

No Other Tea as Good "SALADA" TEA

We ask you to test this yourself.

Sifted Sunlight.
Softly the sunlight sifts through the green leaves, leaving but a pallid yellow dust on moist lichen, or a tiny nugget of flat gold scattered carelessly about the mottled floor in the vaulted stillness of the peat forest, preserved on an evergreen peninsula that is like a green medallion imposed on the waters of Lake Washington.

There are mingling scents of pine, of fir, of cedar, or wank, moist-laden earth where the sun has been so finely sifted by the leaves as scarcely to penetrate at all; to be dissipated in places by the closely woven screen of the leafy slope, to become intangible, invisible, yet entirely palpable at noon of a clear day, when the forest is more green than dark, with an immutable, eternal greenness.

The lilt of fragrance of the earth that delights the senses is the frank incense and myrrh of a Northwestern forest, the fine flower of a summer day amid vast trees that stretch tall spindly summits from thick brownish columns towards the fleeting clouds. There is scarcely a bloom, merely leaves, of every shape and style, yet the air is redolent of earthy scents, of lingering treasure of faint wood perfume unexpressed and undistilled.

Green leaves are fluttering on the trees; brown-leaf mould and the fragrance of leaves, lacy outlines, are on the ground. Little pools of sun; little ponds of shadow.

Everywhere beyond the swirling breeze that scampers the ripples along the beach and the wayward leaves of the short, there is a majestic stillness, the silence of growing trees, under a western firmament, that is lighted by a sun that only penetrates faintly a portion of the snug woodland.

Clematis Lane.

Wild clematis grew so thickly on one side of the narrow lane that the hedge seemed made of it. Trailing it, clinging there, ferns deeper in over the low bushes, the leaves hid the Hawthorn, and bramble, so that the hedge was covered with clematis leaf and flower. The pale flowers gave out a faint odor and colored the sides of the highway. A crooked nut-tree thick, again, low, but five or six yards thick, was bound together by the vines of the same creeping plant, twisting in and out and holding it together. No care or art could have led it over the branches in so graceful a manner; the lane was festooned for the triumphal progress of the wagons laden with corn. Here and there, on the dry bank over which the clematis projected like an eave, there stood tall campanulas, their blue bells as large as the finger-stall of a foxglove. The slender purple spires of the climbing yew were lifted above the low bushes to which the hedge and yellow bedstraw by the gateways. A few blackberries were ripe, but the clematis seemed to have overcome the brambles and spoil their yield.

In a little hollow where the rougher grasses grew longer a blue butterfly fluttered and could not get out. The grass was like a net to him, and there he fluttered till the wind lifted him out, and gave him the freedom of the hills. Another butterfly went over, large and velvet, flying head to the wind, but unable to make way against it, and so carried sidelong against the current. From the summit of the hill he drifted out into the air five hundred feet above the flowers of the plain. Perhaps it was a peacock, for there was a peacock butterfly in Clematis Lane.—Richard Jefferies in "The Life of the Fields."

Good for All the Family



It makes them smile—it's sure worth while.

After every meal

THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

CHAPTER XI (Continued)

"But, Miss Gerard, I can't do that without security."

"Here is security. Let me have a thousand on it."

Vira drew out some jewels. They were the jewels, she told the proprietor when he asked, which she had not worn the night before at the time of the radio robbery. "Oh, I see." He looked fixedly at her as if he might suspect something in her mere possession of her jewels after an affair like that. He looked at them carefully. "All right. I will hold these here in my safe. You can have the thousand. But that is all that I can spare."

Glenn looked at Vira. A thousand would not settle the debt. Still it would help.

It was at this point as the proprietor was putting the jewels in the safe and handing over the thousand dollars that Ken arrived and took a position at a side-window of the little office where he could peer through the honeysuckle without being seen. His eyes almost popped out as he saw the transaction.

Ken was just getting the affair straight as he overheard the conversation in the office, when a car pulled up in a hurry. In it were Rae and Curtis dressed not as if for motoring but for yachting. Rae and Jack seemed very virtuous this morning, quite in contrast with the pleading attitude of Vira and Glenn. But they were curious. However, the borrowers gave them little satisfaction. It was evident that the only people who have much to fear are those who have something to lose. With some, nothing from nothing leaves nothing.

Rae and Curtis were trying another way to get information to satisfy their curiosity when Ruth suddenly drove up and was cordially greeted by Vira and Glenn.

"Did you get it?" inquired Vira anxiously. "We got some." "Yes. But I had to hock my soul!" returned Ruth bitterly. "The next time you people get into trouble over money, don't expect me to get you out. Yes, I've got it. I can't tell where. But you have got to give it back in a month."

Rae and Curtis were a bit miffed at not being taken into confidence. They sauntered quickly over to the window.

"Well, of all things!" Rae had caught a shot of Ken as he bent down below the level of the sash among the vines.

Curtis reached out and seized his shoulder. There was nothing for Ken to do but to come out into the open now.

"Little boys shouldn't be so inquisitive!" Vira cried hotly. "Now, Ken, beat it and keep your mouth shut. What do you say, Ruth?"

"The same," Ruth was worried. She did not dare to be too harsh with Ken. He might spill the beans to their mother.

Ken had succeeded but only partly. He knew he must beat it and he made the best of it. But he could not help a parting shot at Vira.

"Dick's been kidnapped!"

Vira seemed stunned at the news. But Ken was quick to see his advantage. He did not wait to answer another question, but broke from them, ran up the road. As he came to the turnpike he signalled a car and bummed a ride to the Nonowantuc Club.

Long before this we had reached the Club. There were many messages from radio fans. One especially was interesting. It was from an amateur who signed himself K903. "Your message was good and clear. But why did you suddenly sign off?"

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Craig was perplexed. He knew he had not signed off. That was something to look into later. It looked suspicious. Did this gang own the air as well as run the sea and land to suit their purposes?

It was just as we were snatching a bite of lunch that Ken burst in on us at the Club.

"They're borrowing money from everybody they can. Ruth has some from someone. Vira's put up some jewels for a thousand."

We looked at each other. What did it mean? Easton was particularly put out by the mention of Ruth by Ken. But he said nothing.

A clerk from the office approached.

"Here's a message came in over the telephone, sir. 'Scooter' putting into harbor west Eaton's Light, headed for Binnacle Inn. The chap wouldn't hold the wire nor give a name."

Kennedy thought a moment. "That's west of us. I'll take a chance. Come along. Let's get over there to Binnacle Inn. This may be just a piece of good fortune."

CHAPTER XII Man Overboard!

Binnacle Inn was a quaint old roadhouse by the shore. It had once been a grand country mansion of a wealthy banker but with the increasing costs of keeping up big estates, the land about it had been sold in bungalow plots and the mansion had been refitted into an Inn.

We entered the dining room which was a huge room facing the water, an arm of the Sound which ran in and made a sheltered harbor. This dining room had been carried out and furnished like a huge cabin on a ship. Everywhere on the walls were relics of the sea. At one end of the room a bright brass binnacle had been set up. There were anchors and pilot wheels, ropes, brasses, cordage, every conceivable thing that smacked of the nautical. Through the windows one caught glimpses of the water out through two headlands that made the harbor. On the walls were famous paintings of the sea and ships.

Near the door stood a neat sign: Radio Concerts Daily. This seemed to interest Kennedy and Easton, too. I think Ken was ready to eat again. But there was not even a waiter in sight. These places all did business at night. It was, however, precisely the opportunity Kennedy desired.

We sauntered about a bit casually, until Kennedy assured himself that there was no one within easy hearing distance. Then he started upstairs.

"If anyone asks what we are doing, we are looking over the private dining rooms," he winked. "We are expecting to give a banquet to a select number of friends at the Club."

No one interfered, though. And we did actually find in our exploration upstairs a very attractive private dining room. Here, too, was another radio, and that, again interested Craig. What chiefly interested him for the moment was that no one was in the room and no one had seen us enter. Craig stationed Ken with his trained scout ear on guard to let us know if anyone approached, then started a systematic search of the room.

"That's a wonderful roof to place an aerial on," remarked Easton as he stood over by the fireplace at one end and examined the radio outfit up here. "Did you notice how large it was and how flat?"

As for me I was interested in the fireplace—a huge one and very artistic. This room had evidently been the den of the banker, to which he could retire away from the other members of the household, yet overlooking the sea. I could imagine that many a financial coup had been dreamed out over the fire in that fireplace.

Kennedy was over by a cedar chest on the other side of the room. It had a lock on it, but the lock was simple and required no especial skill to manipulate. The temptation was too great to explore it. Kennedy manipulated the lock.

He dived into the chest and rummaged around among a few things in it.

"Here's a camera—autographic—and a pretty good one. There's some other stuff, a girl's sweater. By Jingo, I've seen Vira wear that. And here's a class Jersey of Rockledge, class of '25, that I could swear belonged to Glenn Buckley. That's just why I came here, why I wanted to look around. I was sure this was a hangout at times of those young people."

Easton was a bit sour. This did not please him much. They had never taken him into their confidence. But then he had not been a sport. It all went to show that no matter how intimate you may be with people nowadays one never can tell what else they may have in their lives you do not know anything about.

"Ah!" Kennedy rummaging about had brought up a roll of film. It gave him an idea. He looked again at the camera. "Set for number five, about to be taken. I think I'll just slip this roll of partly exposed film out and take it along. There's no telling what information it may contain when developed. And we may not get this opportunity soon again. This may be evidence."

Easton was still over by the radio and I was by the fireplace when we heard a sudden exclamation from Ken. Craig softly closed the lid of the cedar chest and restored the lock so that it would give no mark of tampering.

"What is it, Ken?" he whispered. "Someone coming!"

"No. Look!" The boy was pointing out of the window in the direction of the mouth of the harbor.

"There's the 'Scooter'!" We gathered about the window and peered out over the bay. Sure enough while we had been waiting the scout cruiser which we had seen come to foresta had slipped up and was anchored off the shore. Now from where we were we could see a tender putting off from it and starting for the shore. From our vantage point Kennedy took in the lay of the land.

In front of the Binnacle the land had been bulkheaded out and filled in. From that point huge concrete piers had been built to carry a dock and out at the end of the dock was a runway and float. Everything was there to invite yachts of deep draught to land even at low water. No wonder the Binnacle was popular to tourists by car or boat.

The tender with its pretty fast little engine was headed apparently for the float. In it were two sailors and a boy.

Easton and I looked at Craig wondering what plans to make. We might be hidden here, but also we could do no good. We could not strike to save Dick. Kennedy looked up the shore. There was a fine road which swept its way down to the dock and then turned and proceeded along the shore itself, a sort of beach drive.

"The plan must be to transfer him from the 'Scooter' where he is known to be to the gray racer that has been camouflaged, then to whisk him away to some new hiding place on land."

Kennedy was trying to piece it together. "That means that this gray racer will have to approach from this shore road. If we can keep under cover of those bushes, then get back of that long line of bath-houses where they cannot see us from either the tender or the car, we may be able to spring between them as they land the boy. There are three—I mean four of us. I believe we can do it. Let's get down there under cover."

That tender is coming right down stairs, and again managed to do so without being seen. Outside it was better yet. There was no one to say us nay if we were seen there; for these grounds were almost like a park and the public had access to them. We got out behind the luxuriant lilac hedge from the Inn down to the dock, managed to get across the gap between that and the bath-houses, and waited.

Peering out between two sections of the bath-houses I could see that along the shore where the shore drive turned from the dock there was a sea wall competing the bulkhead and beyond it the drive lowered to the level of the beach itself running along well up beyond the lines of seagrass and drift that showed high water marks.

The tender had come up to the float at the end of the dock and now we could make out the features of Dick, alert, and two quite evil-looking customers who had him in charge, one of them operating the rudder, the other the little engine.

The engine slowed down, reversed, then nosed the boat into the dock float. It was a moment that required most of the attention of the two men, one with the engine, the other with the rudder.

(To be continued)



"Tom, what is a night club?" "It's one of those places the police raid with night-clubs."

"Selling by candle, and by watch are old customs still observed in parts of Leicestershire. In the former instance bids are made while a one-inch candle is burning down, the winning bid being that made as the candle burns out. In the case of the watch bids are accepted during three minutes.

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Four Things.

In the gospel set down by the physician, Luke, is this wonderfully illuminating comment on the boyhood of Jesus:

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

The centuries accumulating since have yielded no better guidance for youth. And it calls for no far or difficult departure from the natural human bent. A wise physician of this day, Dr. Richard Cabot, has written that long experience has taught him that four things go to make up a normal life—work, play, love and worship.

These are the materials out of which is built that fourfold development exemplified by the boy, Jesus, in this picture given by Luke. For, rightfully employed, work will implant increased wisdom; from healthful play will come increased stature; and love and worship, if they be in the spirit of the two great commandments, will bring favor with God and man.

Lower Than Animals.

What a commentary on human nature, with a reflection on the minds and souls of those created only a little lower than the angels, that nowhere in the animal world is there needless and wanton cruelty comparable to that of which man is persistently guilty. True, man is capable of heights not to be reached by his most loyal and intelligent dumb animal friends; it is not less true that he can sink to a lower level than the worst of them.

Richness.

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee. All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem. In the core of one pearl all the shade and shine of the sea.

—Browning.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

"In China my dear friends," said the lecturer, "human life is regarded as of little value. Indeed, if a rich Chinaman is condemned to death, he can easily hire another to die for him. In fact, many poor fellows get their living by thus acting as substitutes!"

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