Quality has no substitute

Tea *"fresh from the gardens"*

ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HORLER.

SYNOPSIS

Philip Crane, a young aeroplane designer, in London on a holiday, saves Margery Ferguson from death by snatching her from beneath a large car.

On arrival at the Mid-Western Hotel, he is surprised to find a letter, written in code, addressed to him there. That evening an unknown girl calls on him in connection with the letter. Resolved to see the adventure through, he goes with the girl, Judith Felstead, to see a man named Stevensson, who is expecting the "crook" Crane.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

Stevensson crossed the room and seated himself at a bureau. He was just about to open a drawer when the loud peal of an electric bell rang through the room.

"Someone appears anxious to come in," he commented.

At that moment, Crane knew that he was in real danger. So far, this man had been fencing with him. That had been obvious. But now, the mask was partly off. Had that ring at the front door or wherever it was, been a signal?

He half turned to the door.

"You're not going, Crane?" asked his host.

What could he say?

"If you've got people coming—" he fumbled.

"Oh, it's only a friend of mine—and a friend of yours, if it comes to that."

His brain was reeling. A friend of his? A friend of the real Crane's that was. Then the masquerade would be exposed; he would be shown up.

"You really must not go," continued Stevensson; "I can't allow it. When an old friend like—" he smiled, and there was the very devil in his grin— "—calls so unexpectedly, it would be churlish for you to leave. Stay there!" he snapped.

Crane waited no longer. He had been mad to come. But, before he could reach the door, this opened, and a man appeared.

Philip stared at him in astonishment.

For this newcomer, although some years older, and carrying a far greater air of sophistication, was the living image of himself!

CHAPTER IV.

For a moment there was a tense silence. Then this was broken by the sound of a laugh. Philip knew that Stevensson was expressing his satisfaction at the denouement.

Crane no longer hesitated. A Rugby footballer, he was always fit; and his speed must have startled the man at the door, for he made no adequate defence when the other rushed at him. Perhaps the presence of his double was totally unexpected; in any case, the quick thud of fists against his face caused him to give ground.

One tug at the door, and with it flying open, Crane was half-way to the street. He caught a fleeting glance of the girl, Judith, staring at him from a dorway in the hall, as he rushed past her.

Before he could reach the main door, however, the man-servant who had answered the bell barred the way. From behind came a snarling voice, Stevensson's, without a doubt.

"Stop him, Lessing! Stop him, I say!"

The man-servant darted a hand to the pocket of his immaculately fitting coat. But even in the act of drawing a revolver, crane had performed a second crashing feat. The two went down amid a flurry of arms and legs. Confused as he was by his fall, Philip maintained his self-possession. Surprisingly enough, now that he was faced by the first real peril of his life, he remained astonishingly cool. Perhaps, he was able to reflect, his Rugby football was helping him out. He played scrum-half for Truro.

He was soon on his feet— and when he stood up, the revolver he had snatched from t hand of the servant was facing Stevensson.

"Keep away, I warn you!" he shouted.

And the two men and the woman at whom the words were directed obeyed.

His left hand fumbling with the door, he found the handle. One quick turn, and he was out on the steps of that solid-looking suburban house which he knew now to be the headquarters of a dangerous gang of criminals.

A bang of the door, a few further flying footsteps, and he was in the Bayswater Road.

Chance now lent a hand. A taxi-driver, noticing his haste, looked at him enquiringly.

Philip gave the first address that came into his mind, a restaurant in Coventry Street.

It was just as the taxi, caught fast in a traffic jam, had reached brilliantly-lit Piccadilly Circus, that he saw her. The very girl! Unbelievable and yet—true! The girl he had dragged from beneath the wheels of the green car. What an amazing piece of luck! She was standing on the kerb only a yard or so away, staring straight in front of her.

Wrenching open the door of the taxi, he stepped out on to the pavement.

"You!" she said, breathlessly, as he reached her side.

"Yes," he repdied; adding quickly: "I've got a taxi here. I want you to come with me. To talk. Why, you're ill!"

"I'm afraid," were the words that came trembling from her lips.

It was late—some time after midnight. But what did this new Philip Crane care? This was London, not Truro. . . The prospect of escorting a strange woman he did not yet know were passed into the commonplace. He put a hand on her arm and she did not resist.

"Where now?" asked the taxi-driver in a surly tone. He had been afraid his fare was a bilker, and his temper had not fully recovered.

"Somewhere quiet," he was told; "somewhere where we can have a meal by ourselves, and be able to talk without being overheard."

The mechanical Jehu chewed the end of a luxuriant moustache.

"W'ot you want is Cima's, Greek Street," he said. And made a swerve such as only a London taxi-driver can make.

Five minutes later, a broad-faced *maitre d'hotel*, himself the proprietor of this little restaurant, was giving the couple a warm welcome.

"Somevair qui-et?" he repeated; *mais, oui;* this way, monsieur."

He preceded them up a narrow flight of stairs, and into a small room on the right that was evidently reserved for small and essentially private dinner parties.

"No one will come here, monsieur. And now—?" producing a menu.

"I leave everything to you."

Once they were alone, the girl turned to him with a quick, impulsive gesture.

"I don't think I ought to have come with you," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because—well, aren't you a perfect stranger?"

With a quickness that might have startled his Truro friends, Crane held up a reproachful finger.

"How can you say that?" he said. "This is the second time we've met."

The next moment he was sorry he had uttered the words, because a shudder passed through the girl's slim body. Instinctively, he put out his arm and drew her to him in a protective way.

"Yes," came the faltering answer. "I'm sorry I forgot. But I didn't mean it that way. I meant. . . ."

"It doesn't matter," he said. "You're here, and I've been given a second opportunity of talking to you. Won't you be content with that?"

Looking up into his face, she nodded. Then, and before another word could be uttered, the waiter entered carrying the first course of the late supper.

Crane was developing observation. He noticed during the meal that the girl, in spite of her evident fear, ate as though food for some time past had been a stranger to her. He wondered at it; and, wondering, was given the explanation.

"This is the first meal I have had to-day," she said. "If I am ravenous you must forgive me."

He laid down his knife and fork and, reaching over the table, touched her hand.

"You can trust me," he said. "I want to help you. I am determined to help you. Won't you tell me your story?"

"All of it?"

"Yes—but especially the part which has made you afraid. . . . But, first of all, drink another glass of wine." He filled her glass with Burgundy, and waited until she lifted it to her lips.

"More," he urged; "it will do you good; bring back the color to your cheeks."

It was with a little shaky laugh that she laid the glass down.

"I didn't believe I should ever meet a man like you," she told him; "I didn't believe there was one left in the whole of London."

"But I come from Truro," he replied, hoping that the feeble jest would bring a second smile to her lips.

"Truro? That's in Cornwall, isn't it?"

"Yes, I came up today on a holiday."

Her face became blanched.

"You must go back," she said; "you must not stay in London—at least, you musn't be seen with me."

"But that's all rubbish!"

"No!" And this time it was her hand that reached across the table. "It's a matter of life and death. You saw that for yourself this morning. . . That man meant to kill me!"

He wondered if he should tell her; and then decided that he would.

"London is a wonderful place," he said; "you would scarcely believe me. I suppose, if I told you that less than an hour ago, I was talking to that same man—at least, I believe him to be the same man."

"Stevensson?"

"Stevensson."

"But—how?"

"I was taken to his house in Bayswater Road."

"By whom?"

"A woman. Look here, suppose I tell my story first? But are you strong enough to hear it?"

(To be continued.)

Present Wage Rate Maintained in Italy

Rome.—Premier Musolini recently assured Italy that there will be no further general reduction in wages.

Under his presidency, the Central Committee of Corporations rejected suggestions it had been studying for nation-wide cuts in industrial salaries. The committee declared decreases inadvisable despite the tendency of other nations to meet the depression in that manner.

Opening the committee session, the Premier said he thought wages already had been reduced to the lowest tolerable level. A year ago he ordered a horizontal cut of 10 to 12 per cent. in all wages, governmental and industrial, with greater reductions in high salaries.

Pearls Found in Ohio Water

Pearls are being taken from the Sandusky River bottom at Fremont, Ohio.—The Pathfinder.

MOUNT ROYAL HOTEL Montreal

Make It Your Home When In Montreal

BREAKFASTS
Table d Hote
50c, 75c, $1.00

DINNER
Table d Hote $1.50

V. G. CARDY,
Managing Director

Percy Plantaganet: "In asking for your daughter's hand, sir, I would remind you that I am the possessor of an old and honored name." Goldstein: "Ah! And will you be good enough to inform me at what bank it will be honored, and for how much?"

KRAFT CHEESE

an economical, healthful food . . . Rich in vitamins . . . Energy-producing . . . An economical source of highest quality protein . . . fully matured . . . Kraft cheese is a healthful, body-building food. Serve it with every meal.

Made in Canada

Made by the makers of Kraft Salad Dressing and Velveeta

EAT MORE of this CORN SYRUP

more nourishment for less money

EDWARDSBURG
CROWN BRAND
CORN SYRUP

The CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL

A7

A new, different MAGIC MENU

● Look for this mark on every tin. It is a guarantee that Magic Baking Powder does not contain alum or any harmful ingredient.

This delightful tea menu suggested by Madame R. Lacroix, assistant director at the Provincial School of Domestic Science, outstanding Montreal Cooking School, will come in very handy next time you're entertaining. Keep it for reference.

TEA MENU
Fruit Cocktail
Hot Cheese Biscuits*
Salad Marguerite
Assorted Tea Cakes
Pineapple Ice Cream
Chase & Sanborn's Tea or Coffee

Madame Lacroix says: "For my part, I always use and recommend Magic Baking Powder because it is absolutely dependable. Its high leavening power is always uniform. You get the same satisfactory results every time you use it."

Try Madame Lacroix's recipe for *HOT CHEESE BISCUITS

1½ cups flour	⅔ cup milk
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	⅓ cup grated cheese
2 tablespoons butter	1 teaspoon salt

Sift flour, baking powder and salt. With two knives, thoroughly mix flour, butter and cheese. Dilute the mixture with milk to make a soft dough. Roll quickly and lightly to one-half inch thickness and cut with a round biscuit cutter. Place on top of each biscuit a cheese cube, one-half inch thick, and bake in oven at 400° F. about 12 or 15 minutes.

More than 200 Interesting, tested recipes are contained in the New Free Magic Cook Book. If you bake at home, send for a copy. Write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Avenue, Toronto.

Buy Made in Canada Goods

MAGIC Baking Powder ensures better baking results

A hard day at the office, and a headache homeward bound. All for the want of two little tablets of Aspirin! Don't be helpless when you suddenly get a headache; carry Aspirin with you. The pocket tin doesn't take up any room, but what a comfort when it's needed!

Fatigue will frequently bring on a headache. It lowers the vitality and invites a cold. Take Aspirin and throw it off! Don't wait until you are miserable. There is nothing in Aspirin to hurt the heart or upset the stomach or harm the system in any way. Your doctor will tell you that! But, get Aspirin—not a substitute!

Follow the proven directions to be found inside each package. They cover colds, sore throat, headache, toothache, neuritis, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago or rheumatism, muscular pains, and other pains and aches for which these tablets are a positive antidote. Keep your pocket tin filled from the bottle of 100 tablets. Every drug store has Aspirin in bottles, as well as the familiar little box.

Aspirin is made in Canada.

ASPIRIN

(TRADE-MARK REG.