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**Bees See Ultra-Violet**

Hues invisible to Man Bees are able to distinguish small intricate patterns in ultra-violet colors, as well as in most of the colors visible to man, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. This fact has been established in experiments by the American Museum of Natural History. Other experiments have shown that many flowers, the wings of many butterflies and other things in nature have patterns in ultra-violet that are invisible to human eyes. Thus bees and probably other insects, move in a world of beauty that man cannot see or even imagine. A bee's eye is radically different from that of a human, having no rods or cones and being far simpler in its elements. In one test, the experimenter worked with a colony of bees nesting in the wall of a building on an island. A small hole in the outside wall was the only entrance. Doctor Lutz prepared cards on which were painted patterns in black and white that does not reflect ultra-violet light. Each card was pierced with a hole the size of the opening to the nest. By placing a card with a certain pattern over the entrance, there was established an association in the bees' "minds" between that pattern and the entrance. When the cards were shifted, the bees ignored the new pattern and flew to the old in an attempt to get into the nest.

**Many Believe Blue Nile to Be Really True Nile**

Although in ancient times there was a certain amount of knowledge of the course of the upper Nile, most of the facts were mixed with much fable, says a writer in the New York Times. Even this knowledge disappeared during the Middle Ages, and it was not until about 1770 that James Bruce, an Englishman, established Lake Tsana, in Abyssinia, as the source of the Blue Nile. Captains Grant and Speke and Sir Samuel Baker discovered that the White Nile has its sources in Lakes Albert and Victoria. It is so called because of the fine whitish clay which colors its waters, and it was regarded by the ancients as the true Nile. Today, however, it is generally accepted that the Blue Nile is really the true Nile, for it is that body which, during its rapid course from the highlands of Abyssinia, has carried down with it floods all the rich mud which, through the ages, has been spread over the area on each side of its course and has formed the land of Egypt.

The Blue and the White Nile join at Khartoum, in the Sudan, thence the White Nile flows north until a little beyond Cairo, where the stream splits into two branches, the Rosetta and the Damietta, forming the Delta.

**Canada Self-Governing**  
Canada is a self-governing dominion of the British Commonwealth of nations usually called the British Empire. While the British government makes war for the whole empire, the self-governing dominions decide for themselves what actions they shall take. Britain does not compel Canada to help nor does she conscript Canadiana. Canada does not pay taxes to the British crown nor contribute toward the cost of the British navy. She has a small naval force of her own.

**Deserts Are in Two Zones**

Deserts, in the popular sense of the word, occur mainly in two zones encircling the world, and corresponding to regions of minimum rainfall. The more extensive extends from near the equator in an east-northeasterly direction across the whole breadth of North Africa, containing the Great Sahara, Libyan and Nubian Deserts; over the peninsula of Arabia, through Persia, Turkestan, the Gobi or Shamoan desert, in about 32 degrees north latitude to the Pacific ocean. The ring is completed by the Great Basin of North America, in 40 degrees north latitude. The southern zone, less complete, comprises the Kalahari desert, in southwest Africa; the interior of Australia, and small districts in the Argentine Republic and in the Andes.

**The Appalachian Trail**

The Appalachian trail, as conceived by its proponents, is a footpath for hikers in the Appalachian mountains extending from Maine to Florida, a distance of some 2,050 miles. The trail shuns automobile roads and lowlands, the purpose being to provide access to the mountains and wild country of the Eastern highlands for tramping, camping and outdoor recreation. Its route is the crestline of the Appalachian system. With the exception of national and state parks and national forests traversed, the trail is on privately owned land with the consent of owners.

**Vicious Fish Menace**

One of the most dangerous of the wild creatures of South America is a fish. Strange to say the vicious piranhas, as they are called, are not ferocious looking and usually are only 18 inches long. However, they are the terror of river crossings. They are voracious meat eaters and yearly kill hundreds of cattle and horses. Since the fish travel in schools they also have been known to attack and to kill men, stripping the flesh from the body in a few moments.

**Poison Ivy and Poison Oak**

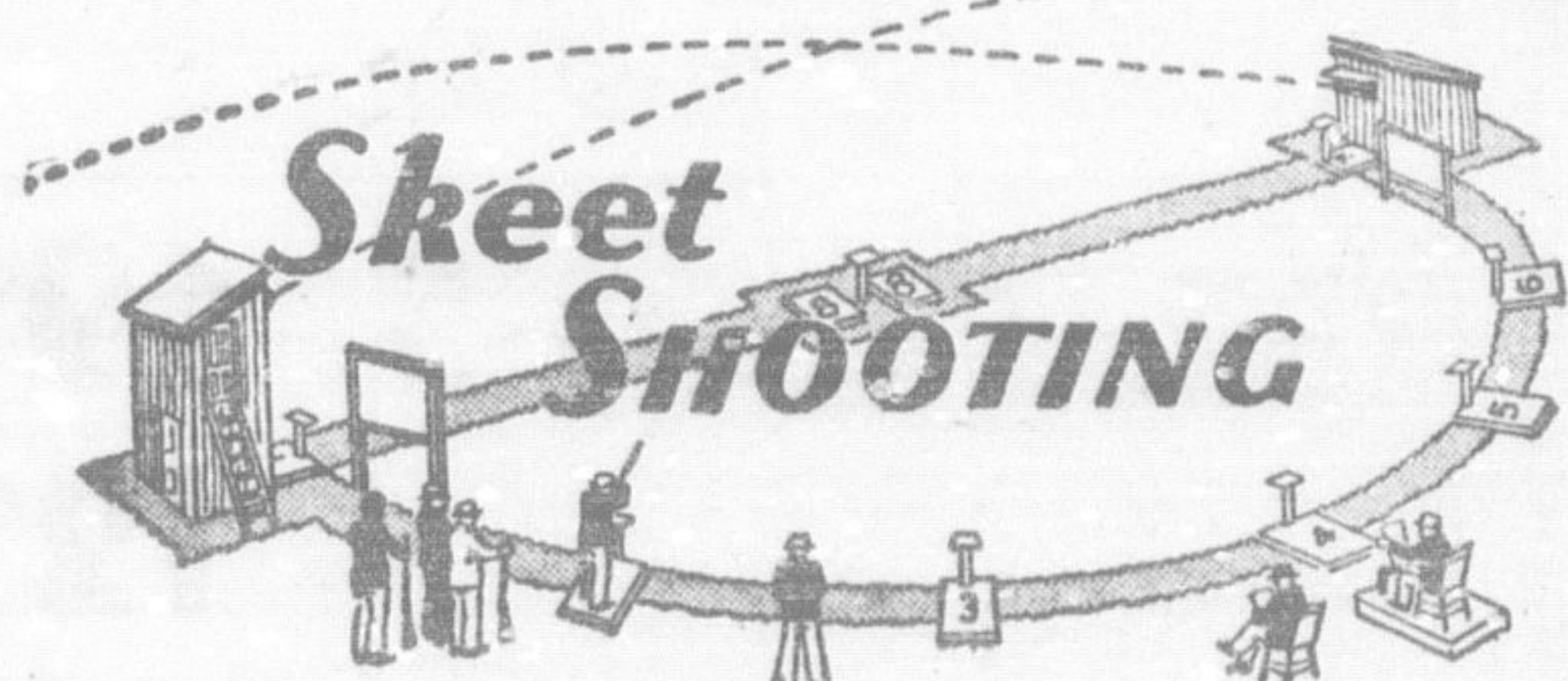
Poison ivy and poison oak are not the same, although the names are confused in some parts of the country. Since some forms of poison ivy do not climb, and some forms of poison oak do, it is hard to distinguish between them.

**Where States Meet**

At Harper's Ferry three states meet and the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers join. John Brown's raid on the United States arsenal in 1857 was in this town, and it was in a state of almost constant siege during the Civil war.

**"Hard Laid" Rope**

The distance between the axis of a rope, in which the rope makes one complete turn, is called the lay. When yarns twist in one direction about the axis of the strands, and the strands twist in the opposite direction, the rope is known as regular lay. The hardness of a rope is determined by the amount of twist given to the strands, and consequently may be referred to as hard or soft laid.



**5. GUNS AND AMMUNITION**

THE gun for Skeet is the gun habitually used by the shooter in upland shooting; in other words, the one that fits him. A good Skeet gun is substantially a good one for game birds as well.

Certainly, there is no necessity to spend hard-earned dollars on a new, special gun. If you are starting the game for the first time, and if you have never shot before, and therefore have to buy a gun, pay strict attention to fit, boring, weight, and calibre. Most important of all is to see that your gun fits. Here it is as well to get the advice of some old hand at the game, and also to gain practical experience for yourself by shooting borrowed guns for a while until the right one for you is obvious.

The sight of the gun-rack at a Skeet Club would be an eye-opener to the old, prejudiced trap-shooter. Double-barrelled, single-barrelled, under and over, pumpguns, automatics, all line up together, cheek by jowl. And all the way from 12 gauge

down past the 16s and the 20s to the 28s and the beautiful little .410 gauges, whatever the shooter owns or prefers. In rare instances only is the pump a good gun for the beginner at Skeet, unless he is a wizard at it.

Skeet shooters use anything from trap loads of 7 1/2 shot to 10 shot with good results. The best ammunition is the regulation Skeet load of number 9 double chisel, put up by the manufacturers for this purpose. The use of this load is becoming universal. There is nothing better to give the required density for clean breaks in all gauges and in open guns.

Remember, a good fitting coat or shooting jacket is essential, one that does not bag under the arms. Many Skeet shots are faster than real birds, and no one should handicap himself with a badly fitting garment.

Guns have to come up quickly and a little surplus grip of cloth or buckskin may just throw enough snag in the way to cause you to miss that spinning target.

This is No. 5 of a series of 12 articles on Skeet Shooting. Cut it out. When all have been clipped, you will have a complete write-up of this sportsman's sport which is rapidly becoming the vogue across Canada.

**One Way to Her Heart**

By CLARISSA MACKIE

YOU are like a fairy story, Beth," said Peggy Maynard mischievously. "Like a beautiful princess with a frozen heart?"

"Why do you call me that?" asked lovingly, calm-eyed Beth.

"Because you are, Beth. If you would only be human enough to fall in love and be happy ever after! You have so many admirers and no matter how nice—how handsome they are—you go on your way coolly, just as if your heart was frozen solid."

Beth smiled and then she laughed. "There are all so splendidly good looking, my dear," she said frankly. "Somehow, to me they are all like paper patterns—all cut alike, different colors, perhaps."

Peggy Maynard regarded her hopefully. "How do you like them, Beth?"

"Big and homely—a man who can win past his planness—so what the devil! In his own mind he has a chance to be evident—I am sure that I should like that kind of man," she said rather dreamily.

"Ah—" murmured Peggy thoughtfully, and went away in her little car, mischief lurking in her merry eyes.

"How nonsensical I am these days," yawned the cold Miss Wakeham as she sat down to make out her invitation list for the masquerade dance that she was planning.

It was perhaps a few days before the dance that she received a telephone call from Peggy.

"Oh, Beth dear, may I bring my cousin, Bob Wing? Oh, I know his name sounds like a celestial laundry man or a nature book, but he is darling! Not so handsome, but nice?"

"Of course," laughed Beth, "I shall mail him an invitation now, addressing it in your care."

That afternoon Beth's costume came from the shop and she looked her door and tried on the beggar-maid dress. Every lovely rag and tatter of it seemed to add to her beauty.

The night of the dance the large house was filled with laughter and merriment and not one suspected that the homely woman concealed behind the charming rags. Beth recognized a few of her guests by voice or mannerism but her dearest friend, Peggy Maynard, she did not recognize at all.

There was one dancer who excited Beth's interest that evening. First, she heard his golden voice speaking to a small Queen of Hearts, and then, long after the tall form, clad as Robin Hood, had danced away with the Queen of Hearts. "I never heard that voice before," thought Beth with an odd stirring of the heart, and rather hoped that Robin Hood would ask her to dance.

Robin Hood came upon her resting alone in an alcove. He bowed low before her. "Beggard Maid," he said in that liquid music of his voice, "Beggard Maid, may I have the pleasure of this dance?" and in a moment they were dancing together and for the first time in her twenty-three years, Beth Wakeham longed for the dance to continue on and on—

"Forever," she had been thinking recklessly, when the music stopped, and he led her to a seat. "Beggard Maid," he said, bowing low over her hand, "for the first time in Robin Hood's merry life, he wishes that each dance with you could last forever."

After that dance Robin Hood vanished and Beth wondered, but events moved too rapidly to think much about his golden voice or the delicious pleasure of dancing with him. At midnight they unmasked and then Beth made sure that Robin Hood had gone for good. Peggy Maynard was elusive and disappeared before she could be questioned, and so that night when Beth of the frozen heart went to bed, it was to dream about the man with the golden voice.

It was a week later that Peggy Maynard called with a very tall broad-shouldered man in tow. Beth saw his splendid red hair, his keen blue eyes and a thrill went over her.

Then the golden voice spoke and held her in thrall even though his words were commonplace. Peggy, delighted, slipped out of the room into the living room where Mrs. Wakeham was writing letters.

"Are you looking for Beth, Peggy?" asked Beth's mother.

"Oh, no, she is in the other room listening to the golden voice of my cousin, Bob Wing—ever heard of him?"

"Do you mean Robert Wing, the lecturer?"

"Yes, indeed—he travels all over the world and gets such interesting data about strange people and events, and then he makes lots of money lecturing, writing articles and books—awfully homely, red-headed man, but clever!"

Perhaps lovely Beth realized that, but to the amusement of her friends, she fell head over ears in love with the homely man with the golden voice while he ardently wooed her. When he asked her to marry him, Beth put her hands in his with a happy sigh.

"How could I say anything but yes to you, Bob?" And it was then that she swept her into his arms.

"History is all wrong," he whispered. "Nowhere does it say that Robin Hood loved and married the Beggard Maid."

**Ban on Competition**  
During the Middle Ages, Belgium had very strict laws to prevent what is considered to be unfair competition, writes Isaac Hershkowitz, in Collier's Weekly. In at least one town, craftsmen and vendors of goods were not only forbidden to advertise but they were not even allowed to stand in their doorways for fear they might blow their noses or sneeze in order to attract the attention of passers-by.

**Naturalization in Canada**  
British subjects domiciled in Canada do not need to take out naturalization papers. Under the provisions of the franchise law they may vote after the expiration of one year. Under the terms of the Immigration Act a British subject or an alien must live in Canada five years before becoming a citizen.

**Here and There**

What a practical newspaperman finds interesting on a cruise around the world in the Canadian Pacific flag ship Empress of Britain can be counted upon to capture the imagination of stay-at-homes. Last winter Alan Maurice Irwin, Montreal writer, made the cruise. He saw intriguing places, outstanding people and strange customs. So he sat down and wrote a book which is illustrated by photographs he took with his own camera, filled with amusing sidelights upon humanity. Now, under the comprehensive title "and ships—and sailing stars," the book is on Macmillan's fall list.

That United States Investors' capital would flow into Canada in an even greater volume is the prediction of John R. Hastie, of the Mutual Life of New York office in Chicago, speaking before the Life Insurance Writers' Association of Toronto, at the Royal York Hotel recently.

The cream of American baseball players is expected to sail from Vancouver October 20, aboard the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Japan, for an all-star tour of Japan, the Philippines, and the Philippines. Judge Mrs. Kenesaw Mountain Landis may also be in the party.

Photographed in a group for the first time since they were "shot" on their arrival in Canada a few years ago, His Excellency the Governor-General, Her Excellency and their elder son and daughter were snapped on board the Empress of Britain just before Lady Bessborough and her son and daughter sailed for Europe recently.

Appropriation of one dollar was made recently by the Vancouver City Council as the nominal price for the purchase from the Canadian Pacific Railway of 1 1/2 acres of right-of-way property at Kitsilano Beach, near the British Columbia city.

The first McIntosh apples of the season for distribution throughout the Dominion from Victoria to Halifax went out recently over Canadian Pacific lines in trains of 45 cars. The fruit is reported to be in wonderful condition and this season's product will in all probability have a reputation that British Columbia has won for its apples.

Under the Canadian Pacific five years' free scholarship fund, McGill University, beside McCallum, of Montreal; David B. W. Reid, of Winnipeg; and Albert G. Smith, of Leamington, all sons of company employees, are announced as this year's winners. The scholarships are renewable every year up to five years if the holders are entitled to full standing in the next higher year.

"There is very clear evidence of a return to prosperity in Canada due to a greater feeling of confidence," was a recent declaration of Lord Illife, owner of more British trade papers than any other publisher in the United Kingdom, interviewed aboard the Empress of Britain.

From every state of the Union and every province of the Dominion delegates to the 136th communication of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows assembled in convention at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, recently. They were greeted by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and the Mayor of Toronto.

**MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE LAW**

By J. R. CADWELL, M.A.

Marriage is a social contract. It depends upon a promise and acceptance of that promise by both parties involved, but it also depends upon the current standards of the place where the marriage takes place. It is more than an ordinary contract, because marriage is of sufficient necessity that although mutual consent plus the observance of the proper form will constitute a valid marriage, yet it cannot be rescinded except according to the form laid down by the state as indicated in our divorce law.

The standards and permanency of marriage differs according to the place it takes place. In Anglo-Saxon countries marriage has a permanent character from the death of either party. The legal theory of all our marriages. However, our divorce laws flow an exception, where either one of the parties has committed adultery or has been deserted for over two years.

In other parts of the world marriage is not even presumed to be permanent. To the Hottentots, marriage is merely a mutual agreement followed by cohabitation which seldom or ever endures longer than a year if no children are born.

The Russian law of marriage in comparison with the Anglo-Saxon is also quite different. It is merely a social arrangement indicated by signing a public register followed by cohabitation. Divorce is in a similar form, each party having declared their intention that henceforth they intend to live separately and no other legal enactment is necessary. Any children born by the marriage are looked after by the state unless the respective parents indicate their willingness to care for them.

In Canada marriage is according to a specified form. It is sanctioned by a properly qualified minister of the gospel. Contrary to popular belief, a legal marriage in Canada is not a (To be continued).

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—This is the first of a series of articles on marriage and divorce. The writer is a former member of the University of Toronto staff and a graduate of Osgoode Hall Law School. Later articles will include such topics as The Marriage, Property Rights Under Marriage, Reno Divorces, etc.

**Papal Bull of 1520**

The Papal Bull burned by Martin Luther in Wittenberg on December 10, 1520, was merely one of the printed copies of the instrument prepared at the pope's order for general distribution. One of the few existing handwritten originals came into the possession of Elzevir, Frankfurt, the Wise and is now in the chief Saxon state archive in Dresden. The Latin text contains sixty-one closely written lines without a paragraph. It designates Luther's teachings as "heterodox, repulsive or false," and calls on all faithful Christians to regard them as "condemned, cast out and rejected." It also summons all Catholics to burn the writings of "a certain Martin Luther," who is forbidden to preach or perform any clerical service.

**Thanks to Her Aunt Nancy**

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

ANNE sat on her veranda reading her favorite column in a paper three days old.

By lifting her eyes she could have looked out across miles of lovely valley but not once did she cast a glance that way. Not so much because she was engrossed with the column's humor but because it was part of her attitude to shut her eyes to anything beautiful in connection with the farm which she had inherited under what she considered unfair conditions—that she must live on it a year before it was hers.

The unfairness of it, in Anne's eyes, lay in the fact that she was her aunt's sole heir and, unless the farm had been expressly willed otherwise, it would have been Anne's with no strings attached. Having to live on it a year before she could take possession, meant giving up her position with the Senobar Advertising corporation and taking herself out of range of its president, Barkley Lawrence, whose attentions were just beginning to seem purposeful.

One month of the stipulated year had passed. It would be eleven more before she would be free. A car swung round the curve and pulled up at the gate. Anne rose quickly, but it was no use. She was caught.

At last she must meet the man who had called three times but whom she had always, through Agnes Bruce, excused herself from seeing.

"How do you do, Miss Anne?" Miss Anne, indeed! "It is a great pleasure to meet you at last. Your aunt and I were great friends."

"Yes," said Anne politely. "I dare say you were one of her neighbors." John Ogilvy settled himself comfortably in the chair opposite hers.

"Yes," he said, "I have lived here off and on ever since I gave up my business in New York."

Anne started. She hadn't supposed there was a soul living in Bala on who had ever been within fifty miles of New York.

"There are times when I get a bit homesick," continued her caller. "Then I run down to the old town for a little visit but, on the whole, I get a great deal of fun out of my farm. My specialty is Agriculture, you know. I'd like very much to show you my new barns, Miss Anne."

Anne was experiencing a novel sensation—one of shame that she had tried to snub this friendly sort of person to start with.

"I don't know a thing about barns," she said coldly.

His face brightened. "Ah, then, I should especially enjoy showing them to you! My former neighbors all know so much more than I do that I haven't the nerve to spring my crazy ideas on them. When could you come—tomorrow?"

After he had gone, Anne sat for some time wondering why she had allowed herself to be inveigled into visiting a perfect stranger's cow barns. And while she meditated, the soft, purple twilight settled over the valley.

It wasn't the trip through the barns, except as that was a preliminary, which changed Anne's life.

It was something that inadvertently happened as she sat in John Ogilvy's comfortable living room while his housekeeper prepared tea. Passing out of the room with her tray, the old Scotch woman accidentally caught back a portiere in the doorway, disclosing what was evidently a sort of den beyond. In the brief instant it hung, Anne glimpsed a radio and desk. Then it dropped but not before Anne had seen on a corner of the desk the large framed photograph of herself she had sent Aunt Nancy a year ago.

A wave of color swept her face and then she realized that her host was aware of what had happened.

John Ogilvy squared his shoulders and, coming over to Anne, stood looking down at her with an expression in his eyes that it was, perhaps, as well Anne did not see.

"I guess it's a case where only the truth will serve," he said quietly. "So here goes! Your aunt showed me that picture when it arrived and when she knew she would not live she asked me to keep it. You see, she suspected, as was the case, that I had fallen in love with the beautiful girl it portrayed. To tell the truth, I had really fallen in love with her some time ago. Your aunt was very fond of you. Liked to talk about you and read scraps of your letters aloud."

"One day, shortly before she died, she said to me, 'I wish Anne could know you.' I remember smiling and retorting, 'I wish I could know Anne!'"

"I think very soon you may have the opportunity," she said quietly. At the time I did not understand what she meant, but when I heard the terms of her will, I understood. She had given me a year in which to court you. One month of that year has gone already. I feel quite hopeless now that I have seen you. What chance is there a girl like you could ever cure for an old duffer like me?"

Anne looked up into the tender gray eyes above her. Why, it seemed as if she had known him always, as if they had been waiting for each other! Barkley Lawrence, with his cynical manner and selfish ways, faded into the past forever.

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