the "gray matter" is renewed six times yearly. Each set was different in quality from its fellows. That was due to various factors—diet being one of the chief. If, for example, you had a temporary illness for months, the brain set that had the benefit of the latter would be a real one. Parents contain phenolic acid, Peaches which contain prussic acid, are bad for the brain.

If, for three months, you ate large quantities of watercress and apples, your brain would be in first-class fettle. But it would get no benefit from carrots. The malleic acid in strawberries is a fine brain-builder.

Even the season of the year has its effect on the brain. The best sets are those that come in December or March. The worst are the August and October sets.

Assuming you began to think conscientiously at the age of five, then at thirty, if you have done an average amount of thinking, your "impressions" would number about 1,920,000,000. These whose work is entirely mental would double those figures.

A woman's brain is about 8 ounces lighter than a man's, but it is of superior quality—a higher specific gravity. It lasts longer, too. On an average a woman of sixty has a 10 per cent better brain than a man of the same age!

## PEARLS OF THE ATLANTIC

The Beautiful Bermuda.

From the time of Tom Moore, who visited the Bermudas more than a century ago and described its lovely features in glowing verse, these beautiful Atlantic islands have received many notable tributes from celebrities who have found a refuge there during the winter months.

People interested in genealogy will find that Bermuda offers an interesting field for research, many of the native residents being descendants of the original settlers who came from England or the American colonies more than two hundred years ago. Such names as Tringham, Guterbridge, Peniston, Darrell, Conyers, Paterford, and Washright are common in the islands, but the lead is taken by the Tuckers, who are remarkably numerous.

Until the Revolutionary War there was a close relationship between the Bermudian and American branches of most of these families. At that time the Bermudians were engaged extensively in shipping, and were the principal carriers in the coastwise and West Indian trade of the North American provinces. Members and friends of Bermuda families living in America joined the armies of freedom, and the cause of the colonies had many sympathizers among the islands.

Washington's Victory.

It was St. George Tucker, a Virginian by adoption and a Bermudian by birth, who arranged for the seizure of a hundred barrels of gunpowder stored in Bermuda, and their shipment to Philadelphia. With this powder Washington's army gained its first important victory.

The old-world atmosphere of Bermuda has been much enhanced by the presence of a somewhat extensive Portuguese population, which has developed in the last thirty years. These immigrants, who came from the Azores Islands, form to-day a thrifty and prosperous community. While their farms are necessarily small, their intensive cultivation of a highly productive soil, usually results in bounteous crops of vegetables, such as the famous Bermuda potatoes and onions.

The older folk, who are rather clannish, speak little English, retain many Portuguese customs, and mingle neither with other white residents nor with the colored people. Their children, however, who attend the public schools learn English readily and acquire many Bermudian ways. Entire Portuguese families, as a rule, engage in farm work; they are a sturdy race, and, according to local statistics, their numbers are increasing.

It will at once be understood that no extraordinary ingenuity is required to carry out the most advanced revolutionary theories in sober, unobtrusive, but most effective, manner. The result has been preferred, because monotonous than the round eight sides of the house pleasing appearance, and has been made as decorative as possible. It is Lucien Boudot, who has in to make the design has truly artistic, and he has valuable suggestions for arrangements.

The rooms of a house—more or less rectangular in the Villa Tourneval the ally V-shaped. At first seem to be difficult to a room which should be in the eye. But the deftly overcome by a dexterous of various projections.

Quaint cupboards have here and there, for in sections have been cut out of pantries and other parts has been diagnosed in order as to break up the

The Adventurous

The tiny, excited brood gurgles with delight at of seeking adventure. bubble mingles with the breeze in the meadows. It sounds its way in a lurching, twirling manner. The silly little not a single worry.

Bushes line the banks to ward off possible slender arms wave a faint stream as it rushes by proud trees on the hill at its childish antics.

Pieces of snotum ret quiet hays as though their breath. They the their joyously carousing has swaggared on a neighborly tree is lethargy and swirls down in the fun. A twig after in an effort to strange playmates.

A motherly bush watchful arm and long enough to gently behave. She then releases it to resume its

The brook passes being bridge, giving its chevronic slap as it swirls down causes the brook moment in wonder. It euen and quiet for a fe struggles to understand of this strange obst daunted stream hurdle and continues its mad dan has been too difficult to understand.

The banks for the its rapid growth and drows in cautious regard. It ponders on their staccato, but briefly, how more swiftly and excel It then rushes along d siders its fancied waver a falls with an ing roar. It boils with stream slowly calms do realize the truth. It is no longer a little full-grown river.

The river thoughtfully on its way, a great, it stream. It gently flows along the soft, grassy banks

## A HOUSE WHICH

How many of us have looked face the sunlight? Such a been designed by two Paris architects Georges Laperrousse and Paul Boncompagni. It is called the Villa Tourneval and is built on a plot of 100,000 square meters.

The complete model, every detail, has been exhibited at the Exposition of Habitation Decorative, which has been held in Nice. As may be seen most attractive of its kind and has provoked many of the pens of descriptive and social commentators.

The Villa Tourneval is a large and spacious abode, on a round mobile platform and concrete. To some platform is similar to the used in railway yards. It large beams placed starward from a central point. The end is an iron wheel which is a circular rail. Sufficient left for periodic examinations.

Needless to say, the structure is reinforced concrete, and is built on a solid, and is worked by a motor. In the interior a button may be pressed structure will start to rotate. It can be stopped instantaneously by a button. The result is that the complete structure is in an hour. That, as rapid enough, and getting the house may be turned to the sun in a few minutes when the edifice is in the entered easily.

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