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 or 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. Philip goes to Mandling and meets Charles Whittle, an American detective. When Crane is abducted Whittle calls in Scotland Yard. Then Margery goes to Mandling. Whittle is captured by the gang. However, Abe Goldschmidt, a notorious criminal lawyer, effects his escape. The Folkestone police search "The White House" for young Crane. They assure Margery he will be found.

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

"We shall find him all right," said Inspector Laidley, "don't you worry about that, Miss Ferguson."

"But he may be dead!"

"Then the man who killed him will hang—rest assured of that."

"Mrs. 'Amble!" called a voice from without. "Mrs. 'Amble!"

"That's that George Johnson. Would you like to see 'im, Inspector?"

"Do you mean the local policeman?"

"That's 'im—George Johnson." Raising her voice, she called in reply: "Come on in, George Johnson. 'Ere's the Inspector from Folkestone wants to see you."

Laidley seemed about to make some protest, but by this time, heavy footsteps were heard outside, and the next moment the blundering form of the village constable thrust itself into view.

P.C. Johnson made a clumsy attempt at a salute, and then removed his helmet to disclose a steaming forehead.

"Thank goodness you've come, Inspector. I rang up Folkestone, an' they told me as 'ow you 'ad already started."

The Inspector turned round in his chair.

"I understand that you've been investigating this case, Johnson; have you got any clue?"

"Not a h'inch of a clue; it's all as dark as night to me. Mrs. 'Amble 'ere sezs as 'ow she thinks that gen'leman up at 'The White 'Ouse' 'as got somethin' to do with it; but I can't see as 'ow that can be. I knows the gen'leman in question. 'E allus sezs 'Good-mornin'' to me pleasant-like. I can't think as 'ow 'e could 'ave anythin' to do with this 'ere affair. O' course, there's that Eyetalian 'e 'as 'angin' round—a narsty lookin' creature, as Mrs. 'Amble says; but—"

The Inspector stopped the rush of words.

"How long have you lived in this district, Johnson?"

"All me life. I was born at Hythe, and came 'ere when I was ten year old."

"And that is—how long ago?"

"Thirty-seven years come November."

"What do you know about 'The White House'?"

"Not much. O' course, 'twas builded on a ruin."

"A ruin?"

"Yes. Years and years ago, there was a kind o' a monastery, they do say, and the remains were a-knocked down by the gen'leman who builded 'The White 'Ouse'—a Mr. Farrant 'e was, from Southampton. A very rich man—an' terr'ble fond o' 'is wine. 'E used the cellars to keep the bottles in, an'—"

Inspector Laidley rose from his chair so impetuously that he sent it flying.

"Thank you, Johnson," he said "you've given me just the information I wanted."

P.C. Johnson blinked.

"W'ot on earth 'ave I done now?" he enquired.

"You've given me what I think is the solution to this mystery," was the reply.

CHAPTER XXI.

The air was raw, and he felt a chill in his bones. So this underground vault was what Stevensson had meant when he said "downstairs."

He had been hustled by the two men down a flight of stone steps, the covering of which was so cleverly masked by wooden flooring that no one could possible have suspected their existence, and then pitched forward so that his out-stretched hands, still held by the manacles, were cut and bruised.

This was to be the end, apparently. It might be that after the visit of the police, Stevensson would order him to be killed. With a big coup nearing completion, it was not likely that such a ruthless crook would harbor any mercy towards a man who was in his way and, providing he once escaped, could do him no end of mischief.

Struggling to his feet, Philip leaned against the damp wall and looked across the cellar towards the door through which he had been hurled.

A wild hope surged through him momentarily as he saw this open again. But any idea of escape was quickly dispelled; one of the men who had so roughly handled him stood in the doorway, a revolver pointing menacingly in his direction.

The jailer was not alone. He was leading a bent, shrunken wretch with a weak, pitiable face from which had disappeared any semblance of manhood. Philip recognized him immediately: it was the girl's father—the forger.

"Someone to talk to," growled the jailer; and, with a harsh laugh, slammed the door after him.

Ferguson shambled forward.

"Who are you?" he asked in a weak voice; "are you in the hands of these devils like myself?"

Before replying, Crane reflected how strange was this circumstance; he had promised the girl that he would find her father—but how ironical that the two should meet like this! Fellow prisoners, waiting—unless he was very much mistaken—for a quick but merciless death.

He tried to put some courage into the stricken wretch.

"Yes—but we'll be all right; you see if ye're not. The police have got their suspicions about this place, and they're coming here to make a search."

Instead of giving the other confidence, the words seemed to unnerve him still more.

"The police coming here! Do you know what that'll mean? I shall be killed . . . they'll never run the risk of me being found! I—I've been doing some work for them."

Crane's pity overrode his contempt.

"They wouldn't have the nerve to kill you," he said; "look here: you couldn't do anything with these, I suppose?" He held up his hand-cuffed wrists.

Ferguson started back. His whole body shook.

"If they've done that to you," he said; "what will they do to me?"

"Pull yourself together," Crane found himself saying; "they shan't hurt you while I'm here," he went on, endeavoring once again to instil some spirit into his companion. "If only I could get my hands free——"

Moved by the words, the other examined the manacles.

He shook his head.

"It's impossible to get those off without a key," he said. "We'll just have to wait—that's all. My God, the police," he went on, muttering to himself.

Philip imagined he knew full well why the speaker should be afraid of the police, but, with a fresh feeling of pity, he touched the forger on the arm.

"Why don't you sit down?" he asked; "there's a dry patch over there. You look as though you want some rest."

"Rest! I wish I could die!" was the reply.

"That's nonsense! Look here, I've got something to tell you. I met your daughter in London."

The lack-lustre eyes stared at him.

"My daughter. Margery?"

"Yes. Now, don't you worry—she told me about her distress, and I took her to a place of safety. Stevensson was trying to get hold of her—don't you worry," he repeated, as the other crumpled and staggered against the wall; "I tell you she's quite all right; I took her to a convent."

"You're not deceiving me?"

"Of course I'm not! I'm telling you the truth. Why should I want to lie to you—aren't we in the same boat? It was through your daughter that I came down here. I promised to find you out and, if possible, get you away. It doesn't look as though I've been very successful!

. . . But we're not beaten yet. Something will turn up, you see. These swine won't be allowed to have it all their own way."

A sound outside made Ferguson raise a hand.

"Don't talk any more," he whispered; "someone may be listening. But, thank you, my friend."

He seemed about to add something else, but the head drooped on his chest, the body sagged, and then, with a gentle sliding movement, it slumped to the floor—and lay still.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Crane anxiously.

There was no reply—no sound save his own heart beating rapidly.

Crane walked across the uneven floor, knelt and endeavored as best he could—although that was clumsy enough—to feel if there was any movement in the man's breast. But, quickly, he realized the truth; this weakling, who, in spite of his failings, perhaps deserved pity, had gone across the border.

He was dead.

* * * *

In a room above, Stevensson was facing a visitor.

"Why have you come here?" he asked.

Judith Felstead winced at the crudity of the question. Here was another enemy, then.

"I've come to tell you what has happened," she replied. "The Empress has turned against me. I taxed her with it this morning. She pretended otherwise, but I know the truth; she intends to get rid of me."

The eyes of Stevensson were very cold.

"Why should I interfere?" he asked.

"You say that, Simon?—after all that has happened? Is this your gratitude?"

"What do you expect me to do?"

He was parrying with her, his lips were uttering words that had no meaning. It was only his eyes that could be relied upon. And these were deadly—full of cold hate.

(To be continued.)

This is Edward Spink, the hatter of Love Lane, who makes the queer leather lids for Billingsgate fish porters. His London shop is over 250 years old.

Plans to Industrialize Fishing

Santiago, Chile — Industrialization of the Chilean fishing business is proposed by Don Rene Glavarie, a naval engineer, who has requested the government to give him a concession covering the entire island of Santa Mario, off the coast, to establish a large fish hatchery.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness in life is usually found by the man who is looking for something else.—Henry Ford.

"Reading can become a dope habit. Booksickness is a modern ailment."—Henry Ford.

Garden Chats

Early spring is the proper time to set out most new shrubbery, roses, ornamental and fruit trees, climbing vines and other things purchased to make the grounds about the house attractive. These should be bought from the nearest reputable source of supply so that they may be planted as soon as possible. In planning this part of the garden it is important to secure plants that are suitable to Canadian conditions and if satisfactory results are to be secured it is essential that good stock is bought. One will find a wide range of prices quoted, just as in any other line, but here again as always, good plants, well grown, hardy and true to name cannot be sold at the lowest figure. Unless the plant is in prime condition, with plenty of green bark, moist pliable roots and large live buds, it will have little chance, and if it lives at all a whole year will be lost in getting it started. After all, the actual cost of the nursery material is a mere bagatelle compared with the satisfaction which may be achieved. On arrival of the new plants, they should be planted immediately in moist soil, but if this is not possible, dig a shallow trench and "heel in" by covering roots firmly with soil. All shrubs, rose bushes, trees, and vines should have tops pruned back and they should be set in permanent quarters a trie deeper than they were planted in the nursery bed. Give the roots plenty of room, spreading them loosely about the hole, then cover with good garden soil, throw in a pail of water, fill in the remainder of the hole and press soil down firmly. In the case of trees and such single stem plants as lilacs, provide some support against the wind in the form of a stout stake and tie with soft twine or raffia. If the soil is poor it is a good thing to add some good garden loam and also an occasional application of commercial fertilizer dissolved in water.

IN PLANTING SHRUBBERY AND ROSES.

WHEN SOIL IS FIT TO WORK.

When this old earth really begins to warm up in the spring the normal person who traces his ancestry back to a farmer before the ape feels an impulse to get out and dig and while the modernist frowns on repression of any kind the experienced gardener advises extreme caution at this time. If the earth is too wet there is grave danger of a nasty cold, not to mention dire consequences to the soil itself. Too early working will cause the latter to pack down hard and it may require a whole summer of constant digging and raking to get it back into its old crumbly self again. There is a simple test. If the soil crumbles after a little is squeezed in the hand or if it does not muddy the boots, it is safe to go ahead, but if it compacts into a ball, it is best to satisfy the spring craving with a good walk or a game of golf.

GRAFTING AND TRAINING.

Grafting is not a difficult operation. The main thing is to get a portion of the inner bark of the scion, or twig being grafted onto the tree exactly opposite and tight up against the inner bark of the limb of the tree, so that the two may grow together. When working on a big limb it is best to take two or three twigs and insert them around the edge of the sawed-off portion with the two inner barks in close contact. Later on when growth has well started remove all but one twig. After putting together, tie tightly with raffia or some soft twine and cover all around the joint with grafting wax. It is advisable to get some good Government bulletin on this subject before attempting the work. By grafting one can repair a tree which rabbits or mice have girdled and which would die without this treatment and can put a complete new top on a broken down tree or one of a non-desirable variety. Grafting and training opens up interesting possibilities to the gardener. One apple can be made to fill the lace of three ordinary trees if an early variety like the Yellow Transarent, or Astrachan, a good early cooker like the Duchess and a fine winter apple such as the McIntosh are all grown on the same trunk. By careful pruning and training shrubs and trees may be made to assume weird shapes or almost as ornamental as the hardwoods usually planted for this purpose. One may make bushy trees of climbing roses by only allowing a single stem trained to a stake and then encouraging this to branch by cutting it off when it reaches a certain height. In Japan by judicious pruning and withholding of fertilizer and water pines and oaks of very dwarfed proportions are grown in pails and tubs.

—Canadian Seed Trade Association.

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Fresh and Fragrant—Always

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

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Relics on Two Continents Attributed to the Vikings

Ships, Jewels, Rune Stones and Even a Cathedral Appear to Trace the Course of the Norsemen

The recent discovery of a Viking cache of gems on the Swedish island of Gothland in the Baltic Sea, directs attention to other relics dug up during the present century that appear to trace the activities of these sea wanderers of a thousand years ago. These discoveries have been made for the most part in the Scandinavian countries, and in Iceland and Greenland. Ruins have also been revealed on the North American continent suggesting that the Norsemen propelled their great galleys far to the west, but authority is divided as to the Viking origin of these remains.

In the Historical Museum in Oslo, Norway, three Viking ships are displayed. One, found at Oseberg in 1903, was evidently a pleasure yacht owned by a woman of noble rank, and used as her sepulchre. The ship was apparently hauled high and dry into a hollow place, then roofed over and covered with earth, peat and stones. Two skeletons, both of women, were found on board.

In 1925 an expedition under Dr. Paul Norland made some interesting discoveries of Viking relics in Greenland. Most important were the ruins of a cathedral and a Bishop's palace, which boasted a main building 150 feet long containing a large banquet hall. The out-houses must have been large enough to accommodate 100 cows, besides horses, pigs, etc., and to have room for a smithy. The cathedral was evidently ninety feet long, with several chapels attached. It was built of sandstone quarried near the settlement at Igaliko. This was evidently the colony ruled by Eric the Red.

In 1931 Dr. Knud Rasmussen, Danish explorer, discovered in Ekjoldungen Fjord, Greenland, the 1,000-year-old ruins of a house which was not of Eskimo origin, and which was believed to have been built by the Vikings.

The question as to whether the Norsemen discovered America, and if they did, how far they went into the country, has been debated for many years. Similarities have been found between ancient civilizations in America and Norse culture, mounds have been ascribed to the Norsemen, and runic writings and names have been traced to Norse origins; but although it is probable that the Norsemen reached America, no proof of their having penetrated the country for any distance has been found.

Ancient ruins on Sculpin Island, twenty miles off Nain, Labrador, were discovered in 1926 by Commander Donald B. MacMillan, and believed by him to be the remains of a Norse settlement.

New Zealand Establishing Dental Clinics in Schools

New Zealand has a system of school dental clinics—begun in 1920—which are established on application when the cost of premises and certain maintenance expenses are guaranteed by responsible local organizations. The teeth of all children in the entering classes are examined, and any needed treatment is given if the parents consent. Re-examinations and necessary treatments are given at intervals of six months. At the present time about 60,000 children in 130 schools are being cared for. An important feature of the system is the employment of women nurses who have received a two-year course in dental hygiene in the Wollington training school.

No Windows in New Museums

Most modern museums are now built entirely without windows. Daylight, even when filtered through glass, has such intensity that it has been labeled "the greatest enemy" of public exhibits. It causes many specimens to deteriorate by fading.

No product in the world has as great a turnover as chewing-gum.

FASHION HINT

"How to make my old short skirts conform to the new length was a problem to me until I hit on this plan I dropped the hems; and as the part that had been turned under was darker than the rest, I redyed the entire dress, after having bleached the goods, following directions in the Diamond Dyes package.

"I used Diamond Dyes for the redyeing, of course. I have dyed many things with these wonderful colors. They have saved me many dollars and have never failed to give perfect results—smooth, even colors—fast to wear and washing. Friends think my things are new when I redye or tint them with Diamond Dyes. They do give the most gorgeous colors!"

Mrs. G .C., Levis, Quebec.

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.