

You will prefer it



### Few People Born Minus Tonal Sense

College Teacher Says Nine Out of Ten Pupils Who Imagine They are Monotones Can Really Carry a Tune

Nine out of ten people who think they are "monotones" can really sing, according to Professor Frances Ellen



#### Devil's Food Layer Cake

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 2 1/2 cups pastry flour for 2 cups and 3 table-spoons of bread flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 3/4 unswweetened chocolate, melted

Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar slowly. Add beaten yolks; mix thoroughly. Add flour sifted with baking powder and salt, alternately with milk; add vanilla and melted chocolate. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Put into 3 greased layer cake tins and bake in moderate oven at 350° F. about 30 minutes. When cool, put together and cover thickly with chocolate or white icing (recipes are in the Magic Cook Book).

Miss Gertrude Dutton tells why she makes her

### Devil's Food Layer Cake

with Magic Baking Powder



"I know from experience," says the cookery expert of Western Home Monthly, "that Magic makes most baked dishes look and taste better. Its uniform leavening quality gives dependable baking results."

And Miss Dutton's praise of Magic is seconded by the majority of dietitians and cookery experts throughout the Dominion. They use Magic exclusively because they know it is pure, and always uniform.

Canadian housewives, too, prefer Magic. In fact, Magic outsells all other baking powders combined.

For luscious layer cakes, light, tender biscuits, delicious pastry—follow Miss Dutton's advice. Use Magic Baking Powder.

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ISSUED No. 46—'33

## Jill of the Fields

A ROMANCE  
By Kennaway James

### CHAPTER I

The sharp bark of a fox in Maggie Spinney came clearly across the starlit space of Rough Valley, echoed against the long, low buildings of the farm called Stone Tower and quivered into silence.

Again it came, and once again. Mark Hanson, leaning over one of the farm gates gave a slightly sardonic smile as he thought of the local belief that three fox-barks meant three dead men. You might hear a fox bark once or twice or you might hear him bark four to fifty times, but never thrice.

So they said. "If it's true," brooded Hanson, "then the man who called at Stone Tower tonight is likely to be one of them."

"The farm of Stone Tower was one of the largest in the agricultural area where it stood. It dominated, on one side, the gorse-patched Rough Valley, a great yellow basin when the gorse was in full bloom, but in this November it was a dreary depression. The valley was surmounted on the opposite side by Maggie Spinney.

If you looked the other way from Stone Tower you saw, less than a mile distant, the roofs and church tower of Morley village. Time was when the squire of Stone Tower ruled Morley, for the farm was the Manor House as well. But not today.

The farm, to some, might have seemed strangely named, but in the days when it was built, a farm and a few farm workers' cottages were frequently called a town. We get a glimpse of this fact in the very old song:

"John, John, John, the grey goose is gone,  
And the fox has gone from the town—oh."

Stone Tower, until a year ago, had been the property of old Jasper Merridew, upon whose death it descended to his daughter, Jill, who, after the funeral, astonished the assembled mourners, and the family solicitor in particular, by announcing that she proposed to run the farm herself.

Experienced farmers looked at each other aghast, as though they had seen a vision of acres of dead cows and misown fields. The solicitor shot her a glance through his pince-nez as much as to say "I'll see you later, about that, young woman!"

And he did see her later, but if he had expected to make any impression on the intentions of Jill Merridew he had, as Jill told him, barked up the wrong tree.

"The farm is mine, and I can do what I like with it," she said, "and I've got Mark Hanson, the head man, left to help me."

"But Hanson wasn't responsible for the perfection of the farm," said the solicitor. "He is only a workman—a good one, I admit—but it was your father, Miss Jill, who was the guiding hand."

"Just as I am going to be," replied Jill, with a flick of impudence, "and as for Mark Hanson, there's nothing you can tell me about him. After all, Mr. Sinker, I haven't lived all this time in Stone Tower not to understand it. And don't forget that I had a large hand in looking after it when Dad was so often in London."

Mr. Sinker gave it up, after he had indulged in a citric prophecy of mortgages and overdrafts.

And now Jill, far too pretty to look practical, reigned in her father's stead.

She could often be seen about the countryside, visiting fields where men were at work. At first her hatless figure, wearing strong breeches and leggings, caused a sensation at cattle markets, but farmers and auctioneers alike had by this time come to know that, whenever her auburn head gave a nod, there was a bargain being sought, a bargain Stone Tower farm generally gained.

Mark Hanson had stood loyally by her, in spite of the rustic wit aimed at a man who took orders from petticoats. He was a tall, somewhat serious-looking man, a few years older than Jill. He worked hard for her, often doing work unknown to her. He could, in fact, have wished more hours to the day so that he might serve her better.

To see her, to strive for her, to defend her and her methods—these were the things which alone counted in the life of Mark Hanson. Further than that he could not go. He knew the uselessness of it; he had heard of moths and of stars, and of desires stifled from the first by stark impossibility.

The position between Jill and himself were frankly those of mistress and servant. He called her Miss Jill. She called him Hanson, as her father had done. Then there was the difference in education. Mark was no cloisterer, but his education, as he told himself, "just missed it." He read all he could at nights with some vague hope of being something he could not be.

It needed little to tell one that somewhere in Mark's family there had been breeding. Everything about him quietly proclaimed it. In this he was not unique in the land, for frequently one may discern the patrician line in the rustic face.

Jill had no knowledge of his feelings for her. Mark was too clever for that. Yet sometimes, when she unexpectedly caught him looking at her, a puzzled flash crossed her mind. As for herself, she liked this serious, good-looking man who was always a present help in time of trouble, and she frankly admitted to herself that, but for him, her last year's farming might have beaten her.

Muscular, resourceful, level-headed Mark had become the firm foundation on which the farm was built.

Jasper Merridew had died in November, and November had come again, bringing with it the work—or, one might almost say, the festival—of cider-making. Out in the farm yards were great piles of small cider-apples, their bouquet filling the air.

It was the night after the cider press had arrived that Mark Hanson heard the fox bark thrice. The cider press, since the days when most farms in the cider country had their own ancient stone presses, is travelled from farm to farm in the same way as, after harvest, the thresher tours the homesteads.

It was during the afternoon that an incident happened which led to Mark Hanson's outburst as he gazed across Rough Valley on that starlit night.

The work was in full progress and from the press came flowing the pale-golden juice of the apples. Each man had his job. One to bring apples and clean them, another to transfer the juice to the barrels. Others worked the press. In charge of all was Mark Hanson.

Sitting on a bench, and perpetually stamping his feet for warmth was old George Bowker, who, so far as could be ascertained, was the oldest man in those parts. George had rural cunning brought to a pitch of profitable perfection. Whenever a farm was making cider, there would be found old George "helping." He had helped on those farms for many a long day, and when old age finally proved too much for him, he refused to admit it. The result was that he turned up at the farms and ranked as a helper, though all he did was to sit and watch the proceedings. For this he generally had a fair libation of last year's cider and a shilling or two. Not a farmer was there round about who dared put the matter to old George in its true light.

The afternoon was well spent when there walked into the farm yard a stranger. He came in casually, not as one with an intention, but more as one whose curiosity had driven him thither.

He was tall and handsome-looking in a slight, indefinable foreign way. Clothes seemed a matter of importance to him, and he wore an immaculate golfing suit which looked as though it could never become what a golfing suit should be.

He leaned on an empty milk-can to watch the work, and in so doing placed himself under a window of the house, from which Jill was doing the same thing.

Those at work glanced at him occasionally, but he seemed oblivious. After a time, he caught the eye of Mark Hanson, and with a slight backwards jerk of the head, called Mark over to him. It was a peremptory movement and Mark obeyed before he was aware of it.

"I'm just having a look round," said the stranger. "I hope you don't mind." "Not at all," responded Mark. "Interesting job, making cider, what? Makes my mouth water. Whose is this farm, by the way?" "It's called Stone Tower," said Mark evasively. He did not care for this stranger.

But the stranger was not to be put off. "I asked whose it was, my good man," he said.

"It belongs to Miss Merridew," Mark was forced to answer. He would have replied even more tersely, but he had a feeling that Jill, at her window could hear the conversation.

"Is that the girl who rides astride—saw her this morning—auburn hair. Think that would be Miss Merridew?" "I should think it very likely," conceded Mark.

"Strapping girl. Knows her way about, I should think."

"Sorry, but I must get back to that cider," said Mark, "if you'll excuse me."

"Quite understand," said the stranger amiably. "By the way, before you go, does this Miss Merridew happen to be any relation of Jasper Merridew, member of an old family hereabouts?"

"Yes, his daughter," snapped Mark, stung at last by the man's inquisitiveness regarding Jill, "and he's dead, and the farm is seven hundred acres

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and most of them good, and the cattle are mostly Alderneys and Herefords, and the cat had kittens last night."

"Rude fellow," retorted the other as he turned on his heel. "Just rustic ignorance, I expect."

Had he tried to anger Mark he could not have done it better than by using the word "ignorance." It was a word he did not understand. He was not quite sure where ignorance began and where it ended.

"Blast him," said Mark half aloud as he strode back to the cider press. (To be continued.)

### Old Guard List Most Glamorous Movie Artistes

Hollywood.—At a luncheon the other day were some of the Old Guard, men who had been in the movie game for 18, 20 and more years. The talk got on to Garbo and what makes the woman so glamorous, then on to glamorous women generally.

Clarence Sinclair Bull, portrait photographer, the only man whom Garbo has allowed to photograph her during the last five years, was among those present. Mr. Bull was asked to name the most glamorous women of his entire screen career. He named, and this is a game you may play at your own luncheon or dinner table, Theda Bara, Barbara La Marr, Nita Naldi in the Blood and Sand days; Mae Murray, and, of course, Garbo.

Choice of Theda Bara was questioned; Mae Murray's name, too, but other men present volunteered their distinguished place in their respective heydays. They were colorful, and according to their day, glamorous.

Certain other names, outstanding ones of the moment and undisputed big box office, were given other credits, but not glamor. Two of my own particular favorites, maybe yours, too, were dismissed as suggesting too much ability to create glamor. Others were condemned as too coldly classical, too self-sufficient, too just beautiful, and nothing else. Anyway, they missed fire somehow on the powerful allure before which strong men bow and weaken. Others, it was contended, affected men in too nice a way to provoke glamor acclaim—a sister hold, a favorite blood relation appeal.

Then it was contended that certain only women have only screen glamor. On the stage or in private life they might be washouts. The suggestion followed that perhaps this was responsible in no small measure for the frequent change in marriage partners out here. The screen personality is fallen in love with.

Later, talking to Alice Brady about glamorous women of the stage, she named Katherine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne, and Ina Claire. Miss Cornell for the dark, brooding, mysterious

quality that makes you think of cathedrals and things like that; Miss Fontanne for a brittle carelessness quality, a mental appeal rather than a physical one; and Miss Claire for the "band box" perfection of clothes and grooming.

### It's All in the Method

Toronto.—There was a young man on the veranda of a Moore Park home when the lady of the house answered the bell. His arm was outstretched for dramatic effect, when he began his speech: "Lady, you will be surprised to learn that I'm not working my way through college, nor have I any starving children. But this soap is honestly worth 15 cents a cake, and I'm selling it at a dime. Any luck?" He made a sale.



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### Once Pauper Now Wealthy

Finds Gold Mine — One of Best in History of Colorado

Mancos, Colo.—It hasn't been long since Charlie Starr, co-discoverer of one of the richest gold mines in Colorado mining industry, couldn't get groceries on credit. Prospects for getting food for the Starr family for the winter were slim.

But now Starr is one of the richest men in the San Juan basin, with thousands of dollars worth of gold ore in the vault of the First National Bank here and many thousands more in the Red Arrow mine which he holds jointly with G. W. Gilmore.

Seven years ago Starr, his wife and their three sons came here from the Pennsylvania coal fields where Starr had worked as a coal miner. He did odd jobs in Mancos in the winter to obtain a small stake for prospecting in the summer.

His sons, Howard, 24; Raymond, 26; and James, 14, helped their father build the house out of rough, unfinished, unpainted boards. There is one bedroom, and a combination kitchen and dining room.

For many months the Starr family has been in fear of want. They had their own garden patch incapable of providing them with sufficient food for the winter. Several weeks ago the town storekeeper told them they could no longer obtain food on credit.

Ms. Starr does all her own washing.

"I don't know what to think about all this," she said. "I have been satisfied to be with my own family. I never knew there was so much money before."

Experienced mining men estimate that there is \$100,000 worth of ore in sight at the mine.

### "Walks Round World" to Give Sons Education

Belgrade, Yugoslavia.—Uncle Milovan Milkitch, a peasant from the little Serbian village of Slatina, says that in giving his nine sons an education he walked far enough to go clear around the world. And it took him 27 years to complete his task.

Now his boys include officers in the army, a priest, a lawyer, a forest expert, and civil servants, and all but one of the live in cities as "intellectuals."

Uncle Milovan enabled them to get through school by establishing them in a cheap room in town and carrying them provisions on his back every Sunday. Each time he took them enough bread, cheese, salted meat, fruit and beans to last a week. The boys lived mostly on cold food, varying their diet now and then with a savory bean stew, well flavored with garlic and peppers. In the summer they helped their father in the fields, and so well did the family co-operate do its work that the sons were all able to finish at high school and many of them superior schools without requiring their father to sell any property.

Besides making this trip of eighteen miles each week, Uncle Milovan developed his place into an ideal little farm, was largely instrumental in the building of a new village school, and is the main mover in the village co-operative and "reading room." He himself has finished only the fourth grade of school.

Scores of thousands of pupils in the Balkans are supported by parents who regularly bring them supplies from home. A surprisingly large number of them go for weeks at a time without warm food.

### Much Pulpwood Wanted Will Benefit Employment

Montreal.—There will be jobs for thirty or forty thousand men on the pulp limits of Eastern Canada this winter—more jobs than there have been in any of the past three seasons, and very many more than there were last year. So far as bush operations are concerned, the pulp and paper industry seems to have got off dead-centre. It has reached a stage where it has to cut pulpwood "to feed its mills."

Every since spring the demand for Canadian newsprint, the industry's main product, has been rising. The mills of this country as a group were operating at 40 per cent. of capacity in March. Last month they were working around 57 per cent. of capacity, an increase of 42 per cent. Whether this expansion of activity will be maintained depends, of course, on market conditions—chiefly perhaps on the continued progress of business in the United States. But whether or not newspaper sales continue to expand, a new factor has arisen which promises renewed employment in the woods.

### Radio Body to Acquire Three More Stations

Montreal.—Before the end of 1933 the Canadian Radio Commission will "take over" or "completely control" three high-powered radio stations in addition to the four high-powered and three low-powered stations which are at present under the aegis of the commission. Thos. Maher, vice-chairman of the commission, announced in the initial broadcast of the commission's new Montreal station CRCM.

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