Try Miss McFarlane's Favorite Recipe for BISCUITS

2½ teaspoon salt
3 cups pastry flour (or 1¾ cups bread flour)
¾ cup milk, or half milk and half water
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the chilled shortening. Now add the chilled liquid to make soft dough. Toss dough onto a floured board and do not handle more than is necessary. Roll or pat out with hands to about ½ inch thickness. Cut out with a floured biscuit cutter. Place on slightly greased pan or baking sheet and bake in hot oven at 450° F. 12 to 15 minutes.

"For Light, Flaky

Biscuits

use **Magic Baking Powder,"**

says Miss M. McFarlane, dietitian of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto

"I RECOMMEND Magic because I know it is pure, and free from harmful ingredients."

Miss McFarlane's opinion is based on a thorough knowledge of food chemistry, and on close study of food effects upon the body. On practical cooking experience, too.

Most dietitians in public institutions, like Miss McFarlane, use Magic *exclusively*. Because it is always uniform, dependable, and gives consistently better baking results.

And Magic is the favorite of Canadian housewives. It outsells all other baking powders combined.

You'll find Magic makes all your baked foods unusually light and tender . . . and gives you the same perfect results *every time*.

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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 Avenue and Liberty Street, Toronto, Ont.

"Contains no alum." This statement on every tin is our guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

Made in Canada

Policeman (giving evidence)—"He was fighting his wife, your worship, when I arrested him, and——" Prisoner (interrupting ruefully)—"When you rescued me, if you don't mind."

It is an uncontrolled truth that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.—Swift.

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TAKE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

ISSUE No. 3—'33

Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS

Mary Harkness plots to ensnare The Fly, whom she believes 'framed' her brother, Eddie, with the murder of Mrs. Jupiter, and later ran Eddie down and killed him. She is aided by Bowen of The Star. Bruce Jupiter, long absent, returns from Europe with a woman friend. Bruce vows to rout Mary, whom he thinks is a gold-digger.

Dirk Ruyther, Mary's fiance, forbids her to see Bowen or continue the investigation. He says if she goes to Miami on the Jupiter yacht he will believe Bruce's charges. Mary goes because The Fly may be at Hialeah when his horse runs. Mary is introduced to Count De Loma, listed as the owner of The Fly's horse. She sees De Loma and Countess Louise, Bruce's friend, in secret conversation.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The tall young man stood shyly turning his huge Panama hat in his big sunburned hands, and looking down at Mary with ill-concealed interest.

He spoke in a soft southern voice that was somehow reassuring.

"Mist Jupiter sent me to fetch you," he said. "He's waiting out at the Hilltop Inn and he cert'ny is mighty anxious to see you."

Mary laughed. "Did he give you any idea what he wanted to see me about?"

On second thought, it did seem rather odd that Mr. Jupiter should set out from the hotel without having made any effort to see her, and then suddenly decide that an interview was necessary. Something must have happened—

"He's all by hisself," the stranger said. "Seems like he left his party and went off like that so's he could have a private conversation with you, ma'am. And if you don't mind hurrying—he was in a powerful hurry, ma'am—if you don't mind."

Mary bade him wait, and hurried back to the dining room to tell Bowen.

"I'm going with you," Bowen announced.

They argued over it, Mary holding that they must not be seen together—on the general theory that to The Fly a newspaperman's presence in the group would be like a signpost pointing to trouble.

"You can't go off with a man you never saw before," Bowen told her.

Mary considered. "Anyway, what good would you be against two of them? My one-man army! No, you stay here. I'll call you and let you know everything's all right."

Bowen gave her a telephone number and winked. "That's my club. Ask 'em to call me to the phone. It's a drugstore. I'd rather fill up on sodas than weak tea while I'm waiting. So don't forget!"

"I won't. And remember, if you don't hear from me—the Hilltop Inn. Bring the U.S. Marines and hurry to the rescue."

Unconsciously she had begun to adopt Bowen's kidding attitude—somehow it made things easier. For she had made up her mind that if the man who had sent for her did in fact turn out to be De Loma she would not run, but bluff it through.

She got into the front seat of a dusty, nondescript little car beside the tall young man, and thought of nothing but keeping her seat and holding to her floppy sunhat while they tore at breakneck speed out the coast road and along the shore.

The Hilltop Inn was not imposing . . . in fact, it was nothing more than a glorified quicklunch stand, surrounded on all sides by a broad screened verandah on which were bare wooden tables and chairs. At one of these, before she climbed out of the car, Mary caught sight of the slightly wilted figure of Mr. Jupiter, impatiently mopping his brow.

Even as he greeted her, Mr. Jupiter called out, "Don't go 'way there, son! I got another errand for you in a little while."

The young man nodded, got out, and went over to the soda stand.

"It's all-fired hot to bring you all the way out here, Mary," the old man apologized, "but I got some things on my mind that I've just naturally got to talk over with you. Don't seem as if we get much chance lately.

"Now, here's the first thing: you know anything about that De Loma chap that we met last night?"

"Plenty," Mary said grimly. "Why?"

"You don't have to tell me he's a bad one," the old man growled. "I ain't lived to be nearly 70 without knowing a rotten egg when I smell one. You know what I think? It wouldn't surprise me none if De Loma was the guy we're looking for!"

"He is The Fly," she said. "We're as sure of it as we can possibly be. I've been wanting to tell you—and afraid to. It's awful when you think about it—that there he sits—he has the audacity to eat—and drink—and breathe—oh!"

Jupiter cleared his throat. "Now, here's another thing," he said, leaning his elbows on the table and laying the index finger of his right hand in the palm of his left. He was making a hard and very successful effort to be practical and not give way to emotion at this time.

"You know," he began, "or—rather, you don't know, because they don't anybody know but just me and one or two others, that there's a Lorimor car belongs to me.

Mary's eyes widened at this revelation. It was the very thing she wanted most to know about, but she had choked on the question whenever opportunity arose to ask it.

"I had Tom buy it for me. I kept it secret. Bound to be talk if I bought any car not put out by the Jupiter Motor Company, and I thought it was just as well not to let the Lorimor people be able to say I had to buy one of their cars to get any place.

"But the fact is," he hesitated, and Mary fairly twitched with impatience, "the fact is—now, you keep this to yourself, Mary—but the Lorimor car is a darn good car and it's been cutting into our sales to the point where it's not funny any more. Now I know all about the Lorimor car. They haven't got so much of a washer on it that we haven't got, or can't put, on a Jupiter. But I'm damned if a lot of people don't prefer it to the Jupiter. Now, why?

"I says to myself: I'm going to find out. So I gave Tom $5,000 cash to buy a brand-new Lorimor. You've heard me say Tom's the best mechanic alive, and he is. That's why I keep him. He ain't so trustworthy in all ways—I've found that out. But I'd rather have him on my cars than some honest lunkhead. And if he wasn't lacking somewheres he'd be down at the plant, getting $20,000 a year, instead of wearing my livery and sleeping over a garage."

Breathless as she was with eagerness to get to the point of the story, Mary could not help recognizing that the faults of Tom were a real heartache to the old man.

"Well, I says to Tom," Jupiter went on, "this here's to be your car to fool with. Take it whenever you've got the time, and do tricks with it. Give it every test you can think of, just as if you was buying a car for yourself. I want to know just what you think of that car when you're done with it. Take it apart, if you want to, though I know what's inside, and so do you. Eat with it, sleep with it, get to know that Lorimor car as well as you know the Jupiter car. And when you've got an idea about the two makes of cars come and tell me where the difference is.

"Well, Tom was just like a kid with a clock to take apart. Only—here's what I didn't know till just now—today, in fact—what Tom went and did was buy a secondhand car and pocket the difference. Instead of paying the full price for a new Lorimor, Tom began watching for bargains. He found what he wanted—a car that looked brand new—turned back to the dealer after it hadn't been driven more than a couple thousand miles—and not a scratch. Yes, there was a dent in the left front fender, but Tom took it down to the factory and got it ironed out and painted over. Nobody would notice—and it gave Tom a $1,000 cut in price. He says not, but I know—I know the price of cars. Well—

"Anyhow, I sent for Tom to drive down here. Well, he got here last night and this morning when he brought the car around to take us out, what was it but this Lorimor! I gave him the devil for it. But it seems he never thought. When I said, 'Drive down,' he thought what a chance it would be to try out his new plaything on a long drive, and the change in climate, and all, so off he runs in it.

"Well, I rode out in it this morning. Nobody likely to see me down here, nobody that knows me, that is. Sitting back there with nobody to talk to but this Louise I got to looking around at the finish and poking the upholstery and so on, and—look what I found!"

He held out a folded sheet of paper, his hand trembling until it was hard for her to seize it.

Mary unfolded it, read in Eddie's familiar handwriting:

"I. O. U. $15,000.
Edward Harkness, Junior."

"How did this get in the car, I wonder?" she asked, levelly—holding the sheet of paper which was like a message from Eddie himself.

"Well—it was a second-hand car. Looks like it might be the car that The Fly used coming and going, and maybe later on the one that ran your brother down," Jupiter offered. "Tom swears there's been nobody in this back seat till this morning," Jupiter went on. "Tom's no hand for joyriding, I'll say that for him."

When they got back to town, driven by the obliging young man in whose pocket now reposed the first $50 bill he had ever seen, none of the motoring party had returned. Not until she entered the lobby did it enter Mary's head that she had not telehoned to Bowen. Hastily she called the number he had given her, but he was not there. No one knew whether he had been there or how long ago he had gone.

No sooner had she gained her room, however, when the telephone began to trill madly. "Listen," he said. "I'm at Hilltop Inn. Nobody here by me, now. But they've been here, Bruce and the Countess. And what a fight. I hid behind a catsup bottle and got an earful. Listen, did Mrs. Jupiter have a diamond bracelet?"

"Yes," Mary said, "she did."

"Would you know it?"

"I think so."

"Well, look on the Countess' arm when she comes in. And she'll come in—alone!"

(To be continued.)

Mr. Multirox — "Have you the nerve to say you will make my daughter a better allowance than I do?"

"Mr. Littlepurse — "Sure thing! You give her only ten per cent. of your income and I intend to allow her twelve per cent. of mine."

When a dog growls over his food he likes it, but with a man it is different.

Dietrich Favors Mannish Mode

Marlene Dietrich likes comfort as the above picture shows. Also a good publicity idea. Marlene's famous legs can thus only be seen on the screen!

A Blend of Distinctive Quality

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"Fresh from the Gardens"

Motor Hints

There may be parts of the car which look more important than the cotter pins which lock the wheels and various parts of the steering mechanism, but none actually is more so. The motorist who does his own repair work should exercise sufficient foresight to lay in a supply of spare pins to replace any that may be broken in removal. It is safer to install new pins in any case.

Valves Will Stick

Engine valves are not the only ones about the car that are subject to sticking. The carburetor choke valve also may hold fast an undesirable point. It sometimes explains an over-rich carburetor mixture.

Fix the Flat at Once

Putting off having the flat tire repaired is equivalent to driving without a spare.

Keep Eye on Shock Absorber

The driver was traveling at a steady speed of forty-five miles an hour over a highway upon which the hot sun had expanded the expansion joint filler. He noticed a serious whip in the propeller shaft and a decided discomfort in the operation of the car. The universal joints, he concluded, must be seriously worn. A stop at a service station revealed that the rear shock absorbers were empty, permitting excessively free spring action on the rough road.

For Use in a Pinch

If the owner of a car fitted with hydraulic breaks cannot get the prescribed fluid for filling them he can mix a harmless combination of liquids to tide him over the emergency. The combination is one of equal parts of medicinal castor oil and No. 5 denatured alcohol. It will not harm delicate parts of the hook-up. . .

Hard Starting is Explained

Installation of new rings or tightening of the crankshaft bearings will make the engine harder to start for a short time.

To Help the Battery

Car owners should remember that a high generator charging rate not only is bad for the generator, but causes an excessively rapid rate of evaporation of water in the battery.

Delay May Be Costly

Motor car doors are of heavy construction these days and the checks which limit their outward swing perform a distinctly useful service. A motorist who failed to replace a broken check discovered this fact recently. He opened the door hastily and allowed it to swing free with the result that the hinge was badly sprung. The repair expense was many times more than replacement of the check would have been.

Professor Forecasts New Music Culture

Secretary of Stockholm Academy of Music Optimistic for Future

The confusion caused by the present crisis, which has hit the international centres of music very hard may prepare the soil for a new musical culture, although we cannot at present see clearly the future development. This is the opinion expressed by Professor Olallo Morales the secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, Stockholm, in one of his usual interesting speeches at the annual meeting of the Academy.

He deplored the unemployment amongst the musicians abroad and the general lowering of the musical standard caused by the world depression which, however, fortunately has not so far seriously affected the musical life of Sweden. The Professor stated he had observed a tendency in modern music towards greater simplicity and harmony and towards the classical and preclassical forms. The young composers seem to regard the former musical revolutionists with respectful awe. The young ones, he said now have the task of building up new musical works of art linking the spirit of the present age with the golden ages of the music of the past. It is, however, only a few great spirits to whom it is vouchsafed to lift the curtain of the future and to conquer new words for the growth of human culture.

To counteract the unemployment amongst the musicians Professor Morales offered an interesting suggestion. He urged the organization of ambulating orchestras as a kind of unemployment relief work. These orchestras should be sent to play in communities in such parts of the country where there is a lack of good orchestral music.

A Mutual Language

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where roll'd the ocean thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing climes extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

—Byron, "Childe Harold."

Throw OFF *That*

COLD!

Some men and women fight colds all winter long. Others enjoy the protection of Aspirin. A tablet in time, and the first symptoms of a cold get no further. If a cold has caught you unaware, keep on with Aspirin until the cold is gone. Aspirin can't harm you. It does not depress the heart. If your throat is sore, dissolve several tablets in water and gargle. You will get instant relief. There's danger in a cold that hangs on for days. To say nothing of the pain and discomfort Aspirin might have spared you! All druggists; with proven directions for colds, headaches, neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism.

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