

Miss Ann Adam bakes her famous Muffins with Magic Baking Powder

"When selecting ingredients for my recipes," says Miss Ann Adam, cookery authority of the Canadian Home Journal, "I consider three points — economy, health value, and successful performance.

"Magic Baking Powder meets them all. I use and approve Magic, because I know it is pure, and free from harmful ingredients, and because experience has taught me that I can count upon successful results with Magic every time."

Magic Baking Powder is used exclusively by the majority of cookery experts, dietitians, and housewives throughout Canada. In fact, Magic outsells all other baking powders combined.



Miss Ann Adam's Recipe for Bran Muffins

3/4 cup bran
1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
1/2 cup sugar
3/4 cup milk
1 egg
1/4 cup melted shortening

Mix the bran with the sifted fine dry ingredients. Make a well in the centre and pour in the milk and well-beaten egg. With the fewest possible number of strokes, blend these ingredients and stir in the shortening. Half fill greased muffin pans and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 15 to 20 minutes. A few chopped dates, lightly coated with some of the measured flour, may be added.

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.



Here is the French wife of the wealthy Indian prince, Aga Khan, and new-born son as they appeared in the American hospital at Paris a short time ago. A native of Chambéry, France, Mrs. Aga Khan is the former Andree Carron.

Plows of Biblical Times Still Used in India

In recent years Gandhi has attracted a great deal of attention to India. But it must be remembered that the educated classes form a very small portion of the whole population of 353,000,000. It is estimated that about three-fourths of this vast number of people are dependent on agricultural or pastoral pursuits. The primitive character of most of the agricultural class is illustrated in the following paragraph from a report on industrial machinery in British India made by Mr. R. T. Young, Canadian Trade Commissioner at Calcutta:

"Plows—and Other Sorts of Machinery—Almost everywhere one goes throughout the agricultural districts of India, the primitive wooden plow as of yore of oxen is still to be seen in use. This type of plow is highly suitable to cultivate the Indian soil. Furthermore, it can be manufactured locally at a very low cost, and when it is borne in mind that there is perhaps but a few bushels of grain or rice between the average ryot or peasant and starvation, the cost of agricultural implements is for him a matter of very serious moment. Cheap light plows capable of being drawn by oxen, as horses are not used, are the type required. Furrows are very seldom more than

three or four inches deep, and were oxen, many of which are puny and under-nourished, forced to pull anything turning deeper furrows, it would be beyond their strength.—Toronto Mail and Empire.



"He's as conceited a youth as I ever met."
"How's that?"
"He says he is sure he can make Helen happy if she will marry him. As if any man could be sure of making any woman happy."

England and Wales Birth Rate Drops

London.—England and Wales in 1932 had the lowest birth rate in their history. Tentative figures place the rate at 15.3 per 1,000 of population, or 1.0 per 1,000 below 1929 and 1930; and 0.5 below 1931.

EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Pure, wholesome, and economical table Syrup. Children love its delicious flavor.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL

ASK NO QUESTIONS!

By BELDON DUFF

SYNOPSIS.
"Ask no questions" is in the lease possession of Bride's House, a Connecticut estate. Mysterious deaths and disappearances have occurred there. Miss West's stable boy, Otto, is murdered. Then a deputy who is put on guard. The finger of local suspicion points strongly at John Diamond, owner of a New York newspaper, who tried to prevent Ann from leaving Bride's House. Ann is strangely attracted to a mysterious individual who rescued her from a morass when she sought help at the house of Derick Cranston, a local veterinary. This stranger, who gives his name as David, is suspected by the sheriff of knowing something of the murders. Ann accepts a dinner invitation from John Diamond, where she meets her former fiancé, Gately Terhune. The dinner is interrupted by the news that a mob is forming to lynch David as the murderer. Ann tells Diamond that David is his son.

CHAPTER XX.
Brought to their feet by Abby's cry of terror, Alva Cropsey and Willie Prentice did the fifty yards that lay between the rock-bound pool and Bride's House in less time than Nurni could have done it at his best. But wing-footed though they were, the giant, David, was before them. They saw him standing in the doorway as he tore around the corner of the house: Whether he had just come in, or was just going out, was not quite clear. Cropsey would have said the latter. But in either case, he turned when he caught sight of them and ran up the short flight of stairs that led to the floor above, calling over his shoulder for them to follow.

The first two of the three bedrooms disclosed nothing out of the ordinary. Miss West's bedroom, an unusually large and spacious apartment running at right angles to the other two, took up the entire south end of the upper floor. It was here they found Abigail Barth. The Scotchwoman lay inside the threshold, so close to the sill that David stumbled over her; a crumpled heap of starched white apron and pathetically shapeless flesh. Willie Prentice thought she was dead and began to whimper like a sick puppy. The editor of the Free Press, too—when the candles had been lighted—thought it was death at which they looked. But the other man, pushing them both aside, stooped and with the ease born of super strength, lifted the inert body up and onto the bed.

"Only a faint," he growled. "Get some water."
The water acted like a magic potion. A few drops of it, sprinkled on the upturned face and, without any preliminary moaning or groaning, Miss Barth opened her eyes to full consciousness. When she saw who it was who ministered to her, however, she promptly shut them again, squeezing down the lids until the flesh at the corners puckered into long, unintentionally humorous lines.

"Where's Miss West's necklace?" she demanded, still with her eyes tight shut. "What have you done with it?" In the presence of three men and with darkness banished from the room, it was going to be extremely awkward for a strict Presbyterian to explain why she had yielded to believing in the ghost.

The giant, to whom the question was addressed, scowled ferociously. "Necklace? I don't know what you're talking about."
"The sapphire necklace was in that box," snapped Miss Barth, her strength sufficiently restored to permit of rising on one elbow. "Is it there now? I ask you, is it?"
"No, it isn't. But I'm not to blame, so don't pick on me."
To Cropsey, this talk of stolen jewels was an unwarrantable digression. There were affairs of sterner moment afoot. He put the dread question: "Someone cried out 'The ghost! The ghost!' Was it you?"

Miss Barth flushed to the roots of her iron-gray hair. "Mayhap it was me," she admitted unwillingly. "I was that outdone, I scarce know what I said." Without further prompting she gave her version of the happenings at Bride's House that evening: Miss West's invitation to dine with Mr. Diamond; her own and David's supper of chicken and chocolate cake on the kitchen table. "He," she stammered, "said he as going out to look after the horses. And all unbeknownst to me I came up here." The rest of the story was less self-assured, more sketchy as to detail; but the editor of the Free Press listened attentively, especially to the part about the woman's sigh and the hand which had appeared from between the bed curtains. When it was concluded he turned sharply to the tall young man, who seemed in some strange and inexplicable manner to dominate the scene.

"Just what is your particular role in this household?" he asked.
David hesitated. Then, "I'm here to help with the outside work. I'm the new stable boy."
Miss Barth rose abruptly from the bed and smoothed down her disordered apparel.
"Stable boy!" she sniffed. "More like a hen-roostin' tramp, if you ask me."
The giant eyed the speaker with a strange mixture of arrogance and contempt.

"He didn't ask you. So take my advice and don't do so much talking."
In the silence which followed, Willie Prentice sniffed apprehensively. The sound drew attention to himself. "Who are you?" asked David. "And what are you doing here?"
Cropsey answered for his companion, and incidentally for himself, that they were both known to Miss West and had business of importance with her.

The tall young man looked down from the tower of his height and said, "Miss West won't be back before eleven. You can't see her tonight."
There was a vibrant patse. Then Cropsey took off his spectacles and methodically wiped the lenses with his handkerchief. "Miss Barth," he observed, holding the spectacles to the light to see if they were clean enough, "has accused you of stealing a necklace of some sort. I would suggest that you save that high-landed talk until you've done more than deny it."
For a perilous moment it seemed as though the self-proclaimed stable boy was about to take the managing editor of the Daily Free Press by the neck and wring his head from his body; but suddenly he thrust his powerful hands into the pockets of his overalls, where they would be out of temptation's way, and set down on the edge of the bed.

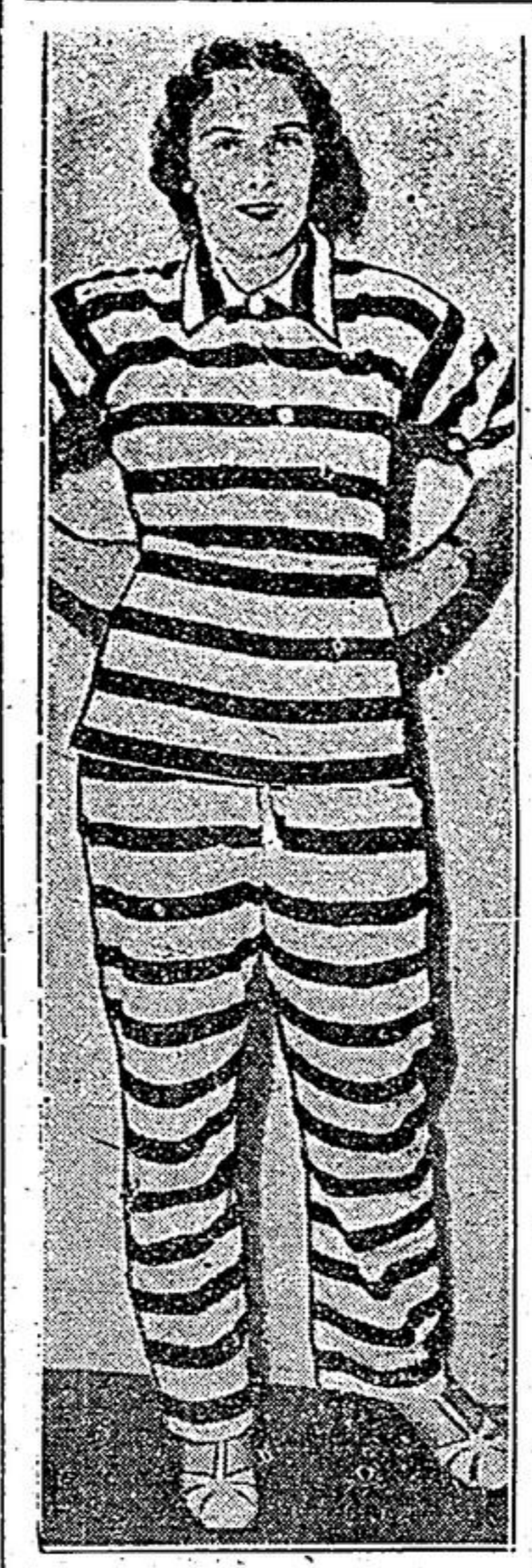
"Stay if you want to," he said gloomily. "I might have known I couldn't have five minutes to myself on this place."
"I can't stay," piped up Willie Prentice, who, unlike Cropsey, had not been struck by the significance of that "five minutes to myself." "I've got my wife to think of." Turning to the editor. "You promised to go with me into that hole."
With a spring, David was on his feet again.
"Hole? You've found the tunnel?"
Young Prentice cringed before the fury in the overhanging gaze. "Y-y-yes," he stuttered, "the h-hole that leads into the tunnel. I—I been looking for it for months. Digging and—"

The giant controlled himself with an effort.
"Oh, so it's you who's made such a mess of the garden? I wondered what was going on." After a moment, obviously spent in putting some unexplained two and two together. "Well, let me tell you something." His warning look took in all three of his audience. "I found that tunnel weeks ago. I'm mine, understand me, mine. If anyone steps foot in the red barn before I say the word—"
Willie Prentice opened his eyes and mouth in a fishlike expression of bewilderment.
"Red barn? I haven't been in the red barn."
The giant clenched his big fists and took a menacing step forward. "Don't lie to me. The mouth of the tunnel is in the cellar of the red barn. Behind the packing cases."
Here Cropsey interposed his lean length between the two men.
"It appears you've both stumbled on the same discovery but from different angles. Why not act like rational beings and put your heads together?" While the giant glared at him he went on to explain about the hole under the rock at the edge of the pool. "It's undoubtedly part of a natural passageway which gives in two directions—away from the red barn, let us say, and toward the house."
Willie, the pacifist, was only too ready to do his bit toward establishing a working basis.
"That's it—a natural passageway," he cried excitedly. "See, it's all here—on this old map." Taking a wallet from his back pocket, "Miss Uptegrove loaned me a portfolio full of data about Hales Crossing, and this was among them. Her grandfather made it for Mr. Ezra Runnels's father. He, Mr. Uptegrove, was the town engineer or something."
The two men and Abby, unable to keep up her pose of aloofness any longer, followed to the chest of drawers where the map, spread out in the light from the candles, disclosed itself as being a single sheet of drafting paper, so fragile with age that its folds had cracked lengthwise and across, separating it into four parts. It was a crude survey of the Runnels farm, done in colored inks. The house itself appeared, and the red barn. The newer white barns were missing.
"Here," said Willie, pointing to a series of fine red lines, "is the tunnel. It seems, before Revolutionary times, the family used it to escape from the Indians. But after a while one end caved in, making it impossible. In 1859, when this map was made, Mr. Runnels decided to have it filled in; but the Civil War came along and prevented him from carrying out his plan."
"It doesn't lead to the red barn," said David. "See, the line run from the house, past the pool on the north side and back toward the town. This can't be the tunnel I found, after all."

Adds Zest to the Meal

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"



This young lady, Dorothy Fell, was the belle of the ball and chain group at a recent society party at Palm Beach.

Bored By Ex-Premiers Talk, Chauffeur Leaves Table

Paris.—Former Premier Edouard Herriot's chauffeur does not mix literature and his meals.
Herriot, who prides himself on being democratic and who travels as much as possible by automobile has a habit of eating en route with his chauffeur. But this ended on a recent trip from Geneva to Paris when Mlle. Helene Vaccaresco, the Rumanian poet, was a guest at luncheon. The ex-Premier warned his distinguished guest that his chauffeur ate at the same table with him. This did not matter, the poet said.

Politics, art and literature were discussed during luncheon to such an extent that at dinner time the chauffeur asked his employer if he might eat with the servants.
"I was bored to death," the chauffeur told the statesman. "I didn't understand a thing you talked about."

Skirts Win in Women's Golf Wear War

Skirts have won in the "battle of the shorts" in the women's wear warfare at the golf course at Canberra, capital of Australia. The controversy which has raged since the appearance of Mrs. W. Garnett, wife of the assistant to the representative in Australia of the British government, in silk shorts has ended. The associates of the links have written to Mrs. Garnett asking her not to appear in shorts again. Mrs. Garnett has written that she will not, and the golf war is over.

U. S. Imports Japanese Silk
The United States imported more than \$180,000,000 worth of raw silk from Japan in 1931.

"I hope the world never gets back to the insanity it was experiencing up to 1929."—Theodore Dreiser.

bilious?

Don't delay! Relieve congested foodways of poisonous waste. Take Eno now—and every morning.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

"When are we going to investigate it?" asked Willie Prentice sharply.
"I see no reason why we shouldn't go now. How about it?" asked Cropsey, with a look at David.
"Heads I go," David said, and watched with feverish intensity while Cropsey flipped a coin.
"It's heads," chirped Willie.
At the threshold the giant looked over his shoulder at the two who were to remain behind.
"If I shouldn't come back, tell Miss West that my dark inheritance has gobbled me up!"
(To be continued.)

"The world suffers a great deal today from people who are uninteresting."—Sir Adair Ritchie.
"Statesmen talk about destiny only when they have made a mistake."—Benito Mussolini.



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 unawares, 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

So They Say:

"We make great efforts to discover hidden things and we do not see the most elementary and evident truths."—Guglielmo Ferrero.
"The best poems are more likely to be sad than glad."—Edna St. Vincent Millay.

If we wish to continue our capitalistic civilization we must make it less selfish and broader in its general scope."—Colonel E. M. House.
"The days before the war" is a new phrase for "once upon a time."—Sir James M. Barrie.

"The wage earner is himself the market for the major portion of the nation's goods."—Edward A. Filene.
"Constantly to live for your country is one of the most exhausting things I know of."—Lady Astor.
"The time to have proached economy was during the boom from 1926 to 1929, not to-day."—Roger W. Babson.

"The world as a whole during the next twenty-five years will see a wiser and better founded era of industrial progress than we have enjoyed hitherto."—Charles M. Schwab.
"Only life lived for others is worthwhile."—Albert Einstein.
"To-day's youth believes in very few things. It has learned to doubt almost everything and to have confidence in nothing."—Vicki Baum.

"The fruits of this depression, like the fruits of war, will be gathered in future generations."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.
"If in international relations we are to avoid the dangers of war we must put in its place law and the recognition of obligations."—Edouard Herriot.
"Nothing is more boring than common reminiscences of old fogies."—Bertrand Russell.

"History shows us again and again that about every 100 years civilization needs shaking up and a general upheaval results."—Hugh Walpole.
"Melody and rhythm are almost as essential to mankind as bread and water."—Charlie Chaplin.
"No matter what is said, the parliamentary form of government will not disappear."—King Carol.
"No one knows what constitutes another's happiness."—Feodor Chaliapin.
"We must not be afraid of change. It is the essence of life."—John Massfield.

"If we go on trying to run a twentieth century civilization with eighteenth century policies we shall but court chaos and hasten the collapse of our social and economic order."—Glenn Frank.
"Love of a country, like love of a woman, may be a matter of proximity."—Sherwood Anderson.

Physician Uses Airplane

Although it is only a small town, Mangum, Okla., has something unique in medical practitioners. It is a "flying doctor" who makes his rounds in a four-place cabin monoplane and employs a pilot to fly his ship, according to a writer in The Kansas City Journal-Post. Dr. G. Fowler Border, chief of the Border-McGregor Hospital, estimates that he travels approximately 50,000 miles a year caring for his patients. By means of his "air ambulance," he administers to patients in five states—Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, Kansas and Louisiana. Victims of accidents who require immediate medical attention are thankful for Dr. Border's foresight in adopting this modern method of travel, says the Kansas City writer, who quotes the physician as saying he got the idea of using an airplane after a patient died because muddy roads prevented him from reaching the case in time. Dr. Border's pilot is subject to call any hour of the day or night. His hospital is equipped with a hangar and landing field.

The flying physician, who served as Mayor of Mangum for eighteen years and then declined to run for that office any more, frequently goes 500 miles to care for some emergency case. His plane contains much surgical and medical equipment. Dr. Border and his pilot have never had a major accident.

Fairbanks Off to Italy

Douglas Fairbanks, motion picture actor, has sailed for Italy on the Italian liner Conte Di Savoia. His wife, Mary Pickford, plans to join him in Rome, and then they will proceed to Indo-China to complete a motion picture.

Fairbanks said all his work is being done under his wife's supervision. "She is much more clever than I am," he said. "She is the head and I am the feet of the family. I couldn't get anywhere now unless she were there to make the plans."

CHILLY

He had proposed many times, and her last refusal had been so emphatic that lately they had met as strangers.

But, on the ice one day, he could not resist the temptation to skate near her. She fled, he followed, and neither noticed the danger ahead until it was too late. So there they stood in four feet of freezing water while rescuers got busy pushing out a ladder.

"Now that the ice is broken," he said, with chattering teeth, "may I say again how my love burns for you?"
"The warmth of your regard leaves me cold," was her stony reply.