

PEPS

Cough, cold, sore throat, any weak spot in throat or chest, and neglected colds simply invade bronchial trouble. Peps ward off cold and chill dangers. They invigorate, strengthen and

PROTECT

the entire breathing system. When dissolved in the mouth, a Peps tablet gives off powerful medicinal fumes. These penetrate into the innermost air-passages. Sore, inflamed membrane of the

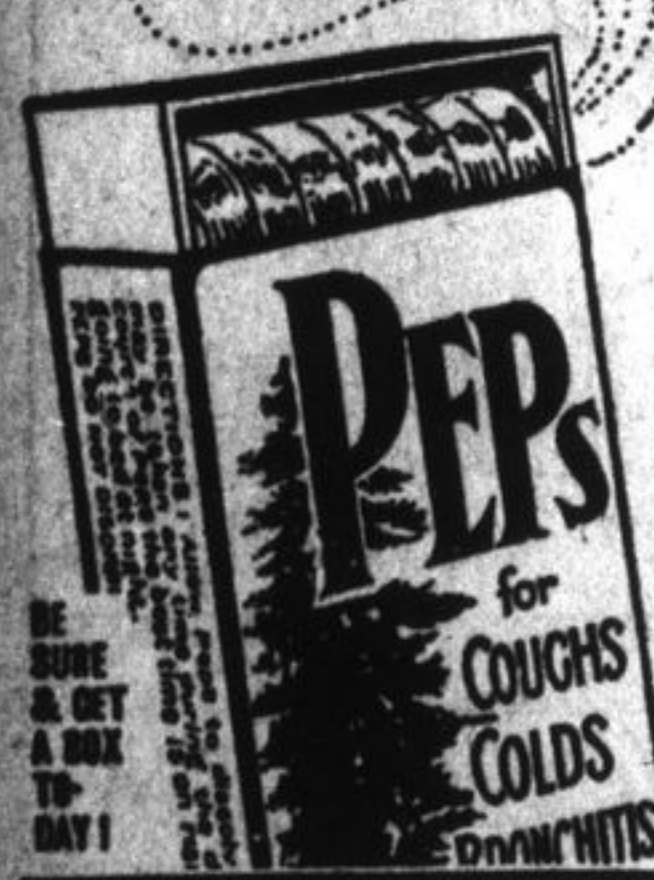
THROAT

and bronchials is counteracted and healed by the Peps medicine; hard phlegm is cut and expelled, the breathing difficulty, throat irritation and troublesome cough are quickly and thoroughly ended. A few Peps every day will keep the throat

& CHEST

in such fine fighting trim that you need never fear weather dangers. Take Peps for coughs, colds, chills, grippe, hoarseness, and sore throat; for bronchitis, or other chest trouble.

The value cannot be overestimated for sales and efficiency, at the new REDUCED Price, 25c. Box.



If Winter Comes

Phone 2-0-1-8 for your Drug Store needs. Prompt delivery.
PRINCCESS PHARMACY

Dr. Martel's Female Pills
Have relieved more than thousands of cases of half century, severe cases, holding up and strengthening organs, relieving DELAYED, PAINFUL, MENSTRUATION, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, BACKACHE, DIZZINESS, etc. (Sole agent, Dr. Martel's Female Pills, Inc., 100 West Broadway, New York City, N.Y. Sold by mail, plain package \$2.00. Laboratory, Dr. Martel's Female Pills, Inc., 71 E. First St., Toronto, Can. Circular mailed on request.)

Speedy Relief
IS GIVEN TO COUGHS, COLDS AND BRONCHITIS WHEN TREATED WITH THIS WONDERFULLY EFFECTIVE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

ROBERT'S SYRUP
OF THE EXTRACT OF COD LIVER AND TAR

CADILLAC
The Master of ELECTRIC CLEANERS
New Ball Bearing Motor, exclusively a Cadillac feature. No oil or grease used. Why wait, when \$6.50 per month will buy you.

J. R. C. Dobbs
& Co.
44 Clarence Street.
Phone 519.

COUGHS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT
are generally those helped by

GRAY'S SYRUP
RED SPRUCE GUM
Ease and Comfort come with the very first spoonful

On Wings of Wireless

by ARTHUR B. REEVE

Open SEA service, Inc.

Continued From Our Last Issue
"Nita Walden? Here? Tell her there's a little reception room down there. We'll be with her right away."

Nita Walden was distractedly winking quick and belling the handkerchief in her hand as she gazed out of the window at her car in which McKay was biting with temporary something distasteful. Garrick closed the door so she rushed excitedly to him and seized his hand with fingers that clenched unconsciously.

"Guy... I am desperate. It's Ruth again—my little girl. You must find her for me. I can't take any more of anyone else. What shall I do? She didn't come home last night. I have walked and walked the floor waiting for her. I haven't even had a telephone call from her or anyone else. What shall I do? She never, never did this before. My Ruthie—my little girl. Oh, Guy, I can't stand the worry and uncertainty of it. Help me, please."

Garrick took Nita's arms and led her quickly back to a big seat in one ear of the room. Gently he questioned her until he had her quieted by concentrating on her answers. There was a knock at the door. Garrick opened it. It was McKay. "Please, sir, I was just talking to a friend of mine, a chauffeur, who drives for some people out on the south shore, who live up the street. Miss Ruth's car was wrecked out on the Island—ran into a fence or something on an approach to one of the bridges on the Motor Parkway—over the embankment—near Smithtown."

"Was she hurt? Where is she?" Mrs. Walden's acute ears had caught even the modulated words. "No one knows, ma'am. There was not a trace of anyone around the car—just 'the machins,' left there."

"Oh, Guy, this is terrible, terrible. What shall I do? I'll go wild with grief if I don't hear something soon." Garrick took down the telephone receiver and called a Bryant number. Dick glanced over quickly. It was a number he had seen in the hallway of the Inner Circle and had made a mental note of. Evidently Garrick had done the same.

"This is Glenn Buckley's brother," he prevaricated. "Is he there? Well, do you know where I can call him? You think he's at the Cecil? Thank you very much."

Garrick turned, without betraying where it was he had called. "They're some friends of his. I thought perhaps Glenn might give us some information. Suppose, Nita, you have McKay drive us over to the Cecil. It's on Park Avenue."

They were rounding the Grand Central and caught in traffic when Garrick suddenly beckoned over a nearby apartment building. "Another robbery on Long Island," he commented, as he glanced down from the big headline. "The Farr estate in Smithtown."

"The Farr?" Nita commented. Mrs. Walden, "Why, they're friends of mine. They have a beautiful place, very wealthy people."

"Strange circumstances," went on reading Garrick. "A girl and two men." Then he checked talking to "Why that's like the affair over Gerards' the other night," supplied Mrs. Walden.

They found Glenn at the Cecil, looking a bit fagged. "Ruth, why, she's all right, Mrs. Walden," he hastened. "Yes, I heard something about an accident. Just the steering gear went wrong. But she was quick enough to get from under and the car took the fence instead of up the bridge and off—at least that's what I heard."

They hurried young Buckley with questions, but he was guarded. He protested that he knew nothing more, winding up again with the assurance, "She's all right, though."

"But how do you know she's all right?" insisted Garrick.

"Because I was talking to Virg over the wire when I made the appointment to meet her at the tea rooms of the Champs Elysees at three and she said she was. That's all I know."

It seemed as though having delivered his assurance that Ruth was safe, Glenn was doing some rapid thinking on his own account. How had they located him here at the Cecil? It was true that his family lived here in the winter, but the more he revolved it in his mind, the more suspicious of Garrick he became and he began to shut up for fear of dropping another inadvertent remark like that about the Champs Elysees.

Glenn had not been such a bad guesser. It was nearly three when Garrick and Dick sauntered into the lobby of the Champs Elysees, looked about cautiously, and proceeded to get under cover. Before the tea room on the mezzanine floor hung a sign: "Radio Concerts Daily." They noted in, saw that the coast was clear, and selected a table in an angular corner, with a mirror so placed that it was a veritable periscope.

An orchestra in Newark was



THEY SELECTED A TABLE IN AN ANGULAR CORNER.

broadcasting some selection as they sat down at the table and ordered tea and crumpets.

It was not more than sixty seconds after three that they saw Glenn come in, looking pale and tired, select a table at the other end of the room and drop into a chair facing the entrance.

Ten minutes later Virg bustled in, excited and angry about something—and worried. Glenn rose and greeted her, all animation, now that a girl was in question.

Garrick and Dick, watching and wondering what to do, had fallen into a discussion of Ruth and Virg and Garrick was taking a cruel delight in sounding Dick.

"Do you know, I've been worrying a good deal about the handwriting on that autograph film," Garrick changed the subject as he brought out duplicate prints he had made. "Whose is it? Do you happen to have any note or letter from Ruth?"

Dick could not avoid the point-blank inquiry. He pulled a little note from his pocket. Inside the envelope was a dainty handkerchief. Garrick looked up with a questioning smile. Dick flushed. "A note from Ruth several weeks ago..."

"The writing is Ruth's, all right," he remarked, passing both over to Dick and at arm's length in silence pointing from one to the other with the pencil.

"I think I'm getting a line on Ruth," he said in a tone to reassure Dick. "She's a game bird—but she

isn't funny."

There was a pause. The concert number was now a solo. "Love's Old Sweet Song." "That sat for a moment as the words, clear, tender, distinct, transferred Hertzian waves into waves of emotion."

Suddenly—ch-h-h Buzz-z-z-z-z-z Miss Ruth Walden from the Sea Vamp. Meet me in the Pink Room tonight, Jack. "The dots and dashes ceased. Buzz-z-z-z-z. Then the solo started again."

Garrick looked into the mirror which gave him a reflection of Glenn and Virg. They had got it, too. The dots and dashes had meant only interruption to most in the room. To two people there was a message; to two others they were a mystery.

A few moments later, Glenn paid the check and the two rose to go. Garrick hastily did the same. "They will tell Ruth," he nodded to Dick as they went out. "She'll be there."

In the press in the lobby they managed to get just back of the now earnestly conversing couple. "Well, if Jack's here... then Ruth..."

Glenn looked more troubled. Garrick drew Dick over toward the new stand just in time to prevent their being seen following. "So Jack Curtis has come in again," ground out Dick.

"Don't say anything," Garrick said as he went to hear what he said in that Pink Room tonight, "considered Garrick, with a glance at Dick as much as to ask, "Are you game?"

Dick's face lighted up as if a sun ray had been switched on. "My wireless dictagraph" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER VI
THE WIRELESS DICTAGRAPH
"YOUR wireless dictagraph?"

"Bully!" exclaimed Garrick. "We could use that little mechanical eavesdropper. Where is it?"

"In my laboratory," Garrick's face fell. He glanced at his watch and then at the sun. "Yes, but we can't make it..."

Two hours later found them in Dick's own wireless workshop. It was the boathouse on his estate where he had done some remarkable things with wireless. It was true that DeWoe had some wonderful equipment but all the equipment in the world would not have availed him if he had not had that spark of inventive genius inherited from his famous father.

As he packed the parts Dick hastily enumerated them, his sending set, batteries, coils of wire, small portable antennae, and the receiving set.

Garrick had been thinking out a plan for the installing of the dictagraph. Up the street from the Inner Circle were two houses turned into studio apartments. He found the caretaker and the conversation was lucrative to her.

TRAVELLED THE WORLD BUT NEVER FOUND ANYTHING TO EQUAL ZAM-BUK



Mr. Henry C. Davis, a widely-travelled railway engineer, now of South 17th St., Kansas City, U.S.A., writes that he has found nothing in any quarter of the globe that compares with Zam-Buk for healing. He says:—"As a first-aid I have used Zam-Buk in innumerable instances for cuts, wounds, bruises and similar injuries sustained in my engineering work."

A REAL ANTISEPTIC HEALER.

"I also tried Zam-Buk for a rather common trouble in this country—skin poisoning by poison ivy. Disfiguring sores appeared on the hands, and other parts of the body after being in contact with the poisonous plant. Zam-Buk speedily cooled the affected surfaces, drew the poison right out, and healed my skin perfectly."

"Another time, whilst travelling, I suffered from a virulent outbreak of eczema, contracted through careless use of a public towel. I had medical advice and tried in addition, many special remedies without finding the hoped-for relief. Zam-Buk treatment took away all the pain and burning irritation, and quickly purified and healed the deep troublesome sores. It made my skin quite well."

ZAM-BUK FREE & POST-PAY.—The Proprietors of this wonderful herbal healer offer every reader a SPECIAL SAMPLE BOX. Send request to-day to Zam-Buk Mfg. Co., Dept. 21, Toronto.

FOR SKIN DISEASES & INJURIES

Ever Charming



A WOMAN at forty should be in the prime of mental alertness and physical charm—with an easy poise and a "savoir faire" unattainable by one more youthful. A morning glass of Abbey's—sparkling and refreshing—will correct any slight irregularities, keeping the body and nervous system in perfect balance.

ABBEY'S

"FOR CONSTANT HEALTH"

THE WHIG'S ZOO

IN far-off northern India The Cashmere Goat found. Upon its head are cork-screw horns That twist around and round. It's widely noted for its wool of highly valued grade. And from the finer combings All the cashmere shawls are made.

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AVOID HIGH FINISH
High polish in furniture should be avoided whenever possible. This should be scoured especially in woodwork of the house. The best type of woodwork is a sort of gray brown, for this has been found to harmonize best with any kind of furniture.

MOTHER!
Clean Child's Bowels
"California Fig Syrup" is Dependable Laxative for Sick Children



Children Love Its Pleasant Taste
If your little one is out-of-sorts, won't play, seems sick, languid, not natural—suspect the bowels! A teaspoonful of delicious "California Fig Syrup" given anytime sweetens the stomach and soon moves the sour fermentations, gases, poisons and indigestible matter right out of the bowels and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative. It never cramps or overacts. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Say "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeits. Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages plainly printed on bottle.

CHAISE LONGUE AT FIRE
During the cold days, take the chaise longue or day-bed out of the sunroom and place it before the fireplace. There is a combined feeling of comfort in the bed and in the fireplace.

Cold in Nostrils Quickly Subdued
Vaporize Catarrhazone in Boiling Water
Breathes the Medicated Vapor and Benefit Comes in Few Minutes.

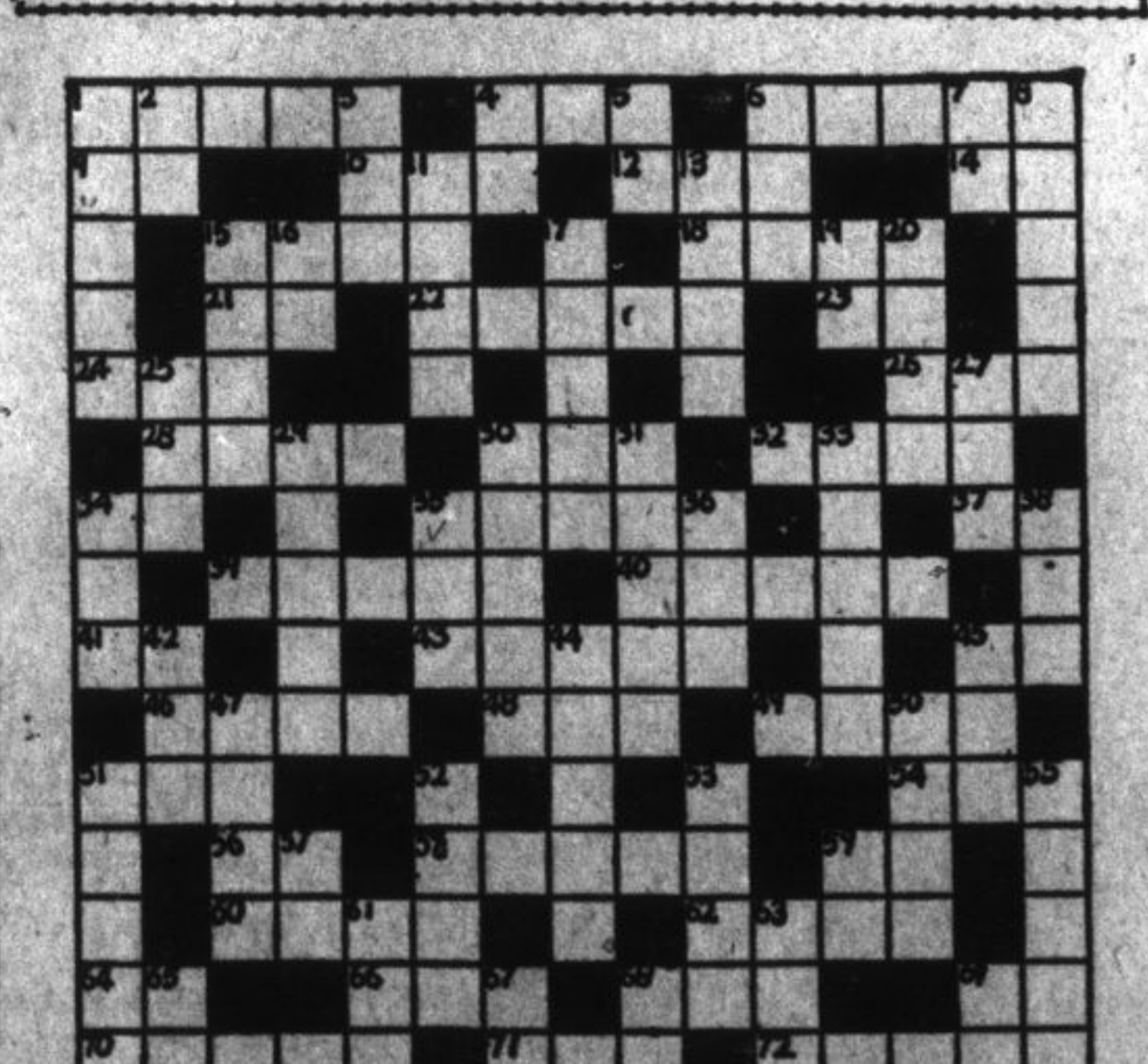


CHAIRS OFTEN CAUSE INJURY
A chair left standing in a narrow or dark hall may be the cause of serious injury if a person was to fall over it. Keep narrow or dark halls free from furniture, boxes, trunks, etc.

Simple to overcome Colds by the CATARRHOZONE METHOD.
Put a saucupan of water on a stove. Add a half teaspoonful of CATARRHOZONE to a pint of water, and bring it to a boil. Let the steam from the kettle fill the room, so that the medicated air is breathed in by the sufferer. You will notice an immediate result. The cough is relieved, the stuffed-up nostrils are cleaned, the COUGH, BRONCHITIS and COLD quickly disappear.

For adults suffering from GRIPPE, BRONCHITIS or CATARRH, this treatment is ideal. For FIFTY CENTS you can buy CATARRHOZONE in any drug store, or by mail from The Dr. Hamilton Pill Co., 311 Notre Dame West, Montreal.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



- Not late.
- Move away from.
- To score.
- Half of 38 horizontal.
- To take notice.
- Affirmative answer.
- A novice.
- Energy.
- Busy insect.
- Half an em.
- Dumpy and fat.
- S.1416.
- Organ of smell.
- Traveled highway.
- Preposition.
- Finis.
- Grown-up boys.
- Masculine title.
- Compel.
- Mineral from which metal is extracted.
- Brought to a close.

- Not drunk.
- A chopping tool.
- To dress.
- Exist.
- Perform.
- Consumed.
- Form of verb to be.
- Tropical plant member of the water lily family.
- Tidy.
- A flight.
- Water movement caused by the moon.
- Upon.
- A thief.
- Negative.
- To pull along on the ground.
- Myself.
- View.
- Laughing with joy.
- Garb.
- The lowest lengthwise member of framework of a vessel (pl.)
- Narrow street, often filled with garbage cans and cats.
- Past tense of dig.
- Small bed.
- Twenty-four hours.
- Grown-up boy.

- Vertical.
- Not drunk.
- A chopping tool.
- To dress.
- Exist.
- Perform.
- Consumed.
- Form of verb to be.
- Tropical plant member of the water lily family.
- Tidy.
- A flight.
- Water movement caused by the moon.
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- A thief.
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The peculiar feature of this puzzle is the definitions. Don't let them disconcert you.
Horizontal.
1. Dish of uncooked vegetables, chopped or sliced.
4. Pet name for younger brother.
6. Heavy piece of iron on which the blacksmith shapes his metal.
9. Spelled with fifteenth and twenty-fourth letters of alphabet.
12. Smallest unit.
18. Often.
19. What the milkman says to the cow when she will not stand.
20. To harmonize sound.
21. To tear.
22. Preposition.
23. Rich and spicy odor.
24. Conjunction.
27. A mule's papa.
28. Earliest stage of an organism.
29. Diving bird of the northern seas.
30. One side of a leaf of a book.
34. Part of the marriage vow.
35. Authoritative statement of doctrine.
37. Printer's measure.
39. Physical or mental exertion.