

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 Peirce, to see a man named Stevenson. His impersonation is discovered when the other Crane appears. He escapes and encounters Margery Ferguson again and persuades her to dine with him.

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

She took another deep sip of the Burgundy and sat back in her chair. "Stevenson is a criminal, I suppose?" Philip asked. "No, don't answer yet. Let me go on. Before I met you today, I had asked the porter at the station to recommend a hotel. He told me of the Mid-Western, and, because I didn't trouble twopenny where I went so long as I was reasonably comfortable, I took his advice. Well, when I got there, the most extraordinary thing happened; I was taken to a private suite of rooms—" "Are you so rich as all that?" she asked. "Rich!" He laughed scornfully. "No, I'm not well off—just an aeroplane designer—and riches don't come the way of my kind." "Then there was some mistake?" "I soon realized that. But the complete explanation didn't dawn on me until some time later. That was after the hotel clerk had given me three letters addressed to Philip Crane, Esq., Mid-Western Hotel, S.W. 1." "I know," she put in quickly; "there was another Philip Crane." He smiled at her. "You see," he remarked jestingly, "how much good that wine has done you. Yes, you're right; there was another Philip Crane—a crook in the employ of the man Stevenson. By a most extraordinary chance, this man, who has crossed from America, had reserved a suite of rooms at the Mid-Western Hotel. When I turned up I was taken for him."

"But the letters?" asked the girl eagerly. "They were written in some kind of code, and, of course, were Greek to me. But that they contained some instructions to the other Crane, there was no doubt. For, when I got back to the hotel at ten o'clock tonight, there was a girl waiting to see me—or, rather, the man I was supposed to be. "That girl—describe her." There was a feverish excitement about her manner now. "Wondering at her agitation, but anxious not to give her any further cause for worry, Crane hesitated. But she persisted. "Tell me," she said; "did she have wonderful red hair?" "Yes," he admitted; "as a matter of fact, she was quite a striking-looking person altogether."

A startling comment came from his companion. "She's a devil!" she exclaimed; "they are all devils. . . . My poor father—"

CHAPTER V.

Crane rose and pushed away his chair. "The rest of my story can wait," he said; "I am anxious to know what is troubling you. Is it something to do with your father?" "Yes," she admitted. Her confidence in him seemed to be increasing. "My father is in the power of Stevenson and his gang. He is not a criminal himself," she added quickly, "only he is weak, weak—" Her voice trailed off into a pitiful sigh. "Can't you tell me more than that? Don't you see I want to help you? There's a fate in this, my dear," he went on. "The real Crane was brought from America to look after you—amongst other things."

Her wide-open eyes reflected her astonishment. "To look after me?" "Yes. Apparently they think that you're dangerous—to their interests, of course. That's why Crane was given that job. Thinking it over, I'm sure that they didn't mean to kill you this morning. The idea, no doubt, was to cause an accident, and then have you kidnapped. . . . By the way," he continued quickly, "why haven't you been to the police. They could help you."

She shook her head. "I daren't." "Why not?" "Because—" Crane, although he controlled his feelings, began to get impatient. What was the sense of all this secrecy? If her father was in real danger, the obvious thing was to go to Scotland Yard. He would do it himself. As the thought crossed his mind, he looked toward the door. She appeared to understand. "No—you musn't," she cried; "it would mean ruin to my father—ruin and prison." The last word was scarcely breathed, as though the thought of this disgrace was prostrating to her. Crane kept silent. This was the strangest moment in his life. The room was curiously quiet. In this back-water just off Shaftesbury Avenue, they had both found sanctuary—that, at least, was how the situation appeared to him. Outside, not more than a few yards away, seethed the turbulent life of London after midnight. In those crowded streets, perhaps their enemies—might even now be trying to trace them. One thing was certain; he could not go back to the Mid-Western Hotel. They would be waiting for him there on the off-chance of his return.

There was also the problem of what to do with his companion. The urgency of this drove even the thought of Scotland Yard out of his head. "You musn't worry," he said; "don't you see that it has all been arranged? The other Crane is an enemy, but I am your friend. It's settled. With your permission, I am going to see this thing through. Perhaps I can even manage to get your father away from these men."

"It's wonderful of you," she said, with a smile that made his heart beat quickly. "But, in the first place, you must be taken to a place of safety yourself. Are you staying at a Hotel?" "No—in lodgings. A street in Pimlico. But I'm afraid to go back there. The house has been watched for some days now." "I must find you somewhere else. Unfortunately, I don't know London very well—this is only the third time in my life I have been here. I know," he added quickly, "we'll ask the proprietor. He looked honest enough—and he's a Latin. All Latins are willing to help a woman in distress. What do you say?" "If you like. But I hate to give you all this trouble."

"Nonsense. This is the first time in my life that I have ever been able to do anything useful—outside aeroplane engines. I mean—and you wouldn't believe how satisfying it is! Excuse me just a moment." He went to the wall and pushed the bell. To the waiter who appeared, he said: "Tell the proprietor I would like to speak to him, please." The man, sleepy-eyed, waited obediently for the order to clear, nodded gloomily. "As they heard his splay feet descend the stairs, Crane, although he had a strange sinking feeling himself, endeavored to rally the girl again. "Buck up," he said; "we're going to beat these devils yet!"

But, although the words were uttered with spirited determination, the only reply she could make was to shake her head. "They are too powerful," Crane heard her whisper. By this time, the amply-girthed figure of the proprietor of Cima's appeared bowing in the doorway. "Your pleasure, monsieur?" he asked. "Come inside and shut the door," said Crane. He looked at the man and decided that he was as honest as could be expected; in any event, it was a case of Hobson's choice; he had to take the chance. "I am in a difficulty," he said, "and I want you to be good enough to help me out."

"Anything I can do, Monsieur—" "My friend here"—indicating the girl—"has enemies in London. They are worrying her. Can you recommend me a place where she would be perfectly safe?" "That is quite easy, Monsieur; I have a niece, who is a Sister at a Convent in the West End."

"How far is that from here?" asked Crane. "A taxi would get you there in a quarter-of-an-hour." "Can you give me a note?" "With pleasure, monsieur." The speaker looked at the girl, who had been following the conversation with the deepest interest. "My niece is called Sister Faith. It is by that name you will ask for her. She will make you happy and comfortable, mademoiselle," he concluded, "of that I am sure."

"Oh, thank you." She had risen and held out her hand. "I go now to write the note," Mr. Cima said. "You might order a taxi, will you? And here," added Crane, pushing a pound note into the fat hand, "is payment for the supper."

her. The girl—he didn't even know her name yet, he remembered—would be safe in the Convent; in that sanctuary, none of her enemies could get at her. And now—what about himself? He must leave London. In redemption of the promise he had made to the girl, it was necessary for him to go down to the Kentish village where, she had told him, she believed her father to be kept a prisoner. He turned to the taxi-driver: "What's the station for getting to Kent?" "Charing Cross, sir."

"Drive me there." (To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

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Short puffs of the slenderly fitted sleeves introduce the smart broadened shoulder effect in this Eugenie afternoon dress of black sheer velvet. White lace accent the cross-over effect of the moulded bodice. The curved seaming at the hips is effective and slimming. Style No. 3397 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch with 1 1/2 yards lace. You'll be amazed at how easily it is to fashion it. It's delightfully lovely in black crepe satin with white crepe satin trim, wine-red canton-faille and purple crepe marocain.

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GOOD MEN The esteem of wise and good men is the greatest of all temporal encouragements to virtue; and it is a mark of an abandoned spirit to have no regard for it.—Burke.

Gardeners are stated to live longer than men in many other trades, not only because of their healthy work, but also because their contact with Nature gives them a saner interest in life.

Film Displays to Aid British Teachers

Mechanical Devices Are Exhibited at Imperial Institute

London.—That the teacher's task will soon be lightened of much of its routine drudgery, leaving him free to carry out the more personal side of education, is the conclusion forced upon one by the exhibition of mechanical aids to learning which was recently held at the Imperial Institute here, writes a correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor.

The accuracy and speed with which foreign languages could be taught by the help of the gramophone were demonstrated by Prof. J. J. Findlay. Film displays were given illustrating with remarkable clarity lessons in botany, biology, history, geography and so forth. The time of the teacher could be cut down by 50 per cent. and the impressions gained by the pupils were said to be far clearer by the use of such methods.

Apparatus was shown depicting the value of vocational guidance. By the aid of suitable testing appliances children have been launched upon careers suitable to their tastes and abilities. The majority of young people thus guided have had higher pay, have obtained earlier promotion, and have had fewer changes of occupation. There have hardly been any dismissals, and 80 per cent. are satisfied with their work. Of those who after guidance obtained employment other than that recommended, less than 40 per cent. were satisfied with their jobs.

An interesting innovation was the showing of a "talkie" film giving a lesson in phonetics by Prof. A. Lloyd James. This film shows the method of teaching clear English speech. Epiloscopes, daylight screens, and other pictorial aids were in view, as also were map-making devices, decimal calculating machines and lunar calendars. There was also historical time maps which can be superimposed one upon another, string diagrams for teaching geometry, astronomical models, and a rector-trolley apparatus for illustration and experiment in dynamics. A number of useful conferences

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were organized in connection with the exhibition.

The Watchers

O you who sit in safe and sheltered places, Serene of face and of unclouded mind, Thinking you read what lies behind the faces Of youth, which you have left so far behind:— Our fight is yours—who thought you had outgrown it— Our part is in the fray, Yours, who so oft before have known it, To watch and wait and pray. —R. Blackwood in The Australian.

Gold Reported Found in Kenya

Nairobi, Kenya Colony.—Stories of discovery of gold in the north Kavirondo country, near Victoria Nyanza, caused excitement here. Some gold quartz outcrops are said to have been found also in the Kiss-II district in South Kavirondo, or the Taganyika border.

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A Rustic Domain

One becomes steeped in the quiet charm of an old-fashioned garden in the country in this sketch by Cornelius Weygandt. We read:

I shall begin showing you the place bit by bit. First, over the whitewashed three-board fence is the seed-bed for flowers, but and low in the jilic bushes. It is but just planted with wallflower and sweet-william, with phlox and foxgloves, with Canterbury bells and hollyhocks. Then come salad patch, staked peas and grape vines, and on the far side of the arbor the strawberries. You are sniffing the air now, wondering what is the sweetness of the grape flowers, and the next moment you are drinking deep of their delicious scent.

But I hurry you on past the house and lead you to the little front porch, endangering your clothes as you brush by the sweet briar in bloom at the house-corner. Woodbines and grape twist together up the porch posts, but you hardly notice them as you look at the bushy rhododendron in full bloom at the farthest corner of the bed that bends half round the porch to the south. The irises have dropped now but the yellow lilies are hanging their bells, where two weeks later the old red lilies will lift, and where are many warm-hearted roses between you and the rhododendron. This way you looked first; now you turn to look across the trim lawn, broken by old pear trees and a wistaria bush. Beyond the sweet briar to the left, whose leaves you have instinctively been crushing in your fingers, you have caught glimpses of foxgloves, purple and white and pink, spiking up their heads as high as your own. Now you move so that you can see completely the large bed of them extending along the south fence until it meets the raspberries that carry the low bank of greenery back as far as the house. Back of the foxgloves hollyhocks are pushing up; in front of them great masses of sweet-william stand close marshalled, white and red and pink; and low in front of the sweet-william and next the fine grass of the lawn, garden-pinks send up tufts of spicy bloom. Your eyes move across to the right, where again, in the far corner of the place, are tall foxgloves and nearer columbines and hollyhocks where the spirea hedge ends and reveals the white-washed paling fence that cuts off the place from the quiet lane.

This is all you will be asked to notice except that the domain is cut off from the world by big walls of green, save to the southeast, and even in this direction after you have looked across a field, a wood's-edge only a wall. In other directions you may hundred yards away again raises a look out, for the walls of green are pillared off the ground by brown and grey trunks.

We will show you the sunset, and we will hold you to sit on the porch after dinner to watch the rabbits come out to nibble the clover in the lawn, and to follow the moon as it comes up over the woods and swings around until it hangs large and low behind the windows of our three sassafras trees, so beautiful in their irregularity since the great ice storm. The solitary frog in the pond across the road will croak at solemn intervals, the bats will wheel and squeak over the lawn, and the screech owls will come, a whole family of them, father, mother and two young and softly hoo, and whisper in the moon-drenched sassafrases.—Cornelius Weygandt, in "The Wissahickon Hills."

Education by Radio

The New Outlook (Toronto): There has been frequent complaint that radio is too little used for educational purposes in this country, and that one can get almost anything else on the air except educational programmes. Many will rejoice to hear that under the auspices of the National Council of Education no less than thirteen Canadian universities have signified their intention of taking part in a series of educational broadcasts in the Dominion during the coming winter. The programme has been carefully prepared and covers a wide field—economics, physics, music, literature, arts, morality, religion, and whatever else relates to the public welfare. There are those, even in this day of educational opportunity, who through force of circumstances have been unable to cultivate the mind as they should have liked; they will gladly tune in on a university lecture in the evening. There are many who are so tired and sick of those crooning nonentities whose wailing seems to pollute the air from early morning until early morning again. The driest lecture ever delivered will be welcome over many a station if it will stop even for a quarter of an hour in the day, such horrors as the crooners are perpetuating on the air at the present time. All honor and all success to the National Council and those universities which are seeking to use the miracle of radio for the betterment of the community.

Romantic Reflection

November wears chrysanthemums; Her lips with cranberry red are bright. After her December comes, And do I blame him? Not a mite. The great city is that which has the greatest man or woman; If it be a few ragged huts, it is still the greatest city in the whole world. —Walt Whitman.

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