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**"NUGGET" Shoe Polish**

BLACK-TAN-TONEY RED—DARK BROWN AND WHITE



Take them with you

**Laura Secord Old-Time Home Made CANDIES**



**WHY NOT—**

Invite your wife to dine with you these hot days? She will appreciate not only your thoughtfulness but the excellent service at

**THE VICTORIA CAFE**

JEWEL LEE, Manager. 854 KING STREET. TELEPHONE 762.

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Beecham's Pills act as a splendid tonic to the digestive organs. They remove acidity and fermentation and excess of bile from the stomach and bowels and promote the secretion of the gastric juices. In thus correcting morbid conditions and stimulating the digestive processes, Beecham's Pills naturally have an excellent effect upon the general health. If you have lost your appetite or are suffering from nausea, sick headache, constipation, or giddiness

**Beecham's Pills** 25c—40 pills 50c—90 pills

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CONSERVE your fuel, save labor and worry by using Canada's quick, clean "white coal" and a Moffat Electric Range. It makes no dust or fumes, does not blacken pots, costs less to install in a new home and operates at half the cost of other fuels. Write tonight for free booklet to Moffats, Limited, Weston, Ontario.

**Moffats Electric Ranges**

FOR SALE BY

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268 Princess St., Kingston, Ont. Phone 844

**Many Folks Are Underfed**


You've seen them—folks who look as if they never had enough to eat.

They have what the doctors call "malnutrition." They are underfed. They eat the wrong foods. Their appetites need coaxing.

"Lots of good milk" is the remedy. Milk is easily digested. It is the perfect food. It contains everything the body needs and supplies it in the right proportion.

Folks with appetites jaded with too much rich, highly spiced food should try Price's Pasteurized Milk.

**PRICE'S DAIRY**



# On Wings of Wireless

by ARTHUR B. REEVE

**START HERE**

Two men and a girl stage a spectacular holdup at a fashionable Radio dance in a New York suburb. Next day the Walden jewels, taken from pretty Ruth Walden, are mysteriously returned by messenger.

Ruth's mother fears that her daughter has innocently become associated with a gang of crooks posing as persons of fashion. She confides in Guy Garrick, close friend of Dick Defoe, young wireless inventor. The mother wishes that Ruth's affections be turned to Defoe from a group of young folks whose antecedents are doubtful. Glenn Buckley, "the demon lover," is especially distasteful to Mrs. Walden.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

Richard Defoe was a friend of Garrick, graduate of a great engineering school, son of a famous engineer and already an inventor of no mean fame. Of late he had turned all his attention to a radio invention in which he seemed to have a strange aptitude. His work on wireless photo transmission, his perfection of a wireless diagraph and wireless teleautograph had won him wide recognition. Just now he was at work on a radio boat, a radio automobile and a radio airplane.

The mere mention of Dick constituted an added reason why Garrick felt impelled to come to the assistance of Nita in distress.

"Tell me something about the girls," he suggested.

"Well, there's Vera Gerard. You know her, the blonde vamp? They've nicknamed her, ever since she went into that amateur motion picture the girls made at the school of the Misses Place. She thinks she is a new Talmadge. Pickford . . . really . . . wants to be the 'society girl' with a career on the screen."

"Then, there's that Rae Larue, who has been the guest of one of another of the girls all summer. Just between you and me and the listening post, I think she's an adventuress. I've heard it whispered that she used to be a cabaret singer or a dancer or something. With ambitions. Anyway, she's been taken up by the girls of the younger set and it's not for the likes of us, Guy, to tell the young idea how it shall shoot away its time any more."

"These dance palaces and cabarets," pondered Garrick, considering, "have given a new twist to crime."

"And the pace! How do they do it . . . on their feet?"

"Off to next to nothing. Cut them off to right on. There's something mighty queer about it all. You will look into it for me?"

"Indeed I will, Nita. Glad of the opportunity. I'm rather fed up on the country life just now, anyhow. Besides, I'd like nothing better than to set some of these youngsters right."

Nita Walden glowed her thanks and was whisked away.

Garrick took a turn or two across the deserted end of the veranda.

A couple of years before the war, Garrick, just out of college, of the fine family and some fortune, had decided to discontinue his way into detective life.

"There must be something new in order to catch criminals nowadays," he told a friend. "The old methods are all right—as far as they go. But criminals are keeping up with science."

"But what a hobby!" his friend had returned. "Never knew anyone in our set ever to take up that!"

"It's just our set that needs it most. We're always shaken down, blackmailed, victimized, imposed on—until we, the wise ones, are the easiest marks of all!"

So, in his casual way, Garrick had traveled to London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, where he had studied the amazing growth abroad of the new criminal science. It was not merely desultory. With his careless predilection, he had absorbed nearly everything from such men as Gross, Lacassagne, Pica, all the successors of the day of the immortal Bertillon.

Next a strange thing happened. The war broke out, and before he knew it, he was drawn into brilliant service in the Office of Naval Intelligence, from which he emerged a Lieutenant Commander.

Then for four years he had settled back into the life he had been born into, until now he was virtually father confessor of all the troubles of the social leaders, a sort of unofficial adviser, with no profession except having a good time and with the Garrick fortune that was ample to indulge his hobbies.

"So . . . here you are. Been looking all over Suffolk County for you, Guy." It was Dick Defoe. "Suppose you've heard this new tale of Dame Rumor—about the Radio Dance last night?"

Garrick nodded but did not commit himself. This was an ideal chance. He wanted to see how much Dick knew and whether he could add anything. Perhaps some fresh angle would offer a new attack on the case.

"Well, then, tell me something about those friends. What about the radio kid, Glenn Buckley?" Garrick watched with concealed amusement the reaction on Dick's face.

"Oh, he's like a great many people today. It isn't the scientific interest in radio that Glenn feels. It's the entertainment value in it—in anything—that appeals to him. As a scientific study, I suppose, motion pictures were interesting to people who were following what Edison and others were doing. But when they became a source of entertainment, pictures became the fifth industry. That's the way it is with radio today with Glenn. Besides, just now Radio is fashionable. It's smart. Like the automobile was twenty years ago, I imagine. Glenn wants to be smart. So he has asked the advice and assistance of Professor Vario over at Rock Lodge. The rest of the crowd, I guess you know—that Jack Curtis. You've seen him around the Club. To wit, though, Ruth is the center of everything. But . . . then, there's Vera Gerard . . . and that Rae girl. Of course, Glenn has taken quite a fancy in this wireless craze of his to Professor Vario at the Radio Central."

"What about him?" reiterated Garrick.

"Oh . . . nothing . . . guess I'm thinking too much about Glenn! Anyhow, it just shows how foolishness radiates and hits everybody—like Heriztan waves."

The Radio Central at Rock Lodge some ten miles east along the Sound

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shore covered an area of ten square miles with twelve rows of 40-foot towers radiating for a mile and a half from the central station, without a doubt the largest radio plant of the kind in the world.

"But you haven't told me yet whether you were at this Radio Dance last night," recalled Garrick.

"Of course not. You don't think they'd invite me, do you? My tastes are just a trifle too quiet for that speedy set."

"But you do go out with Ruth a great deal, don't you?"

"Not as much as I'd like. But, as for that dance . . . they didn't want me there any more than they'd invite me to a . . . Dick cut short.

"Where?"

Dick shrugged and was silent.

"Come, now. If you want me to help you, play fair, Dick. You can't hold back little things and expect me to be of any help." Garrick was an electroscopist for discovering stray currents of facts.

"Well, then," unwillingly, "on the 'Sea Vamp'."

"The 'Sea Vamp'? What's that?"

"A houseboat—down Duck Harbor way—anchored off one of the best bathing beaches to the west, between us and the city. A lot of the young folks chartered it and chose that spot because it was not far from the Club and yet not too far out from the city. It's a bit out of the way, but that makes them practically own the beach and that end of the harbor for their swimming races and water sports. Some of the sportier older folks go with them—once in a while."

"Well . . . what of it?"

"Just this. There's more devilry cooked up on the upper deck or in the saloon of the 'Sea Vamp' than . . . than will ever get into Town Topics."

Garrick turned down the steps.

"Jump into my racer, Dick. You're going to take me to look over this 'Sea Vamp.'"

**CHAPTER II**

**THE SEA VAMP**

WITH a siren blast and a swish of dusty air a yellow racer shot past Garrick and Dick before they were a mile down the turnpike, leaving only a kaleidoscopic impression of a girl at the wheel and a fellow lolling back tensely in the other bucket seat.

"Ruth!" exclaimed Dick as Garrick mechanically threw in more power.

"Who was with her?"

"Glenn Buckley."

Garrick's motor leaped ahead as a stepped on it. Straightaway down the turnpike they raced. Garrick was just about holding his own. But Ruth had the jump and there was not a chance to pass her. She was too wise a driver. Having shot ahead of a car she did not slacken a fraction and she knew that that always makes it nearly impossible to catch one.

A bend in the turnpike toward the south and a dirt road forked off. Ruth slowed up just a bit, turned her head with a pearly smile. "I've a hunch," she called back teasingly, "you can't follow me, Dick!"

With a wave of her hand suddenly Ruth shot away on the road to the right, to the north, in a pillar of dust cloud.

Garrick had no desire for a wild-goose quest. He stuck to the congested turnpike.

"What's the matter, old man? Why so silent?" queried Dick a mile further on. "Suppose you're wondering, like me, how Ruth could have got meshed in the wheels of this gang, if that's what it is, eh?" Dick gazed hopelessly off at the hill and forest north of them with their maze of side roads. "I wish, by gad, a girl was like a car or a boat—something you could steer—right!"

"Time enough to worry when we know more than we think we know," returned Guy, negotiating a left turn that required some skill to make the succeeding hill on high.

"After all, Ruth's just a stunning little flapper—facing to very cold and calculating world—with a thoroughly modern—ill-balanced equipment—that doesn't hug the road like this old car of mine. Except," he paused, then added, "that she has the inherited intelligence, the intuition, the instinct of woman in all the ages . . . The real question is, What will she do with it?"

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

**A RACER SHOT PAST, A GIRL AT THE WHEEL**

Dick knew less than Mrs. Walden, but felt as much.

"Guy," he pleaded, "you must . . . you must help me save Ruth from herself . . . and her friends."

Curiously, here was Defoe appealing to him to do what he had already agreed to do. Garrick was used to such coincidences.

"Well, then, tell me something about those friends. What about the radio kid, Glenn Buckley?" Garrick watched with concealed amusement the reaction on Dick's face.

"Oh, he's like a great many people today. It isn't the scientific interest in radio that Glenn feels. It's the entertainment value in it—in anything—that appeals to him. As a scientific study, I suppose, motion pictures were interesting to people who were following what Edison and others were doing. But when they became a source of entertainment, pictures became the fifth industry. That's the way it is with radio today with Glenn. Besides, just now Radio is fashionable. It's smart. Like the automobile was twenty years ago, I imagine. Glenn wants to be smart. So he has asked the advice and assistance of Professor Vario over at Rock Lodge. The rest of the crowd, I guess you know—that Jack Curtis. You've seen him around the Club. To wit, though, Ruth is the center of everything. But . . . then, there's Vera Gerard . . . and that Rae girl. Of course, Glenn has taken quite a fancy in this wireless craze of his to Professor Vario at the Radio Central."

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**THE HOME KITCHEN**

By Jeannette Young Norton

Author of "Mrs. Norton's Cook Book."

Beef is undoubtedly the most popular meat in America, as well as in England, and good cooks appreciate the many ways in which it may be used, not only for luxurious dishes, but for moderately-priced ones, also. A few hours spent in the study of beef at a market or a good butcher's

**Steak à la Mode Française.**

Select a large, thick porterhouse steak and have the butcher remove the bone carefully, cut off the flank end, and press it in where the bone came out, then score the fat and tie or pin the steak in shape with steel skewers. Place on a buttered broiler, rub the pan under the broiler with a cut bud of garlic, and turn in a tumbler of water. Pare and slice six potatoes, and have ready in a pan a quarter-pound of melted butter, slip in the potatoes, and fry them a delicate brown, then set to drain. Into the butter put a teaspoonful of powdered herbs or a tablespoonful of curry powder, a grated onion, pepper, salt and the dish gravy from the steak, and thicken with a level teaspoonful of cornstarch dissolved in water. Place the steak on a hot dish, surround it with potatoes, and turn the gravy over the meat.

**Individual Filet Mignon.**

Have the butcher cut the needed number of filets an inch and a half thick and circle before trying them with two thin slices of bacon or very fine larding pork. Rub a shallow pan with a cut bud of garlic, butter it well, and lay in the filets, then broil them as usual, turning once. Take four freshly-opened oysters for each filet and marinate them for a half-hour in the juice of half an onion, juice of half a lemon, a tablespoonful of olive oil, pepper, salt and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Drain the oysters and dip them lightly in crumbs, then lay them on the

filets, dot with butter, and broil until the oysters are a delicate brown. Serve on hot dishes garnished with parsley.

**A Popular Beef Stew.**

Get two and a half pounds of chuck

well-washed capers, a small grated onion and a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup. Simmer the collops for about fifteen minutes, then serve in a hot, covered dish. A Yorkshire pudding may be served under the collops.

**Beef Collops.**

These collops are served especially on "collop Monday," the Monday before Ash Wednesday in England. Buy two pounds of nice rump or pin-bone steak and cut in strips three inches long by two wide. Lay them in a frying-pan with a quarter-pound of butter, and fry them about four minutes, turning once. Then lay them in a stewpan with a pint of rich stock after dredging them with flour, pepper, salt, a piece of butter moulded with a little flour, a tablespoonful of

Roasted right to bring out the full flavor and aroma

**Rideau Hall Coffee**

NOTHING ADDED NOTHING TAKEN AWAY

SOLD IN TINS ONLY—BY ALL GOOD GROCERS

**Good!—Always**

It's the ingredients you cannot see—the patient care in making that are the secrets of Moir's goodness. Nothing is left to chance, all the materials used are either made in our own plant or imported direct. Cocoa beans, selected, graded, blended, roasted and ground with infinite care in our own factory.

Pineapples, apricots, raspberries, strawberries and other fruits for Moir's centres—always the finest obtainable.

Brazil Nuts, Almonds, Walnuts, imported direct; Peanuts, the small delicately flavored kind; Cocomus shredded fresh for each day's needs.

Every operation supervised, every chocolate examined by a keen-eyed overseer.

All this care to assure you of the same high quality you have always found so delightful in Moir's Chocolates.

Take home a box to-day

**Moir's Chocolates**

MR. GEO. S. MOFFAT, 106 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont. Ontario Representative.



steak, trim, and cut in pieces the size of the palm of the hand. Put the meat on with cold water to cover, adding a large onion thinly sliced and two carrots thickly sliced. Tie three or four stalks of celery, and drop in for flavoring, and remove them when the potatoes are added. Add a half-lb of garlic, cover and cook until the meat is tender. Season the stew and add six potatoes thickly sliced, cook ten minutes, then add quick dumplings, cover tightly, and cook twenty minutes. Lift the dumplings onto a hot dish, then lift the stew onto its hot platter and place the dumplings around the edge, thicken the gravy and strain over the stew.

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**Let the Children share this mealtime beverage**

No NEED to warn the little folks away from the table beverage when Postum is served; every reason to invite every member of the family to join in the enjoyment of this wholesome, satisfying drink.

Postum is made from Nature's best wheat, and contains nothing to harm nerves or digestion.

You'll greatly relish its full-bodied flavor and aroma.

An economical mealtime drink—the large size tin of Instant Postum will serve from 90 to 100 cups.

Made in the cup, in a moment.

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