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THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd.)

Ken restrained his criticism. This was like a girl. But it was a bit of a claw to him. He began searching about in the air, as it were, on a chance of pulling something down.

It might have been perhaps half an hour of patient waiting and adjusting when Ken suddenly, twisting a knob, heard his own name called from the loud speaker.

"Ken!"

The boy started. This was like a voice from the sky. It was miraculous. Quickly he sharpened it up.

"I am Dick Gerard on the 'Scooter'. We are pulling into Bayles' shipyard and will be over by the coal dock. Bring help immediately. Please get Ken Adams at Rockledge, anybody who is listening in, if Ken does not hear this himself. This is Dick Gerard, who is lost. Tell him. The Bayles coal docks—at once!"

Ken and Ruth were both almost beside themselves with excitement. To them there was no question but that this was Dick himself.

To the best of his ability, Ken sought to transmit. He was so eager to get off that the only message he could think of was the simple words, "I'll be there, Dick!"

"We can't leave this place totally unguarded," decided Ken. "Yet we must go. This is an emergency. I have it. We'll lock Laddie in. Here, Laddie, good boy. Watch till we come back!"

The collie wagged his tail almost as if he understood, and a few moments later Ken and Ruth were whizzing along to the next harbor where the big old shipyard was.

Little did they realize what it was they were so blithely running into. Hank, back home, was gloating over his radio and the apparent success he had had in fooling his enemies. Far to the east, Kennedy, Easton and myself were painstakingly following the results of the minute little direction finder.

In Bayles' shipyard and coal dock a sailor, an evil-looking old salt, who had been on the "Scooter" had been detailed to stay as the "Scooter" got to sea. His instructions were to get Ken, when he showed up, hold him for the gray racer which would be sent for him to carry him off once he was in the power of the gangster. He hung about talking to men on the scows and tugboats, in general, making friends with the toughest customers in case of need.

As for Dick, a long-distance eye might have seen him on the deck of the "Scooter" miles away by this time, out in the Sound. Dick was still a prisoner—and he was not broadcasting anything.

A steam shovel was loading a coal car on the track from the huge piles of coal that had been unloaded on the dock. Everywhere about the dock was activity. There was no loafing on these jobs.

"Thus it was that when the noon whistle suddenly blew there was no delay in stopping work. The men were tired and hungry. Still it was a good job, for the salt breezes off the Sound made it as good a place as any to do heavy work in the summer. Besides, that lunch hour was a prized rest. The men took their lunch boxes and sought out a shady spot on the docks, and there enjoyed the breezes which people from the city came miles in cars and boats to enjoy."

Ful of the urgency of their mission



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about one. The thugs saw that they had failed, that they were outnumbered, and ran for their lives, falling rather than climbing down into the motorboat that was hiding at the end of the dock.

The workmen were very helpful to the boy and girl and quite surprised. Some of them had radios. They knew of the case. They had had a chance and had not known it. It goes to show how necessary it is always to have one's eyes open.

It was not long before, cleaned up a bit and rested, Ken and Ruth started away safely in the car, sadder and wiser.

There was something on Ken's mind now and it was the first time he had been alone and had a chance to ask it.

"Ruth," he began, "I'd like to know. What about those racing debts that I heard from Hank—and that stuff I heard over at the Blue Rooster. Are you really gambling, Ruth?"

"Of course not, Ken. I don't gamble."

Ken was watching her face carefully. He must believe Ruth. Yet he knew it was not the whole truth. "But, Ruth, do any of the others?"

"Ken," she turned to him, "do you think it is fair to me to tell what others are doing? Isn't that up to them?"

"Well, yes," agreed Ken reluctantly. "But it all seems so strange to me. Someone loses a lot of money gambling. Then comes that robbery at the house, and mother loses her emeralds and you lose the pearls that had belonged to Grandmother Adams. There must be some connection. I can't figure it out."

"I can't either, Ken. But you'll never get anywhere by asking me to tell on other people. Please, Ken, if you want to find out things, go to them. And tell Uncle Craig and Easton the same. I am not going to be a snitch. Nobody loves a squealer."

It was Ken's own philosophy, almost his own words and he had to admit it and stop. But his mind was working on other means of getting at the information in other ways. Ruth had sworn on her word that she had no gambling debts and knew nothing herself of the robbery. That eliminated Ruth as a suspect. In fact Ken had never considered her such. At the same time it left it up to Vira and Glenn Buckley on one side and Rae and Jack Curtis on the other. Ken was alone. We were on another mission. Might it not be a good plan, he reasoned, for him to take up this side of the matter and run down whatever there was to be learned?

Far to the east now on the Island, Craig, Easton and myself were very busy with the direction finder endeavoring to locate the hang-out of the gray racer. Every hour, a quarter after the hour, messages were being broadcast between this point we were seeking and the "Scooter" moving up the Sound. Sometimes there were other messages sent and received from other points. One group of messages we could not figure out was in code, a new and mighty difficult code. Kennedy reserved that to find out by deciphering at leisure; also to trace out the source. Another group we more than suspected was being sent and received by that boy Hank.

So it was that the germ of the idea of playing a little at detective work of his own in our absence grew in Ken's mind. Ruth and he were near the Club.

"Tell me, Ruth, are Vira and Glenn and the rest over at the Binnacle?"

Ruth looked searchingly at Ken. "Yes," she said finally. "But I am not going to take you there. And I'm not going there myself. I'm disgusted. I'm through."

"Well, that's all right," Ken was glad to hear his sister say that. Furthermore he did not intend to let her know too much of what he intended doing. "You can set me down here at the end of the Club."

(To be continued.)

He pulled Ruth up with him and they dropped quickly into a coal car, crouching below the protecting sides. The thugs dashed past, turned, started scouting about to pick up their trail.

Just then the one o'clock whistle blew. The foreman, too, was on the job. So were the men, for these were good jobs.

The engine idling at the head of the coal train puffed and snorted as it moved the full car ahead of Ken and Ruth just enough to bring the empty car in which they were hiding under the range of the steam shovel.

The foreman raised his hand. The huge steam shovel dipped into a great pile of coal on the dock. The iron jaws of the shovel bit into it, coaxed, and the load was raised, dripping, as the shovel swiveled over until it stopped directly over the heads of the two luckless young folks crouched in the coal car.

They saw the shadow, turned in horror to see the bucket directly overhead. They scrambled up the slippery sides of the car to avoid it. Every foot they advanced, they slipped back two.

The signal was given. The engineer pulled his lever. Hundreds of pounds of coal began dripping over their heads.

"Help! Stop!"

Ruth's scream was muffled by the roar of the machinery and the rumble of the dead hundredweights of coal that were just about to crush them lifeless.

CHAPTER XIX.

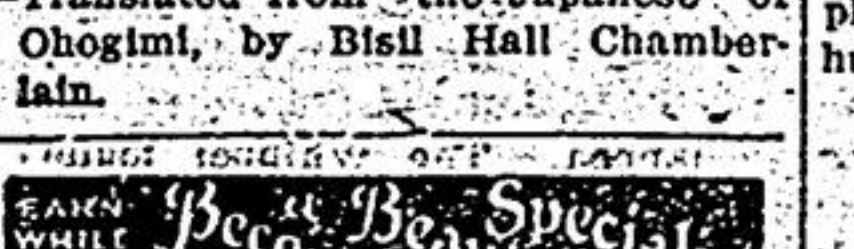
Bruised and blackened by the coal as it was dropping down on them and they scrambled to avoid it, Ken and Ruth did their best to call for help. But no one heard.

However, it was one of their enemies who saw. He had climbed a trestle to get a better view of the whole of the Bayles' coal dock and shipyard, hoping thereby to locate the hiding boy and girl. From his vantage point the thug had caught a glimpse of them in the coal car frantically seeking safety. He waved his arms to the other two thugs and soon all were swooping down to rescue Ken and Ruth for things worse to come.

Just as the three thugs scrambled over to capture Ken and Ruth the engineer and the workmen waked up to what was going on almost under their noses. They were rough and dirty but they were good, honest fellows with families at home. It was only an instant when the workmen dropped their tasks, and ran to the help of Ruth and Ken.

The fight as the workmen converged was short and sharp. "Take that, you big brute!" One of the workmen hauled off with a sock on the jaw to the thug nearest him that sent him sprawling.

It was a good fight but it was a



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Yet Another Use for the Phonograph.

No new movement can apparently take place without calling in the aid of the phonograph. It is now to be used—and not for the first time—in connection with the laws which should guide the preservation of good health in the individual and in the community.

Speaking of the popularization of physical culture, Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, president of the New Health Society, in Great Britain, recently wrote in a letter to the editor of the London Morning Advertiser:

"Thus far we have been very largely concentrating our teaching upon the first of these two rules of living; what we now propose to do is to combine with this teaching of correct diet suggestions for the adequate daily exercise of the human body.

"Of these I need at present, say, nothing more than that we do not view with favor that current tendency which is causing the modern girl to ape the modern boy; that other which is tempting all of us to forgo the ancient use of our own limbs.

"At the moment our ladies' council are forming an influential sub-committee on the subject, and during the present month we hope to present a selected course of phonograph exercises at an inaugural meeting, which we anticipate will be followed up by others in the many centres throughout Great Britain, where the New Health Society is attracting to itself a host of friends."

This letter is quoted merely to show another of the many uses to which the phonograph is put in the interests of humanity at large.

Radicals.
Diner—"These sardines are terrible!"
Waiter—"But they're imported, sir."
Diner—"Well, they ought to be deported, every one of them."

Minard's Liniment for bruises.

"Dawn Over the Rideau"

Swathed in softest gray and with footsteps quiet and muffled, Dimly the dawn crept in through the opening Eastern gateway.

Over the silver water, a floating film of chiffon
Veiled the dim reflections glistening faint in the shadows
Like rare thoughts half-concealed, changing and ever changing
The light in moving depths of eyes that are gray and dreaming.

Now the heavy cloud curtains softly lifted and drifted;
The silver coin of the sun changed to the palest yellow
Then to its own golden seeming against the soft blur of the heavens.

Smoky wisps of chiffon, lightly curling and clinging
Carossed the quiet face of the silvery slumberous water,
Then they scattered in fading loops before the first wind of the morning
That swept a pathway of rippling gleams down the water's shining ribbon,
Blowing them lightly away through the open gates of the morning.

Where was the pearly dawn with her heavy necklace of silver?
Trailing diaphanous robes through the lovely eaves of the maple,
She had gracefully swept away as the brilliant September sunshine
Gave to the shimmering, full-blown morning her cue to enter
Gowned in garments golden of Autumn's earliest weaving.
—Erica Selridge.

Of Quiet Things.

I marvel at the quiet things of earth,
How strong they are!
The pine that stands, but whispering, on the hill,
May journey far
And proudly bear its tiers of towering sails—
And what but frost
Could build a solid bridge so silently,
Its arches bossed in cavern crystal? The quiet touch of rain
Can wear the hills
Into new shapes and change the ancient ways.
Of stubborn rills,
And last is love—strong with the singing pride
That pines attain.
Like frost for beauty, and invincible
As patient rain.
—Ruth Aughtilltree.

A Native's Huge Skull.

What is believed to be the biggest human skull in the world was discovered recently in South Africa, says a writer in "Popular Science Monthly." It belonged to a native who died a short time ago, and was found to measure 8 1/2 inches in length and have a capacity of 122 cubic inches.

The discovery of this huge skull in a present-day native is claimed by some anthropologists to strengthen the theory that Africa was the cradle of the entire human race.



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