ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HORLER.

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

CHAPTER XIV .- (Cont'd.)

"I expect you're finding it very dull the house." here, my dear," she said. "No." Margery shook her head. "It's do, my dear."

heaven-perfect. I don't think I have ever known what real happiness meant | back from her forehead: "I hated it. before."

girl of your age say, Margery."

"I know; but it's true, nevertheless." An overwhelming desire to confide in ling that he was going to make a forcould put up any fight it had conquer- | ridiculously excited; but that mood ed. She found herself telling the story soon passed, because in the ordinary of her life, right back from the day way, he was terribly depressed. In her mother had died, leaving her to both cases, he was very difficult to face existence with a father who, al- live with." though occasionally kind, was thoroughly unsatisfactory in almost every telling me that he 'disappeared'.'

tive up to the point where George Fer- house. A man who looked like a guson one day had mysteriously dis- | clergyman in mufti-I mean, he had a

Sister Faith opened her blue eyes

"Disappeared?" she repeated.

"Yes. We were living in a dreadfu! weak. . . . street at Harlesden then-oh," covering her eyes with her hands. "I can in danger-and you evidently do-you land." He held up his handcuffed ment of the Interior there are few The Empress' in Mandling, Kent. Plac- see that awful house now. It sjust should go to the Police." ing Margery safely in a convent, Philip a slum-but as father said be couldn't

"That's the best work a woman can

We were so poor-so frightfully poor." Faith-how ungrateful. "That's a very sad thing to near a "What did your father do?"

secretive about his work-always hint-

"I can quite believe it. But you were

"Yes-there's no other word for it clergyman's type of face; thin, refined.

And yet-" she shuddered, "there was something awful about him, something sinister that made me feel afraid. His eyes were icy; they seemed absolutely cold, no warmth in them. . . ." "If this distresses you, Margery, don't tell me any more."

"Oh, I feel I want to. I must. I haven't had a chance to talk to anyone since-only-and I couldn't tell him all." She struggled with herself for a few moments, and then, choking back a sob, resumed. 'That man who called -he wouldn't give any name, although I asked him-wanted to know if father was at home. He was-but he was drunk."

"Oh, my dear!" "Yes, he was lying on the sofa in the little sitting room. The man with the cold eyes came in after me with his companion, and told me to leave the room. At first, I didn't want to, tioned-Birchall, the crook for wh because I didn't know who these two he had been mistaken at the Mi strangers were, but then I thought I'd Western Hotel. The sight gave a better obey, or father would be angry a certain stimulus; at least, he w when he became sober. I was only getting nearer the heart of the mysaway ten minutes, but when I got back tery. -father was gone."

"What had happened?" "I don't know-and I've never heard, came closer, standing over him. But that's only part of the mystery. I'm sure that father is in the hands young fella," he said; "but, gee, I of criminals-I suspect the man with don't wonder Judith made the mis cold eyes from the beginning." take; you're the dead ringer of me-

"Haven't you heard anything?" "Only a few words on a scrap of paper. It was headed 'Mandling,' a poor sap to get into this mess. What which I looked up and found to be a village in Kent. The handwriting was my father's-there was no doubt about felt himself almost liking the man. that-but there were only four other The other's insouciant manner, darkened though it was by a leer, was ap-

"What were they, my dear?"

pealing in a bizarre sort of way. "'Come and help me," was the reply. "I daresay it seems silly to you, best policy for him to adopt would Sister, for a grown man to send an be to affect simplicity. appeal like that to his daughter, but father as never quite like a normal it," he said; "I was mistaken for someone else-"-he paused-"and,

"Have you done nothing? I mean, by jingo, I understand now-that haven't you been to the Police?" someone else must have been you!" "No; I was afraid to do that."

"But it is your duty." other; "if this was put in a book, "I know, Sister; but I was frighten- they wouldn't believe it, eh? But you're ed that my father might be implicated in the soup all right; and there'll be in something criminal. He is so no getting out."

wrists in illustration. "But I've told you why I didn't. "Oh-h?" softly commented the charmingly situated than the massive while Charles Whittle, an American de- afford anything better, I had to put up And now, perhaps, it's too late. A other; "is that so? Well, it seems to old fortress that stands in quiet digtective, is trailing a band of forgers and with it. I should have gone to work violent fit of sobbing shook the girl have happened all the same. And nity on He aux Noix on the Richelieu follows the same trail as Crane. They myself if he had not been and join forces. Then Crane is myself if he had not been angry so that she could not say any more. what are you going to do about it, river in Quebec. Adequate measures abducted by two members of the gang. every time I mentioned it. Of course," The nun, taking up the tea-tray, look- eh?" Margery fears for her father and Philip. with a pitiable little smile, "I don't ed down at her with infinite compasquite know what I could have done. sion. Then, feeling that this was a into my bedroom at the local inn last monuments of the military romance of You see, Sister, I was never brought situation with which she could not night, and although I put one of them Canada and its island home as one of

> Margery's distress did not last very what does all this mean?" long. The sight of the empty chair The only reply he got was a further "I didn't think so," tossing her hair opposite her made her feel foolish. chuckle. To cause sadness to that sweet Sister "Trying to do the sob stuff, eh? "Oh, it's just because I used his

Now that she was calmer, her mind You ought to have thought of what potatoes." "I never knew. He was always so became concentrated in a different di- would happen before you stuck your rection. Curiously enough, it was not nose in." He bent a little lower. of the nun who had been such a friend "They keep a pet terturer down at her companion came and pefore she tune. On those days, he would be to her she was thinking. No, it was this joint for guys like you. Badoglio a man who occupied her thoughts now his name is. He's an Italian, and -and, even more strange, that man about three times as big as they make was not her father. 'em nowadays. He's got a few ideas

This other was young-not many of his own." The speaker broke off years older than herself-and, for a to grin in a manner that made Crane few moments on a never-to-be-forgot- afraid he would be sick. ten day, she had rested in his arms. And she had unthinkingly sent him Continuing, she brought her narra- One day a car drew up outside the into danger. For that was what had happened, without a doubt; an appeal had been wrung from her, and this Sir Galahad had answered it. He had The little ones are not happy always; pledged her his help, and he must Ours is a grown-up world planned for have gone straight to Mandling after leaving her at this harborage. Of tall folk; imagination's small maze

What had become of him there? Of melody and colour has no place She scarcely dared to think. To spread its little tent. The lovely At this moment, in an upstairs room, the Mother Superior of the Of children are not happy, are not gay Convent gave her decision.

Always; it is a world too great in size, "We must help the poor child, Sis- Too huge for the gnome's song and the ter," she said; "if you will enquire the number, I will ring up Scotland Too coarse for the little ones to nest

CAPTER XV. Who are as fragile as the tulip's seams Philip opened his eyes slowly. This Kin to the moonlight and the meadow was not the Inn. For where was the bed? . . the wardrobe? . . the wash- I sometimes wish God had desired to hand stand? . . . Then, with a groan he remembered: he had been attacked that night-was it still night?-had put up a fight, but had been knocked out. After that, there was a blank.

Although he knew he was now conscious, he remained still for a few more moments. He wanted to get his strength back. And moving, as he Steam Heat Used For Calves had already found, was an infinitely painful process. His body was racked with pain; it was as though he calf barn was built at the New York

had been bruised from head to foot. tate College of Agriculture some con-A particularly violent throb in his right temple made him attempt to raise a hand. Confusion became furing calves, but C. H. Crawford of the ther confounded with that: there was department of animal husbandry says a jingling of metal, and, to his amazement, he found that one hand could been satisfactory and that the college has never had calves which grew betnot be lifted without the other. He ter or were as free from disease as stared stupidly, before realizing that both his wrists were encircled by a this year's crop. pair of handcuffs. He was a prismen chose the months of May, June,

As the truth flooded through him he heard a laugh-a laugh that a mocking devil might have made.

He had to half-turn, and, into his orbit of gaze showed a man; a man and by forced ventilation, when neceswho, although probably ten years older, might quite easily have been

mistaken for himself. Though feeling almost beyond surprise, he bit his lip in astonishment

Quality has no substitute



"You ought to have kept out of this

years older. But, as I say, you were

The strange thing was that Crane

It occurred to him quickly that the

"It wasn't my fault that I got int

"Without a doubt, kid," drawled the !

(To be continued.)

Too Large

elf's play,

Times.

their dreams

And make believe; too chill, often, for

little planet - for the children's

-Bert Cooksley in the New York

In State College Experiment

New York.-When the steam-heated

sidered it an artificial method of rais-

the first year's use of the barn has

"Before the barn was built the dairy-

September and October as the time

renheit in Winter by the steam pipes

"Few farm-reared calves actually die.

calf stops gaining and grows but lit-

tle. The calf's resistance is lowered

and it is more susceptible to disease."

made you, anyway?"

Tea "fresh from the gardens"

Punch and Judy

and of a London corner. Down of a London mews. Back of the shout of the traffic And the "mid-day special" news. Birchall, negligently balancing a re Out of the old bound numbers In their much be-fingered row, volver on the palm of his right hand

Are Judy and Toby and Baby In Mr. Punch's show Waterloo Bridge is sentenced. Devonshire House is down; at least, you would be if you were ten The big white shop fronts face us Like the streets of a foreign town

> Taxis rattle the Row. Still, in a back street corner There's Mr. Punch's show.

Cupid's gone from the Circus,

Pick up a crawling hansom. -You'll find one close to the Park! Follow the 'busless byways, When the first lights prick through the dark.

There's gathering crowd of children, Their heads all turned in a row, To the lost pre-cinema ages. And Mr. Punch's show.

-Kathleen Coynyngham Greene, in "London Jingles."

Fort Lennox, Ile Aux Noix Among the historic memorials Canada that have been from time to "I don't know what you mean. You time placed under the care of the Na-"But, all the same, if you think he's can't do this sort of thing in Eng- tional Parks of Canada of the Depart-

richer in historical interest or more "What can I do? Two men broke and to-day it stands as one of the chief Sister Faith now asked a question. up to do anything-except look after hope to deal, she quietly left the out, the other got behind me the interesting Canadian historic Look here, you seem a decent sort; parks.

"Your husband is sulking again.

What's wrong this time?" Well, kid, that won't work with me. silly old tennis-racket to strain the

ROADWAYS

do not uphold each other.

quotations speaks volumes.

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going, anyway" "time out" for the time of month. If you've ever taken Aspirin for a headache, you know how soon the pain subsides. It is just as effective in the relief of those pains peculiar to women! Don't dedicate certain days of every month to suffering. It's old-

fashioned. It's unnecessary. Aspirin will always enable you to carry-on in comfort. Take enough to assure your complete comfort. If it is gentine Aspirin it cannot possibly hurt you. Aspirin tablets do not depress the heart. They do not upset the stomach. They do nothing but stop the pain.

Headaches come at inconvenient times. So do colds. But a little Aspirin will always save the day. A throat so sore that you can hardly swallow is made comfortable with one good gargle made from these tablets. Neuralgia. Neuritis. Rheumatism. Pains that once kept



people home are forgotten half an hour after taking a few of these remarkable tablets. So are the little nagging aches that bring fatigue and "nerves" by day, or a sleepless night. Genuine Aspirin tablets cost so very ittle after all, that it doesn't pay to experiment with imitations

Sea Jargon Passing On Modern Liners

'Belay" and "Ahoy" and Even "Port" and "Starboard" Give Way to Land Expressions

Bridge Terms Also New

With the advent of the big hotelships in the North Atlantic passenger trade and the passing of men trained on sailing ships, the old nautical lingo, dating to the days of the Elizabethan

seamen, is fast disappearing. Such phrases as "belay," "ahoy," "avast heaving," "sheer-off," "all taut" and "aloft the beam," are seldom heard from the lips of the modern sea-Like stone we form one roadway, going youth to whom elevators, night and we shall crush each other if we clubs, swimming pools and all the other luxuries of up-to-date life in the great cities are part and parcel of the The crator who deals largely in twentieth century superliners,

Passengers asking stewards for directions to find their cabin are told to "turn to the right and go up two flights" instead c' "go along on the starboard side and up the main com-More than that of any other ranion way two decks," as it would be

Land Expressions Now Used

Members of the crew now say "upstairs and downstairs" and "on the Soap make it specially suitable floor" instead of "on the deck." The for babies, and is clinging fra- chief officer of one of the super-liners grance reminds one of the roses in port the other day asked the stewof France which help to inspire and if he had put his big overcoat out in the sun to dry. The youth replied: "Yes, sir, I put it on the roof." "Deck, you lubber-the deck," shouted the officer; "there are no roofs on board ship." Pasengers make veteran mariners frantic by calling their 50,000

or 60,000 ton ship a "boat." Nautical terms of command on the bridge have also changed with the introduction of the gyroscopic self-steering machine and compass, which keeps the ship on her course better than the old-time quartermaster ever, did because it works absolutely true, The only time that a quartermaster takes the wheel is entering or leaving port, when manoeuvring has to be executed quickly.

In the United States Navy and American merchant marine the terms "right" and "left" have been substituted for "starboard" and "port," which have been in use on Englishspeaking ships for nearly 100 years. Until about 1840 the steering terms were "larboard' and "starboard;" according to Captain P. J. Fraser, who went to sea in Bluenose sea coppers in 1871 and is still active and at work as marine superintendent.

"Port" Due to Steam Ships

On account of the increase of the merchant sailing vessels, just before the advent of steam, there was a danger of a collision occurring through an order being shouted hurriedly "to starboard" or to "larboard," and confusion ensuing, especially when the case was tried afterward in an admiralty court, as to what the captain or mate really said at the time of the accident. Then the word "port" "to the left" was manufactured to make it completely distinct from "starboard." The starboard side is always the captain's side of the ship and the one by which he comes aboard in foreign ports when the vessel is at anchor. Everything seems to happen just off the starboard bow from the "blowing of a whale" to the "breaking of a water spout."

Captain David W. Bone, master of the Anchor line Transylvnia, who has written several books dealing with the see and ships, and is considered an authority on nautical matters, said the origin of the terms "starboard" and "larboard" came from the Italian merchant marines when a big oar was used at the stern for steering their craft before the rudder came into use, The oar was lashed on the side of the sailing vessel and not onto the keel ine amidships as the rudder is slung

"Estabord" meant "this side," the captain said, and "alaboard," "other side," which later became "starboard" and "larboard" among Englishspeaking crews.

One of the most popular songs of the early sailing-ship days was a duet for tenor and baritone called "The Larboard Watch." In the French Navy and merchant marine, the word "baborde," means "port," and "trb borde" is the starboard side. These terms are still used.

The Swindle

Noticing a dour-faced Scot tugging at a stamp-machine, a post-office office cial inquired what was the matter. If took the Scot several seconds to recover sufficiently from his emotion to

"Ah put a penny in this," he began, 'an' four stamps came oot." And he started hauling once again at the ma-

"But," exclaimed the official, what's the idea? What's all the fuse

"Look ye here, mon," said the other, put anither penny in, ye ken, an nething's come oot. The thing's

He (to his weeping wife): "If the leture upsets you so, my dear, let's 30 out." She: "John! Don't be such kill-joy!"

"No one is justified in accepting defeat until defeat is altogether com-

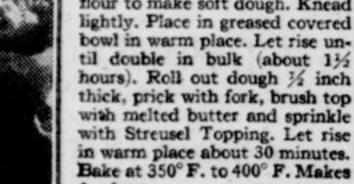




had t

Rolls, coffee cakes, buns batter.

draughts. Makes 5 to 6 cups of



Streusel Topping: Cream 1/4 cup butter with 1/4 cup sugar and mix with 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 cup bread crumbs and I teaspoon cinnamon. Stir until dry and crumbly.

*ROYAL YEAST SPONGE - Soak I Royal Yeast Cake in 32 pint lukewarm water for 15 minutes. Dissolve 1 tablespoon sugar in ½ pint milk. Add to dissolved yeast cake. Add 1 quart bread flour. Beat thoroughly. Cover and let

rise over night to keeping in warm place free from

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with Streusel Topping. Let rise in warm place about 30 minutes. Bake at 350° F. to 400° F. Makes

Royal Sponge* Streusel Cake To 11/2 cups Royal Yeast Sponge* add 2 tablespoons butter, creamed, 1/2 cup light brown sugar, 1 egg well beaten, 2½ cups flour to make soft dough. Knead

with melted butter and sprinkle

calves grew best and we then planned to keep the temperature of the barn at about average temperature of those "Pretty, aren't they?" enquired a four months," says Mr. Crawford. "The barn is kept at about 55 degrees Fah-

of cold but many are forced to burn their body reserves to keep warm. When this condition is continued the

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This was the fellow Whittle had men-