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The PURPLE MASK

By Grace Gward
Novelized from the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by the Universal Film Mfg. Co.

FOURTEENTH EPISODE
The Sky Monsters

The mounted patrol, guarding the outskirts of the city in its thinly populated sections, had begun their nightly vigil without prospect of unusual adventure.

It was a warm summer evening, with very little moonlight. Far to the south, the busy night life of New York was moving in joyous streams under the bright lights of the theatrical district. Usually O'Donovan, the mounted policeman, who had patroled the same sections for years, might as well have been riding through the open country for all the excitement that came his way.

But to-night the Irishman searched the sky, trying to discover the cause of the strange intrusion upon the customary stillness of the night. Suddenly there appeared a string of lights, high in the heavens, at first faintly discernible but growing rapidly brighter.

Then came a louder "hum," increasing in volume, until, as it approached high above the ground, the policeman at last concluded that some strange ship of the air was cruising south, in the quiet night, bound for the city still several miles away.

O'Donovan forgot the sweetness of his pipe, as he suddenly wheeled his horse and dashed away for the nearest patrol box. The airship was now directly overhead, humming along toward New York at an even speed that might send it to the heart of town within an hour.

"It's O'Donovan," said the patrolman over the police phone. "Look above you at the airship. It's a big one, going south."

The desk sergeant in O'Donovan's precinct sent an officer to watch for the dirigible, and passed the word along to the other station houses farther south. In this way the approach of the airship, manned by anarchists and bent on a mission of destruction, was made known to every police station in the city.

And as a precautionary measure the department headquarters had called up Governor's island and the forts down the bay, warning the officers in command that New York was having a visitor in the sky, who looked suspicious, but not, of necessity, dangerous to the welfare of the city.

With the speed that generally attends the spread of sensational news, the approaching dirigible was heralded by means of the mouth-to-mouth telegraph. Citizens began thronging the public squares and thoroughfares long before the airship arrived at a point in the sky above the center of the city.

The cafes and restaurants were aflame with excitement.

Eagerly the crowds waited and watched, as thousands of eyes scanned the sky while necks grew distressingly stiff from the unaccustomed strain of bending backward. Wild rumors flashed through the streets, passing from man to man, growing in circumstantial detail with every repetition.

As the giant skyship passed over block after block of the northern district of New York, without creating anything more than intense excitement, the residents who felt that they had escaped some dire calamity, grew joyous in celebrating their good fortune.

The "Great White Way" had never experienced such thrills.

Just as excitement in the heart of the city was at its most intense pitch, and thousands stood in terror of some unaccountable disaster, an unprecedented thing happened—every light in street or building was snuffed out. The "Tenderloin," for the first time in the history of New York, was in utter darkness.

Police headquarters, acting upon advice from the commandant at Governor's island, had ordered the power company to shut off every electric light, from Columbus Circle to the Battery wall. In a twinkling the order had been obeyed.

The hours of terror that followed the blinking out of New York's "white lights" will be a topic of conversation, and sensational comment as long as one soul shall live, who experienced

the unprecedented sensation and conditions.

While the panic-stricken crowds in the street watched the sky for the threatened peril that might come, Patricia Montez, in her biplane, was speeding toward New York from the aviation field on Long Island.

As the airship, freighted with destructive bombs sailed down toward the bay, piercing the sky above the center of Manhattan island, the watchers found relief in the fact that nothing any more serious than giving fright to the multitudes had marked the journey of the air-raiders thus far. But the satisfaction that came to the crowds in the theatre district, was not shared by men who owned property further downtown.

When the crowds in Union square saw the great airship approaching from the north, there was a cry of alarm when someone discovered still another air monster heading toward New York from Long Island. One brilliant light flashed from Pat's biplane; the anarchists' airship was ablaze with rows of glaring shafts.

Pat directed the passage of her biplane, so that she kept far above the anarchists' craft as it moved down the island. Coming close to the financial district, Pat had maneuvered her plane so that she was directly above the airship—and then she decided to act.

Very deliberately she hoisted an explosive bomb over the side of her biplane, having guided her craft until it was directly above the airship. When she dropped the bomb she scored a hit, first off.

The airship lurched and swung from its course. Another bomb dropped from Pat's biplane, likewise registered, and with joy the girl observed the giant aircraft change its course and head for the Brooklyn side of East river.

Too busy in saving their own bacon, the anarchists had not even attempted to bomb the city below them. They were just arriving at the point in their flight when they expected to begin destructive work, but Pat's attack completely upset their plans.

With their own lives at stake, the anarchists centered all their efforts in the hope of making a safe landing. From its great height the airship began to descend in zig-zag fashion, sailing over Brooklyn, toward the open fields in the suburbs.

As Pat's was skimming above Williamsburg, on her way back to the hanger whence she had started, she had the satisfaction of watching the anarchists' airship as it slowly descended. When the helpless craft neared the ground, Pat observed the wreck, as it hung momentarily in flames, and then crumpled up—falling in a burning mass to the ground.

Satisfied in having accomplished her purpose in saving the city from an attack, Pat sped through the air to the aviation field and safely descended. Her adventure had taken her less than an hour, and her mission had been fulfilled with marvelous success.

In great "scare-heads" she read the papers, next morning, of her exploits. The sensational events that followed the airship's passage down the length of Manhattan island, occupied the front pages of the papers, but it had been found impossible for the newspaper men, to identify the pilot of the attacking aircraft.

Later issues of the afternoon paper carried stories of the biplane that had left the aviation field on Long Island at about the time to account for the attack, but the strictest investigation had not uncovered the name of the pilot. There was only one item that led to the slightest hope of identifying the aeronaut—a purple mask had been found tied to the framework of the biplane that had been used at the time.

To Phil Kelly the identity of the pilot was clear. She had "put over" on him again, and the great detective felt keenly humiliated, even though he rejoiced in the success that had attended the daring girl's adventure.

"She's a wonder, for sure," Kelly said to his assistant, when he had finished reading the newspaper account of New York's evening of terror. Very naturally the sensational affair attracted the attention of government officials and orders came from Washington that the matter must be thoroughly investigated. When Kelly heard that the subject of the air raid had been taken up through secret service agencies, he hastened to the headquarters and volunteered what little information he had on the subject. He felt in duty bound to do so.

His information amounted to nothing more than suspicion, but when the report had been transmitted to Washington the orders came back that the Purple Mask, must be apprehended at all hazards. The authorities, of course, had not understood Pat's exploits in foiling the anarchists, and what Kelly had told them simply served to center their suspicious wrongdoing around the Queen of the Underworld.

Several of the best secret service operatives directed by the Sphinx, began shadowing The House of Mystery, at once. Their presence on the ground

The Housewife's Corner

A COURSE IN HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE COMPLETE TWENTY-FIVE LESSONS.

Lesson XVI. Children's Food.

The baby who must depend upon the bottle to supply nutriment to maintain life needs good care and attention.

That this baby may thrive, the mother should have the physician prescribe a formula that will agree with the child. Cleanliness is a big factor. It is impossible to keep little bodies, clothing and the utensils in which food is made, too clean. Remember that surgical cleanliness is the price of freedom from much of baby illnesses.

Flies, dirt, impure milk and insanitary conditions are the enemies of childhood.

The baby approaching one year old must begin to eat solid foods. It is at this period that the mother must use care and fore-thought. The delicate digestive organs are easily disturbed. It must be realized that the child should be furnished with foods that will provide growth of bone, muscles and tissues and also furnish it with sufficient energy to exercise its body.

For growth protein is necessary. This is found in milk, eggs and cereals for the small child; and in meat, fish, peas, beans and lentils, in addition to the above mentioned foods, for older children. Baby receives his energy from cereals, bread and butter and milk. The fats in the milk, butter and yolk of egg also act as energy-giving foods. The juice of an orange may be given in small amounts to the child under one year of age, with beneficial results. The value of orange juice in the child's diet is of a laxative nature. The small child from one to three years may have the pulp of a baked apple and prunes in addition to the orange juice.

Children from three to six years of age may have cereals, milk, eggs, finely chopped meats, fish boiled and baked, fresh vegetables and fruits. Corn, beans, tomatoes, cabbage and cucum-

bers have no place in the small child's diet.

Good home-made bread and milk contain the necessary elements that are of vital importance for successful growth during childhood. That the bread contain all the necessary elements of the wheat, it is made from whole wheat meal flour. This gives the child the valuable vitamins that are contained in the wheat. The outer covering of grain contains valuable material for bone and teeth structure.

Know the source of your milk supply and also the conditions under which it is cared for before it reaches you. Upon receiving milk, if it is not already pasteurized, then pasteurize it at once, then cool and store in a place where it will be free from all contamination. Remember that milk will spoil very quickly if it is kept in a careless or dirty manner if it is permitted to stand in a hot kitchen. Physicians will tell that thousands of babies die each year because of the careless manner in which milk fed to them is handled.

Always wash, if possible, with running water, the top of the bottle or jar, before opening it. When once the bottle is open turn a glass down upon the top of the bottle. This forms a sanitary cover that can quickly be removed.

Do not give small children large quantities of sugar over the blood stream and upset the digestion. It is positively criminal to give pennies to the children and allow them to buy cheap candies of unknown origin. If candy is necessary, make it at home and be assured of its purity.

Plenty of cool drinking water should be given to the children, the smallest baby may be given a spoonful of water three or four times during the day. Do not give small children ice water; for safety's sake water should be boiled and cooled.

Protecting

worthy of a good package. Delicious tea like Red Rose is sealed package to keep it



NEW USES FOR WOOD.

One of the Latest Products is Artificial Silk Stockings.

Silk stockings, phonograph records and sausage casings are all being made of one material to-day—wood. Silk is largely composed of cellulose, and as wood is composed chiefly of cellulose it has been found possible to produce silk from wood, says the Illustrated World. The cellulose of the wood is first converted into a substance known as viscose, which greatly resembles celluloid and is often used as a substitute for it; also as casing for sausages.

In the production of silk the viscose is dissolved in water, forced through the capillary tubes of a spinning machine and the fine threads produced are hung up to dry and to be converted into cellulose by warm currents of air. The threads are then woven into "silk" cloth with a cotton warp.

This artificial silk is very difficult to distinguish from the original product and is offering keen competition in the market.

If You Are Not Already Acquainted
Geo. Wright & Co., Props.

Music in the Home

Music As a Qualification.

A musical friend is a friend indeed. One so frequently hears it said that some young woman has a host of friends because of her music or that a certain young man is tremendously popular on account of his ability to play the piano well. It is obvious that music helps you make friends. It is also true that you appreciate having friends who are musical.

Not long since, a mother who had always been careful about her children's choice of companions, was planning in a judicious way to encourage her son in becoming intimate with some other young folks because they were musical. Going farther and into a more serious realm, when a young man reaches the stage when he feels he can assume the responsibilities of taking unto himself a wife, he would do well not to be forgetful of the fact that Arcady is sweeter if the

Incompetent instructors and the vicious Canadian habit of one less week. As a rule the pupil to one lesson a week makes the advancement in a year as the taking two lessons will make term, and in the course of four it is discouraging to find that he accomplished only what might be done in one.

When lesson days come but o



let me introduce you to the Walker House (The House of Plenty), wherein home comfort is made the paramount factor. It is the one hotel where the management lend every effort to make its patrons feel it is "Just like home."
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