

# "SALADA" TEA

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 unflinching 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 3 1/2 yards 39-inch, or 2 3/4 yards 54-inch material; 1/4 yard less 39-inch material for short sleeves; 1 1/4 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.

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.

### 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

## 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.

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 PE-REEST, 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 signal of a station signing FQPM was 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-AS, who gave his location as Godytven, South Georgia Island, which is more than 1000 miles east of the southern tip of South America.

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### 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 38,000 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 down stairs, sir." "That ought not to have taken you very long."

# SWALLOWED UP

By Mrs. WILSON WOODROW  
ILLUSTRATED BY R.M. SATTENFIELD

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, Eustace 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 marking 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 Vera 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 out of her, any more moving from the spot. Lucky for me, too. Her sister is on the sick list and I've got charge of her. But my hands are full this afternoon with Miss Spay 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.

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 soothering 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.)

### British Broadcasting 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 seasonal 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?"

### BI-CYCLE BARGAINS

NEW AND SLIGHTLY USED, \$10 UP. Shipping Paid. Write for Latest Illustrated Bicycles and Accessories. FREE CATALOGUE. Feeless Bicycle Works, 191-2 Dundas St. W., Toronto.



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'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.

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 jorking 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 shuffling in the patients, and it's veranda would be deserted. With one vindictive glance

# 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 fryng. A big beadle placed a body in a big black box.

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

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

### Minard's Liniment for Blistered Feet.

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## Progress

### Changes of Fifty Years From 1878 to 1928 Are Outlined—What of the Next Fifty

In scanning newspapers printed fifteen years ago and one published to day many interesting changes are noted. And for those whose memory cannot wander back to newspaper reading of forty, fifty or sixty years ago a comparison of prices, habits, styles, customs and general manner of living then and now is worth reading.

Going back to the market pages of newspapers printed in 1878, we find: Turkey, 7 cents a pound; chicken, 5 to 6 cents a pound; butter, 11 cents a pound; eggs, 15 to 17 cents a dozen; milk, 3 cents a pint or 5 cents a quart and "no staff of chemists to see as to cream content."

"In 1878 the butcher gave away liver, treated the children to bologna, cut the bone out of the steak before he weighed it, and contributed enough scraps to feed all the household pets. The grocer, with his scoop, usually shook a few extra crackers into the sack, and the good old lady at the bakery knew that a baker's dozen consisted of thirteen.

"At home the can opener was not known, rather the sealing wax was tapped off the can with the knife handle and there was usually enough home-made stuff in the cellar to give everybody three square meals a day, and the kids grew husky."

"Mother did not faint at the unexpected news of company for the noon-day meal. Among mothers and daughters the word needle meant something besides part of a phonograph.

"Long skirts swept the dusty sidewalks and street crossings and long hair was still a woman's crowning glory.

"Cosmetics were privately applied and vanities were unheard of.

"No! Ladies did not vote, nor did they smoke, drink cocktails, play bridge, shoot craps, or do the Charleston.

"If the young chap was flush, on Sunday afternoons he hired a sprightly nag and a rubber tired buggy that was a tight squeeze for two, and took his best girl out riding.

"If there chanced to be snow, they rode in a sleigh, and the jingle of bells timed the trot of the steed.

"There were no 'Stop' and 'Go' signs, and a fellow became an expert at one-hand driving.

"The young sport wore a two-inch choker collar, starched like cast-iron. The shiek of 1878 did not know the feel of silk socks, and his shirt did not matter much, for it was usually eclipsed with a fancy double-breasted vest and an ascot tie.

"The typical man of middle age wore whiskers, or creeping sideburns, and had his hair cut once every two or three months down at the veterinary shop.

"He usually worked sixteen hours, and never heard of the word 'vacation.'

"He played no golf, but when a lad may have played shindy."

"Before breakfast he carried the family horse, and after supper may have played seven-up.

"He knew a good horsehair watch chain when he saw it.

"On Sundays, he may have smoked a good 5-cent cigar, and for the same price could get a good-sized can of 'suds.'

"In those days, five miles seemed a long way from home; a fifty-mile journey was a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

"Ice cream was a midsummer luxury, and an eighth of a page a whale of an advertisement for even the biggest merchant.

### In Present Day

1828—Fifty Years Later—We have radio, airplanes, automobiles, movies, golf, bridge, cafeterias, machines, canned meals, bone-dry laws, bootleggers, boy bandits, homelike prisons, income tax, surtax, estate tax, traffic signals, paved roads, abandoned farms, feminism, divorce, bobbed hair, beauty parlors, face paint, jazz, sheiks, shebas, silk socks, oxford bags, saxophones, hat checks, chain stores, coal strikes, mass production, installment sales, sanitation, hygiene, health service, modernism, serums, safety razors, daily shaves, rubber heels, electric washers, sweepers, ice machines, hot and cold air fans, massage, violet rays, X-rays, radium, realism, sophistication, psycho-analysis, insanity, roof gardens, bullion without the bull, condensed milk which never saw a cow, influenza, appendicitis, hay fever, flappers, lipstick, chiffon hose, satin slippers, sleeveless and neckless dresses weighing an ounce and worn in the dead of winter, furs in August, Wabash blues, R.V.D.'s, Government Control, cads with bell-bottom trousers dragging in the mud, long topknots slicked back with vaseline, incipient mustaches, rakish caps on irresponsible heads, outlandish ties, cooties, dugouts, cake-eaters, jazz babies, community chests, filling stations, garbage trucks, traffic cops, stealer jacks, soupouses, concrete mixers, electric blocks, ideal homes, oil burners, dope-eaters, linotypes, crossing wrecks, elevated railroads, subways, midways, motor buses, flat deicers, women voters, she-horses, gas meters, sewer tappers, corner loafers and jay walkers, and reckless drivers.

"Who can foretell what we will have in 1978?"

A Girl Typist  
"Poor Joyce!"  
Carruthers, plonker room. "It's a sh another ticket for y  
"Joyce doesn't  
Evans, trying the  
critically at her rid  
"She would much  
couple of hours of  
writer than go to a  
you, Joyce?"  
Joyce Harri  
she answered in  
that the other h  
heart was not  
"If there  
get it done."  
Then she went  
writer, and began  
of figures.  
They called her  
the office, and she  
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had to send him  
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could desire.  
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loved him best.  
Robin was a d  
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eyes that looked  
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determined to  
the other side.  
The first time  
like that, she  
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in hand in Robi  
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efficient young  
be said with a  
smile, which was  
a boyish look.  
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felt there and t  
ed him by her  
The smile fol  
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short time he  
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About five o  
from Mr. Blak  
of tears, and  
ment in her h  
"Just look at  
warily."  
over again."  
and it's to be  
clock, again.  
"But, Mary,  
have our hair  
Maudie. You  
Maude! You  
precisely if you  
a mistake."  
"I know," an  
calmness born  
means the dat  
all."  
Joyce look