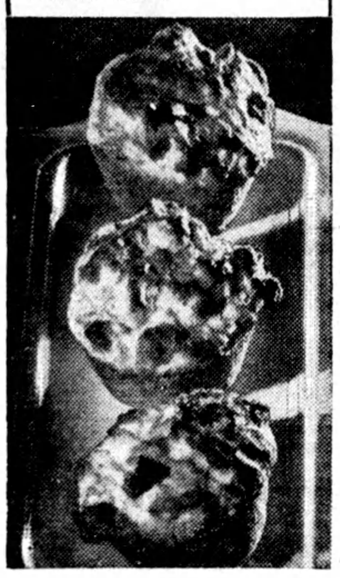
Miss Ann Adam's Recipe for Bran Muffins

¾ cup bran	¼ cup sugar
1¼ cups flour	¾ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt	1 egg
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	¼ cup melted shortening

Mix the bran with the sifted fine dry ingredients. Make a well in the centre and pour in the milk and well-beaten egg. With the fewest possible number of strokes, blend these ingredients and stir in the shortening. Half fill greased muffin pans and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 15 to 20 minutes. A few chopped dates, lightly coated with some of the measured flour, may be added.



Miss Ann Adam bakes her famous

Muffins

with Magic Baking Powder

"When selecting ingredients for my recipes," says Miss Ann Adam, cookery authority of the Canadian Home Journal, "I consider three points — economy, health value, and successful performance.

"Magic Baking Powder meets them all. I use and approve Magic, because I know it is pure, and free from harmful ingredients, and because experience has taught me that I can count upon successful results with Magic every time."

Magic Baking Powder is used *exclusively* by the majority of cookery experts, dietitians, and housewives throughout Canada. In fact, Magic outsells all other baking powders combined!

FREE COOK BOOK—When you bake at home, the new Magic Cook Book will give you dozens of recipes for delicious baked foods. Write to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

HOME SERVICE BUREAU CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Magic Baking Powder has been home-tested and approved by the Home Service Bureau of Canadian Home Journal, Toronto, and is the only Canadian baking powder that has been awarded their official Certificate of Approval.

Made in Canada

"CONTAINS NO ALUM." This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

Motor Cost Mounts As Speed Increases

Chicago.—Speed comes high.

The Chicago Motor Club has come that conclusion, after an exhaustive investigation, that it may safely be said that a mile-a-minute in your automobile is from three to four times more expensive than when your speedometer says 40 to 45.

The conclusion was arrived at after checks made at various speeds. These results were cited:

Oil consumption at 55 miles an hour is seven times greater than it is at 30. Tire wear at 50 is twice as much as at 40. Gasoline consumption at 55 is one-fourth more than at 30. In addition there's the wear and tear on the car at the higher speeds.

They Might Need Me

They might not need me,
Yet they might.
I'll let my heart be
Just in sight.
A smile like mine
Perchance might be
Precisely their
Necessity.

Sir: "Your uncle seems rather hard of hearing." Sam: "Hard of hearing! Why, he once conducted family prayers while kneeling on the cat."

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 learns that her father is held captive by "The Empress" in Mandling, Kent. Placing Margery safely in a convent, Philip goes to Mandling to reconnoitre. Meanwhile Charles Whittle, an American detective, is trailing a band of forgers and follows the same trail as young Crane. They meet and join forces. Then Crane is abducted by two members of the gang. Margery fears for her father and Philip. When Philip regains consciousness he is confronted by his double "Crane."

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

"Still, that can wait—the later you see friend Badoglio, the better; take that from me. In the meantime, you'd better come clean with an explanation of how you got mixed up with our business."

"I've already told you. I was mistaken for you by a red-headed woman."

"Yes. But you knew damned well that she was making a mistake." The speaker, after shifting his revolver into the other hand, pulled out a pocket-flask and unscrewed the top. "No funny tricks, now," he warned. "I can shoot just as well with my left hand as with my right." He lifted the flask to his lips and took a deep drink.

"That's better," he gloated, smacking his lips. "A drop of that would do you good," he went on; but replaced the flask in his pocket.

Philip felt a faint resurgence of hope. The man had evidently been drinking before, and if he kept on, he might become senseless. That circumstance might not improve, by the slightest degree, the helplessness of his own position, but he was in the mood to snatch at any straw.

Birchall's last potation made him sway unsteadily. He became surprisingly loquacious.

"It's all a mystery, you say?" he went on, his speech now somewhat slurred; "well, I don't mind puttin' you wise. There's somethin' big goin' on here. That's why"—with a drunken hiccough—"there won't be any chance of you gettin' out with your life, young fella! Somethin' big. . . . Here," he continued, lurching forward, bending down, and catching hold of the prisoner's right arm: "up you get; I'll show you somethin' . . ."

For one breathless moment, Philip considered bringing his handcuffed wrists down upon the other's head. But, sodden though he might be, Birchall proved quick enough to read his thoughts.

"I'll plug you, mind; don't think you've got the slightest chance, kid. Another look like that, and ——" He patted the handle of his revolver significantly.

Because any reply in the circumstances would have sounded suspicious, Crane kept silent.

The crook repeated his former words.

"Yes. I'll show you something. . ."

His hand still on the prisoner's arm, he guided Crane across the bare floor. Then he placed a finger on the wall, part of which opened.

"In there," he said.

Prompted by an irresistible curiosity, Philip looked through the secret panel.

This aperture was only about six inches square, but he was able to get a clear view of the room on the other side.

Staring fascinatedly, he saw an elderly man bending over a desk. He was unshaven, and looked generally unkempt.

The net thing Philip noticed was the weakness of his chin and, instantly, the words of the girl returned to him.

"He is not a criminal, but weak—weak—!"

Crane's heart gave a bound. Helpless as he was, he had solved the mystery. For this man, working so industriously, could be none other than the girl's father—the very person he had promised to save!

A stealthy whisper sounded in his ear.

"You see what he's doing?"

Crane made no reply. His intuition told him the answer. This man, wearing a green shade to protect his eyes from the glare of the brilliant electric desk-lamp, was doing something illicit.

"He is the cleverest engraver in the world," he heard Birchall say.

With the words, came the whole of the secret. Full knowledge was given to him; this man was a forger.

CHAPTER XVI.

Charles Whittle had had a half-smile on his face when he left that room in the Curzon Street house, but once on the pavement, he became very serious indeed.

That chance discovery at the Inn had guided him right. It had been an amazing piece of luck, and he had been able to recognize Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair immediately; this leader of London Society was the same woman who had been mied up in that notorious murder case on the trans-Atlantic liner "Carapanthia," when he had been returning to New York three years before. She had been traveling under a very different name then, and no one appeared to be aware that she was a well-known personage in London's Mayfair, but his job had given him a remarkable memory for faces, and he had no possible doubt it was the same person.

A curious affair in many ways. Officially, the man had been supposed to have committed suicide by falling through his porthole two nights out from New York. There had been reasons why the New York Police had not made too many close enquiries after the "Carapanthia" had berthed.

Lowenstein was a close friend of the notorious gentleman-gangster, Crowle. A very close friend. And he had been many other things as well. Lowenstein, without any reasonable doubt, was connected with the Guinin outfit who had flooded South America with bad paper. His ways at that time had approached very closely those of Birchall, alias Philip Crane, who was now in England.

The puzzle was beginning to fit; he could now see the pieces falling into places; this woman, who called herself Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair, but who, to the underworld was known as The Empress—he had Melton's word for that—had been seen talking to Lowenstein an hour before the man's loss was reported. Indeed, one witness had been ready to swear that she was actually in his cabin.

She had got away with that, but, apparently, had not learned wisdom; for here she was, intimately allied with another forging outfit. For that was the correct designation of the crowd down at the White House.

And that other woman—the one with the striking red hair. Somewhere at the back of his mind he had a vague feeling that he had seen her before. True, it had been just a fleeting vision he had had as she left the room immediately upon his entry.

All the while he had been thus cogitating, he had remained practically stationary a few yards away from the house. But now, having made up his mind what action to take, he lit a cigarette and began to walk quickly away.

He had scarcely taken a few steps, however, before a woman passed him. Instantly, he recognized her as the companion of The Empress.

He was wondering whether he should accost her, when she half-turned, stopped, and then actually spoke to him herself.

"Got what you wanted, Mr. Dick?" she asked.

He smiled at her.

"My name's Bartholomew," he said.

"Come off it. You're an American 'dick,' and I want to know what you were doing in that house just now." He noticed that he face was flushed, and that her eyes were brighter than a normal woman's should have been.

Charles Whittle had had considerable experience of criminals, and he realized that this woman was either under the influence of dope or that she had recently been put to a considerable mental strain. A thought came: Perhaps she had quarrelled with the Empress.

"Are you a friend of Mrs. St. Clair?" he asked.

"What's that to do with you?"

"It may be a lot to do with *you*, young lady," he said sternly; "you can take that from me."

"Hot air!" she scoffed.

"Perhaps—perhaps not. Anyway, if you'd like to see me some time tomorrow, ring up Metropolitan 0177, and ask for Mr. Bartholomew. Don't forget—Mr. Bartholomew." With that he raised his hat, signalled a passing taxi-cab which had just come from the direction of Piccadilly, gave the driver an address, and got into the vehicle. He gave no backward glance as the cab sped away.

Within twenty minutes of leaving the Empress, Whittle was sitting in a room on the third floor of London's Police headquarters, the official facing him a grey-haired, grim-faced man of late middle-age, whose downward droop of the upper lip gave his mouth a curious satirical expression.

"Well, Whittle? And how's the land of the Free—free for murders, I mean; with no questions asked, and no licence required." Detective Inspector Bodkin's speech was in keeping with his sneering mouth.

Whittle, who had never liked the man during a casual acquaintanceship which extended over ten years, kept his temper. He had asked to see Bodkin's superior, but Superintendent Watson was away.

"America's all right," he replied. "It's this side that wants looking after. What would you say if I could put you on to a really first-class case, Bodkin?"

"I should laugh!" was the answer.

"Laugh, eh? Well, if the press boys get hold of a big headline sensation within the next few days, and readers write in wanting to know what Scotland Yard's been thinking about, don't blame me; for I've given you your chance."

"What's all this rot you're talking, Whittle?"

"It isn't rot—it's the truth. I'm over here on a sort of holiday—well, I call it a holiday—but I've happened to run up against something big outside my usual line." He had not intended to take this action, but his hand had been forced. After the previous night's events at the Jolly Sailor Inn, he realized very vividly that it was impossible for him to carry on with this thing alone.

(To be continued.)

Quality has no substitute

Tea *"fresh from the gardens"*

British Television Broadcast Received on Speeding Train

London—A party of radio and television experts received last week a normal television broadcast from the Brookmans Park B. B. C. Station on a moving train. No special apparatus was necessary, a four-valve portable receiver similar to that used by King George being coupled to a Baird televisor.

The train attained a speed of seventy miles an hour, but the dancer in the television studios could still be seen. This is said to be the first time television has been received on board a speeding train.

Friend—"What's your son's average income?"

Father—"From two to two-thirty a.m."

He: "Do clever women make the best wives?" She: "Clever women don't become wives.'

"Did ye see the big skyscrapers while ye was in New York, Hiram?"

"Well, I seed the bottom part but the blame police fellers didn't let me stand still long enough to see clean to the tops."

Wisconsin has had to revise its law paying bounty for rattlesnake rattles. It now requires half of the snake's body to be presented along with the rattles in order to collect. The reason for that is this: Rattlesnakes, given time, grow new rattles. Which accounts for the racket discovered in which some Wisconsonians removed the rattles, collected the bounty, and let the snakes live to grow new rattles!

A talking alarm clock has been invented. Most of us can remember when Mother served the purpose well in getting us off to school on time.—The Christian Science Monitor.

Be a Hairdresser

Vacancy now for a limited number of students in Canada's most exclusive School of Hairdressing and Beauty Culture. Write for free booklet regarding terms.

ROBERTSON'S
Hairdressing Academy
137 Avenue Rd., Toronto 5

it's good

This delicious table syrup is just full of nourishment and costs little.
Try it.

BENSON'S GOLDEN SYRUP

The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited, MONTREAL 86

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!

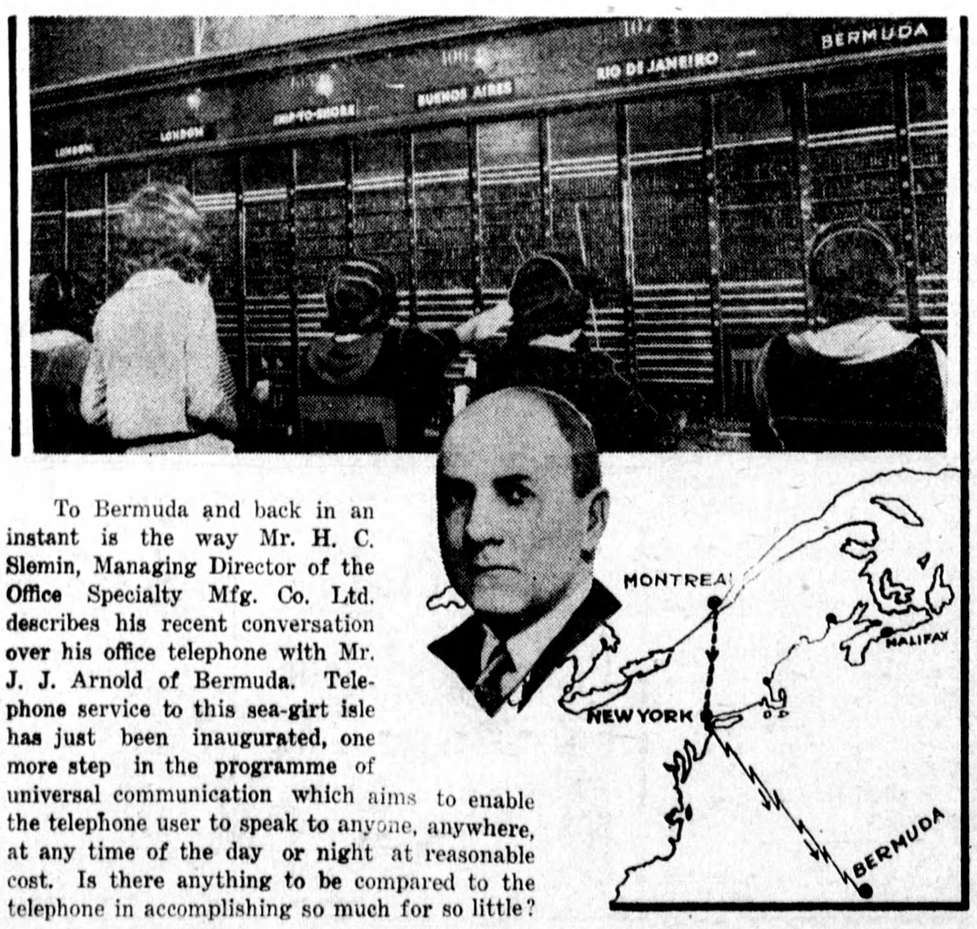
Follow the proven directions to be found inside each package. They cover colds, sore throat, headache, toothache, neuritis, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago or rheumatism, muscular pains, and other pains and aches for which these tablets are a positive antidote. Keep your pocket tin filled from the bottle 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.

Travelling With the Speed of Light



To Bermuda and back in an instant is the way Mr. H. C. Slemin, Managing Director of the Office Specialty Mfg. Co. Ltd. describes his recent conversation over his office telephone with Mr. J. J. Arnold of Bermuda. Telephone service to this sea-girt isle has just been inaugurated, one more step in the programme of universal communication which aims to enable the telephone user to speak to anyone, anywhere, at any time of the day or night at reasonable cost. Is there anything to be compared to the telephone in accomplishing so much for so little?