

A BAD COLD DEVELOPED INTO BRONCHITIS

Mrs. Levi Ogden, Amherst Shore, N.S., writes: "My baby girl had a very bad cold which turned to bronchitis, and she could not sleep at night for the coughing. I gave her everything I could think of to relieve her, but nothing seemed to do her any good, and she was not getting any better. I was advised, by a friend, to try

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup

I did so, and after giving her a few doses I saw good effects so I kept on with it. I gave her two bottles, and her cough soon left her, and now she is as well as can be. I cannot praise Dr. Wood's enough; it is certainly a wonderful medicine."

This preparation has been on the market for the past 35 years; manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Enlarged joints



Reduces swelling relieves pain

Treat painful, enlarged joints with Sloan's. No rubbing. The powerful stimulation that Sloan's gives to the circulation does the work. Allays inflammation, reduces swelling, relieves pain. The chief reliance of rheumatic sufferers. All Druggists—35 cents.

Sloan's Liniment - kills pain!

GET IT REPAIRED

Sewing Machines, Phonographs, Grams, Radios repaired and retuned. Parts supplied. Sewing Sleds, knives, scissors and edge tools ground. Laced suspenders and ties made to all kinds of fashions. All makes of Lawn Mowers sharpened and repaired. We can repair anything that is repairable.

J. M. PATRICK

140 Spadina Street, Kingston Phone 2003.



DON'T FUSS WITH MUSTARD PLASTERS!

Musterole Works Without the Blister—Easier, Quicker

There's no fuss in mixing a mess of mustard, flour and water when you can easily relieve pain, soreness or stiffness with a little clean, white Musterole.

Musterole is made of pure oil of mustard and other helpful ingredients, combined in the form of the pleasant white ointment. It takes the place of mustard plasters, and will not blister.

Musterole usually gives prompt relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frost-bite, colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia), etc. and 75c. at all druggists.

The Musterole Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.



COMB SAGE TEA INTO GRAY HAIR

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant.



Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use preparation improved by the addition of other ingredients, a large bottle at little cost, at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," thus avoiding a lot of fuss. While gray, faded hair is not fatal, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger.

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 flung 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," shouted Garrick as they sat on the deserted sand naked and exhausted, "we had nothing on when we came into this world, and here they've got something on us now!"

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

"When we had 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.

"Requesting 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.

Stuttering 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 iron fence with plain brass knobs setting off the sections. Heavy grilled doors opened into an English basement. Two or three smart motors were drawn up along the curb.

"Recherché!" nodded Dick, hesitating a bit. Garrick turned in at the gate and pressed a button by the side of the door. "Isn't it 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! It is Monsieur the Admiral!" The Frenchman grinned pleasantly, displaying rows of splendid teeth. Indeed he seemed in fine trim.

Before them opened a little alcove reception room. Garrick passed 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 dining men," whispered Garrick to Dick just as Georges turned. There was just a shade of contempt in Garrick's tone of raillery. 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 once."

Glenn reached over, took her hand, passed his foot under the table and

laid it gently over her dainty ankle. "Honest to God, Vira, I love you!" Then he added fervently, "I want to get you in my room, soon, and we'll motor out to some nice quiet spot, like Canoe Place used to be. . . . I'm going to tell you all about it. Will you let me tell you a a how much I love you?"

"Dear boy, I'm just dying to go on that ride with you." Her eyes were sparkling like dew drops on a green leaf in the morning sun. Vira knew it, meant them to sparkle. At a lower level she would have reasoned, how could one get over dramatic moments on the screen unless one lived them? As it was she merely felt.

"Make it tomorrow, Vira." Glenn took her hands and toyed with the ring finger on the left hand.

"Well, you dumbbell!" laughed Vira, suddenly poking her pretty piquant face around the corner. "What are you doing, Vira? Rehearsing a scene on Glenn? You're not falling for it, are you, old dear?"

With a shrug of her shoulders and her arms skimming, she threw her head back and laughed silverly. Quickly leaning her beautiful body forward she waved a mocking finger toward

"Requesting 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.

Stuttering 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 iron fence with plain brass knobs setting off the sections. Heavy grilled doors opened into an English basement. Two or three smart motors were drawn up along the curb.

"Recherché!" nodded Dick, hesitating a bit. Garrick turned in at the gate and pressed a button by the side of the door. "Isn't it 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! It is Monsieur the Admiral!" The Frenchman grinned pleasantly, displaying rows of splendid teeth. Indeed he seemed in fine trim.

Before them opened a little alcove reception room. Garrick passed 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 dining men," whispered Garrick to Dick just as Georges turned. There was just a shade of contempt in Garrick's tone of raillery. 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 once."

Glenn reached over, took her hand, passed his foot under the table and

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 handkerchiefs.

"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 there 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 'Bacchantes' it's running through my mind: 2-21-32 250 cases S. S. Aroyo. C.K.G.G. This is, C.K.G.G. Do you begin to get it?"

Dick nodded, half comprehending. "As they said about little Willie. '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 around up here. You see, these are the lodgings of about half a dozen members and, believe me, they get a good deal of attention for India." She was leaning back down the thick-carpeted hall. She came to a door. "There's one thing you might be interested in."

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

Dick struck a light. A strong breeze blowing, 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 strong breeze blowing, 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 strong breeze blowing, 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 strong breeze blowing, 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 strong breeze blowing, 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 strong breeze blowing, 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 strong breeze blowing, 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 strong breeze blowing, 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 strong breeze blowing, 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 strong breeze blowing, 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 strong breeze blowing, a rush of air extinguished it, and back of them clanged the iron door. There was a grinding of a bolt.

Your Healthy Nerves are Priceless —Why Destroy Them?



Does the day begin to drag at 4 o'clock?



Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your feet by giving you your first week's supply. It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this in connection with the health of their families. Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."

HOW valuable those wonderful servants are—your healthy nerves! Day in, day out, they help withstand the ceaseless strain of business, social duties, all that minor host of hopes and fears.

Those nerves are priceless. Are you daily strangling them by the mischief-making use of tea and coffee?

Tannin and caffeine in tea and coffee are harmful. With you, these agents may work fast or slow. Yet sooner or later their poisonous effects are certain, sure! Avoid drug stimulants, even those which seem least harmful.

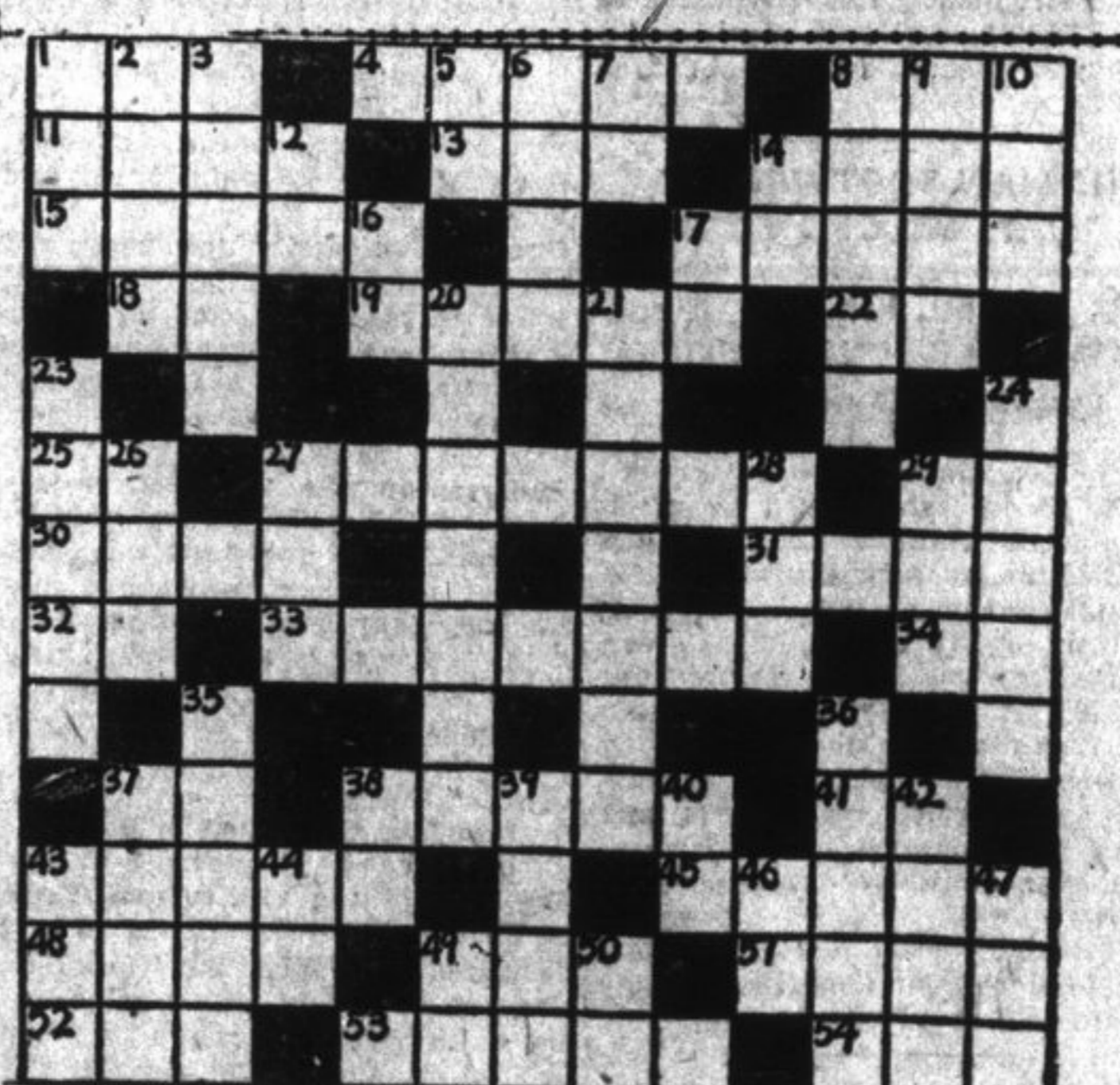
How much better to make Instant Postum your family beverage. This invigorating cereal drink is instantly made in the cup with boiling water. Costs half-a-cent—Economy. Or there is Postum Cereal made by boiling twenty minutes. Ask for Postum at your restaurant, club or on the train. Accept the free offer made by Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator and diet expert. Send the coupon.

Coupon form for Carrie Blanchard's Offer, including fields for Name, Address, and City.

Instant Postum "There's a Reason"

You know how many children do not like the taste of milk. You know how they like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups". You know, too, how good it is for them to have a hot drink! Make Instant Postum for them, using hot milk instead of boiling water. They'll like the taste immediately! And they will get the food elements of the wheat, plus the nourishment of milk, in a hot drink that is economical and easy to make!

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



- 3. A bivalve.
4. Weights of shipping containers or carriers.
5. Negative.
6. Job.
7. That.
8. Escort.
9. Appear.
10. Bring forth young.
11. I.
12. So.
13. Mother.
14. Paid publicity.
15. Soaking with a cleanser.
16. To privilege.
17. Vaults.
18. Hinder.
19. To dine late.
20. To mistake.
21. To cut down.
22. Attitude.
23. Pertaining to the nose.
24. Old.
25. Article.
26. A ladder step.
27. Printer's measure.
28. Apportion.
29. Since.
30. That.
31. Aloft.
32. Determined.
33. A.
34. Perform.

Another simple puzzle for the children. It would be unfair to confine these brain-busters to grown-ups alone, wouldn't it?

- Horizontal.
1. Perform.
2. Up to.
3. Employ.
4. Shut nobody.
5. A grain.
6. On a ship going to Europe.
7. Mohammedan wives.
8. Pala.
9. I.
10. Questioned.
11. Unit of measure.
12. A bone.
13. To frighten.
14. Ego.
15. Dinner programme.
16. Tumult.

Vertical.
1. A light wood.

Answer to Saturday's Crossword Puzzle:



THE USUAL WAY.



Advertisement for Dr. Hamilton's Pills, featuring the text 'Rids You of Pile Torture' and 'Winter Footwear to Please All'.

Advertisement for The Sawyer Shoe Store, featuring the text 'Winter Footwear to Please All' and 'The Sawyer Shoe Store'.