ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
"SALADA"
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 learns that her father is held captive by "The Empress" in Mandling, Kent. Placing Margery in a convent, Philip goes to Mandling and meets Whittle, an American detective who is trailing a band of forgers. Crane is abducted by two members of the gang. Whittle realizing the affair is too big to handle alone calls in Scotland Yard. Margery disappears from the convent and Whittle is captured by the gang. Mrs. Hamble, landlady of the inn, becomes suspicious when Whittle and Crane fail to appear and calls in the village constable.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

"'The White 'Ouse'? You don't think that anybody there could 'ave anything to do with this 'ere affair?"

"I don't know. 'Twas very peculiar—but, there I don't suppose you'd 'ave sense enough to understand if I told you."

"Told me what?"

"Well, I might as well," decided Mrs. Hamble. "When this young gen'lman—Padden 'e said 'is name was, as I've already told you—first spoke to me, 'e seemed very anxious to know the kind o' people who lived in the neighborhood. I was able to tell 'im a good deal about most of 'em, and 'e seemed particularly struck on the folk at 'The White 'Ouse.'"

"Ah!" commented the constable, sucking his pencil. "But you're not goin' to tell me, Mrs. 'Amlbe, that you've got any soospicion about that there Mr. Stevensson—a nicer gen'lman I never come across."

"P'raps not—but then, you ain't come across many, 'ave you George Johnston? And, talkin' about 'The White 'Ouse,' what about that big foreigner with the nasty-lookin' face?"

"Ah!" The constable supplied his usual comment, and reapplied himself to the end of his pencil. "I don't mind tellin' you, Mrs. 'Amble, that 'e looks capable o' doin' anything. But it 'ud take more nerve than I've got to go up there layin' any sort o' charge against 'im to Mr. Stevensson."

"Afraid to do your dooty, then?"

"I can't say as 'ow it is me dooty until I've got something definite to go on."

Th landlady terminated the conversation by pointing to the door of her private sitting room, which opened out into the hall, that led in turn to the street.

"There's a mystery 'ere, and it's got to be cleared up," she declared. "You get on the telephone to Folkestone. I'm going to 'ave 'eavy damages out o' somebody for all the nuisance I've been put to. Besides, I took a real fancy to that young Mr. Padden, an' it grieves me to think that anything could 'ave 'appened to 'im. Now, then, get on with you, George Johnson."

Muttering to himself, the village constable left the Inn.

Feeling that she wanted some fresh air, the good-hearted landlady walked through the bar and took her stand at the door of the "Jolly Sailor." Although a strong-nerved woman, the occurrences of the previous night had greatly disturbed her. She had been unable to leave her room when awakened by the sounds of a struggle in the next room, because, on going to the door she found that she could not open it and this in spite of the fact that the key, upon retiring, had been on the inside of the lock. Evidently the marauders had not taken any risk of being disturbed.

There had been only the window, and although she had smashed the glass in the faint hope of attracting attention from anyone passing in the road below, no one had come to her assistance. To get out of the window was impossible for a woman of her bulk, and so, in a frenzy of bewilderment she had been forced to wait until seven o'clock that morning when Joe, the odd-job youth had turned up for duty.

She had found the two other rooms in a state of chaos, with both her lodgers gone. Here was a mystery indeed! And not only a mystery, but disgrace. Mrs. Hamble had the feeling of the average good English housewife after a forced entry by strangers, of her possessions having been polluted.

Directly she had swallowed a cup of tea, she had sent Joe for Johnson, the village constable; but her mortification was increased by the news with which Joe returned. The constable had been called away the previous afternoon to the bedside of a dying brother-in-law; his wife did not know exactly when he would be back, but expected him about dinner time.

"You go straight back now, Joe," Mrs. Hamble had directed, "and tell her I want to see 'im the minute 'e comes back. Don't say what for, or it'll be all over the village in no time. Just let 'er know I want to see George Johnson urgent."

"Yes mam," said the stolid Joe, whose expression signified that even murder and sudden death meant little in his daily round.

The constable had not turned up until after Mrs. Hamble had eaten her mid-day meal.

Now, as she stood looking down the practically deserted street, thinking over the recent somewhat unsatisfactory interview with him, she noticed a girl approaching from the direction of the Station. The girl, who appeared to be a stranger, was walking slowly, and taking quick glances from side to side. Upon seeing the landlady she seemed to come to a decision, and hurried up to her.

"Are you looking for anyone, miss?" asked Mrs. Hamble, in her usual friendly manner.

The girl opened her mouth to speak and then swayed slightly forward.

"My dear!" exclaimed the landlady, extending her arm, for if she had not done so, the other would probably have fallen.

Making an obvious effort, the stranger made a request.

"May I sit down for a minute?"

"Come inside, my dear; you look to me as though you're in trouble. And perhaps you want some food. Is that it?"

There was no reply; and Mrs. Hamble very perplexedly waited until her unexpected visitor was seated in a comfortable chair. Although merely a keeper of a village inn, she possessed a good deal of native shrewdness, and she had already come to the conclusion that this girl was in such trouble as to require a friend.

"I'll make you a cup of tea," she said, "and then, if you like you can tell me what's the matter."

The combination of the speaker's kindness and honest face resulted in Margery Ferguson overcoming her natural hesitation and pouring out her trouble. Within ten minutes Mrs. Hamble was in possession of a certain vital fact. This was that the girl was searching for a young man whom she believed had come to Mandling recently. From her description, Mrs. Hamble had no difficulty in identifying this man as one of the lodgers who had been spirited away the previous night.

To tell the girl the whole truth, however, was not to be considered at the present moment, she decided. The child could not stand it.

"But there's no need for you to worry, my dear," she said; "I can tell you about that young man of yours."

The girl flushed.

"You can?" she asked eagerly.

"Of course!" went on the landlady, warming to her subject; "why 'e actually stayed 'ere last night!"

"In this inn?"

Mrs. Hamble, somewhat troubled by the expression of thankfulness she had caused to leap into the girl's face, nodded.

"Then, where is he now?" asked the visitor.

"I don't exactly know that, my dear; he went out without saying where 'e was going. But don't you worry—everything will be all right. All you've got to do is to wait here until 'e comes back."

Heaving a sigh, the girl, with that, seemed content.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Perhaps the most curious of all the curious things appertaining to Abe Goldschmidt was the fact that scarcely anyone in London knew of his existence; no one, that is, moving about the leisured and supposedly cultured classes. As regards the Underworld, that was an entirely different matter.

For a man like Abe Goldschmidt to be living in one of London's busiest streets, and for the fact to go unchronicled in the Argus-eyed newspaper press was certainly remarkable. For only five years previously, the name of Goldschmidt had been blazoned in screaming headlines throughout the world. He had been called "the amazing crook-lawyer," as well as many other things; and he had issued no writs for libel for the very simple reason that the appellation had been strictly correct.

For twenty years prior to that, this curious personality had been one of the best known figures in America. On that famous street Broadway, he was so familiar that scarcely an issue of any ournal priding itself on an appeal to the populace missed printing his name.

He was the Criminal's Best Friend. Thief, murderer, blackmailer, crook of any description, male or female—when in trouble they all went to Abe. And, pulling a string here, and another one there, Abe, the Marvellous, somehow or other got them out of the difficulty. From the very jaws of Sing-Sing and the New York County Penitentiary, he could pluck them. A very strange, but powerful man, Abe, of whom had been written with truth: "He was not a great criminal, as the description is usually understood, but a man who stood behind and profited by the vices of others. As an office-boy serving a famous divorce lawyer, his shrewdness gave him the opportunity that many seek but few find. Almost before he had reached legal manhood, he was called to the Bar and became, later, the partner of his old employer—sought after, flattered, feared. A light of the Tenderloin, a prominent figure at every First Night, the friend and confidant of the great stars of the stage, familiar to all habitues of every race track and gambling house, this little man with the very big head was for years one of the sights of New York City."

(To be continued.)

MOURNING WARDROBE

"A death occurred in our family and I had to go in mourning. I could hardly afford to buy all black clothes, so decided to dye what I had. I consulted our druggist and he advised using Diamond Dyes. Everything came out beautifully; coats, wool dresses, stockings and all. I have since learned to appreciate the excellence of the black Diamond Dyes. I tried another black dye and the results were impossible. I had to get Diamond Dyes and do the work over. Recently I have tinted my curtains a beautiful raspberry shade and dyed a rug a lovely garnet with Diamond Dyes. They are real money savers—the finest dyes money can buy—I truly believe."

Mrs. G.K.L., Montreal.

ISSUE No. 11—'32

Timely Precaution Prevents Cancer

Smallest Irritation Should Receive Prompt and Careful Attention

No one properly informed should die of cancer of the skin. Beautiful women never die of cancer of the skin, except when it is situated on the bridge of the nose due to the irritation of their vanity never-slip eye glasses. Beautiful women and everyone who pays attention to the looks of the exposed part of the body observe at once the upigmented mole or the wart or the area of irritation of the skin, or the sore spot, and when they seek an immediate examination and treatment they are absolutely protected from cancer. This information is pretty widespread among all groups of people to-day. Cancer on the bridge of the nose due to neglect of the irritation by the vanity glass has practically disappeared, because people, doctors, oculists and opticians now know the dangers, and, the moment an irritation appears the type of frame is changed. The majority are beginning to learn that none should neglect any irritation of the skin anywhere. The first appearance of a scaly area called an area of keratosis, whether it weeps or not, whether it is painful or not, should be washed three or four times a day with warm water and soap, using cotton, followed by medicated alcohol and then covered with a little vaseline, two per cent. yellow oxide or mercury ointment. An irritation from the bite of any insect should be at once washed in alcohol and covered with collodion. The most minute pimple should be washed with alcohol, covered with yellow oxide of mercury on a bit of cotton and fixed with collodion. When the armies of the nations depended largely on their feet, the medical profession instructed the soldier on the protective care of the feet. It is more important to-day to teach the people about the proper care of the skin on any part of the body for protection against cancer than it was to instruct the soldier about his feet.

When the family physician is selected before illness comes, you can learn from him the simple care of the skin at the periodic examination and show him any skin defects that may have been present since birth or appeared recently.

The properly trained family physician will know when the skin defect should be referred to a dermatologist or a surgeon for further diagnosis and treatment.

Seventy years ago the most common form of cancer of the skin was among chimney-sweeps due to their occupation and their ignorance of cleanliness. This form of cancer of the skin has disappeared, because the occupation has disappeared. There is evidence that all forms of cancer of the skin will disappear when the people and the medical profession learn and practice the care of the skin just as cancer of the mouth will disappear when people learn and practice the care of the mouth and teeth.

Opportunity

What ample time the plowman has
for thought,
To ponder many things!
This life; the days that constitute
his span;
The seasons sliding round.
And yet, I wonder if he's wiser than
The worker in a town,
Or if he merely plows, and thinks
of nought.

—J. D. O., in the London Saturday Review.

From $500 to Fortune

How Dominion-Wide Industry Began in a Store

WHAT CONSISTENT ADVERTISING WILL DO

President of Biscuit Company Tells Success Story

A romance of modern business that should be an inspiration to every small store-keeper was told to newspaper men today (Friday, February 26th), by Mr. C. E. Edmonds, President of Christie, Brown and Company, Limited, who is completing his fifty-sixth years of service with the company.

Mr. Edmonds, who can recall personally much of the rise of the Christie, Brown organization, told how the giant biscuit company was started in a small store on Yonge Street, Toronto, by two men with a working capital of probably not more than $500. To-day the business they founded is capitalized at millions of dollars and is the largest industry of its type in Canada. It has two manufacturing plants in the East, another—the million dollar Winnipeg plant opened last week—in the West, and thirteen distributing branches from Halifax to Vancouver.

The simple history of Christie, Brown and Company as told by the active veteran president is this—The business began in 1849 when two young men, James Mathers and Alexander Brown, formed a partnersip in a small store in Toronto to make biscuits. They had with them as assistant salesman, William Christie, who was destined to become a partner and eventually play an important part in Canada's biscuit making industry.

The biscuits sold from this small bakery became popular with a limited clientele and the business began to progress. Four years later Brown and Mathers retired and the business was handled by young William Christie. Mr. Brown, however, re-entered the company in 1861 and the name, Christie, Brown and Company, Limited, was adopted.

Confederation of Canada in 1867 found the business firmly established as one of Canada's coming concerns. In 1871 and again in 1874 larger premises were necessary and it was symptomatic of the sales energy behind the organization that the first trans-Canada train had a Christie representative on board.

From that point the business has never looked back until to-day Christie Biscuits are known round the world. The original store in Toronto has been replaced by three factories—one occupying nearly a whole down-town block in Toronto, the second Toronto factory occupying many thousands of square feet of floor space, and the third—the new Winnipeg plant—is acknowledged the finest biscuit factory on the continent.

The original plant turned out a very small variety of biscuits. To-day over 500 lines are marketed.

And here, according to Mr. Edmonds, is the real key to success in the Christie, Brown organization. It has consistently maintained a high standard of quality in its products and has advertised steadily in good times and bad, using newspapers from coast to coast, year in and year out.

Insects Cost Canada $100,000,000 Yearly

Winnipeg — The annual damage wrought in Canada by insects amounts to over $100,000,000, Prof. A. V. Mitchener of the Manitoba Agricultural College, told members of the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists here. From 10 to 0 per cent. of the standard crops of the country are annually destroyed byinsects he declared.

Prof. Mitchener added that in 1932 a more extended area of Manitoba will be infested with the grasshopper plague than was the case in 1931.

SILENCE

To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word received and endured as in His presence, is worth more than a long prayer.—Fenelon.

Our idea of a perfect love is a husband eating the spinach without a murmur because "her dear hands" had prepared it for him.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The last word in Christie quality . . . extra rich . . . extra light . . . extra delicious . . . and always fresh as fresh can be.
Christie's
De Luxe
SHORT BREAD

"I sometimes wonder why I never reached success in life."

"There have been too many bars in your way, my boy."

This Year's Fashion

London Sunday Express: It is announced on the authority of the "Tailor and Cutter" that this year men will be wearing fancy waistcoats of peach, champagne or sunshine yellow; the button-hole in the lapel will be cut down instead of across; the jacket will be rather longer, and the sleeves will show a little more cuff But in the case of most men the forecast for this year's fashion is that they will be wearing last year's suit, thanks to Lord Snowden of Ickornshaw.

The First Sweet Breath of Spring!

With the jonquills, comes the first
sweet breath of spring.

Through the earth their firm straight
spears are seen,
Then shy buds all veiled in tender
green,
Till the sunbeams brush their veils
aside,
And fair blossoms,—starlike,—open
wide,
Pouring forth their fragrance with delight,
Each a chalice, filled with radiant
light.

With the jonquills, comes the first
sweet breath of spring.

—Susan F. Campbell.

TIME

Time, my son,
Is our great teacher, and he shows
us this,
That, as his swift years follow on
each other
So all that is begotten of those years
Falls, and is follow'd by its proper
heir.

Three Things

Let the ends thou aim'st at be
Thy country's, thy God's, and truth's.

—Shakespeare.

tasty for pancakes with bread and as a general table syrup!
BENSON'S
GOLDEN SYRUP
Send 10c for "Canada's Prize Recipes". 200 practical, home-tested Canadian recipes. 88
The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited, MONTREAL

RHEUMATISM

DON'T suffer with rheumatism. You get amazing relief from Aspirin. Simple, but how effective! Those worst days, when suffering is acute. If you take Aspirin, the pain subsides. Take it right away. Take enough to drive away every twinge. Aspirin can't hurt you. It does not depress the heart, or upset the stomach.

If you ever have those painful attacks of neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica, lumbago—get some Aspirin and just follow the proven directions. These tablets are just as effective in such suffering as in the case of simple headaches, colds, etc. The relief is felt immediately.

Carry the pocket tin. Aspirin will insure your comfort through the cold season. Get the genuine tablets of absolute uniformity, each bearing the Bayer cross. Buy them in bottles of 100 tablets, or this familiar little box: