

**Try Miss McFarlane's Favorite Recipe for BISCUITS**

3/4 teaspoon salt 4 teaspoon Magic  
2 cups pastry flour 2 Baking Powder  
(or 1 1/2 cups bread flour) 2 tablespoons shortening  
3/4 cup milk, or half milk and half water

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 1/2 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.

**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.



Policeman (giving evidence)—"He was fighting his wife, your worship, when I arrested him, and—" Prisoner (interrupting rudely)—"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.

headaches? Act at once! Is your system poisoned by inner sluggishness? You need Eno's every morning: CA 15-25

**TAKE ENO'S FRUIT SALT**

**ASK NO QUESTIONS!**

By BELDON DUFF

**SYNOPSIS.** Annassa West leases Bride's House, a Connecticut farmhouse with a sinister reputation. Several previous tenants had died there mysteriously, and a bride had disappeared. The lease stipulates that the new tenant ask no questions. John Diamond, owner of a New York newspaper, is strangely insistent that Ann leave. Her stable boy, Otto, is murdered. Then a deputy, put on guard, is shot to death. A stranger rescues her from a morass when she seeks aid at the house of Dr. Cranston, a veterinary surgeon. Alva Crapsey, managing editor of Diamond's paper, comes up to try to solve the mystery. He learns of a mysterious "naturalist" who sees all his searching at night. The stranger who rescued Ann is hired as stable boy, giving his name as David Smith. He and Annassa find the entrance to a tunnel, which David refuses to explore. Annassa is disturbed when she realizes that David, in whom she has come to trust, has evaded the questions of the sheriff.

**CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)**

"Inveigled?" asked David.

"Yes," Ann was quite beside herself, smarting from the backslash of her own words. "I suppose it would suit your plans better if there were no one in authority here tonight."

"Of course it would." He rose and looked at her, much as a bear cub might look at the wren which attacks it. After what had become an uncomfortably long pause, "Miss West, the ability to take another person on trust is a sign of breeding. You've definitely catalogued yourself in my mind as a thoroughbred. So now I'll not quarrel with you if your second thoughts are less generous than your first."

Generous indeed! Thoroughbred! Aloud, Miss West said, "I'm not going!" And then, though she knew repetition would only weaken her position, "Nothing could tempt me to go!"

"As you like," he said with sudden stiffness, and without another word turned and left the room.

For an hour Annassa fidgeted about, trying to decide what she wanted to do. Three notes, declining the invitation, were written—and thrown into the waste-paper basket. At last she called Abby. When the Scotch-woman appeared:

"I've changed my mind about tonight. Please come upstairs and help me get into my things."

Miss Barth needed no second bidding. One of the two dinner dresses which she had slipped into the trunk for just such an emergency as the present was brought out and laid on the bed; unfigured cloth of gold, plain to severity, with a long straight bodice and a wide bow of turquoise velvet ribbon on the left hip. By experience she knew how well it suited the cream-and-copper coloring of her young mistress.

"You'll wear your mother's sapphires?" she asked, lifting out a small metal jewel box.

"I think this dress looks better without any ornament." Casting an appraising look over one shoulder at her reflection in the mirror, "Get David and have him wait for me in the living room. I want to speak to him before I go."

The limousine from Berkshire Towers was before the gate when at last, Miss West trailed down the narrow stairs and into the living room where the new stable boy stood.

Lamp-light and firelight. Walls mellowed to deep ivory by the passing of half a century. No background could have been more perfect. The girl took hold of a tall, rush-bottomed chair with one hand and rested the other, fingers widespread, on her hip. The picture was one that Goya could have immortalized on canvas.

David caught his breath.

"You are right. It is better for me to get away from here for a little while," she said, and knew in her heart that the last-hour decision to accept John Diamond's invitation had been made solely because the gold gown was among the items in the wardrobe trunk which Abby had packed so unwillingly for this mad adventure into the fourth-dimensional part of Connecticut.

The man inclined his head in token that he understood—understood more than she had meant that he should.

Despite an effort to be calm, her voice trembled with annoyance. "You will please not leave the house until Mr. Toby's two men come on duty at eight. Abby says she is not afraid, but I am afraid for her."

With a coldly polite goodnight, she turned to go; but the man had sprung into her path. The flame that leaped on the hearth seemed to have caught fire in his dark eyes.

"You're wonderful!" he whispered. "Wonderful!"

For a moment she feared he meant to take her in his arms; but when the tribute to her beauty had been paid, he stepped into the hall and stood well aside, holding the door open for her to pass out.

John Diamond always dined at eight. Nothing would have tempted him to sit down a minute earlier. Nor was he content to dine informally. Night after night, though the long table in the state dining room was laid for but one, the same fastidious care was taken that might be expected at a banquet for a hundred. Flowers in the centre—a great bouquet picked in one of the many greenhouses. Service plates with heavy,

gold-encrusted borders. A cloth of fine lace from Antwerp. The best of everything. It was what the owner of the establishment demanded for himself.

In the arrangement of the table this evening there was one difference. Tall wine glasses stood grouped about two of the three places. The owner of Berkshire Towers never drank. His own place had but one goblet; and that was intended for water.

It was not until Miss West entered the dining room, on the arm of her host, that she knew they were not to dine alone. Another guest was expected; but where he was, and why he had not put in an appearance, John Diamond did not offer to explain.

Though a tall man, and heavy, the owner of the New York Daily Free Press put his guest in her chair with a grace that hinted of much experience, afterward walking around to his own place with the leisurely tread of one who anticipates an hour or two of good food and good company.

Used as she was to the homes of wealth, Miss West felt a trifle oppressed by the magnificence with which she found herself surrounded. Perfection of detail became monotonous. The clocklike precision with which dishes were presented and removed was unreal, theatrical. Too, she felt as though the man opposite her were acting a part—Hamlet or King Lear—something that required considerable histrionic ability, to put it over. Her former distrust of him returned, magnified a hundredfold. She wished she had not accepted the invitation, that she had stuck to her first decision and remained at Bride's House. And with the intrusion of Bride's House into her thoughts she began to wonder uneasily how things were going there.

**CHAPTER XVII.**

The dinner dragged out interminably. Not until it was half over did John Diamond mention his absent guest.

"I've a surprise for you, Miss West. Someone coming I thought you'd like to see. A man who's rather taken my fancy in the last day or two."

Annassa made no comment.

Conversation drifted to the happenings on the farm at the end of the Wood Road. John Diamond said: "We'll try to see that the last part of your summer is pleasanter than the first," he assured her. "Toby tells me they've found out who committed the two murders. I shouldn't wonder if there'd be an arrest tonight."

"Did Mr. Toby mention the name of the murderer?"

"No, I don't think he did. Afraid somebody will beat him to it, I suspect. You know, I offered a reward. Ten thousand dollars for the man who did the killings at Bride's House, alive or dead."

The salad course had been placed upon the table when Annassa became aware, by the expression on her host's face, that his long-delayed guest had arrived. A well-remembered voice greeted her with:

**SELF-MADE MEN**

There are no self-made men. We are what we are made by others.—W. J. Bryan.

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!

"Ann—do my eyes deceive me, or is that really you?"

"Why, Gately!" she cried, wondering why her heart did not burst for joy. The next moment she was in his arms.

Annassa felt a slight cooling of her first enthusiasm. She was surprised to find how much shorter Gately was than she had remembered him to be. And that scrubby little mustache he affected—how ridiculous it looked on his long upper lip! Surely six weeks' separation ought not to make a girl notice things like that, especially about the man she loved better than anyone else in the whole wide world.

"No more absences in the future," said Terhune fatuously. "How about it, Ann?"

"No more absences!" she echoed in a voice which sounded flat in her own ears.

"I'm glad to see you two young people have come to your senses." Diamond had been watching his opportunity to put in a word. "There's nothing so disorganizing as a false start. The sooner you and Miss West get the license and a preacher—"

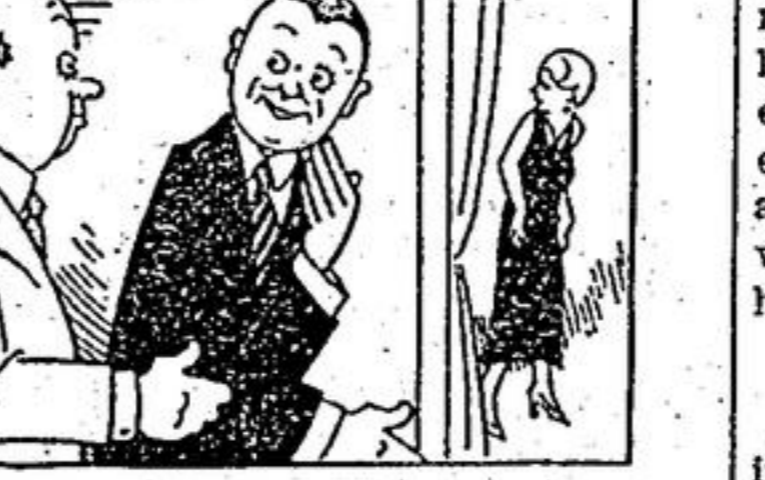
Here Terhune, who had no taste for a sermon, no matter what its text might be, slapped his breast pocket. "That's all been arranged, sir. Annassa goes back with me tonight and tomorrow we get married!"

"But there are things that must be settled between us first," she fenced desperately.

Terhune leaned across the table. "Ann, I know what's on your mind. You needn't worry. I was wrong about William Prentice and you were right." Turning to their host, "This little beggar who got himself in such a mess up here last year was in my employ. I suppose I should have stood back of him—after all, he couldn't help it if his wife disappeared—but he made me so damn mad with his utter lack of intelligence during the investigation that I—well, I guess I was a bit hard on him."

Once more addressing himself to Annassa, "The part that really matters is that I was pigheaded enough to let our engagement be broken on account of it. Can you forgive me, cherie? My punishment's been a heavy one. You'll never know what tortures I've gone through thinking of you up here in a haunted house."

(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."

**SELF-MADE MEN**

There are no self-made men. We are what we are made by others.—W. J. Bryan.

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

**A Blend of Distinctive Quality**

**"SALADA" GREEN TEA**

"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 ambulancing 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 Summer Fancy**

The poppies in my garden are cups of an elfin king,  
The larkspurs, swaying so lightly, are  
chimes the fairies ring,  
And the gladiolus blossoms, pure gold  
and flaming red,  
Fell from the clouds of sunset when a  
lovely day was dead.

O mignonette and marigold,  
O bee and butterfly,  
Shall I find another garden  
Beyond the star-strewn sky?  
—Jean Mitchell Boyd, in the  
Congregational.

Money lost in speculation is dropped by men who are trying to pick it up.

**Romance In a World**

At length the latter autumn passed; its fogs, its rains withdrawn from England their mourning and their tears; its winds swept on to sigh over lands far away. Behind November came deep winter: clearness stillness, frost-accompanying.

A day had settled into a crystalline evening. The world wore a North Pole colouring—all its lights and tints looked like the "reflections" of white, or violet, or pale green gems; the hills wore a lilac blue; the setting sun had purple in its red; the sky was ice, all silvered azure; when the stars rose they were of white crystal, not gold. Gray, or cerulean, or faint emerald hues—cool, pure, and transparent—tinged the grass of the landscape.

What is this by itself in a wood re longer green—no longer even russet; a wood neutral tint—this talk blue moving object? Why, it is a school-boy—a Briarfield Grammar School boy—who has left his companion, now trudging home of the high-road, and is seeking a certain tree with a certain, mossy mound at its root, content as a seat. Why is he lingering here—the air is old, and the time wears late. He sits down; what is he thinking about? Does he feel the chaste charm nature wears tonight. A pearl-white moon smiles through the green trees; does he care for her smile?

Impossible to say; for he is silent, and his countenance does not speak. A yet, it is no mirror to reflect sensation, but rather a mask, to conceal it. This boy is a tripling of fifteen, slight, and tall of his years; in his face there is as little of amenity as servility; his eyes seem prepared to note any incipient attempt to control or overreach him, and the rest of his features indicate faculties alert for resistance. Wise ushers avoid unnecessary interference with the lad. To break him in by severity would be a useless attempt; to win him by flattery would be an effort worse than useless. He is best left alone. Time will educate, and experience train him.

Professedly, Martin Yorke (it is a young Yorke, of course) tramples on the name of poetry; talk sentiment to him, and you would be answered by sarcasm. Here he is, wandering alone, waiting dutifully on nature while she unfolds a page of stern, silent, and of solemn poetry beneath his attentive gaze.

Being seated he takes from his satchel a book—not the Latin grammar, but a contraband volume of fairy tales; there will be light enough yet for an hour to serve his keen young vision; besides, the moon waits on him, her beam, dim and vague as yet, fills the glade where he sits.

He reads; he is led into a solitary mountain region; all around him is rude and desolate, shapeless, and almost colorless. He hears bells tinkle in the wind; forth-riding from the formless folds of the mist dawns on him the brightest vision; a green-robed lady, on a snow-white palfrey; he sees her dress, her gems, and her steed; she arrests him with some mysterious question; he is spail-bound, and must follow her into Fairyland.

He shut—shut the book; hide it in the satchel—Martin hears a tread. He listens: No—yes; once more the dead leaves, lightly crushed, rustle on the wood-path. Martin watches; the trees part, and a woman issues forth. She is a lady dressed in dark silk, a veil covering her face. Martin never met a lady in this wood before, nor any female, save, now and then, a village-girl comes to gather nuts. To-night the apparition does not dispense him. He observes, as she approaches, that she is neither old nor plain, but, on the contrary, very youthful; and, but that he now recognizes her for one whom he has often wiffully pronounced ugly, he would deem that he discovered traits of beauty behind the thin gauze of that veil.

She passes him, and says nothing. He knew she would: all women are proud monkeys—and he knows no more conceited doll than that Carolina Helstone. The thought is hardly hatched in his mind, when the lady retraces those two steps she had got beyond him, and raising her veil, reposes her glance on his face, while she softly asks:

"Are you one of Mr. Yorke's sons?"

No human evidence would ever have been able to persuade Martin Yorke that he blushed when thus addressed; yet blush he did, to the ears.

"I am," he said bluntly; and encouraged himself to wonder, superciliously, what would come next.

"You are Martin, I think?" was the observation that followed.

It could not have been more felicitous; it was a simple sentence, very artlessly, a little timidly, pronounced; but it chimed in harmony to the youth's nature. It stilled him like a note of music.—Charlotte Brente, in "Shirley."

**SIMPLE ARITHMETIC**

The two chorus girls were having tea together.

"Do you know," said one, "when the manager asked me my age, I couldn't for the life of me remember whether I was twenty or twenty-one."

"What did you say?" asked her friend.

"Oh," replied the other, "I split the difference and said nineteen."

**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.

**ASPIRIN**

TRADE-MARK REG. IN CANADA

**BAYER**