

# You Should Try "SALADA" GREEN TEA

when you want a change. It's delicious.

## Red-Letter New Testament.

Bind up three hundred pages in a book. Typed large for wondering childish eyes to claim. And wear it in your pocket where none look. Upon your treasure in morocco frame; Print all the Master's words in crimson ink. And you will see how very few they show; But on the least of all their phrases think. The seed of beauty thousand-fold shall grow.

I am the Light of the World. If ye believe Ye may remove this mountain to the sea. All things ye ask in prayer ye shall receive. Lo, I am with you always. Follow me. And, if it were not so, I would have told. Oh, these are words with more than edge of gold. —Isabel Fiske Conant in Christian Science Monitor.

## "Dog Days."

What are the "Dog Days?" Beginning on July 3 is the period supposed to be the hottest of the year, and which in ancient astronomy was associated with the rising of the Dog star. Astronomy and religion being then closely connected, it was thought that the pestilences and drought of vegetation often occurring at the period in the heats of Italy could be warded off by propitiatory offerings to the god of the star, and red dogs were, therefore, sometimes sacrificed.

From this old belief has survived our modern "Dog Days," though the term is often confused with the hot period during which dogs used to be supposed to be especially subject to madness.



Uses His Head.

"He's only a bookkeeper, but he uses his head."  
"Yes—wipes his pen on it."

## It Is More Important—

- For a girl to do her own thinking than to do her own sewing.
- For a man to be a successful father than a successful premier.
- For a firm to pay decent wages than big dividends.
- For a preacher to tell us where we are going than where we came from.
- For a college to build characters than to build winning teams.
- For a book to be wholesome than for it to be daring.
- For a town to safeguard the morals of its youth than their food supply.

The surface of the earth contains 56,000,000 square miles of land and 141,000,000 square miles of water.



## After Every Meal

It doesn't take much to keep you in trim. Nature only asks a little help.

Wrigley's, after every meal, benefits teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

A Flavor for Every Taste



## LONG-SLEEVED FROCKS SMART FOR DAYTIME OCCASIONS.

This long-sleeved frock is simple enough for street wear, soft and charming enough for formal day-time events, and smart a ways. There are gathers at each shoulder of the slender bodice, which is joined to a skirt flaring gracefully at the sides and lower edge. The flowing sleeves are open at the back from the elbow to the wrists, and a long tie collar outlines the V-neck. No. 1351 is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 38 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch, or 3 yards 54-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Home sewing brings nice clothes within the reach of all, and to follow the mode is delightful when it can be done so easily and economically by following the styles pictured in our new Fashion Book. A chart accompanying each pattern shows the material as it appears when cut out. Every detail is explained so that the inexperienced sewer can make without difficulty an attractive dress. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

## 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 Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.



Not Expecting a Somebody.

"What you doing—expecting somebody?"  
"Oh, no—just waiting for my husband to come along."

## Seeing.

I see everything I paint in this world, but everybody does not see alike. To the eye of a miser a guinea is far more beautiful than the sun, and a bag worn with the use of money has more beautiful proportions than a vine filled with grapes. The tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing which stands in the way. Some scarce see nature at all. You certainly mistake when you say that the visions of fancy are not to be found in this world. To me this world is all one continued vision. —William Blake.

## Virtue.

It is virtue, ye virtuous gentlemen, that maketh gentlemen; that maketh the poor rich, the base-born noble, the subject a sovereign. There are two principal and peculiar gifts in the nature of man, knowledge and reason; the one commandeth, the other obeyeth; those things neither the whirling wheel of fortune can change, neither the deceitful cavillings of worldlings separate. —From Lyly's "Euphus," Sixteenth Century.

# THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE

## CHAPTER XIII—(Cont'd.)

Easton had been right about the roof. It was ideal for the erection of aerials, large and flat and high, with a sort of isolation that promised good results. He set to work back of a cupola on a corner setting up the sending part of his radio dictograph with its Evariste Cold Tube. "I was detailed to watch at the scuttle to see that no one interrupted him unwarned. Ken was on guard below and I above. Craig was fishing down the chimney with a line. I wondered what he was doing until I saw that by his plumb line he was locating which of the flues led to the private dining room in which we had been, with its radio and the fireplace I had so admired.

Satisfied that he had it, Craig dropped down a twisted wire with a dictograph transmitter dangling from the end of it. By careful estimation he got the length of the twisted wire just right, then fastened it. Easton had completed his work now and they joined up the transmitter with the batteries and Cold Tube. The installation was made quickly and we descended.

Kennedy glanced in the radio room to make sure the transmitter was not dangling too low in the fireplace and could be seen. It was all right, just far enough up the chimney.

"Dot's a very bad boy, sir." The waiter had had his hands full keeping Ken out of mischief.

"I shall have to punish him," Craig chided Ken, with a wink aside to him.

"We thanked them and a moment later were off in the car."

"Now for a little radio eavesdropping!" chortled Craig.

## CHAPTER XIV

### NEGATIVE GLEWS.

At the entrance of the Nonowantue Cub Easion left us on foot to go to the Radio Shack, while we dropped Ken with the parting injunction to see his mother.

"Tell her I'll see her, too," said Easton, "just as soon as I get things ready at the Shack. You might see if you can find Ruth, if there's nothing else your uncle wants. I'll have everything ready at the laboratory tonight to listen in. So long."

Kennedy and I put up the car and went to our rooms. He was eager to develop the roll of films he had taken from the camera in the chest at the Binnacle.

Evidently the young folks had come to the conclusion that they were safer and subject to less questioning if they kept out of sight. The Blue Rooster Tea-Room certainly was one place out of sight. At least it was so in view of the fact that Kennedy had had so many other things on his mind that needed instant attention.

They were at the Blue Rooster yet. Rae Larue was running true to form. She was a born vamp and it was not long after Ken had been discovered spying on them and sent on his way when Rae began her arts on Glenn Buckley.

This was not to the liking of Glenn. Genn was quite over his head in love with Rae. Yet he felt as if he must be at least polite to Rae. They were all in the same boat and if Rae rocked it she might sink it. Glenn had learned to be wary of Rae's shrewd tongue. As for Rae, she wanted to find out something. She did not care how far she went to find it out.

In the first place Glenn had hoped to protect himself against Rae by creating jealousy with Jack Curtis. At a moment when Vira was busy telephoning, Rae had attached herself to him and was becoming quite confidential. In desperation Glenn looked about for Curtis. He was quite dismayed to see that Curtis himself was doing his best to gain the intimacy of Ruth. Nor did it seem to arouse the least feeling on the part of Rae. Genn could not figure it and he was not wise enough in the ways of the world to realize that the two were working together to find out what was going on among Vira, Ruth and himself.

Rae suggested a stroll down a lane beside the tea room. It was the last thing Genn wanted, but he could not offend Rae. He was not as quick a thinker as Ruth. Ruth had avoided a similar situation by turning Jack Curtis' suggestion into a dance, although dancing was about the last thing Ruth really cared for at the moment.

So it was down the narrow leafy lane that the unwilling Genn was dragged by Rae. She linked her arm in his and sidled up close to him. It was one of the oldest situations in the world. But the only way Glenn could think of avoiding it was to make a break and run for it, and that was out of the question. Still he would have taken even that violent and crude manner of escape if he had foreseen what was going to happen.

"Please, Glennie, tell me," pleaded Rae. "Where are you people getting the money—and how much? All of it? We're not having any luck at all. I'm disgusted with Jack. The only thing I can think of is playing God. He's in the third race to-day and winning enough to pay what we owe. If we had the money to play it with, I don't think that's a bit clever. But you're clever. Tell me—tell little Rae just how you did it. Can't you help me? Please!" Rae was pleading.

Genn was a susceptible chap but he was not so susceptible that he was going to fall when Rae literally was flinging herself at him. She leaned over close to him. He took her shoulders in his hands. "Now, Rae, give a fellow a chance! Don't you see that I can't tell?" It seems always that some people, like Genn, are out of luck. It just happened that at the moment he was

sparring desperately to put Rae off, Vira should finish with her telephoning and come to the window in the Tea Room. And, of course, she had to catch a glimpse of this tableau, without getting the real facts of the case. Vira was sore.

"Genn!" she called. There was an intonation in her voice that Glenn did not like. He was glad of anything that would interrupt the embarrassing tete-a-tete with Rae—anything but this. He left Rae flat and hastened to Vira. But no sooner did he catch a glimpse of her face than he knew he was up against one of those situations where anything he might say would make matters worse and silence was the worst thing of all.

"So you prefer Rae?" when you think I'm not looking!" Vira was angry. "Well, you can have Rae. I'm going." She strode toward her car in which they had come. "And to think that I have to put up my own jewels—and this is all the appreciation I get!"

"But, Vira! I didn't want to talk to Rae, Rae!"

"Oh, that's what they all say—when they get caught. A woman tempted me. Well, you didn't have to fall!"

She would listen to no more, but climbed into her car and stepped on the starter. A moment and Vira was gone.

Rae smiled vampsily to herself. But Ruth, too, had seen the affair. She had an intuition of what it was about. Genn was miserable. But Ruth was dismayed. She left Curtis and came over to Glenn trying to patch it up. Genn was not in the best of moods. Girls were impossible.

"Say, Ruth," he said bitterly, "you know it says in the Bible, 'Physician, heal thyself.' I don't see you with Easton. You girls are all alike. You expect us to be at your beck and call—and then another girl, like Rae, gets us in bad."

It was an ungallant speech, but Genn was sore. Ruth was tactful enough to see it and make allowances. "You don't mean that, Glenn. Come, I'll drive you home. Maybe we can help each other."

"No, I didn't mean it," repented Glenn frankly.

Silently, neither speaking for some time, they drove off, with curt nods at Rae and Curtis.

In the village, as chance would have it, they came upon Easton Evans. It was the first time Easton had seen Ruth this afternoon.

Now it was Genn's turn to be amused. A coolness that had arisen between Ruth and Easton over Professor Vario was apparent, and Buckley was quick to see it and smile in spite of his own troubles with Vira. However, Ruth and Easton were quite too well bred to let it go too far in the presence of a third party. Ruth was painfully worried. Easton smothered his jealousy as the three separated for various reasons.

There was trouble enough brewin' elsewhere to make utterly trivial all these little causes of friction with the young folks. For example, by this time the gray racer had reached a decrepit red barn where its new hang-out was. Dick was cast into the hay, bound hand and foot.

Evidently there had been radio communication, for the "Scooter" was now again in contact with the shore. The scout cruiser had heaved in sight and the same tantee was now putting off. Dick, still bound so he could not jump overboard, was transferred from the den of the gray racer back again to the "Scooter."

"They know you picked him up with the car," explained one thug off the boat. "We're taking him East while they search the island. And there's a message from the Chief. Go, Kennedy first. The boy, Ken, will be easy then."

The moment the tender disappeared with Dick three evil-faced chaps in the red barn began panicking as they sat about the dingy gray racer. One quite rough fellow with a cauliflower ear and a flat nose seemed to be the leader, and his plan was the one adopted.

"We'll get Kennedy to-night!" they swore.

Unmindful of what was going on some miles away from us, Craig was proceeding with the development of the roll of films he had taken from the camera in the Binnacle.

It was late in the afternoon when he finished.

"Just hold those negatives up to the light, Walter," he said to me. "I took them, still wet, and studied them out. There in a group on the deck of the "Scooter" stood Ruth and Vira, Rae, Larue and Jack Curtis, with Genn Buckley."

"What does it mean?" I asked. Kennedy shook his head. "I or'y hope it is like a negative," he answered. "I hope what is light is dark and what is dark is light! Come on, I must stop in the office. Then we'll get a bite to eat and be around at the Radio Shack with Easton in time to listen in over that wireless dictograph. They say eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves!"

(To be continued.)

## Window Puttying Aid.

To make a neater job in puttying windows, cut a small groove in your putty knife about half an inch from one corner, says "Popular Science Monthly." This groove rides in the corners of the wood, while the point of the blade rests on the glass. When pushed down hard the knife will not slip and a straight line of putty is insured.

## Adequate, Suitable, Right.

Dresses for Cinderella.  
Of silk and satin and cloth.  
Are not a patch on the bat's umbrella.  
Or the powdered fans of the moth.  
Or the frog's green jumping breeches.  
Or the leopard's costume, which is  
A dazzle of spots like a veiled design.  
Or the zebra's marvelous dazzle of line.  
Or the gibbon's gloves, or the tufts of hair.

Grown in the boots of the polar bear.  
Or the penguin's snowy vest.  
Or the cockatoo's white crest.  
Or the morning coat which the wags  
tells know.

Is always de rigueur and never de trop.  
Or the lamb's white, woolly pants.  
Or lumbering elephants.  
Gray overalls that almost might  
Be skins, they fit so exactly right.  
Never too loose or tight.  
Never too heavy or light.

But absolutely,  
O so minutely,  
Adequately suitable, right.

—Geoffrey Dearmer.

## Her Great Discovery.

He leaned back in his chair and regarded the teacake with a contemplative frown. Then he picked it up gingerly between thumb and forefinger, as if weighing it.

His wife looked very stern, but did not speak.

Her husband tapped the cake on the edge of his plate. Then she did speak.

"I suppose you're making fun of my cooking?"

"No, my dear," he answered. "Unwittingly, perhaps, you have made a great discovery."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," came the answer, "that our future is assured. Though not much of a success as a cake, this thing is an absolutely splendid substitute for a rubber heel!"



Prehensile Tail.  
His Friend—"What's the most gripping tale you've ever examined?"  
The Book-Reviewer—"A monkey's tail."

## Minard's Liniment for toothache

Successful Hunter.

Ole, in the county courthouse, stammeringly asked for a license.  
"Hunting license?" asked the clerk.  
"No, replied Ole. "Aye bane hunting long enough. Av want marriage license."

## Every Woman Deserves One

The SMP Roaster is a fine time saver. You put the roast or fowl in the oven. The roaster does the rest, bastes, roasts to perfection. It roasts with very little shrinkage, thus saving dollars every year. None of the tasty meat juices are lost; all the rich flavor is retained. Besides you can buy cheap cuts, for it makes cheap cuts taste like choice ones.

The close fitting cover keeps all the cooking odors and the grease inside the roaster—the smell of cooking doesn't fill the house, and the oven is kept sweet and clean. Best of all, it cleans out in a jiffy after the cooking. These are splendid virtues. Price 85c. to \$3.50 according to size and finish. Sold in all hardware stores.

### SMP Enameled ROASTER

## CONNOR POWER WASHER MODEL 26

SOLVES THE WASH DAY PROBLEM on the farm. Belt it to any small gasoline engine.

We sell you this machine on the condition that it must satisfy you.

1. IT MUST SATISFY you on its capacity to wash the finest clothing without injury.
2. IT MUST SATISFY you on its capacity to wash the dirtiest clothes absolutely clean.
3. IT MUST SATISFY you on its improved aluminum agitator that forces the soapy water through the clothes.
4. IT MUST SATISFY you on its elimination of hand rubbing.
5. IT MUST SATISFY you on its large four position wringer that will wring from the rinsing or blueing tub while the machine is doing the washing.
6. IT MUST SATISFY you on its quiet, smooth running.
7. IT MUST SATISFY you in everything you expect in a Power Washer.

If it does not, return it to us at our expense and we will refund you the purchase price, \$70.00. If your dealer does not sell this machine, order direct from us.

### J. H. CONNOR & SON, LIMITED

Manufacturers  
Ottawa (Order Yours Now) Ontario

# Keep Young with Rinso

Your doctor will tell you the old-fashioned wash-day is one of woman's greatest foes.

Strained backs, ugly hands, jangled nerves and short tempers—all come from the everlasting rub-rub-rubbing on the ancient washboard.

The modern way is to let Rinso do the work.

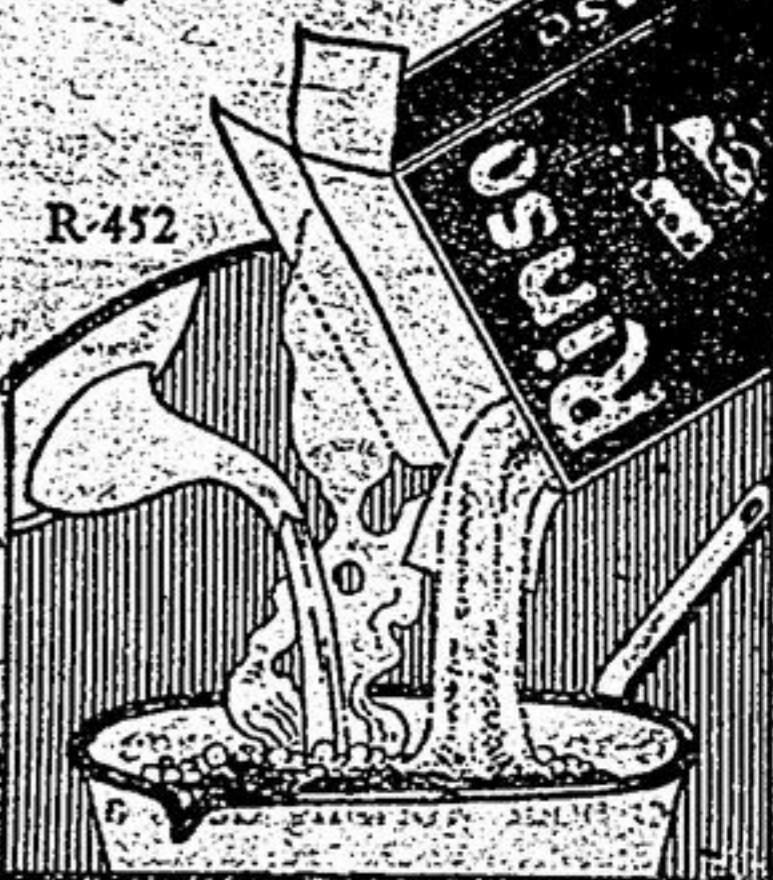
Change the hard work of washing to just rinsing.

Simply dissolve Rinso in the wash-water, put in the clothes, soak for 2 hours or more and just rinse.

Let Rinso do your next washing.

Made by the makers of Lux.

## Change washing into just rinsing



## Nation of Singers

The Welsh people are said to be a nation of singers, and the reason is the wonderful national Eisteddfod which has been held annually in Wales since 1819. The object of these great gatherings is to perpetuate the Welsh language, popularize Welsh literature and afford the people the cultural advantages of good music.