

**Miss Ann Adam's Recipe for Bran Muffins**

1/2 cup bran 1/4 cup sugar  
1 1/2 cups flour 1/2 cup milk  
1/2 teaspoon salt 1 egg  
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder 1/4 cup melted shortening

Mix the bran with the sifted fine dry ingredients. Make a well in the centre and pour in the milk and well-beaten egg. With the fewest possible number of strokes, blend these ingredients and stir in the shortening. Half fill greased muffin pans and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 15 to 20 minutes. A few chopped dates, lightly coated with some of the measured flour, may be added.



**Miss Ann Adam bakes her famous Muffins with Magic Baking Powder**



"When selecting ingredients for my recipes," says Miss Ann Adam, cookery author of the Canadian Home Journal, "I consider three points—economy, health value, and successful performance. Magic Baking Powder meets them all. I use and approve Magic, because I know it is pure, and free from harmful ingredients, and because experience has taught me that I can count upon successful results with Magic every time."

Magic Baking Powder is used exclusively by the majority of cookery experts, dietitians, and housewives throughout Canada. In fact, Magic outsells all other baking powders combined!



"CONTAINS NO ALUMINA." This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alumina or any harmful ingredient.

**Motor Cost Mounts As Speed Increases**

Chicago.—Speed comes high. The Chicago Motor Club has come to that conclusion, after an exhaustive investigation, that it may safely be said that a mile-a-minute in your automobile is from three to four times more expensive than when your speedometer says 40 to 45.

The conclusion was arrived at after checks made at various speeds. These results were cited:

Oil consumption at 55 miles an hour is seven times greater than it is at 30. Tire wear at 50 is twice as much as at 40. Gasoline consumption at 55 is one-fourth more than at 30. In addition there's the wear and tear on the car at the higher speeds.

**They Might Need Me**  
They might not need me. Yet they might. I'll let my heart be just in sight. A smile like mine Perchance might be precisely their necessity.

Str: "Your uncle seems rather hard of hearing." Sam: "Hard of hearing? Why, he once conducted family prayers while kneeling on the cat."

ISSUE No. 8—'32

**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 Mandring, Kent. Philip goes to Mandring to reconnoitre. Meanwhile Charles Whittle, an American detective, is trailing a band of forgers and follows the same trail as young Crane. They meet and join forces. Then Crane is abducted by two members of the gang. Margery fears for her father and Philip. When Philip regains consciousness he is confronted by his double "Crane."

**CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)**

"Still, that can wait—the later you see friend Badoglio, the better; take that from me. In the meantime, you'd better come clean with an explanation of how you got mixed up with our business."  
"I've already told you. I was mistaken for you by a red-headed woman."  
"Yes. But you knew damned well that she was making a mistake." The speaker, after shifting his revolver into the other hand, pulled out a pocket-flask and unscrewed the top. "No funny tricks, now," he warned. "I can shoot just as well with my left hand as with my right." He lifted the flask to his lips and took a deep drink.  
"That's better," he gloated, smacking his lips. "A drop of that would do you good." He went on; but replaced the flask in his pocket.  
Philip felt a faint resurgence of hope. The man had evidently been drinking before, and if he kept on, he might become senseless. That circumstance might not improve, by the slightest degree, the helplessness of his own position, but he was in the mood to snatch at any straw.  
Birchall's last potation made him sway unsteadily. He became surprisingly loquacious.  
"It's all a mystery, you say?" he went on, his speech now somewhat slurred; "well, I don't mind putting you wise. There's somethin' big goin' on here. That's why—with a drunk-enough hiccough—"there won't be any chance of your gettin' out with your life, young fella! Somethin' big. . . Here," he continued, lurching forward, bending down, and catching hold of the prisoner's right arm: "up you get; I'll show you somethin' . . ."

For one breathless moment, Philip considered bringing his handcuffed wrists down upon the other's head. But, sodden though he might be, Birchall proved quick enough to read his thoughts.  
"I'll plug you, mind; don't think you've got the slightest chance, kid. Another look like that, and—" He patted the handle of his revolver significantly.  
Because any reply in the circumstances would have sounded suspicious, Crane kept silent.  
The crook repeated his former words.  
"Yes. I'll show you something. . ."

His hand still on the prisoner's arm, he guided Crane across the bare floor. Then he placed a finger on the wall, part of which opened.  
"In there," he said.  
Prompted by an irresistible curiosity, Philip looked through the secret panel.  
This aperture was only about six inches square, but he was able to get

a clear view of the room on the other side.  
Staring fascinatedly, he saw an elderly man bending over a desk. He was unshaven, and looked generally unkempt.  
The net thing Philip noticed was the weakness of his chin and, instantly, the words of the girl returned to him. "He is not a criminal, but weak—weak!"  
Crane's heart gave a bound. Helpless as he was, he had solved the mystery. For this man, working so industriously, could be none other than the girl's father—the very person he had promised to save!

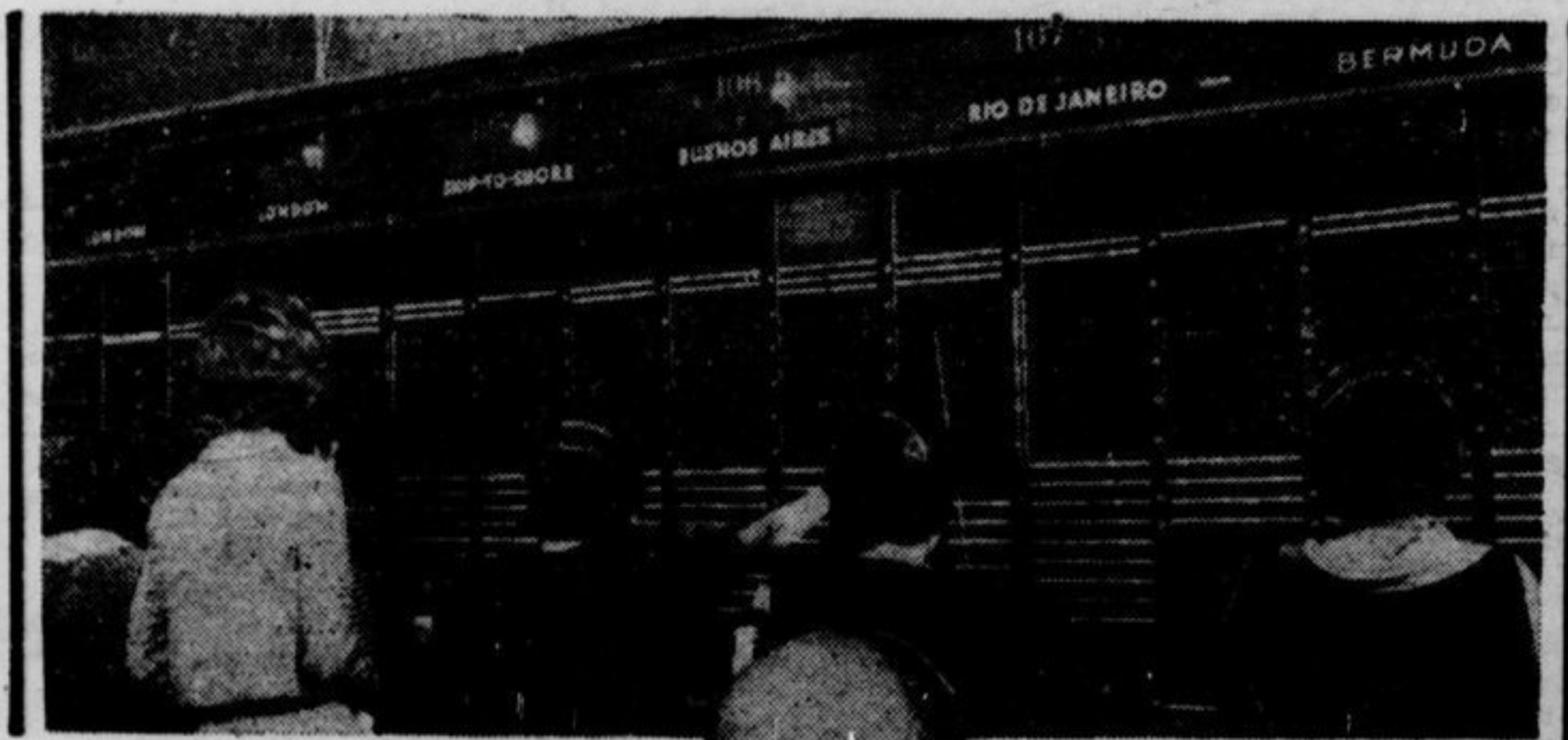
A stealthy whisper sounded in his ear.  
"You see what he's doing?"  
Crane made no reply. His intuition told him the answer. This man, wearing a green shade to protect his eyes from the glare of the brilliant electric desk-lamp, was doing something illicit.

"He is the cleverest engraver in the world," he heard Birchall say.  
With the words, came the whole of the secret. Full knowledge was given to him; this man was a forger.  
**CHAPTER XVI.**  
Charles Whittle had had a half-smile on his face when he left that room in the Curzon Street house, but once on the pavement, he became very serious indeed.  
That chance discovery at the Inn had guided him right. It had been an amazing piece of luck, and he had been able to recognize Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair immediately; this leader of London Society was the same woman who had been mied up in that notorious murder case on the trans-Atlantic liner "Carapanthia," when he had been returning to New York three years before. She had been traveling under a very different name then, and no one appeared to be aware that she was a well-known personage in London's Mayfair, but his job had given him a remarkable memory for faces, and he had no possible doubt it was the same person.

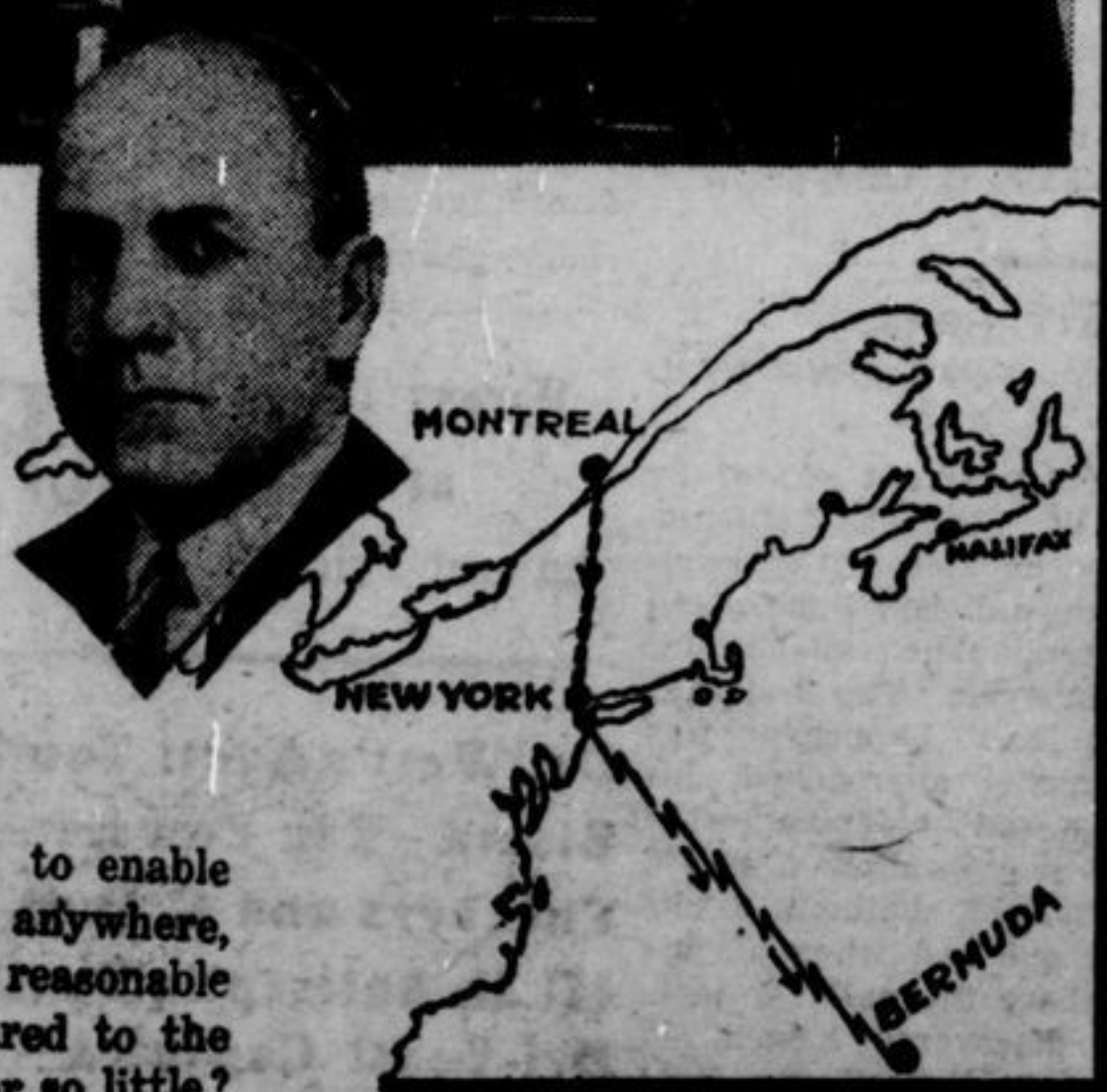
A curious affair in many ways. Officially, the man had been supposed to have committed suicide by falling through his porthole two nights out from New York. There had been reasons why the New York Police had not made too many close enquiries after the "Carapanthia" had berthed. Lowenstein was a close friend of the notorious gentleman-gangster, Crowley. A very close friend. And he had been many other things as well. Lowenstein, without any reasonable doubt, was connected with the Guinuit outfit who had flooded South America with bad paper. His ways at that time had approached very closely those of Birchall, alias Philip Crane, who was now in England.

The puzzle was beginning to fit; he could now see the pieces falling into place; this woman, who called herself Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair, but who, to the underworld was known as The Empress—had Melton's word for that—had been seen talking to Lowenstein an hour before the man's loss was reported. Indeed, one witness had been ready to swear that she was actually in his cabin.  
She had got away with that, but, apparently, had not learned wisdom; for here she was, intimately allied with another forging outfit. For that

**Travelling With the Speed of Light**



To Bermuda and back in an instant is the way Mr. H. C. Slemm, Managing Director of the Office Specialty Mfg. Co. Ltd. describes his recent conversation over his office telephone with Mr. J. J. Arnold of Bermuda. Telephone service to this sea-girt isle has just been inaugurated, one more step in the programme of universal communication which aims to enable the telephone user to speak to anyone, anywhere, at any time of the day or night at reasonable cost. Is there anything to be compared to the telephone in accomplishing so much for so little?



**Quality has no substitute**



Tea "fresh from the gardens"

was the correct designation of the crowd down at the White House. And that other woman—the one with the striking red hair. Somehow at the back of his mind he had a vague feeling that he had seen her before. True, it had been just a fleeting vision he had had as she left the room immediately upon his entry.  
All the while he had been thus cogitating, he had remained practically stationary a few yards away from the house. But now, having made up his mind what action to take, he lit a cigarette and began to walk quickly away.

He had scarcely taken a few steps, however, before a woman passed him. Instantly, he recognized her as the companion of The Empress.  
He was wondering whether he should accost her, when she half-turned, stopped, and then actually spoke to him herself.  
"Got what you wanted, Mr. Dick?" she asked.  
He smiled at her.  
"My name's Bartholomew," he said.  
"Come off it. You're an American 'dick,' and I want to know what you were doing in that house just now."

He noticed that his face was flushed, and that her eyes were brighter than a normal woman's should have been.  
Charles Whittle had had considerable experience of criminals, and he realized that this woman was either under the influence of dope or that she had recently been put to a considerable mental strain. A thought came: Perhaps she had quarrelled with The Empress.  
"Are you a friend of Mrs. St. Clair?" he asked.  
"What's that to do with you?"  
"It may be a lot to do with you, young lady," he said sternly; "you can take that from me."

"Hot air!" she scoffed.  
"Perhaps—perhaps not. Anyway, if you'd like to see me some time tomorrow, ring up Metropolitan 0177, and ask for Mr. Bartholomew. Don't forget—Mr. Bartholomew." With that he raised his hat, signalled a passing taxi-cab which had just come from the direction of Piccadilly, gave the driver an address, and got it to the vehicle. He gave no backward glance as the cab sped away.  
"In this twenty minutes of leaving the Empress, Whittle was sitting in a room on the third floor of London's Police headquarters, the official facing him a grey-haired, grim-faced man of late middle-age, whose downward droop of the upper lip gave his mouth a curious satirical expression.  
"Well, Whittle? And how's the land of the Free—free for murders, I mean; with no questions asked, and no licence required." Detective Inspector Bodkin's speech was in keeping with his sneering mouth.  
Whittle, who had never liked the man during a casual acquaintanceship which extended over ten years, kept his temper. He had asked to see Bodkin's superior, but Superintendent Watson was away.  
"America's all right," he replied. "It's this side that wants looking

after. What would you say if I could put you on to a really first-class case, Bodkin?"  
"I should laugh!" was the answer.  
"Laugh, eh? Well, if the press boys get hold of a big headline sensation within the next few days, and readers write in wanting to know what Scotland Yard's been thinking about, don't blame me; for I've given you your chance."

"What's all this rot you're talking, Whittle?"  
"It isn't rot—it's the truth. I'm over here on a sort of holiday—well, I call it a holiday—but I've happened to run up against something big outside my usual line." He had not intended to take this action, but his hand had been forced. After the previous night's events at the Jolly Sailor Inn, he realized very vividly that it was impossible for him to carry on with this thing alone.  
(To be continued.)



"Did ye see the big skyscrapers while ye was in New York, Hiram?"  
"Well, I seed the bottom part but the blame police fellers didn't let me stand still long enough to see clean to the tops."

Wisconsin has had to revise its law paying bounty for rattlesnake rattles. It now requires half of the snake's body to be presented along with the rattles in order to collect. The reason for that is this: Rattlesnakes, given time, grow new rattles. Which accounts for the racket discovered in which some Wisconsinans removed the rattles, collected the bounty, and let the snakes live to grow new rattles.  
A talking alarm clock has been invented. Most of us can remember when Mother served the purpose well in getting us off to school on time.—The Christian Science Monitor.

**British Television Broadcast Received on Speeding Train**

London.—A party of radio and television experts received last week a normal television broadcast from the Brookmans Park B. B. C. Station on a moving train. No special apparatus was necessary, a four-valve portable receiver similar to that used by King George being coupled to a Baird televisor.  
The train attained a speed of seventy miles an hour, but the dancer in the television studios could still be seen. This is said to be the first time television has been received on board a speeding train.

Friend—"What's your son's average income?"  
Father—"From two to two-thirty a.m."

He: "Do clever women make the best wives?"  
She: "Clever women don't become wives."

**Be a Hairdresser**  
Vacancy now for a limited number of students in Canada's most exclusive School of Hairdressing and Beauty Culture. Write for free booklet regarding terms.  
**ROBERTSON'S**  
Hairdressing Academy  
137 Avenue Rd., Toronto 5

**It's good**  
This delicious table syrup is just full of nourishment, and costs little.  
Try it.  
**BENSON'S GOLDEN SYRUP**  
The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited, MONTREAL 86



**HEADACHE**  
A hard day at the office, and a headache homeward bound. All for the want of two little tablets of Aspirin! Don't be helpless when you suddenly get a headache; carry Aspirin with you. The pocket tin doesn't take up any room, but what a comfort when it's needed!  
Fatigue will frequently bring on a headache. It lowers the vitality and invites a cold. Take Aspirin and throw it off! Don't wait until you are miserable. There is nothing in Aspirin to hurt the heart or upset the stomach or harm the system in any way. Your doctor will tell you that! But, get Aspirin—not a substitute!  
Follow the proven directions to be found inside each package. They cover colds, sore throat, headache, toothache, neuritis, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago or rheumatism, muscular pains, and other pains and aches for which these tablets are a positive antidote. Keep your pocket tin filled from the bottle of 100 tablets. Every drug store has Aspirin in bottles, as well as the familiar little box.  
Aspirin is made in Canada.

**ASPIRIN**  
(TRADE-MARK REG.)

**Jewelry Production In the Dominion**

Canadian manufacturers supply nearly 70 per cent of the jewelry and silverware market of the Dominion. "This is a high state of development," says a recent Railway bulletin, "considering the nature of the industry and the moderate population of Canada. The making of jewelry and silverware constitutes an industry which is naturally the result of special training on the part of a people, and some of the best-known centres of production are to be found in old countries where they are the result of long development. This industry is also likely to grow up in countries where the population is relatively dense. Canada's chief strength in the industry lies in the possession of large supplies of the precious metals. It is likely that this branch of manufacture will grow rapidly as the population of the Dominion increases."

"Ninety-six firms were included in the Canadian jewelry and silverware industry as reported to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in 1930. Sixty-one of these firms were located in Ontario, twenty-four in Quebec, five in British Columbia, two in Manitoba, and one in each of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The industry includes all plants in Canada which manufacture silverware and silver-plated ware, clocks, watches, rings, chains and other jewelry, as well as dental gold and other dental supplies. Manufacturing jewelers come within the classification, but the many retail and repair shops are not included.

The value of the production of the Canadian silverware and jewelry industry in 1930 was \$2,242,126. This was a decline of 23 per cent from the peak which had been reached in the year previous at \$1,933,593. The largest item of production in 1930 was miscellaneous jewelry at \$2,570,019, while other leading products were clocks and watches, \$866,629; gold and dental gold, \$751,880; electro-plated flatware, \$1,308,024, and electro-plated hollowware on britannia metal, \$334,083. Of the firms engaged in the industry, sixty-five reported as manufacturing chains, rings, medals and miscellaneous jewelry; seventeen refined precious metals from scrap or made dental gold, and ten made plated or sterling silverware. Other firms made clocks and watches, watch cases, spectacle frames, hookless fasteners, bronze tablets and similar articles.  
"The home market of the industry can be calculated only in an approximate manner. Imports of the precious metals, apart from bullion, and of clocks and watches in 1930 were valued at \$4,923,496. The exports of precious metals, apart from ore and bullion, and of clocks and watches for the same year were \$584,651. Using these figures, the sum of production and imports less exports was \$13,560,971. On this basis the proportion of the home market produced in Canada was a little over 68 per cent."

**Disarmament**  
By LORD CECIL,  
British Statesman, in a Radio Broadcast  
The great moral importance of the disarmament conference is that it once more gives to the governments and the peoples an opportunity to put first things first. To do away with ships or guns or airplanes is to do something visible, tangible, in effect symbolic. It is quite different from signing pieces of paper, and making promises about what you will do in certain hypothetical contingencies—a process which most people have always regarded with a certain amount of suspicion.  
To achieve a definite decrease in the paraphernalia of war would be a much more effective contribution to peace than all treaties about arbitration and denouncing war can ever be.  
The people must constantly keep before themselves and their rulers such plain, urgent reasons as this for disarmament, and refuse to be sidetracked by political scares or technical objections. . . .  
No doubt objections can be made by technical experts. If a technical expert cannot make objection he cannot make anything, but fortunately in this matter the power rests with the people. They want peace, and therefore they want disarmament. In Heaven's name, let them exert themselves and see that they get it.

**An Old Dodge**  
It was the night of the village football club's annual dance.  
The secretary had secured the services of an ex-policeman to collect the tickets at the door.  
Just as the dance was about to commence the secretary noticed that the ex-policeman was beckoning to him.  
"Well, what's the matter?" he asked, hurrying up.  
"Quick! You'd better get out of this place as soon as possible," said the ticket-collector.  
"What ever are you talking about?" asked the puzzled secretary.  
"Well, it looks like a case of bigamy or something," said the other. "I've already let in three women who said they were the secretary's wife. Now there's a fourth outside waiting to come in."

"When we think of the disarmament conference should we laugh, weep or hope?"—Albert Einstein.