Quality has no substitute

Tea *"fresh from the gardens"*

ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HORLER

SYNOPSIS

When Philip Crane, a young aeroplane designer, arrives in London on a holiday, through a coincidence of like names, he is taken for the crook Crane, who is a tool of a band ruled by a mysterious "Empress."

He rescues Margery Ferguson and takes her to a convent. He then goes to Mandling in Kent to rescue her father. Meanwhile, Charles Whittle, an American detective, is trailing a band of forgers. By close confinement The Empress hopes to bend Ferguson's will to her own. Philip Crane arrives at Mrs. Hamble's Inn and while reconnoitring, comes to blows with Whittle. Crane foolishly attempts to enter The White House. He is rescued by Whittle and they return to the Inn.

CHAPTER XIII—(Cont'd.)

"His real name is Birchall. Philip Crane is merely the name he's working under at the moment. You might like to know that."

"Funny he should have picked on my name, though," answered Philip.

"Not so very. If you'd been in the crime racket as long as I have, you'd know that there're a damned sight funnier things than that happening every day of the week. Now, let's get back to this woman called The Empress. You say Stevensson mentioned her to you. In what connection?"

"He referred to her in a manner that led me to think she was the head of the whole business."

'Good enough."

It was now Crane's turn to ask questions.

"What do you think is at the back of this, Whittle?"

"At the moment, I haven't the least idea. But it's something big. Of that you can be certain. Did the girl say what her father did? What his particular line was?"

"No. She told me nothing beyond the fact that he was weak, and that he had extraordinary ability in his work—then we reached the convent, and I hadn't a chance to ask her anything else."

"A pity. If she had said exactly what work her father did, the rest might have been easy. She didn't drop even the slightest hint, I suppose, that he was an engraver?"

"An engraver? No. Why an engraver?"

But Whittle turned the question aside.

"Oh, nothing," he said evasively; "and now I think we'll go to bed. In the morning I shall take the first train to London and make one or two calls. In the meantime, you'll stay here and see what happens."

They parted on those terms.

Outside, at the top of the stairs, before proceeding along the narrow corridor which led to his room on the other side of the Inn, the American detective held out his hand.

"Don't you worry, boy," he said; "we're going to see this thing through—you and I. Good night."

"Good night," returned Crane, and went to his room feeling better for the hearty handgrip which he had just received.

* * * *

How long he had been asleep, Philip did not know, but he awoke, his nerves tensed, and with a prickling sensation all down his spine.

That cry. Had it been a cry? And from whence had it come? Outside the Inn?

He waisted, straining his ears to catch the slightest sound. But the darkness held only a deep, settled silence.

Ass! His nerves must have gone back on him. A nice knight-errant! A fine rescuer of helpless females! He must pull himself together.

He endeavored to get to sleep again, but it was impossible. Thoughts came thronging at such a rate that his brain became a seething battleground for them. What had happened a few hours before returned to his memory with such force that he sat up in bed once again.

One thought above all others now occupied his attention: that cry could not have been imagination. It must have been real. Otherwise, why should he have awakened from what had been a deep sleep?

Whittle!

He must go to his room—to see if he was all right.

Slipping out of bed, he had barely put a foot on the ground, when a noise from behind made him suddenly turn. Then, he knew why he had awakened: his subconscious mind had sent him a warning. Through the window at the other end of the room a dark form was silhouetted. And, close behind, was another. . . . Sinister shapes.

He had no time to wonder how they had made the entry, for a voice said, with cutting sibilance:

"Put your hands up!"

And, whilst he hesitated:

"You've got one more second!"

That second was a tense affair. Behind the men, Crane could see a pale, watery moon, shedding a little fugitive light. A fitting background, he thought, for a deed of bloodshed.

He started to lift up his hands, and then, with a spring like that of a wild animal, he leapt at the man who had threatened him. His outflung hands caught the fellow's knees and gripped them tightly. There was no thought now for his own safety; he was so possessed with a maddening hatred that, for the moment, every consideration of self was blotted out. These devils had killed Whittle. Of that, he could be certain. They had gone to his room first, probably using the same ladder, and had slain the American detective whilst he slept. That strangled cry which had come to him could have no other interpretation.

He was like a man possessed. The normal, somewhat easy-going Philip Crane that Truro knew had changed into a fight-inflamed individual turned berserker.

He brought the man he had tackled down with a thud that shook the room. He heard the revolver drop from the other's hand, and, conscious now that they were on an equality, worked his fingers up to the fellow's throat, gripped, and held on.

But whilst he was squeezing the breath out of his antagonist, he forgot altogether the existence of the second man—forgot it until the fact was brought home to him in painful fashion. For the second time within a few hours, a succession of numbing blows descended on the back of his head, and, with scarcely a sound, he drifted upon the broad bosom of that tide which is called unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XIV.

That well-known Society celebrity, Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair, smiled as the girl with the Titian hair came into the room.

"Good morning, my dear," she said in her best Mayfair accent.

Judith Felstead sank into a chair.

"How are things down at Mandling?" she asked.

"Proceeding with perfect regularity, I understand," was the reply. "I was there yesterday morning, and I told Ferguson to behave. I think he will now. You look as though you have something on your mind, my dear."

"Don't play around," said the girl; but her curt retort could not cloak the fear lurking at the back of her eyes. "If you're going to get rid of me, Empress, come clean; don't beat about the bush like that?"

"You're being stupid, my dear," was the reply. "Have a cigarette, and I'll ring for a drink." The speaker, after opening the jade box, went to the wall and pressed a bell.

"Because you make a mistake that anyone in the circumstances might have done," she went on, in an easy, conversational tone, "is that any reason why I should dispense with the services of one of my most accomplished assistants? As for this second Crane—I suppose it is he to whom you are referring?—I don't think we need give the fellow a second thought."

Judith shook her head.

"That's what Stevensson said; but I'm afraid he is going to cause trouble."

"How?"

Before the Red-Haired Madonna—to use Philip Crane's phrase—could reply, the telephone on the incidental table shrilled.

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair with the polished grace that made her so great a favorite in Society circles.

Judith Felstead had often told herself that she was psychic. At this moment, she looked at the telephone and the woman holding the receiver with suspicion. Did that call come from Mandling?

Yes—she new it. And something had gone wrong. The face of the Empress was distorted—vanished now was the calm, serene, if proud beauty, to be replaced by an expression of devilish rage.

"What? Speak louder, you fool. ."

Another two minutes, during which the woman listening seemed on the verge of an outbreak. Then:

"Keep him there until I come down. My God! . . ."

But so great an actress was this female Jekyll and Hyde that, by the time she turned to her visitor, she was practically her normal self again.

"I must have a cigarette," she said.

Judith rose, her limbs shaking. She struck a match to hold to the other's cigarette, but her fingers wavered so that the Empress had to perform the office for herself.

The girl shrank back.

"What's happened down there?" she asked.

"Down there?" repeated the woman. And her manner indicated that she was about to question the right of the other to voice such a query.

"Don't fool with me, Empress," pleaded Judith. "That telephone call came from Mandling. I know it! And something has gone wrong there. . . . Tell me what it is, please."

Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair took a walk up and down the room. With all her sophistication, she might have been a tigress in the jungle smelling out her prey.

"I hate to have to confess it, Judith, my dear," she said silkily at length, "but you were right, and I was wrong. The man Crane—the second one, I mean, the one who deceived you—is causing trouble. He is evidently not such a fool as I had imagined he might be. You would never guess what has happened?"

"He has gone to Mandling?" asked Judith, in a low tone.

(To be continued.)

A Near Thing

Dismal James and his friend were walking in the park.

Suddenly James stopped and nodded to a grey-haired man on a nearby seat.

"There's the fellow who swindled me out of five thousand pounds," he told his friend.

"Really?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said James, "he wouldn't let his daughter marry me."

Unshaken Faith in Future Of Canada Expressed at Royal Bank Annual Meeting

"I have witnessed many depressions during the last fifty years and I can see nothing in this one which weakens my faith in this country."—Sir Herbert Holt, President.

"While I do not wish to voice any prediction as to the date of business recovery, it will be very disappointing if an improvement does not take place in 1932."—M. W. Wilson, Vice-President and General Manager.

At the annual meeting of The Royal Bank of Canada held at the Head Office in Montreal, both the President, Sir Herbert Holt, and the Vice-President and General Manager, Mr. M. W. Wilson, were emphatic in their expressions of unqualified confidence in Canada. Sir Herbert Holt's mature and world-wide business experience is reflected in his statement, "I have witnessed many depressions during the course of the last fifty years and I see nothing in this one which weakens my faith in this country." The tone of both addresses was one of quiet optimism, exemplified by Mr. Wilson's remark, "While I do not wish to voice any prediction as to the date of business recovery, it will be very disappointing if an improvement does not take place during 1932. The leaders of politics and finance in the principal countries are capable of bringing this about and the indictment against any who block the way will be severe indeed." The President pointed out that with quoted values of most securities well under their intrinsic worth, improvement could be expected as and when measures were taken which would result in a real return of confidence in the United States. Earlier in his remarks he had referred to the splendid record of the Canadian banking system during a time when disorganization in finance was accentuating the depression in many other countries. He expressed the opinion that the relatively satisfactory position of Canada could be attributed in no small degree to the stability of our banking organization and the way in which industry had been supported.

Before moving the adoption of the report Sir Herbert referred with profound regret to the death of Mr. Neill, after a lifetime spent in the service of the bank. "In his passing the bank has lost a wise councillor, his associates a loyal friend, and Canada an eminent banker and distinguished citizen."

After dealing briefly with the situation in agriculture and the principal manufacturing industries, Sir Herbert referred to the plans which are under way for a consolidation of the principal newsprint companies in Eastern Canada, and expressed the opinion that the development though difficult of accomplishment was a constructive one and highly desirable if Canada was to continue to maintain the supremacy to which she is entitled by reason of her natural advantages.

Railways

The appointment of a railway commission was mentioned with approval and the belief expressed that such a commission should be capable of bringing in recommendations which would in large measure solve the present very serious situation caused by uneconomic competition and duplication of services. The President stated "Savings to the country of from $60/75,000,000 a year are possible and this without impairment of service to the public."

Imperial Conference

Pointing out that as long as other nations raise intolerable tariff barriers against British Empire goods it is necessary that the different parts of the Empire should protect themselves by concerted action, he expressed hope in the results of the Imperial Conference to be held in Ottawa, provided careful analysis and close study produced a scientific tariff structure which would stimulate reciprocal Empire trade without handicapping home industry.

Publi. Finance

The success of the National Service Loan was referred to as a notable achievement. He stressed the fact that both internal and external revenue had been reduced by the decline in the activity of trade and that excessive expenditures by governments and municipalities had placed a heavy burden of interest payments on the people. "There never was a time in our history when it was so necessary to avoid extravagance of every kind, and governments, Federal, Provincial and Municipal, should follow the splendid example set by the British National Government in reducing the cost of administration and balancing their budget."

Closing his remarks Sir Herbert said in part: "It has been said that it is darkest just before the dawn, and in previous depressions conditions have seemed most discouraging at a time when improvement had already set in. The violence of the depression must of itself tend to produce a strong reaction. It may well be that the gold countries are now on the verge of a rise in the price level. With a sound and strongly integrated banking system, no important investments in depreciated securities of foreign governments, an industrious and virile people who have maintained their morale unimpaired, and with a system of government permitting prompt and decisive action, Canada is in a relatively satisfactory position and we are justified in looking to the future with confidence."

General Manager's Address

Mr. M. W. Wilson, Vice-President and General Manager, stated that maintenance of the Bank's assets at a figure as high as $825,000,000 reflected not only the conservation of existing business but also the acquisition of new and desirable connections. He referred to the substantial over-subscription of the Dominion of Canada National Service Loan as an achievement of which our government and Canadians generally may well be proud.

Strong Liquid Position Maintained

The liquid position of the bank was maintained at substantially the same ratio as a year ago, quickly realizable assets being more than 48% of liabilities to the public. In referring to the enviable record of the Canadian banking system during the period of world depression, Mr. Wilson said: "Once again the ability of the Canadian banking system to take care of the needs of the country has been clearly demonstrated. The type of organization under which they operate enables our banks to take a broad view of the transactions that come before them and I think it will be admitted that the disposition has been to deal with problems in a sympathetic and constructive manner."

Business in Other Countries

"Entirely satisfactory," were the words used in describing the bank's experience during the last year in the foreign countries where it operates.

Mr. Wilson pointed out that the Bank's foreign branches have never been allowed to expose themselves to risk of loss through exchange fluctuations and as a result their experience during the last year had been entirely satisfactory.

Commodity Levels

The General Manager expressed the opinion that the restoration of commodity price levels to the basis of 1924-1928 was essential to a really satisfactory recovery in world business. He made favourable reference to the anti-deflation measures now being considered by the United States Congress and felt that they justified the hope that corrective forces would soon be at work in that country.

Business Psychology

"As the depression continues the factor of business psychology is one of constantly increasing importance," Mr. Wilson declared. Distrust and lack of confidence are largely responsible for the extremes to which world business has gone. He indicated that we in Canada had been particularly fortunate in this respect and said, "Confidence in our country and in our ability to solve the problems that present themselves is above the average and in my opinion is amply justified by our past record and future prospects." Lack of international confidence was the main obstacle in the way to world-wide business recovery. Mr. Wilson went on to express the opinion that confidence could be restored by co-operation between the leaders of politics and finance in the principal countries. Signs are not lacking that progress may be made along these lines and this formed the basis for his statement, "While I do not wish to venture any prediction as to the date of business recovery, it will be very disappointing if an improvement does not take place during 1932."

Mr. Wilson pointed out in vigorous terms that we must not get into the frame of mind in which we think of losses as pertaining to all business activities. The majority are holding their own, he declared, and while reduced earnings for the time being may be inevitable, we should be gratified that in this period of transition a great majority of our Canadian concerns are more than covering operating expenses and our agricultural population is staying on the land and maintaining the acreage under cultivation. Closing on a note of optimism, Mr. Wilson said, "There are signs of stabilization in a number of directions, our physical assets are being kept intact and, with reasonable economy and hard work, we shall find that Canada will be one of the first countries to feel the good results of business recovery."

When You

CAN'T QUIT

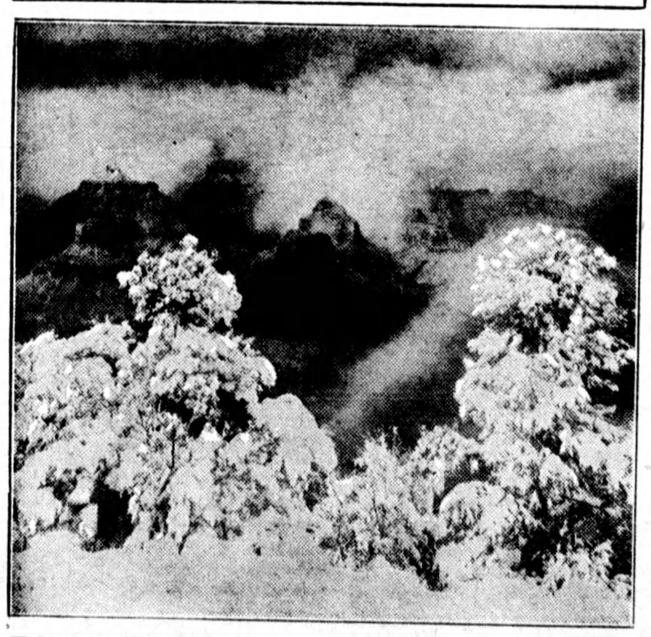
Fatigue is the signal to rest. Obey it if you can. When you can't, keep cool and carry-on in *comfort*.

Aspirin was meant for just such times, for it insures your comfort. Freedom from those pains that nag at nerves and wear you down. One tablet will block that threatening headache while it is still just a threat. Take two or three tablets when you've caught a cold, and that's usually the end of it.

Carry Aspirin tablets when you travel. Have some at home and keep some at the office. Like an efficient secretary, they will often "save the day" and spare you many uncomfortable, unproductive hours. Aspirin is harmless, so keep it handy, keep it in mind, and *use* it. No man of affairs can afford to ignore the score and more of uses explained in the *proven* directions. From a grumbling tooth to those rheumatic pains which seem almost to bend the bones, Aspirin tablets are ready with quick relief—and always work. Neuralgia. Neuritis. *Any* nagging, needless pain.

Get the genuine tablets, stamped with the Bayer cross. They are of perfect purity, absolute uniformity, and have the same action every time. Why experiment with imitations costing a few cents less? The saving is too little. There is too much at stake. But there *is* economy in the purchase of genuine Aspirin tablets in the large bottles.

A BATTLE OF THE ELEMENTS AT GRAND CANYON



FORTUNATE, indeed, the traveler who stood beside the camera man as he caught this dramatic winter battle of the elements in the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

For weeks on end, in midwinter, the Grand Canyon glows under brilliant sunshine and blue sky. But when snow does come to the Canyon rims, as it must do at any elevation of 7,000 feet in this latitude, then the visitor may witness incredible scenes like this.

Travel is continuous throughout the year to the South rim of the Grand Canyon, but Winter seals the North rim which is 1200 feet higher, for months on end. Through Pullmans over the Santa Fe Railway approach within 100 yards of the Canyon edge, South rim, and it is but a step to the informal comfort and crackling fireplaces of El Tovar hotel. Snow, when it comes, may lie thick in the pine forest, but it rarely interrupts the motor drives along the rim roads, and not often even the thrilling saddle trips down the inner-Canyon trails. As one rides down and down, the snow thins out and gradually disappears. Imperceptibly one passes from the crisp cold of the upper world to the hints of spring at Phantom Ranch, 5,000 feet below.

The Grand Canyon is one of the most glowing jewels in Uncle Sam's famous chain of national parks.

Tramcar Post May Be Abolished in Stockholm

Stockholm—On account of the increasing traffic in Stockholm the tram lines may be moved away from the center of the town and be exchanged for buses. If this is done they will be missed by all those who use them for posting their letters, writes a correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor. All the tramcars have attached to the back a letter box, which is put on at nine o'clock in the morning and taken off at eight in the evening. In places where many tram lines pass there is a post-office employee standing, who empties all the boxes every time the tram passes and puts them in a letter box on a tramcar that passes the General Post Office. Here another employee stands and empties the boxes and puts the letters into a chute in the post office, which carries them up to the clearing room. This is a quick and reliable service and the letters very often reach their destinations earlier than if posted in an ordinary letter box.

The weakest bone in the body is the collar bone.

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