

Quality has no substitute



Tea "fresh from the gardens"

ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HURLER

SYNOPSIS

Philip Crane, a young aeroplane designer, in London on a holiday, saves Margery Ferguson from death by snatching her from beneath a large air. On arrival at the Mid-Western Hotel he is surprised to find a letter, written in code. That evening an unknown girl calls on him and takes him to see Stevenson. His impersonation is discovered when the other Crane appears. He escapes and meets Margery Ferguson again. Learning that her father is in the hands of Stevenson and his gang, he persuades Margery to seek shelter in a convent while he goes to Mandling in Kent to rescue her father.

CHAPTER VI

"Who was that gink?" The question asked in a strong Trans-Atlantic twang, made Simon Stevenson frown. He thrust his monocle into the right eye, and stared at the speaker.

"I wish I knew," he said; "you noticed he was the living image of yourself?"

"There was some resemblance, sure," was the reply; "but, tell me, who is he? I don't fancy guys going round looking the dead spit of me."

"We'll have Judith in," said Stevenson, seating himself.

There was no need to summon the girl. Almost before the words had left his lips; she had appeared in the doorway.

"So he got away," she commented in a snarling tone. The look she gave Stevenson was charged with contempt.

"Come in and shut the door," was the curt order; "and don't start any hysteres here, because I'm not in the mood for them."

"Not if The Empress knows about this?"

The taunt, hot-flung, brought a smear of scarlet to Stevenson's pale cheeks. But quickly he recovered himself.

"I seem to have the impression that it was you who brought the fellow here," he said; "and it will be you who will have to make the necessary explanation to the Empress."

"Can the talk," drawled the visitor; "let's get the works on this guy. At the present time, I don't know whether

he's the Emperor of Siam, or Al Capone's newest brother-in-law. . . . Say, kid, where did you pick the gink up?"

Judith Felstead gnawed her lip. It was a bitter humiliation to know that it was she who had been responsible for this debacle. Of course, there had been extenuating circumstances. But the Empress was not the woman to listen to these.

"I'll tell you all I know," she said sharply. "I got orders from Stevenson to meet you at the Mid-Western Hotel tonight at nine o'clock. I was given your photograph and told that you would be in a private suite. I waited over an hour, and then a man came in who was so like you I thought there could be no possible mistake. It's true he didn't speak with an American accent, but he explained that satisfactorily. And he said he'd just shaved off his moustache. Oh, don't look at me like that!" she exploded; "how the hell do you think I could know he was a wrong'un?"

"She swung round on Stevenson. 'What do you think he is? A dick?' 'What else could he be?' asked the other, with a frown that chilled the heart of the listener.

"He stamped her foot. 'So much for you; judgment,' she said daringly, snapping her fingers; 'that fellow's just a fool—no more a detective than I am.'

"Say, sister, why do you think that?" asked the American.

"Isn't it easy?" she retorted; "do you think, if he'd been a detective, he'd have come here on his own? Why, by this time the house would have been raided."

"There's something in that," admitted Stevenson.

"There's a hell of a lot in it," she went on, more confident now. "It's just one of those coincidences that the story-writers talk about. Nothing so very wonderful in it, after all, perhaps; Crane is a pretty common name in England."

"Yes," returned the American, "but

it's a bit out of the ordinary for two fellows to be dead ringers of each other, and to have the same name as well. Anyhow, we'll stop talking about that gink—for the time being at any rate. I want to go on to the Mid-Western; I reserved a suite by wireless from the boat. Can you tell your piece in ten minutes?" he asked, turning to Stevenson.

The latter nodded. "Sorry this should have occurred," he said, "but you can rest assured that it won't do you any harm. If you'll excuse me just one minute more, I am at your service."

"Certainly." The visitor reached for the box on the desk and lit a cigarette. He waited patiently until Stevenson, whose voice could be heard telephoning outside, returned, occupying his time by casting appreciative glances at the flaming-haired beauty who, apparently was to be an associate of his from now on.

Stevenson's voice was suave, but serious, as he seated himself. "You won't mind, Crane—especially after what has just happened—if I ask you to convince us that you really are the right man?" he asked.

The visitor seemed about to explode into an oath, but his anger quickly melted into a smile.

"Not at all," he said. "Here you are." He took a number of papers from a pocket-book, and passed them across to the other.

Stevenson, after examining them critically, handed them to the girl. "I don't think we need have any more doubt, Judith," he said. "It seems as though he was anxious, after the recent storm, to conciliate her. The papers were quickly returned.

"No reason at all to worry," she commented; and, as if to spread the conciliatory spirit, smiled across at Crane.

"Now, we're all sitting pretty," said Stevenson, using an idiom with which he knew the visitor would be familiar; "the idea is this: The Empress—what a woman!" he broke off to exclaim—"has made every plan to flood Europe with false paper. The man she's got hold of—an Englishman called Ferguson—is the cleverest engraver that perhaps the world has ever known. He's kicking up a little trouble at the moment, but we needn't trouble about that. The Empress, as you've probably heard, has a way all her own when she wants a thing done.

"Where you come in, Crane, is this: Directly the stuff is ready, you'll cross to the States and circulate these bogus

notes throughout America. Not only that, but you'll establish headquarters either in Chicago or New York—whichever you prefer—and act as our distributing centre for America. How does that appeal?"

"O.K.—if the stuff's all right. It all depends on the craftsmanship of this fellow, Ferguson. I needn't tell you people that the Police and the Secret Service people generally are very wide-awake now to 'lad' paper."

"This man can do miracles," asserted Stevenson.

"All right; I'll take your word for it." Looking at Stevenson, the speaker was surprised to see a heavy frown gather on the man's face.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"I don't want to create any further bad feeling," said Stevenson; "but you should have been at the Mid-Western Hotel at nine o'clock tonight."

"Yes—I know. But I was kept."

"Where?"

"Southampton. I haven't told you yet, but the boat was boarded by detectives and I had the devil's own job to get ashore. If I hadn't found a friendly steward, who lent me his clothes, I might have been nabbed. I don't know how it happened, but a description of me must have been circulated and wirelessly across to the English police. I realized that all the trains for London would be watched; so I lay low in a poor part of the town, and eventually got away by motor. I had to pay that steward two hundred dollars—but it was worth it. Anyway, that's my explanation for being late. And that's why I came straight here before going to the Hotel."

"Hell!" cried Stevenson; "these upsets things. The Empress sent several letters to you at the Mid-Western. They were all written in the code—but if that other fellow hands them over to the Police, there may be trouble. They've got some pretty sharp brains at Scotland Yard now; and, although the code, as you are aware, is intricate, one never knows."

"In that case, perhaps it would be better if I didn't go to the Mid-Western. I shouldn't say you need worry about those letters if they were written in the code."

"But I am, worrying," repeated Stevenson. "Too much was given away in them. You've heard what the Empress is—self-willed, tempestuous, refusing to take anyone else's advice? Well, she would send those things. She said she wanted you to know exactly what was expected of you from the start. But I have a cautious nature: that was why I asked Judith to go along to see that you received them quite safely."

"I was waiting for you over an hour," put in the girl.

"Sorry, sister. If I'd have known you'd been at the other end, I'd have squeezed the last mile out of that automobile!"

"With the words, he rose, stopping at the door, however.

"What about that other gink?" he asked.

Stevenson was quick in his reply. "You've no need to bother about him," he said; "you can leave that to me—he'll be attended to. That was what I telephoned about just now."

"And The Empress?" asked Crane.

"When do I see her?"

"I'll arrange something for to-morrow. Can you be here at ten?"

"Yes—ten it is. Good night."

"Good night, Crane."

"Good night," added the girl. When he had gone, Judith made a comment.

"You didn't say anything about the girl?"

"No," admitted Stevenson; "that fellow strikes me as being weak in regard to women. That will be your department, my dear."

(To be continued.)

Origin of "Summer" Time

The real inventor of summer time was Benjamin Franklin, the great American, who wrote an article in a Paris paper showing how great economy in candles and oil could be effected by Parisians altering their clocks and work hours every summer.

Self Knowledge
He that knoweth himself best, exalteth himself least.—Plato.

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Three Days
"I shall see her in three days," So Browning. But the moon has devious ways;
The sun wears out, and many stars go wrong;
The old Earth totters, and none trusts her long.
"I shall see her in three days," So Browning says.
But I: "To-day I make for her this song.
Sleep well. O nights: O sun, three days be strong."
—T. E. Casson, in the London Observer

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STANDARDS

We are often compelled to set up standards we cannot ourselves reach, and to lay down rules which we could not ourselves satisfy.

—Lord Coleridge.

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Noise Is Wasteful Declare Chemists

Also Talking Does Not Scare Fish, Research Shows

New York—A plea for the more economical production of noises that are really necessary is made by W. F. Schaphorst of Newark in a report on a scientific study of noises in the chemical industry.

"There is such a thing as a valuable noise—a noise which warns of danger, such as the automobile horn, the locomotive whistle and the bell on a fire engine," Mr. Schaphorst says. "Such noises are necessary. The exhaust noise of a safety valve, of a gasoline engine and of an automobile, however, is of no value and therefore should not be permitted. There are necessary unpreventable noises and noises that warn of danger which are certainly all right. But unnecessary, deafening, sickening noises are wrong."

Mr. Schaphorst says it is well known that steam whistles are noisy but not generally known that they are very inefficient. He tells of an investigation carried on at the Naval Proving Grounds, Dahlgren, Va. which developed that a twelve-inch whistle may consume as much as 400 horsepower in making its blast. The inquiry was made in connection with efforts to develop an effective and efficient fog whistle. It was found that a siren was much more efficient.

"When a necessary noise is made, it should be produced economically," the report declares.

"There is no true standard of noise, so an instrument has been developed called a 'sound analyzer,' which actually measures it. By means of this device, which is electrical, any machine can be given a noise number. It takes the measure of the amplitude of the sound vibrations. The fundamental principle is similar to that of the seismograph. The vibrations are recorded on paper, making it possible to prove conclusively whether or not vibrations have been eliminated after alterations have been effected.

"Another device utilizes a combination of the stroboscopic and seismograph principles. Merely touching the instrument against the machine instantly gives a diagnosis of its vibrations.

"Science is clearing away superstitions regarding noise. A common mistake regarding sound is exemplified by the common saying among fishermen: 'Don't talk or you'll scare the fish.' Investigation at the University of Illinois shows that this is not true and that it is a scientific fact that "sounds in air are almost perfectly reflected from the surface of water."

Bright Colors in Clothes Brighten Every-Day Life

Bright clothes and new hats for women as one way to help bear cheerfully the burdens of hard times were urged by Miss Dorothy M. Gotch of the Free Church Women's Council, in a recent address in London.

A generation ago, Miss Gotch said, most English people would have been sunk in continual despair by the weight of taxes, the continual decline of business and the many items of suffering which the present industrial depression has caused. This year, on the contrary, most of them are more cheerful than would be expected.

The difference, Miss Gotch believes, may be traced largely to clothes. A generation ago Englishwomen wore long, heavy, uncomfortable skirts, usually black. Stockings were black and dismal. Hats were made as dull and uninteresting as possible. Nowadays clothes are revealing, bright in color and universal, stockings and shoes also are of bright colors. No doubt brothers and sweethearts are pleased; but a more important effect, Miss Gotch believes, is on the psychology of Englishwomen themselves. They are kept cheerful by their clothes and they keep everyone else cheerful.

In another recent address in London, Sir E. Graham-Little, a distinguished physician and health authority, spoke of the remarkable fact that the disease called chlorosis, characterized by paleness, weakness and poor blood condition in young girls has vanished entirely in England, although once it was common. This change, also, he attributes to the modern vogue of lighter, looser and more cheerful clothing.

Sees Cheap One-Food Diet

Chicago.—A belief that it is possible to feed an average family for several weeks, perhaps a month, with small expenditure, has been expressed by Dr. Lloyd Arnold of the University of Illinois.

Dr. Arnold, who is bacteriologist for the State Department of Public Health is experimenting with wheat with the idea of finding a cheap one-food balanced diet. Although he said that he was not yet ready to announce his complete findings he expressed an opinion that a bushel of wheat would keep a family for several weeks.

Mrs. Arnold, who is helping him, plans to invite friends to join her in a wheat meal. There will be wheat soup, wheat muffins, wheat croquettes, wheat salad dressing, wheat pie and wheat pudding. And if the guests stay for breakfast they will have wheat porridge.

We get a thorn with every rose, but—aren't the roses sweet?—Anon.

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