CHICKEN SHORTCAKE

2 cups pastry flour
(or 1¾ cups of bread flour)
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons shortening
1 egg ½ cup water

Sift dry ingredients; add shortening and mix in thoroughly with a steel fork; add beaten egg and sufficient water to make soft dough. Roll or pat out with hands on floured board. Cut out with large floured biscuit cutter, or half fill greased muffin rings which have been placed on greased baking pan. Bake in hot oven at 475° F. about 12 minutes. Split and butter while hot, and fill with hot creamed chicken. Makes 6 shortcakes.

Try Miss Alice Moir's light, flaky

Chicken Shortcake

"I always use and recommend Magic Baking Powder," says Miss Alice Moir, Dietitian of one of Montreal's finest apartment-hotel restaurants. "Magic combines efficiency and economy to the highest degree. Besides, it always gives dependable results."

In whole-hearted agreement with Miss Moir, the majority of Canadian dietitians and cookery teachers use Magic *exclusively*. And 3 out of 4 Canadian housewives use Magic because it gives consistently better baking results.

No wonder Magic outsells all other baking powders combined!

Favour your family with Chicken Shortcake—made with Magic as Miss Moir directs. Note its delicate flavour, its feather lightness!

Free Cook Book—When you bake at home, the new Magic Cook Book will give you dozens of recipes for delicious baked foods. Write to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

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

Made in Canada

The Next War Peril

By the Right Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil

All Europeans of sound sense are aware of the forces driving the nations of Western and Central Europe into another armed conflict. And although there is only a remote possibility of the United States or of England becoming involved in it, it behooves those nations, and this one especially, to build up a healthy public opinion that will stem those forces. Neither statesmen nor economists can work for international understanding and against war without a healthy public opinion.

—Robert Frost, in "New Hampshire."

friendship is war. And vice versa, the greatest foe of war is international friendship. A good neighbor is not one who strives for prosperity at the expense of his fellows, but strives for the prosperity of both.

A Wired Cathedral

Modern science has entered somber old St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and come to the rescue of speakers and congregations. A microphone has been concealed in the pulpit and loud-speakers placed beneath the choir galleries but quite concealed from the sight of the congregation. It is hoped to extend the benefits of better hearing to the nave in time.

Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Rich old Mrs. Jupiter is murdered during the engagement party she gave for her secretary, Mary Harkness. Suspicion points to Mary's brother, Eddie, who is killed by a car as he goes to meet her. Bowen, police reporter, discovers a racetrack crook called The Fly to whom Eddie owed money. Mary meets Bowen in a speakeasy where The Fly is said to be hiding. Dirk, her fiancee, comes to take her home. He is on his way to lock up the Jupiter necklace in his office safe. Just as Dirk locks up the necklace there is a crash in the street outside.

CHAPTER GXI.

"What is it? What is it?" Mary whispered, trying vainly to see into the street from the other side of the window. Her view was cut off by a cornice. Dirk was leaning far out to get a clear view of what happened. He waved one hand as a signal to keep quiet. To the waiting girl the suspense was agonizing. Angry voices floated up and various bumps and thuds, as of a weary car settling to rest.

He pulled his head in and shut the window quietly before speaking.

"Just that blamed idiot, Bowen, and his rattletrap," he said disgustedly. "Somebody's smacked into him. Looks as if he'd tried to turn around, and they rammed into him amidships." He shook his head wonderingly. "Of all the prize boobs—! Come on, let's go down and look at the wreckage."

He looked about the room, tried the lock on the safe-door to make sure it was fastened, turned off the light, locked the door, and they trotted downstairs.

Mary was worried. "Do you suppose he's hurt?"

"Couldn't see," Dirk said. "Hope they didn't hurt our car. Guess not. It's further up the street."

As they came out into the street there was the sound of footsteps running, drawn by the magnet of an accident. A policeman was visible, pounding along at the lower end of the block, his night-stick slapping against his leg as he ran. Bowen was no where to be seen, but the street was completely blocked at the upper end by his car, up-ended and lying on its side. Jammed into it on the other side, like a locomotive whose cow-catcher has scooped up a mass of debris, was a black limousine with platinum trimmings.

As Mary and Dirk started forward, the limousine's engine roared in reverse, freed itself from the quivering mess of metal which was Bowen's machine, and shot backward out of Nassau street, stopped, shot ahead toward Broadway and was gone. Not even the enraged policeman's command to stop had any effect. He pulled his gun, but forebore shooting, apparently because of the people who came running from all directions.

Mary stopped stock still under the shock of the realization that came to her.

"Dirk! Dirk!" she screamed suddenly. "That was the car that killed Eddie!"

Dirk stopped running a second, long enough to stare at her dumbfounded, then raced on. A weaving, unsteady figure was crawling into view from under the tangle of leatherette and canvas that was the top of his car. He had just gained his feet and was looking in the direction taken by the departed limousine when Dirk reached him.

Mary saw him wringing one hand and cursing whole-heartedly. Between curses he stuck the injured finger in his mouth and sucked it. Apparently it was the only injury he had suffered.

"What the—holy jumping—" He broke off as he saw Mary's white anxious face at his elbow. "Hello, Ruyther. I'm all right. Let's get out of here—leave this wreck where it is. She'll never travel again."

* * *

But there were explanations to be given the big, breathless policeman first.

"What are you tryin' to do, turn around in the middle of the block?" he accused, after inspecting the position of the wrecked car. Bowen took his abuse without a word of self-defence. Mary burned with indignation but Bowen only listened with what she could have sworn as a self-satisfied smile on his face.

"Yep, you're right, officer. All my fault," he kept repeating.

"Anybody see the number o' that car?" the policeman said loudly. The curious crowd began to babble all together, but nobody could give a connected story. "It was 3N and something—" "Naw, it was 3Y"—The policeman closed his book in disgust. "On yer way, all of ye!" He swung his stick menacingly.

When they had scattered, he came up to Dirk.

"Did you see it?" he asked.

"No. We just came up. That's my car down there," Dirk answered negligently.

"Tell him," Mary whispered. "Tell him about the car—you know—" Her eyes were black with fear and her teeth chattering.

Before another word could be said Bowen jostled between them, giving Mary an unmistakable jab in the ribs with his elbow. The jab winded her, and the surprise took the words out of her open mouth.

He took the officer aside and they held brief confab. Bowen's policecard helped to smooth matters over. Dirk's quick "Ssh!" kept Mary from making any further attempt to speak of the other car. Puzzled but quiescent, she let him lead her back to the coupe. His animosity toward Bowen seemed to have melted abruptly. Presently Bowen and the policeman parted, and Bowen came straight to their car.

"Where do you want to go?" Climb in," Dirk invited.

"No, I can get a cab," Bowen's voice sounded shy.

"Get in!" Dirk commanded. Mary moved closer to Dirk and Bowen obediently climbed in on the other side. "Let's get away from here," he said.

Uptown they sped for some time without a word spoken. Dirk was first to break the silence.

"So you're the kind of a driver who turns around in the middle of the block, in a street that's too narrow to turn around in," he said.

Mary bit her lip, vexed that he could continue quarreling after what had happened.

But Bowen laughed. "Yep, that's me," he said.

"I owe you something for that," Dirk said. "What'll it be, a new car?"

"Forget it," Bowen scoffed. He seemed vastly pleased with himself.

"But you could have got yourself killed, you fool!" Dirk protested.

"Yes, I lost a good fingernail saving your worthless hide," Bowen agreed amiably, squinting at the injured digit by the aid of a streetlight.

Mary was almost bursting with bewilderment, and growing more curious every minute. What is it all about?" she wailed. "You've shushed me long enough. Tell me or I'll scream!"

"You're a bright girl, you ought to know," Dirk said. "Bowen stopped that other car from coming down Nassau street, all right, didn't he? Do you know any other way he could have done it? Your little friends from the speakeasy were trailing us apparently. Well, they didn't get near enough to see which door we were parked before. I guess that ends it, for tonight anyway. I might have given that cop a tip-off to keep an eye on the place, though. Wish I had."

"Then it was the Fly!" Mary cried.

"The Fly? Don't be silly." There was something about the pleasant voice in which Dirk spoke, whether he was saying something agreeable or disagreeable, that was maddening. A trick learned in the courtroom, no doubt. Whatever it was, it made one want to strike him, dent that implacable politeness somehow.

Mary drew away and looked at him through narrowed eyes, feeling the rising of a temper she had never known she had.

"Why not?"

"Is he the only thug who knows a valuable necklace when he sees it? Any crook in Christendom would have taken out after anybody with no more sense than to display a thing like that in a speakeasy! Might have been that Lon Chaney waiter, for all we know."

"But Dirk," Mary said, with ominous calm, "that car was the same car that killed Eddie. I told you that."

Dirk smiled wryly down at her.

"Now don't start that all over again," he said lightly. "You could not recognize a particular car of standard make, like that, in that light, at that distance. I wouldn't put you on the stand myself with such a statement. Opposing counsel would make monkeys out of us. You saw it under similar circumstances, hitting someone, and you were already wrought up and ready to believe it was the same. Consequently you think so. That's all."

"Oh, don't be so—so legal," Mary hurled at him furiously, for lack of a more approbious epithet. "I don't care what you say, it was the same car. I'd swear to it!" She appealed to Bowen. "Tell him!" she demanded. "Tell him it as the same car!"

But Bowen merely answered "What's the use?"

Unexpectedly even to herself, Mary began to cry. Helpless tears rained down her cheeks, and she covered her face with her hands and wept.

Bowen looked straight ahead and said nothing. Dirk patted her knee awkwardly, "Don't, sweetheart!" he begged. "You've got to see this thing straight sometime. It might as well be now."

Dirk went on, gently. "The trouble is, Mary, you're taking the whole thing too hard. You oughtn't to blame Eddie so much. A young kid like that—you can't know what he was up against. No woman could. He—"

"I understand that he didn't do it. Do you?" Mary asked, with terrible calm. She was looking at him as at a stranger.

"Perhaps not," Dirk replied after a moment's hesitation. He flushed brick-red as he tried to meet her eyes. Unconsciously he had fallen into the habit of thinking of Eddie as a weak, tormented boy driven to stealing, and a murderer by accident. He accepted the murder as a fact, but saw extenuating circumstances.

(To be continued.)

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No harmful after-effects from Aspirin. It never depresses the heart, and you need never hesitate to make use of these tablets.

So it is needless to suffer from headache, toothache or neuralgia. The pains of sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism or neuritis can be banished completely in a few moments. Periodical suffering of women can be soothed away; the discomfort of colds can be avoided.

Aspirin tablets have other important uses—all described by the proven directions in each box. Look for that name Aspirin on the box—every time you buy these tablets—and be safe. Don't accept substitutes.

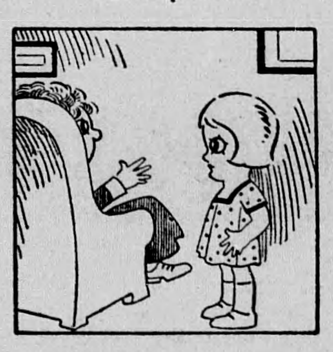
"Aspirin" is a trade-mark registered in Canada.

New England Mother

Since waste, to her, was most abhorrent,
She poured her strength into a torrent
Of household thrift, nor did she shirk
A single task of all her work.
Soap she made from bacon drippings.
Quilts she pieced from rag-bag snippings.
She ground the dried-up parts of bread
For puddings; sheets upon her bed
Were laid the wrong end up, with care
(Except when "company" was there),
To save the hemstitched tops from wear.

Shirts and drawers from flour sacks
Were worn upon her children's backs,
Paraffin from jellies clear
Was saved and used year after year.
Papers, magazines and string,
Bottles, boxes, everything
That could be used again, she kept.
And once, when all the others slept,
She rose, because the moon was bright
And put her pantry shelves aright.
She could not bear to waste that light!

—Ruth Seymour Vesely, in the N.Y. Times.



"Aunty, did you ever get a proposal?"

"Once, dear. A gentleman asked me to marry him over the telephone but he had the wrong number."

Adventure on the Farm

By President Hoover

Adventures on an American farm in an American village are the stimulus in life I could wish for every boy and girl.

Working with one's hands in the growing crops, the harvest, the preparation for Winter, new discoveries and adventures in the streams and the hills with every changing season, all build for health and the understanding of life which is denied many of our city children.

No food will ever taste so good as the family supper of those days, no sport will ever equal the mud-lined swimming hole; no speed will ever seem so great as sliding down hills on one's tummy. No prowess in ascendency over wild animals will ever equal the rabbit tracked through the snow to his lair; no deed of valor so great as to bring him back alive.

One of the most notorious receivers of stolen property in London (England) died worth $150,000. The police knew of his activities, but had only once been able to convict him, and then only for a minor offence.

Fresh and Fragrant—Always

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

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Canada In Sound-Films

Inset shows a typical unit of sound-film equipment in operation. Photo shows one of that battery of Canadian sound-trucks that patrols the Dominion in the filming of outstanding Canadian news-events.

Africa at Her Best

Although Gwelo was not on the direct route to Salisbury, we decided to make for it, being anxious to see a friend there.

Near Umvuma we had an amusing encounter with a native. We were camped under a large tree, and while Budge and I were busy erecting a tent and seeing to the car, Day was wrestling with a fire that firmly refused to burn. Down on her hands and knees, she was vigorously blowing the embers, when suddenly out of the darkness of the night stepped a native, who, gently thrusting an astonished Guider on one side, proceeded more in sorrow than in anger to demonstrate how a fire should be lighted. Gathering a few specially selected twigs, he quickly had a blaze, and at last, satisfied that the fire was well and truly alight, he flung his blanket about him, grinned broadly, and strolled off into the bush.

Our arrival at Gwelo was chiefly remarkable for the fact that it took us four and a half hours to find the house of a well-known local resident.

In desperation we went to the police camp, and after poring over an enormous map, we thought that we had at last located the farm. Gaily we set out upon the Que Que road. But gradually doubt assailed us, and after seventeen miles we spied a house on the hillside and promptly made for it, only to find that it belonged to a miner who was on the point of moving northwards. He, however, was able to direct us, and we found that for the third time that afternoon we should have to return to Gwelo, and try the last remaining road. In pitch darkness we made our way up to Norfolk Farm. The very warm welcome that we received from Miss Steedman, however, more than compensated for the trouble we had had in finding her.

Her garden was a sheer delight, with long avenues of jacaranda trees and flaming poinsettia planted between; there were flowers of every description, gathered from all over the world. Day, the botanist, was in her element.

Farming on an intensive system was also carried on. We were much intrigued to see how the monkey-nuts were formed from the flower bending over and becoming embedded in the soil, which is banked up for the purpose. Oranges, lemons, apricots and plums were grown to perfection, besides a variety of English vegetables. The rotation of crops was studied, and had proved most successful.

The house, made entirely from material produced on the farm, was built on an outcrop of rock, and commanded a magnificent view over the surrounding country. Sitting on the step and looking out over this enormous expanse of bush-country, one could feel the fascination of Rhodesia and readily understand the reluctance of those who have once lived there to leave it. There is a sense of peace and of home-coming in Rhodesia, which is lacking in other parts. Africa may be cruel and hard and treacherous, but she has her softer moments, and certainly she is at her best in Rhodesia.—M. L. Belcher, in "Cape to Cowley Via Cairo in a Light Car."

At Dagenham, Essex, the London (England) County Council have built one of the biggest housing estates, containing already 15,000 houses and still growing. The place had a population of 9,127 inhabitants in 1921; in 1931 this had grown to 89,362.

"My husband says it's my prettiest dress"

"I want to tell you how I got acquainted with Diamond Tints," says a cordial letter from a Windsor woman. "I was in the drug store and saw some attractive Diamond Tint packages. The druggist told me they were for tinting light shades without boiling. He said they were made by the Diamond Dyes people. I have always used Diamond Dyes for dyeing dark colors and know they are the best dyes made. When I saw Diamond Tints I thought of a 2 year-old dress which I had to quit wearing because it was faded. I got a package and gave my dress he simple rinsing called for. It came out the loveliest shade—a lustrous, shimmering yellow. I have laundered it several times but have never had to retint. It certainly holds the color. I'm perfectly delighted with my new dress, as I call it, and my husband says it's the prettiest one I have."

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