



**CHICKEN SHORTCAKE**  
2 cups pastry flour (or 1 1/2 cups of bread flour)  
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder  
3/4 teaspoon salt  
4 tablespoons shortening  
1 egg 1/2 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 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."  
In whole-hearted agreement with Miss Moir, the majority of Canadian dietitians and cookery teachers use Magic exclusively. And 3 out of 4 Canadian housewives use Magic because it gives consistently better baking results.  
No wonder Magic outsells all other baking powders combined! Favour your family with Chicken Shortcake—made with Magic as Miss Moir directs. Note its delicate flavour, its feather lightness!



**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.

**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, fuchsia, 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.

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**MANHATTAN NIGHT**  
By William Allen Wolf

**SYNOPSIS.**  
"You know, but I can't make you talk if you won't," said Detective-Sergeant Charlie Mitchell to Evan Ross, who, with Martha Thayer, was suspected of the murder of her husband, Tack Thayer, by Inspector Connolly; but Charlie had asked Peter Wayne to work with him in clearing up the mystery, saying that he believed Martha innocent. Martha was in love with Ross, and Peter with Martha. Charlie believed that blackmail was the motive. Peter had told him how Martha had asked him to give Benny, a hanger-on at Emma's night club, a costly bracelet, as she had promised him \$500. Peter gave Benny the \$500 and Martha told him later that Tack had lost a lot of money in a crap game at Emma's. Acting on information given by Peter, the detective had gone to the Thayer apartment and found a pistol in a safe concealed in the fireplace. He also looked for a \$1,000 watch Tack had worn the night of the murder but found no trace of it.

**CHAPTER XXVII.**  
Peter and the detective drove back to Ross's apartment house. But this time they didn't go inside. Charlie, leaning from the window of the cab, gave a peculiar whistle, and a dark figure emerged from the shadow cast by the awning. This, Peter saw, was not the man who had been on duty before dinner. He heard sibilant whispers.  
"Madison and Fifty-fourth," said Charlie, then. And when they reached that corner, "All right, Pete—come along."

Halfway along toward Park Avenue Peter saw one of the lurking figures he had now learned to expect, almost, to see everywhere. And he saw that this was the man who had, earlier, been waiting at Ross's door. At the same moment he uttered an exclamation.  
"Hold it," said Charlie, and spoke to the other detective.  
"Well?" he said, turning back to Peter. "What's eatin' you?"  
"Noting—except—Dr. Zahn has an apartment in here."  
"Yeah. That's where Ross is. This bird trailed him here and telephoned word back to the guy that relieved him over at Ross's house. You surprised?"  
"Why—no—not specially. I remembered now that Ross is a patient of Zahn's."  
"Yeah? Where's he get the jack to pay that guy's fees, I wonder? Or maybe the doc gives him a rate. Good chance to study a human source, at that. I'd say. Sure he's been goin' to him, are you?"  
"Yes. I'd forgotten, but Mrs. Thayer told me so. He had an inferiority complex."  
"He had it comin' to him, all right—only his kind don't get it, as a rule. Well, I guess he's in good hands for the time bein'. Swell night, ain't it, Pete? Let's drive around the park."  
"Charlie—I'm not a kid! What's the idea?"  
"Simple enough, Pete. So's we won't get to a certain place we're headed for too early. There's only one thing worse'n bein' too late—and that's bein' too early. Sometimes. This is one of them times."

So Peter drove twice around Central Park, and listened to Charlie's reminiscences of fifteen years on the force. At another time these might have edified, entertained and instructed him; this evening their only effect was to fill him with a heartfelt desire to shed Charlie's gore. But, as for the second time, the cab moved down toward the glowing electric signs that turned night into day over the sombre masses of the buttressed midtown skyline, Charlie looked at his watch again and tapped on the window.  
"Down Fifth to Forty-ninth, then go west till I tell you to stop," he ordered. "And take it easy, bo. We're in no rush. Keep close to the curb below Fifty-seventh—I'm sort of lookin' for a friend."

They turned out of the park, and, passing the gleaming, lighted bulk of the Plaza and Karl Bitter's lovely, black statue, that would, within a month, be surrounded by tulips in full bloom; began to move, slowly, down Fifth Avenue.  
Already limousines and cabs were going north, permitting glimpses of stiff white shirt-fronts and evening wraps in every color of the spectrum. Charlie half rose, and leaned forward.  
"Slide over," he said. "Change places, Pete. I want to be next the curb."

The cab moved along, jerkily, keeping to the curb; its movement slowed up by the driver's obedience to that order of Charlie's, since here the lumbering buses took up most of the room. Charlie leaned out; he seemed to be looking at the lighted shop windows. Suddenly he spoke sharply to the driver.  
"Pull up—stop here a minute," he said.  
He had wrenched the door open and dropped to the roadway before the cab had stopped. Peter was always being surprised by the speed with which

Charlie could move, when it suited him, in spite of his size. He saw him, now, go over and accost a tall man, no older than Peter himself, who seemed to be strolling aimlessly along, dinner jacket and white shirt showing through his unbuttoned overcoat. Charlie spoke earnestly for a moment; the other nodded, then, and turned back to the cab, following Charlie inside.  
"Meet Officer Purdy, Mr. Wayne," said Charlie.  
"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Wayne," the plainclothesman said, pleasantly. "Got a hen on, have you, Charlie?"  
"I'm hopin' so," said Charlie.  
"Thought I'd pick you up somewhere along here." He chuckled as he turned to Peter. "Don't look as much like a bull as most of us guys, does he?" he said. "It takes all sorts to make a police force. An' with a few million dollars in jewels and furs lyin' around behind half an inch of plate glass—well—"  
Stopping and starting, still crawling, their cab turned west at last. The traffic lights stopped them at Sixth Avenue; half-way to Broadway Charlie tapped on the window again.  
"All right. Here we are. Pay this guy off, Pete. Next stop Heaven—or the other place!"  
They walked along and stopped at the door of one of those old houses you will find in the forties, the upper floors of which have been cut up into flats that give transient shelter to Broadway's birds of passage. Charlie took a key from his pocket and opened the door.  
"One on me!" said Purdy. "But this isn't my stamping ground, of course."  
Peter, utterly mystified, still was conscious of chilly fingers travelling up and down his spine. Whatever was coming was coming soon.  
"Quiet, now," said Charlie. "Go easy on the stairs—tread light—put your toes down first, and if you hit a loose step, skip it. All the way to the roof."  
He led the way, Peter and the other detective following. It was astonishing to find how light of foot the big detective was; to mark the way he avoided any sound. On the topmost landing he paused to listen; tiptoed to each of two doors, and bent an ear attentively at each keyhole.  
"Nobody home I guess," he said.  
"All right."  
He reached up and drew down the ladder that led to a skylight and so to the roof. Peter, too excited to be thinking, to be speculating, even, as to the meaning of what was going on, followed. They crossed the roof, stepped across a low parapet, and down to the roof of the corresponding house in 48th Street. Now their procedure was reversed, until they found themselves on the top landing. But Charlie did not lead the way down the stairs.  
He took another key from his pocket, instead, and opened the door of the front flat—the one whose windows, Peter saw, must face the street. The room was musty; both windows were closed, and a flat, stale smell of disuse hung in the air. Light came, intermittently, from a flashing electric sign, and Peter saw that this was a cheaply furnished room; there was a golden oak dining table, and he saw two or three atrocious chairs, and a steel engraving dating from the time of Grant's administration on one wall. Dust was over everything.  
Charlie led the way into a smaller room. He took a third key from his pocket, and opened a closet door. But his flashlight illuminated not what Peter had expected to see, a row of empty pegs, but the head of a narrow flight of stairs.  
"Got you?" said Purdy, enlightened. "Getaway, eh? Very neat, too. Gambling house, was it?"  
"Ask a cop!" said Charlie. "Come on—and if you thought you was quiet before, make it double or quits now!"  
They crept down the stairs, Charlie in the lead, with only an occasional flicker of his torch to point to a break or a turn. Until they came to a solid steel door, that gleamed in the faint light like the wall of a bank vault. No key unlocked this, but a series of heavy bolts, that had evidently been oiled recently, so smoothly and silently did they move under Charlie's fingers.  
The steel door swung open, and now Peter could see a faint glow through a thin partition. He could do more than see; he could hear as well; hear low voices, one of which was provokingly, elusively familiar. Charlie stood still, rooted, listening, leaning forward, his hand on another bolt.  
Presently all sound beyond the partition ceased. A door had closed. Still Charlie waited; Peter wondered if the others, too, were holding their breath; was in deadly fear lest he sneeze or cough. But then, just as it seemed to him he couldn't endure the tension another moment Charlie's hand moved, and the last bolt was slipped back. He pushed the partition aside, and they stepped, all three of them, into a room that Peter knew—a room in which he himself had been not twenty-four hours earlier—the room in which Benny had threat-

**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 reader 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.

**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 £163,666—a total civil list of £210,666. 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.

**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.  
ended to betray Martha to Connolly unless he got five thousand dollars! (To be continued.)

**"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 re-dyed with Diamond Dyes. 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!'"  
S.E.G., Quebec.

**Insist on it**  
**SALADA TEA**

**Pedigree Poultry Breeding Swedish-Plane Saves Woman Ill in Arctic**

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; Thistledown 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 Romie Fuller.

**Eagle Brand CONDENSED MILK**

**can't sleep?**  
Act at once! There's no rest for a body clogged by waste matter. You need Eno's Fruit Salt every morning. CA 12-33  
**TAKE ENO'S FRUIT SALT**

**Quick Relief Now From Neuralgia**

**1** JACK, I'M TO SEE CLARK ABOUT THAT BIG ORDER IN 40 MINUTES AND I HAVE TERRIFIC NEURALGIA. WHAT CAN I DO?  
**2** WELL, JACK, I GOT THE ORDER! YES, FELT FIT AS A FIDDLE. YOU BET, I'LL ALWAYS GET ASPIRIN WHEN I WANT QUICK RELIEF FROM PAIN.  
DON'T WORRY! GET SOME ASPIRIN. TWO TABLETS WILL STOP THAT PAIN IN A FEW MINUTES.  
**Real ASPIRIN Starts Taking Hold in Few Minutes**

**WHY ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST**  
Drop an Aspirin Tablet in a glass of water. Note that BEFORE it touches bottom, it has started to disintegrate.  
What it does in your stomach. Hence its fast action.  
**Does Not Harm the Heart**

**The Manufacture Of Newsprint Paper**

Among the most outstanding single industries with which Canada is associated in the eyes of the world is the manufacture of newsprint paper. Although of comparatively modern growth, the importance of the products of this industry to the business and intellectual world can hardly be overstated, observes M. Elizabeth McCurdy in the Coastcook Observer.

It is a business, too, which has its base in romantic surroundings, a typical stand of the Quebec spruce trees, from which newsprint paper is made, as it is outlined against a snowy background or the intense blue of a Canadian winter sky, suggesting wild and shy forest creatures, and giving forth the incomparable smell and "tang" which only the spruce can give. Among these evergreen forest solitudes, the axe and saw are to be heard in late autumn, continuing through the winter months that the logs may be on the rivers before the spring thaw and log-driving commences.

Forest conservation laws preserve the smaller trees for future years, only the larger ones being cut. Special machinery removes the bark from the logs, which are then fed to the "Grinders," where mixed with a certain proportion of water, they come forth in the form of "slush." Screens remove the coarser bits of wood, and the remainder is strained from the water, and becomes ground pulp. Sulphite pulp is then mixed to give strength to the paper. Sulphite pulp is a different preparation of pulp fibre, or cellulose is secured. The two are mixed in correct proportions, pass through various processes to secure uniformity of texture and remove moisture, and the product thus secured is wound in large rolls. Over one hundred tons of this newsprint has been produced by Quebec machines in twenty-four hours.

There is in this industry, therefore, the spectacle of a stream of thin liquid flowing into one end of the machine being strained, blotted, ironed out, and emerging as a dry, finished roll of paper from the other end of the machine, at the rate of three quarters of a ton a minute.  
Thus does nature, in her wilderness fastnesses, minister to the needs which differentiate man from the beasts that perish, the mental and the intellectual.

**Quiet Marriages**

The Lindsay Post comments:—Here is good news for those young men who have joined in wild wedding celebrations for most of their friends, but have not taken the leap themselves as yet. Warning has been given that honeymoon couples no longer will be permitted to chatter merrily along the highway with dishpans, old shoes and wash boilers tied to the rear of their cars.

Highway Patrol Officer A. E. Hornick issued that warning in Peterboro, threatening offenders with a charge of reckless driving. He stated that he was nearly upset from his motorcycle one night recently when he struck a granite pail on the highway which had fallen off just such a honeymoon party.  
The Post recently expressed the opinion that fool tricks usually practised at weddings should be abolished—but the suggestion was made primarily in the interests of the bridal couple, not of traffic officers who might ruin their bikes, and dispositions tumbling over the wreckage.  
It should be sufficient to dose the pair with confetti and drive them up the main street, with a great honking of horns, so that all their friends and acquaintances can wave at them from the sidewalk.  
But it is exceeding the bounds of common sense and good manners when the pair are held up to ridicule or made to suffer personal injury, or when their belongings are damaged.

**Here's a Man's Idea Of Housewives' Code**

St. Louis.—A code for United States housewives has been drafted by Judge M. Hartmann of the Court of Domestic Relations here, but it doesn't resemble the one by "Mrs. L.T.P." of Nederland, Tex., who urged, among other things, that wives be allowed to sleep late at least two days a week.  
"Why," says Judge Hartmann, "the wife should arise at least one hour before the husband and have his pipe lit and his morning paper at hand for him."  
"Except on Sunday, a husband is entitled to a hot, substantial dinner each night of the week. Cold cuts and sardines are taboo."  
"A wife should find recreation in whatever form of entertainment her husband prefers, whether it be reading, music, the movies, golf or football."  
"After giving 10 per cent. of his salary to his wife for personal expenses, and paying the household bills, the husband is entitled to the balance—if any."  
"And, Judge Hartmann adds, the husband is entitled 'to an affectionate welcome' on his return home at nights.

Bibliomancy is the term used to designate the practice some people have when puzzled of opening the Bible at random, reading a verse, and allowing it to determine the person's course of action.