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is the finest 'Orange Pekoe' sold.

Little House.
The transparent April twilight was just drifting into dusk when Nick came to lean once more against the little picket fence. Maglo was in the air. It had been hard at work in the neglected garden, pulling the weeds, stirring the brown earth, setting out rows and clumps of sturdy, thrifty green plants. It had even bewitched some of them into flowering; he could see the jeweled pink of minute daisies and the lifted faces of the pansies, beguiling as small children. It had shined the brass knocker on the door and lighted candles between frilled muslin curtains and swelled lilac buds to fat jade buttons and tempered the remote chill of the air to something soft and sweet and strange. It had unlatched the gate and let spring into Reddy's garden. And now it opened the green door and let Reddy out. Reddy motioned him into the long, low room that was livingroom and dining-room and library, and better than her dreams.

He leaned back contentedly in the great winged chair, so serenely gay in its faded Portuguese chintz, watching Reddy's light hands choose exactly the right cup and saucer from the assortment that filled the dim green cupboard like a great nosegay. What an incredibly nice room! Every thing in it was so absolutely right—the shapeless friendliness of the huge sofa, the fiddleness of the little fat barrel chairs, the faded silver of the paper on the walls, the wavering light which was generously doing their duty as pictures, too, with their careful studies of little churches, under green willows, little boats on blue waves, little gentlemen and ladies saying farewell forever in long lost gardens.

The room was full of flowers—flowers climbing up the ball-pulls, blooming on the faded hooked rugs, blooming luxuriantly in dim gold frames—Friendship's Offerings, and Love's Garland decorously clustered on the round stool in front of the fire on which the fat black kitten, Cricket, had promptly flopped in a drowsiness, clutched in stiff bouquets in the gloved paws of the couple on the Pennsylvania Dutch dower chest. He gave a sigh of pleasure. It was gay and fresher and kinder than a garden, that quiet room, because the flowers in it had been blooming for so many years. No, there wasn't a single thing in it that didn't look as if it had been made for the special place that it occupied.—Frances Noyes Hart. In the Saturday Evening Post.

The First Known Monks

Buddhism was the first religion to have monks, nuns, convents and monasteries. Buddha himself had twelve disciples who became monks. For thousands of years these devotees have renounced the world and its joys. The monks dress in yellow, go barefoot, shave their heads and faces, and have never-ending services in their chapels. They have, as do the convents, chanting of hymns, burning of incense, rosaries, candles, roost monuments over the relics of holy dead, fast, place especial merit in living in single blessedness, eat in one hall, sleep in cells and receive alms.

Left Out

"Oswald, why don't you clean up the yard?"
"Aw, how can a fellow work when his daddy goes fishin', his uncle's at the ball game and you gottin' ready for a bazaar?"

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The beautiful, bordered, materials are bringing about many charming developments in frocks these days. Cut with a bateau-neck to slip on over the head; this attractive frock effects plaits at the sides to flare the "straight-line" silhouette. A narrow belt appears at the top of the plaits and short kimono sleeves provide a summery air. The diagram pictures the simple design of this frock, and the pattern provides long sleeves. No. 1081 is for misses and small women, and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20. Yards bordered material, requires 2 1/4 yards plain material, long sleeves 3/4 yard additional. Price 20 cents.

The secret of distinctive dress lies in good taste rather than a lavish expenditure of money. Every woman should want to make her own clothes, and the home dressmaker will find the designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book to be practical and simple, yet maintaining the spirit of the mode of the moment. Price of the book 10 cents, the copy.

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The Music Shepherd.

Mother was a music shepherd Teaching do, re, mi, fa, sol, Taught our willing childhood voices Trembling pianissimo. Could not stop as we were learning Called the little neighbor children; Taught them notes and rests and counting—Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, sol.

In the choir at church, my mother Led the altos, led them singing; Patiently and gently ever For her voice was low and ringing; Led them that they might be sharing In the music she so cherished, Led them as a gentle shepherd Through the anthems heavenward bringing.

Soon they one and all came asking Please might they learn notes and measures; Came the bases, came the tenors Came sopranos for the treasures, Great strong men and women, laughing. To our home from daily labors—Singing, counting, chiming, chanting Through an evening's homely pleasures.

As a child I sat enchanted Sang with them sol, la, ti, do; Helped the tenors, helped the altos Bravely toward fortissimo. Mother's years were tuned to music, Ages carry on the echo—Mother was a music shepherd Teaching fa, sol, la, ti, do.—Flora Lawrence Myers.

The wound caused by the lancehead is curable, but that caused by the topee cannot be cured.—Arabian Proverb.

THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE

Chapter V—(Cont'd.)

"It was an inside job! You tell Ruth to watch out for the ponies!" Ken did not pursue. There was no percentage in such a fight.

Instead, he turned, swiftly, and started along the shore to tell us. Since early in the morning Kennedy, Easton Evans and myself had been in the Radio Shack of Evans. Easton now wore his uniform as Scoutmaster. We had gone to the shack in the hope that during the day there would be some response to the alarm that Kennedy had broadcasted the night before. The Radio Shack was a most interesting place. It had been the old boat-house on the Evans place but Easton had taken it and had built it over so that the upper part was his laboratory. This was on the cliff side and entered from the level of the Cliff Road. Below the old boat-house part had been entirely cleaned out and refitted and in it Easton had been making some rather secret experiments with some radio devices for hydro-aeroplanes. He had built a skidway and converted this part into a regular hangar.

It was upstairs now that we were waiting impatiently. "We ought to be getting some reports from somewhere, I should think about that yellow racer," I remarked. "We'll get them," returned Kennedy. "You never send out a message on the air like that that you don't get a result."

Easton was very quiet. He was taking no chances. On one side, he had a radio with an indoor aerial. Kennedy was tinkering with the radio with the outdoor aerial while Easton himself was adjusting his Evansite Cold Tube apparatus. Everything was tuned for reception on the wave length accorded Easton.

"If there's anything to say around here, we ought to get it," remarked Easton, curbing his impatience. "Everybody has my official wave-length and number." He glanced out of the window. "There goes that scout cruiser that's been lying about here. She's weighed anchor. I'd intended to see if I could listen in, on her wave-length, discover it, get some information." The thing doesn't look right to me.

"Hello—look!" Kennedy turned a knob to adjust his machine. He glanced out of the window of the Radio Shack.

We looked also. Down the cliff road we caught sight of Ken Adams coming along in a most dishevelled condition. A moment and Ken, minus a couple of buttons on his coat and with a fine bruise on his cheek bone under his right eye, stood in the doorway of the Shack.

"Fighting again!" Easton Evans took no pains to conceal his disgust at the conquest by his primitive instincts of Ken. "What about this time?"

Ken was silent. He did not seem to want to let at least under compulsion. Besides, he too, had just caught a shot through the opposite window of the "Scooter" speeding down to the mouth of the harbor in the direction of the Sound.

"What about?" repeated Craig. "With whom?"

"Oh," avoided Ken, "Hank Hawkins—that mucker."

"Why, he's much bigger than you and almost a year older."

"Maybe he thought he was bigger. He doesn't think so, now!" was Ken's quiet comment.

"Too bad you didn't have the gloves—and the other boys as gallery to cheer you on," cut in Easton with a touch of sarcasm. "What was it about?"

Still Ken did not answer. Craig was about to repeat the question more sharply when Easton held up his hand.

A message was coming in over the Evansite Cold Tube set.

"This is Mayhew's Garage, Mayhew talking, Smithtown. There's a gardener here, from the Jardine place, has a crew about the yellow racer. Come over, immediately and get it—or transmit the news to Easton Evans at his Radio Shack, or wherever he may be, as directed by Craig Kennedy, over the air last night. Hurry!"

CHAPTER VI THE FIELD RADIO SET.

Under cover of the darkness and the storm the night before the now much-sought-for yellow racer had entered a private driveway, proceeding slowly now up it until it stood before the middle one of three doors of the private garage on the estate.

This estate was the great place of the banker Jardine. The whole Jardine family, this summer, were in Europe and it made it all the more strange when the gardener and caretaker, old Lenihan, waking up from a fitful sleep in the storm in the servants' quarters happened to glance out of the window and see through the wind-blown branches of the trees a light down in the supposedly empty garage. Lenihan rose and dressed

quickly. Then he stole out in the storm to reconnoitre.

What was the surprise of the wiry gardener when after making a wide circuit so as to come up in back of the lighted garage, he saw two men inside, and a car. They had just calmly taken possession of his employer's empty garage, and were making themselves at home in it as if it were their own.

Lenihan's surprise was even greater when he saw what they were doing. It had been a rather sporty yellow racer once. At least he could gather that from a very small part of it under the light which had not yet been touched by the dull, battle-ship gray of cheap paint that they were smearing over its polished sides. Their backs were toward him and Lenihan made his way carefully around to the other side to get a look at their faces.

His eagerness as a detective was what got him into trouble. He was peering through, earnestly endeavoring to make a mental picture of the hard faces and at the same time read the number of the license on the car when suddenly one of them who was holding a pocket flashlight rose and swung it around to look at some part of the car body not lighted by the garage light. In doing so he swung the light across the window through which Lenihan was peering and Lenihan could not jump back quick enough to avoid the rays.

Another instant and both the thugs had dropped their work and were in full pursuit of the fleeing gardener. Instead of tip-toeing quietly to the telephone in the house and notifying the constable to make a flying trip to capture the intruders, Lenihan found himself in a battle for his life against odds that were impossible. Either of the thugs alone would have been a match for the old man.

The upshot was that Lenihan found himself lying out on the soaking ground in the rain under the lilac bushes hundreds of yards from the road, trussed up and gagged, helpless in the dark.

Still he was not the man to give up. He struggled fiercely. But Lenihan would never have been engaged to give any performance of making escapes from rope ties, such as the great Houdini. He kept at it until he almost fainted from exhaustion. Every struggle seemed to cause the ropes to bite more sharply into his flesh. Then he would lie there, speculating on how long it was until daylight, what chance there was of anyone coming into an estate closed for the summer and finding him. His chances seemed pretty slim.

With returning strength Lenihan would then struggle again. Then he would be forced by sheer weakness and lassitude to give it up. He had a full formed plan of what he would do if only he could free his feet. The only trouble was the cold seem to make no headway with either hands or feet. And the gag was impossible to remove without having first removed the ropes. He shivered with the cold and squirmed as he rolled into cobwebs and felt cold, clammy bugs crawling on his skin.

Meanwhile, inside the garage, without a thought of the old gardener, who had been trussed up, the thugs had completed their job of camouflaging the yellow racer into a gray one. Now the rain had stopped and clouds were scudding away across the sky as the sun began to lighten the eastern horizon.

They pushed the gray racer out of the garage, using the bumpers, into the wind that it might dry quicker. Then they started to examine a splendid field radio set that was concealed under the rear seat of the racer. It was evident that these thugs were much above the ordinary. They were constantly in touch with some source of radio orders and were never working in the dark.

The radio having been looked after, they returned to the garage. Here, in the hour or so needed before the rapid-drying paint they had used would be set, they busied themselves with another labor which seemed to give them a great deal of amusement. They were clever mechanics and with an extra automatic gun, which they had, some wire, some boards and nails they were setting quite as neat a spring run trap as had ever been devised.

The same winds that were drying the gray racer were now in a measure helping Lenihan. He had not ceased his struggles. Intermittently, he would resume them. Now, with the drying of the ropes he could feel that his persistence was being rewarded with a little success. It heartened the old man and he redoubled his efforts, putting forth his last remaining strength.

At last Lenihan felt the ropes on his wrists loosening. He managed to free one hand, then the other. He rubbed his lacerated skin carefully, then proceeded to remove the gag. But he did not make any outcry, yet. He reached down and loosened his feet. Then he stood up. Lenihan looked around. He was

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some distance from the garage in the spot where he had been overtaken. Should he return to get a line on what they were doing? He had had enough of that. When he came back here he was going to be accompanied by men, enough to land those thugs in jail for sure. He started cautiously away from the garage, quickening his pace into a run as he got further.

It was the middle of the morning when Lenihan had at last succeeded in freeing himself and he lost no time in getting to his friend, Mayhew, the garage keeper, for aid.

"What?" exclaimed Jack Mayhew. "A yellow racer—painting it gray? Are you sure? That's the very car they are searching for from one end of this country to the other. I had an alarm of it over the radio last night when I could not sleep. I'll put it right on the air, see if I can get this young Evans over at Rockledge."

Thus it had been that one radio fan had been able to convey to us in the Radio Shack the news.

Kennedy, Easton, Ken and myself lost no time in piling into Craig's car, which was standing on the Cliff Road and we were away in an instant, our hopes high of locating the thugs of the Radio Gang.

It was not many minutes before we climbed the hill into Smith town and drew up before Mayhew's. There, sure enough, was old Lenihan, washed a bit, with a bite of food, the centre of a table that was forming to raid the Jardine place and bring in the crooks. We were just in time. Craig took Lenihan in his car and the old man eagerly directed us, his false teeth still chattering in excitement.

We swung up the drive heading a procession of cars that were surely manned by enough to overpower these crooks. A short distance from the garage we stopped, got out, and separated, going ahead cautiously in the wet foliage, using it as a screen as much as possible.

To mo the silence was more ominous than a fusillade. What had we to expect?

Lenihan pointed with a bony finger at the middle door of the garage. "It's back of that door where they were last night—the door with the broken lock!"

Slowly, cautiously, out of range of the windows as much as possible we advanced.

War on the Mosquito.

Malaria, although not "catching" in the ordinary sense of propagation by contact, is borne from one person to another by the mosquito. It is now believed that a successful means of exterminating the mosquito has been found.

A fish known as the Gambusia, partruis almost instantaneously cleared an aquarium filled with stagnant water stocked with the eggs of the mosquito and the wiggler. This fish multiplies rapidly and lives in any available water. It does not attack other fish and does not migrate. It has been tried with success in Honolulu, Japan, China, Formosa, California, and other places.

With these little fish active in the pools and swamps of Southern Europe, the mosquito's life would be terminated before any danger could be done, and thousands of lives could be saved.

Lemon juice will remove oil and grease stains from brown or tan shoes.

The Superior Male. Fred, a very small lad, and his sister Annie, who is one year younger, were disputing about the picture of a dog. Annie declared that it was woolly, and therefore was a cat. Their voices got louder and louder when finally Fred, with great dignity, remarked: "I say 'tis a dog, for mans and boys know the muckest!"

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Little Sister Knew. The new minister was around getting acquainted. He was speaking to the small daughter of the house.

"You say your sister Helen is the eldest?" And who comes after her?"

"Oh, there's a different fellow at most every night."

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Minard's Liniment for Sore Feet.