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."

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Made in Canada

Hollywood Confirms Toronto's Fall Mode

Hollywood.—The opinion that chic women will discard their black this Autumn and be seen in new rich dark shades, is expressed by Travis Banton, designer.

Banton began during the Summer designing Fall screen attire for Marlene Dietrich, Miriam Hopkins, Carole Lombard and other carefully-dressed stars. The designer lists among the leading tones those of wild blackberry, heather brown, celestial blue, plum red, beige-gold, fuschia, sapphire blue and turf green. They are for Fall and Winter evening frocks.

Evening ensembles, he advises, should be narrowed down to one color, and the same goes for street costumes, unless a check or plaid is used.

Only parrots intended to live in the Zoological Gardens may be imported into Gt. Britain.

SYNOPSIS.

Captain Trevelyan had rented his large house in Sittaford to Mrs. Willett and taken a smaller one in Exhampton. While his friend Major Burnaby and three neighbors were playing at table-tipping with Mrs. Willet and her daughter Violet, a "spirit" message was received that Trevelyan had been murdered. Burnaby finds his friend dead, his skull fractured. Trevelyan's estate of about 90,000 pounds was willed in equal parts to four relatives—his sister, Mrs. Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of another sister, Mrs. Pearson, now dead. James Pearson had come to Exhampton from London the day of the murder. He was arrested by Inspector Narracott. Emily Trefusis, Pearson's fiancee, meets Charles Enderby, reporter for The Daily Wire, and asks her to help her clear Pearson. After she had talked to Violet Willett, she heard Mrs. Willett in another room, mutter, "Will night never come? I can't bear it." Enderby told Emily he suspected Martin Dering, whose wife was the former Sylvia Pearson. Emily talks to Mr. Dacres, whom she had engaged as counsel for James Pearson.

CHAPTER XIX.

"There is no doubt," Mr. Dacres told Emily, "that Pearson was in urgent and immediate need of money. I am not going into the ethics of the situation at the moment. Pearson had apparently before now occasionally borrowed money from his grm—I may say without their knowledge. He was fond of speculating in shares. This time an unforeseen thing occurred. The books of the firm are examined at certain stated times, but for some reason of other this date was advanced and Pearson was faced with a very unpleasant dilemma. He was quite aware of the construction that would be put on his action and he was quite unable to raise the sum of money involved. He admits himself that he had tried in various quarters and failed, when as a last resource he rushed down to Devonshire to lay the matter before his uncle and persuade him to help him. This Captain Trevelyan absolutely refused to do.

'The police have already unearthed the matter. And you see, don't you, that we have here a very pressing and urgent motive for the crime? The moment Captain Trevelyan was dead Pearson could easily have obtained the necessary sum as an advance from Mr. Kirkwood and saved himself from disaster and possibly criminal prosecution."

"Oh, the idiot," said Emily.

"Quite so," said Mr. Dacres dryly. "It seems to me that our only chance lies in proving that Jim Pearson was quite unaware of the provisions of his uncle's will."

There was a pause while Emily considered the matter. Then she said, quietly:

"I'm afraid that's impossible. All three of them knew—Sylvia, Jim, and Brian. They often discussed it and laughed and joked about the rich uncle in Devonshire. You don't think him guilty, Mr. Dacres?"

"Curiously enough I do not," replied the lawyer.

"Well, that's a good thing," said Emily. "I wish the police thought the same."

"The case against him is unfortunately strong. I am not going to disguise from you, my dear child, that the outlook is bad. I should suggest Lorimer, K.C., as the defence. Forlorn hope man they call him."

"There is one thing I should like to know," said Emily. "You have seen Jim. I want you to tell me honestly if you think he has told the truth in other respects." She outlined to him the idea that Enderby had suggested t her.

"It's my impression," the lawyer said, "that he is speaking the truth when he describes his interview with his uncle. But there is little doubt that he has got the wind up badly, and if he went round to the window, entered that way and came across his uncle's dead body—he might just possibly be too scared to admit the fact and have concocted this other story."

"That's what I thought," said Emily. "Next time you see him, Mr. Dacres, will you urge him to speak the truth? It may make the most tremendous difference."

"I will do so. All the same," he said after a moment or two's pause, "I think you are mistaken in this idea. The news of Captain Trevelyan's death was bandied around in Exhampton about eight-thirty. At that time the last train had left for Exeter, but Jim Pearson got the first train available in the morning—a thoroughly unwise proceeding, by the way, as it called attention to his movements, which would not have been noticed if he had left by a train at a more conventional hour. Now if, as you suggest, he discovered his uncle's dead body some time after half past four, I think he would have left Exhampton straight away. There's a train which leaves shortly after six and another at a quarter to eight."

"That's a point," admitted Emily. "I didn't think of that."

"I have questioned him narrowly about his method of entering his uncle's house," went on Mr. Dacres. "He says that Captain Trevelyan made him remove his boots, and leave them on the doorstep. That accounts for no wet marks being discovered in the hall."

"He doesn't speak of having heard any sound—anything at all — that gives him the idea that there might have been some one else in the house?"

"He didn't mention it to me. But I will ask him."

"Thank you," said Emily. "If I write a note can you take it to him?"

"Subject to its being read, of course."

She crossed to the writing table and scribbled a few words:

"Dearest Jim:—Everything's going to be all right, so cheer up. I am working like the worst kind of nigger to find out the truth. What an idiot you've been, darling.

"Love, from Emily."

"There," she said. I am going to see Jim's Aunt Jennifer."

At the Laurels, Emily was informed that Mrs. Gardner was out but would be home shortly.

A few minutes later Nurse Davis, starched and curious arrived.

"How do you do," said Emily. "I am Emily Trefusis.

"Oh, it's been too dreadful," said Nurse Davis. "We saw it all in the papers this morning. You seem to be bearing up wonderfully, Miss Trefusis."

"Well, one musn't sag at the knees," said Emily. "I hope you don't mind very much. I mean, it must be awkward for you to be associated with a family that has a murder in it."

"It's very unpleasant, of course," said Nurse. "But one's duty to one's patient comes before everything."

"How splendid," said Emily. "It must be wonderful for Aunt Jennifer to feel she has somebody upon whom she can rely. I don't know Aunt Jennifer's husband at all. I've never met him. He never goes away from home, does he? What exactly is the matter with him?"

Nurse Davis embarked on the subject with professional gusto.

"So really he might get well again any minute," Emily murmured thoughfully.

The nurse shook her head.

"I don't suppose there will be any cure in his case."

Emily had copied down in her little notebook the time-table of what she called Aunt Jennifer's alibi. She now murmured tentatively:

"How queer it seems to think that Aunt Jennifer was actually at the pictures when her brother was being killed."

"Very sad, isn't it?" said Nurse Davis.

Emily cast about in her mind to find out what she wanted to know without asking a direct question.

"Didn't she have some queer kind of vision or premonition?" she inquired. "Wasn't it you who met her in the hall when she came in and exclaimed that she looked quite queer."

"Oh, no," said the nurse. "It wasn't me."

"I expect I am mixing it up with something else," said Emily.

"Perhaps it was some other relation," suggested Nurse Davis. She suddenly looked at her watch.

"Oh, dear. He asked me for another hot water bottle. Will you excuse me, Miss Trefusis?"

Emily excused her, aand going over to the fireplace she put her finger on the bell.

The slipshot maid came with rather a frightened face.

"What's your name?" said Emily.

"Beatrice, miss."

"Oh, Beatrice, I may not be able to wait to see my aunt—Mrs. Gardner, after all—I wanted to ask her about some shopping she did on Friday. Do you know if she brought a big parcel back with her?"

"No, miss, I didn't see her come in."

"I thought you said she came in at six o'clock."

"Yes, miss, she did. I didn't see her come in, but when I went to take some hot water to her room at seven o'clock it gave me a shock to find her lying in the dark on the bed. 'Well, ma'am,' I said to her. 'You gave me quite a shock.' 'I came in quite a long time ago. At six o'clock,' she said. I didn't see a big parcel anywhere," said Beatrice, trying her hardest to be helpful.

"It's all very difficult," thought Emily. "One has to invent so many things. I've already invented a premonition and a big parcel, but so far as I can see one has to invent something if one doesn't want to sound suspicious." She smiled sweetly and said:

"That's all right, Beatrice, it doesn't matter."

Beatrice left the room. Emily took a small local time-table out of her handbag and consulted it.

"Leave Exeter, St. David's, three ten," she murmured. "Arrive Exhampton, three forty-two. Time allowed for going to brother's house and murdering him—how beastly and cold-blooded it sounds—and such nonsense, too—say half an hour to three-quarters. What are the trains back? There's one at four twenty-five and there's one. Mr. Dacres mentioned at six ten, that get in at 23 minutes to seven. Yes, it's actually possible either way. It's a pity there's nothing to suspect the nurse for. She was out all the afternoon and nobody knows where she was. But you can't have a murder without any motive at all. Of course, I don't really believe anybody in this house murdered Captain Trevelyan, but in a way it's comforting to know that they could have. Hello—there's the front door."

There was a murmer of voices in in the hall and the door opened and Jennifer Gardner came into the room."

"I'm Emily Trefusis," said Emily. "You know—the one who is engaged to Jim Pearson."

"So you are Emily," said Mrs. Gardner shaking hands. "Well, this is a surprise."

(To be Continued.)

Pedigree Poultry Breeding

In poultry breeding there seems to be a tendency to believe that mating a male out of a high record dam to hens which themselves have high records, will give the final product and spell success; however, the most thoughtful breeders believe that high egg production is not a definite character, but is rather the result of a combination of several production characters, each of which is distinct and inheritable.

Among these characters may be mentioned precocity, broodiness, intensity, high persistency, and they are no doubt combined in different ways, also probably inherited, from both the sire and the dam. It means that the trap-nest and banding systems may single out the good producers, but a careful analysis of records must be done to find out the best reproducers.

After giving much care to secure birds from the best matings possible of pedigreed stock, the problem of production for too many beginners seems to end. The mistake is paramount as results often show. Feeding at all times is in the mind of thoughtful breeders, one of the most intricate problems they are faced with.

The results of 16 years of this kind of work show real progress at Cap Rouge, and it is believed that this is due partly to breeding, partly to improvement in feeding and management. Starting with 4 per cent. of hens which had laid over 150 eggs the first year, we are now working with birds having reached the 200 egg mark, with the eggs weighing at least 24 ounces to the dozen.

In order to make further improvements, pullet year egg production egg weights, early maturity, standard qualifications, hatchability and mortality must be kept in mind in selecting females, while the young males to be used should be selected according to the average of the sister flock records, and should be vigorous and possess the standard qualifications.

October

Dusty rusty bracken;
Thistedown afloat;
Hills, blue-shadowed and withdrawn
To distances remote.

Milkweed feathers blowing
From a frosted pod;
A cocoon spun upon a spray
Of fading goldenrod

Cricket banjos in a geld
Of rustling corn tepees;
Apples on the ground beneath
A row of pippin trees.

The arrogance of summer
Subdued somehow and sober—
Smoke and bonfires, falling leaves,
One last rose—October

—Ethel Romic Fuller.

He Kept His Promise Made to the Prince

London.—And here's a Prince of Wales story that is not about the Prince. The Earl of Athlone, presenting a charter to the North London District of Finchley constituting it a borough, tells it.

The Prince of Wales was visiting South Africa and an old Dutch farmer was presented as the father of 13 children. "That is a very unlucky number," said the Prince. "What are you going to do about it?"

"That's easily put right," replied the old man.

A year later the Prince in England received a cable announcing the birth of the 14th.

"THESE HARD TIMES"

"The hard times and scarcity of money makes it more important than ever to economize. One way I save on clothes is by renewing the color of faded or out-of-style dresses, coats, stockings, and underwear. For dyeing, or tinting, I always use Diamond Dyes. They are the most economical ones by far because they never fail to produce results that make you proud. Why, things look better than new when redyed with Diamond Des. They never spot, streak, or run. They go on smoothly and evenly, when in the hands of even a ten-year-old child. Another thing, Diamond Dyes never take the life out of cloth or leave it limp as some dyes do. They deserve to be called "the world's finest dyes'!"

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South African Women Keen About Politics

Speaker at Toronto University Women's Club Tells of Active Interest

"The women of South Africa are very, very interested in politics," said Mrs. F. S. Malan of that country, in addressing members of the Toronto University Women's Club at their first tea of the season. Women who were free to do so, the speaker said, took very active interest in the welfare of their country. There was one woman member of the House of Assembly, and the women of South Africa were very proud of this fact. There were also two women members of Provincial Councils.

In speaking of the educational system of South Africa, Mrs. Malan said it was very similar to the system here. There were about 55 Dutch to 45 English-speaking persons in that country, making it necessary to carry on education in bilingual fashion. Dutch parents, the speaker said, often preferred to send their children to an English centre and have them taught through the medium of English, with Dutch as a secondary option; while English parents often preferred to have their children study through the Dutch medium, with English as a secondary option. In this way, the parents felt that a readier fluency of both languages would be acquired. A girl who is not bilingual had small chance of a position of any kind in South Africa, Mrs. Malan added.

Touching on the problem of the enfranchisement of the natives in South Africa, Mrs. Malan said she was of the same opinion as her husband: that they should be dealt with by the "whites" in friendly manner, and through the medium of friendship gain their co-operation. As it was now, there were so many more natives than "whites"; if every native had a vote the "whites" would simply have to stand aside for them. The natives are now going in for education, Mrs. Malan said, many going abroad to study, and returning to their own people as doctors and leaders—not as agitators. At present a Commission has been appointed to investigate this problem, and to endeavor to bring about some adjustment.

England's largest carillon, consisting of twenty-three bells, is installed on a private estate near Chobham, Surrey.

Black-edged telegraph forms, bearing the picture of a mourning woman, are now available in Brussels for messages of condolence, at an extra fee of fivepence each.

The Royal Family and the British Taxpayer

There was a surplus revenue in 1922-23 from the crown estates (which King George handed over to the nation on his accession) of £900,000, being a net sum from which no deductions have to be made for administration. The annuities payable from this surplus to the King and Queen and for salaries and expenses of the household amount to £47,000, while the additional annuities to the King's mother, uncle and aunts and sisters, and to the King's children (except the Prince of Wales), amount to £163,6666—a total civil list of £633,666. The nation, therefore, profits to the extent of £266,334, instead of being taxed for the support of the reigning house. The Prince of Wales' income is derived from rent of lands in the Duchy of Cornwall, which was created a duchy by Edward III., for the support of his eldest son. Since that time the eldest son of the sovereign has been born Duke of Cornwall.

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