

**ZAMBUK**

POELETHERAL—No poisonous matter.  
ANTISEPTIC—Stops Mood-pain.  
SODIUM—Ends pain and smarting etc.  
PAIN—Best for baby's rashes  
HEALS all sores.

50c box—All dealers.

**Bilious Attacks**

Are Usually Due to Constipation

When you are constipated, there is not enough lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action is so close to this natural lubricant.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.

**Nujol**

For Constipation

**BELMONT**

DINING AND TEA ROOM

Why not dine here where Quality and Service is Supreme?

Home Style Cooking

Lunch 12 to 2 p.m.  
Dinner 6 to 8 p.m.

A. Tierney, Prop.

**Phenolax**

Wafers

A dependable laxative is a necessity in every family's medicine cabinet. Phenolax Wafers are safe and dependable.

As All Doctors



The Safe Laxative

Wright & MacLaughlin  
Sole Agents Toronto, Ontario

**GET IT REPAIRED**

Sewing Machines, Phonographs, Guns, Rifles repaired and refitted. Parts supplied. Sewing Machines and edge tools ground. Locks repaired. Keys fitted to all kinds of locks. All makes of Lawn Mowers sharpened and repaired. We can repair anything that is repairable.

**J. M. PATRICK**

180 Sydenham Street, Kingston  
Phone 2006.

**WOMAN COULD NOT WORK**

Made Strong and Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

St. Paul, Minn.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a year, and I feel like a new woman. I was tired, worn-out feeling, and I was not able to do my work. I read in your little book about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have taken it. I feel so well and strong and can do every bit of my work and not a pain in my back now. I recommend your medicine and you can use this letter as a testimonial." Mrs. PAUL MARRIS, 301 Windsor St., St. Paul, Minn.

Just another case where a woman found relief by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Many times these tired, worn-out feelings and pains about the body are from troubles only women have. The Vegetable Compound is especially adapted for just this condition. The good results are noted by the disagreeable symptoms passing away—after another.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a Woman's Remedy for Women's Ailments. Always reliable.

**On Wings of Wireless**

by ARTHUR B. REEVE

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

Instantly it seemed as if the crew swarmed from every direction. It was a glorious, if ignoble, fight. In about the time that it might have taken to tell it Garrick and Dick found themselves hung overboard in the open of Greenport Harbor with the tide running strong out of Peconic Bay into Gardiner's Bay.

Only a couple of athletes would ever have found themselves again on shore, wet and dripping, stripping off what was left of their clothes and hanging them on the ribs of an old wreck to dry in the blasting sun after the tough battle in the water.

"Well," chortled Garrick as they sat on the deserted sand naked and exhausted, "we had nothing on when they've got something on us now!"

Dick laughed and looked over at Guy. Garrick was a man after his own heart.

"As we used to say at Upton, 'where do we go from here?'"

Garrick rolled over on his back and stretched as the sun boiled out salt water that had puckered his skin.

"Squaring the 'Inner Circle'!" he replied tersely as if it were all in the day's work.

**CHAPTER IV THE INNER CIRCLE**

THEY caught the afternoon train for the city.

Strolling slowly down Forty-Ninth Street, they found the address of the Inner Circle, a big old brownstone house midway in the block west of the Avenue, back of a high fence with plain brass knobs and set off by the sections. Heavy grilled doors opened into an English basement. Two or three smart motors were drawn up along the curb.

"Recherche!" nodded Dick, hesitating a bit.

Garrick turned in at the gate and pressed a button by the side of the doors. "Aren't I select enough for the Inner Circle?" He straightened with true British swank.

The door swung open. Garrick inquired nothing, explained nothing. He inclined slightly toward Dick to precede him and they passed the Americanized butler. It had been a magnificent gesture on Garrick's part. The most difficult thing had been accomplished on sheer nerve.

He might have owned the place as he led the way up the short flight of stairs from the former basement.

"Monsieur Georges—as I live!"

Garrick grasped the hand of a thick-set, erect, very dark Frenchman with a black, pointed mustache. He had been standing just at the head of the stairs.

"Ah-h! It is Monsieur the Admiral!" The Frenchman grinned pleasantly, displaying rows of splendid teeth. Indeed he seemed in fine fettle.

Before them opened a little alcove reception room. Garrick paced on into it, followed by Georges, and introduced Dick.

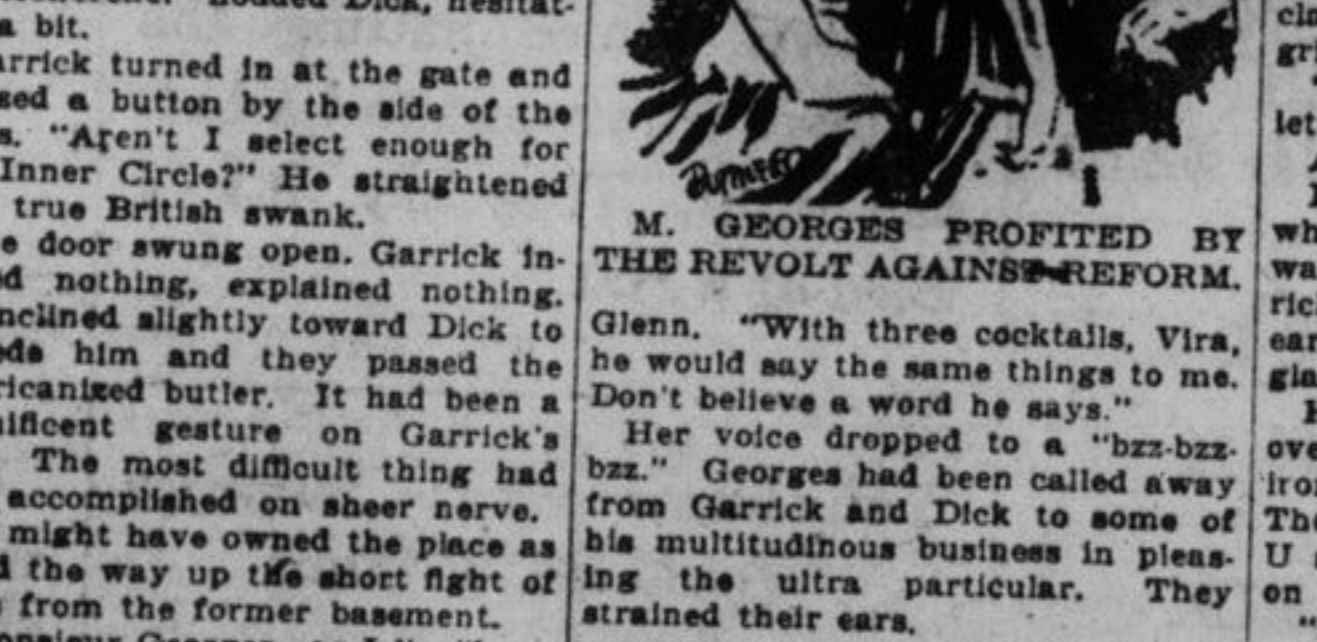
"You must know Monsieur, Dick, who made the old Chateau Rouge up by Tarrytown so wonderful in the old days?"

Georges motioned them to a little table, clapped his hands sharply and a waiter appeared on rubber heels, took an order and they settled themselves. "Now for the mystery of the dancing men," whispered Garrick to Dick just as Georges turned. There was just a shade of contempt in Garrick's tone of rallery. At a glance he had taken an estimate of the character of the place.

As nearly as Garrick could make it out, M. Georges was making an excellent thing out of the revolt against reform.

In a lull of the conversation and above the soft Hawaiian strains floated new voices from a table outside.

"Well, Glenn, here we are, alone— for a moment." Garrick turned, took her hand, passed his foot under the table and



M. GEORGES PROFITED BY THE REVOLT AGAINST REFORM.

Glenn. "With three cocktails, Virs, he would say the same things to me. Don't believe a word he says."

Her voice dropped to a "bzz-bzz-bzz." Georges had been called away from Garrick and Dick to some of his multitudinous business in pleasing the ultra particular. They strained their ears.

"I was just up there." Then a break. "And it came in over Pinkie's wireless from . . ." It was lost. "It was Dick . . ." They got ashore . . . To New York . . . Get them out of the way for good."

Garrick and Dick exchanged glances. "Forewarned, forearmed," whispered Dick.

"Our forearms are about all we've got, too!"

There was a swish of someone passing their door and along the hall, Dick started. It was Ruth herself! Both he and Garrick were on their feet in a moment, quietly, down the hall after her and around a heavy carved newel post up the stairs to the second floor.

She turned as she heard their steps in the wide hall on the second floor.

"And along came Ruth!" exclaimed Garrick, smiling.

"What are you boys doing here? Snooping again? It's a bad idea. Snoopers never come to any good end!" She laughed, but neither could be so obtuse as not to see that there was a kick in it.

"Wait here a minute. Does anybody know you are here?"

"No one but Georges."

"She did not wait for more explanation but was out in the hall again, closing the door softly."

Garrick, running true to form, opened a cedar chest between two closet doors. He beckoned Dick. "A radio frequency amplifier!" he muttered to Dick. "All wired up!" He

closed the chest upon the complete paraphernalia, thought a moment, then stood up on it, running his finger along the picture molding that circled the room. He blew the dust from his fingers and wiped them on his handkerchief.

"About forty feet of wire placed behind the picture molding about the room where it's out of sight . . . The receiving outfit in a cedar chest where no one can see it. Humph!"

"That's all very interesting, but just shut up that chest before we have fifteen men dancing on two dead men's chests!" Garrick was looking keenly at the color scheme of the lounge. "Pink-Pinkie. . . I was just up there . . . I gather that the threat . . . or warning . . . came over this wireless. From the 'Baobab'? It's running through my mind: '5-22-22 200 cases S. S. Aroyo, CKGG'. This is CKGG. Do you begin to get it?"

Dick nodded, half comprehending. "As they said about the Willie. 'What next? What next?'"

Ruth opened the door quietly, mysteriously. She seemed to be laboring under high nervous tension. "You saw the dance floor and dining room downstairs. And you met Georges. I guess you can guess that anything Georges has anything to do with will be at least aristocratic."

"Everything is classy and in taste," admitted Dick. "It has atmosphere, and all that." He longed to go on with more personal questions. But Garrick's presence restrained him.

Ruth beckoned them out in the hall. It was noticeable that she was discreetly quiet. "Of course, I can't show you round up here. You see, these are the lodgings of about half a dozen members and, believe me, they pay. That was a lounge, really for ladies." She was leading them back down the thick-carpeted hall. She came to a door. "There's one thing you must know. From this door, Ruth turned, opened another door and disclosed a stairway down into the cellar, in which a light was burning. She started down and the door closed behind them.

"Strike a match—if you want to see some good stuff!"

Dick struck a light.

But as he did so a rush of air extinguished it and back of them clanged the iron door. There was a grinding of a bolt.

"Confound it!" growled Garrick at letting himself be trapped.

A gong began ringing, stridently. It seemed as if the very floor on which they were standing. There was a metallic noise overhead. Garrick looked up. It seemed as if the earth was opening above them and a glaring light pouring in.

He ran his hand up alongside and over his head. There was a heavy iron bow, unshaped but inverted. They were rising. The top of the U seemed to be parting iron doors on either side.

"Hank it!" growled Garrick. "The ash lift!"

Up the little elevator rose, the bell still ringing to warn passersby on the sidewalk, up to the street level, then stopped.

Back of them was the iron grill of the Inner Circle. Dick looked at the fence, then at Guy and laughed. "The platform began to sink and as it did the pair of folding iron doors closed down again over the U. Just as they clanged shut there came a voice merrily from the depths.

"You can't slide down my cellar door!"

**CHAPTER V MUSIC IN THE AIR**

THE next morning was rainy. Dick had breakfasted and were discussing the events of the day before. Garrick's mind was most active when his physical being seemed inert. Stretching out in his chair, raising his arms slowly above his head, he yawned and was about to deliver himself of some sage observation on life in general and the case in particular when the telephone rang.

"Hang it, what's this? Answer it, Dick, old man?"

Dick's mind and body were both alert. He had breakfasted with a couple of invitable companions, love and anxiety. Garrick. He held his hand now over the transmitter. "My word! It's Mrs. Walden."

(Continued In Our Next Issue)

**LATE JOHN S. DUNCAN.**

Well-Known Resident of McDonald's Corners Passes Away.

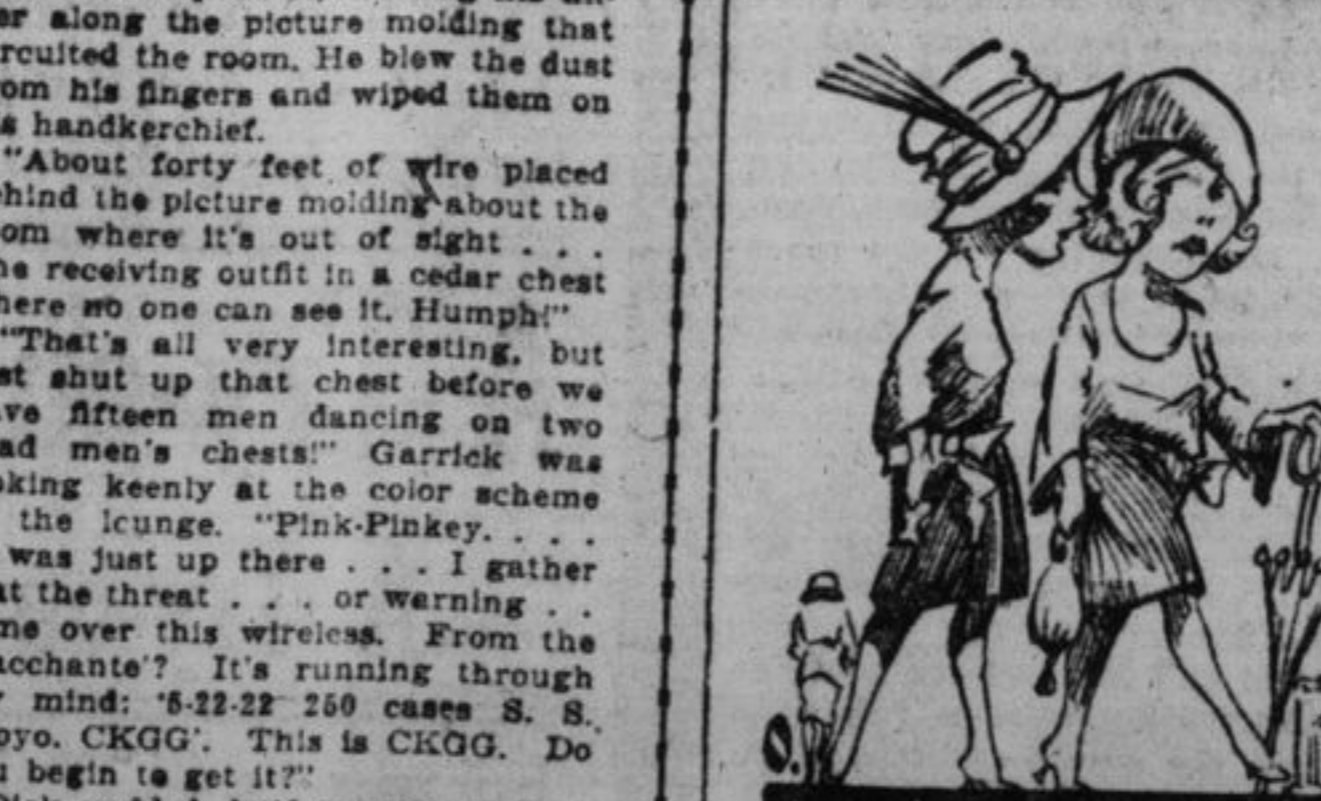
McDonald's Corners, June 20.—A deep gloom was cast over the whole community on Sunday evening, June 18th, when it was learned that John S. Duncan had passed away. He had taken suddenly ill less than two weeks previously. His illness at first was not thought to be serious, but in a few days pleuro-pneumonia developed. He had not been able to sleep for several days before his death, and when sleep came to him about tea time the bereaved family cherished the eager hope that it would be the means of restoring their loved one, but to their great sorrow it proved to be "The sleep that knows no waking."

Mr. Duncan was forty-eight years of age, and had lived all his life on the farm here he died on the south side of Dalhousie Lake. He leaves to mourn, besides Mrs. Duncan, whose maiden name was Miss Minnie Nisbet, six children, Iva, Lindsay, Agnes, Janet, Dorothy and David; three brothers, Thomas, merchant at McDonald's Corners; William, of Eber, Sask.; Robert, of Fort William; two sisters, Mrs. James Geddes, Pawson and Mrs. James Cameron, of Watson's Corners. Deceased was a consistent member and regular attendant of Knox church. He was possessed of a genial, kindly disposition, a good neighbor and always ready to give a helping hand to those in need.

The funeral, conducted by Rev. A. M. Little, was held on Tuesday afternoon and was one of the largest ever seen in the community. The pall bearers were James McBain, Robert Paul, James Paul, James Smith, Robert J. Miller and William A. Geddes.

The average man has to change cars very frequently on the road to success.

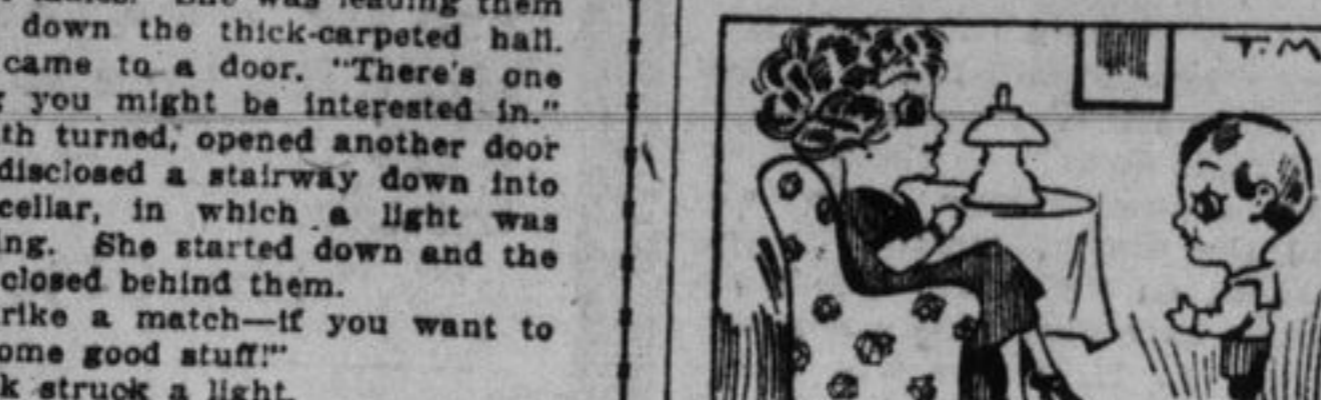
**SMILES**



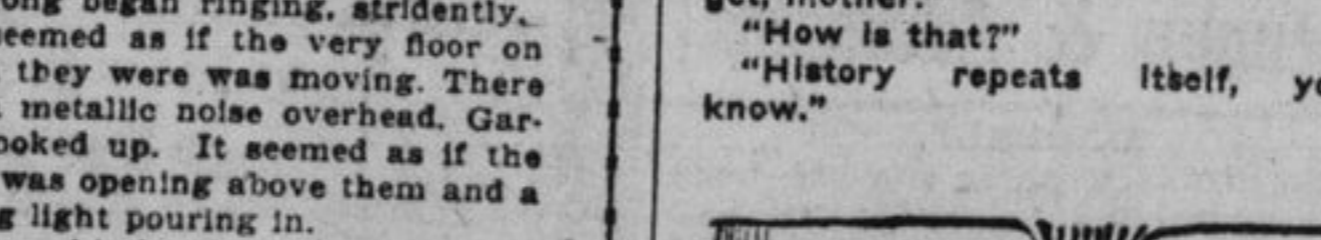
PROBABLY THE ONE "Now let me see! Who was that we were just criticizing?" "It slipped my mind. Who was the last person that passed us?"



BRIGHT PROSPECTS FOR THE EGG DEALER Egg: Never mind old chap—we feel pretty cheap now, but next winter we'll be very exclusive!



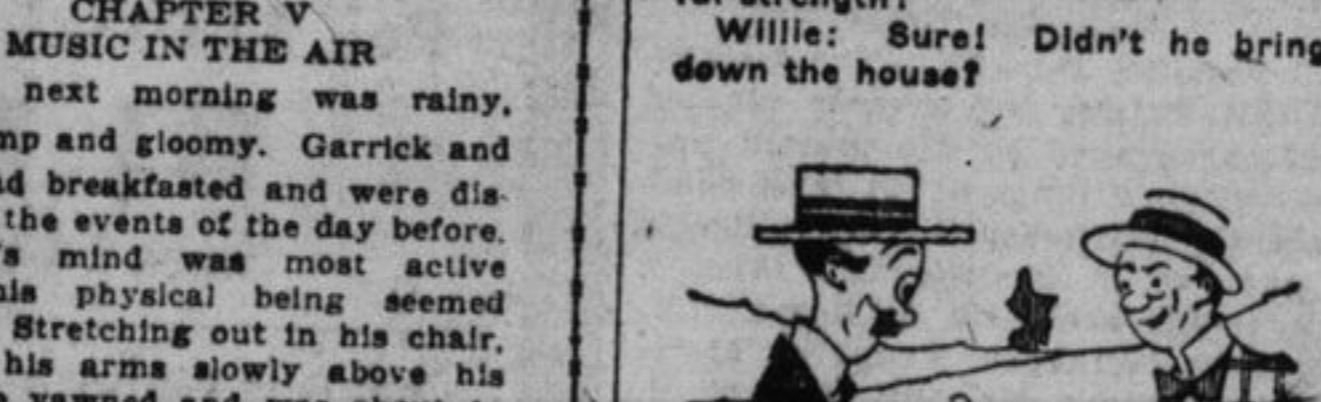
SHOULD BE POPULAR STUDY "Why don't you study your history, Tom?" "That's one lesson I don't have to get, mother."



"History repeats itself, you know."



BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE S. S. Teacher: Willie, do you think that great audience of Philistines appreciated Samson's wonderful strength? Willie: Sure! Didn't he bring down the house?



DODGING THE TOUCH Phil: Hey, Bill, got a minute to spare? Bill: I'm afraid time means money just now, Phil—can't stop!

Tidings From Tamworth Tamworth, June 21.—Mr. Wordell, of Selby, and Miss Gonyou, Sheffield were married at Christ church on Wednesday morning by Rev. Mr. Posten. Rev. Mr. Clark will preach to the Free Masons next Sunday afternoon in the Methodist church. Mr. MacGregor, Napanee, president of the County Sunday School association will address the Sunday school at the Methodist church in the

morning and will also deliver an address at the Presbyterian church in the evening. Mr. Fletcher returned home from Denbigh where he was examining papers for the schools. Mr. Thornton has bought the Sherman block from J. A. Hunter. Tamworth played baseball with Odessa, Wednesday and the score was 9-4 in favor of Tamworth. Mrs. John O'Neill has twelve American boarders staying at her farm which is an ideal spot for comfort, fishing, and sport. Some of the people here are talking of attending the Chautauqua at Kingston July 1st to 7th.

It is wonderful and terrible how extravagant engaged folks are with love, and how economical they are with it after marriage. Six-inch cubes of wood are used in the game of lawn dice, introduced by a western sportsman. He that spends without regard shall want without pity.

Where there is doubt let mercy decide.

Here is a profitable message to take to the grocer

Say, "Post Toasties."—(look for the Yellow and Red package, too.) Then you're sure of having those deliciously crisp and savory corn flakes that make such a welcome dish at any meal.

All ready to serve, right from the package, with a little cream or good milk added in the bowl. Never any question what to serve when hunger's in a hurry, with Post Toasties in the house.

There are other corn flakes, but Post Toasties are the quality corn flakes.


Try Post Toasties for tomorrow's breakfast, and hear the family say, "More!"

Always in Good Taste

**Post Toasties**

Superior Corn Flakes

Made by Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Windsor, Ont.



**LOOK-READ**

Big Specials for Thrifty Housewives This Week-end at

**LUCKIN'S**

Veterans' Central Meat Market

Phone 153

Meat Market Phone 694

**BUTTER! BUTTER!!**

Belleville Creamery . . . . . 36c.  
Finest Whey . . . . . 29c.

**HAMBURG STEAK** 3 lbs. . . . . 25c.  
**VEAL CHOPS** Pound . . . . . 15c.

**PRIME NEW CHEESE** Pound . . . . . 17c.  
**RICH OLD CHEESE** Pound . . . . . 27c.

**TEA** Pound . . . . . 41c.  
**CORN FLAKES** 3 for . . . . . 29c.  
**LAMB CHOPS** Pound . . . . . 25c.

**WESTERN BEEF** Pound . . . . . 17c.  
**VEAL PORK** Pound . . . . . 17c.  
**SPRING LAMB** Pound . . . . . 23c.

**POST TOASTIES** 3 for . . . . . 29c.  
**Shredded Wheat** 2 for . . . . . 25c.

**69c Sugar**

10 LBS. WITH EVERY ORDER  
10 LBS. WITH EVERY ORDER

**LAMB STEW** Pound . . . . . 10c.  
**FRESH EGGS** Dozen . . . . . 30c.  
**BACON** English Breakfast . . . 34c. lb.  
**PUFFED WHEAT** 15c.  
**SWEET PICKLED ROLLS**

**CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE**

**POTATOES** Peck—15 lbs. . . . . 23c.  
**LIVER** Pound . . . . . 8c.  
**SAUSAGE** Pound . . . . . 15c. to 20c.  
**ONIONS** 3 lbs. for . . . . . 25c.  
**COOKED MEATS**

**PICNIC HAMS** 23c. lb.

**Sydenham Briefs.**

Sydenham, June 21.—The hay crop is looking very promising just now. Farmers will be pleased on account of it being a failure last year. The examinations of the high school are going on at present and will continue this week and part of next. The Movement church camp meeting which was held on the grounds belonging to the Movement church have ended, the weather was very dull while it lasted. A new tennis ground has been opened up just back of William Ruthledge's lot. Among the visitors is Daniel Moore from Chicago at Dr. Lovell's and other relatives. Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Montgomery, Port Arthur, at A. Davy's. Two of our elderly residents have passed away in the persons of Mrs. W. J. Trousdale and Mrs. Henry Martin.

**PROUD OWNER AND HER \$3,500 MOUNT.**

Miss Marion Babcock, on Clover Nipper, her new \$3,500 horse which she will ride at the Toronto Horse Show next week.

