

Super for Supper—made with MAGIC!

HOT BISCUIT SUPPER-SANDWICH

Season to taste 1 c. minced cooked meat with grated onion, salt, pepper and onion powder; moisten slightly with leftover gravy or cream sauce. Mix and sift twice, then sift into a bowl, 2 c. once-sifted pastry flour (or 1 1/2 c. once-sifted hard-wheat flour), 4 tps. Magic Baking Powder, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. dry mustard. Cut in finely 5 lbs. chilled shortening. Make a well in dry ingredients and add 1/2 c. chili sauce and 1/2 c. milk; mix lightly with a fork, adding milk if necessary, to make a soft dough. Knead for 10 seconds on a lightly-floured board and divide dough into 2 equal portions. Pat one portion into a greased round 8 1/2" cake pan and spread almost to edges with meat mixture; moisten edges of dough with water. Pat second portion of dough into an 8 1/2" round and place over meat mixture; press lightly around edges to seal; score top layer deeply into 8 pie-shaped wedges. Bake in hot oven, 425°, about 20 mins. Serve hot with brown tomato sauce. Yield: 8 servings.



The Golden Girl

By AGNEE LOUISE PROVOST AND LADBROKE BLACK

continued

"Gorham! He's not much of a broker. She used to have Pritchard and Ames. Tell me the rest." She told him hurriedly and he listened with a grave face. It lighted into quick warmth when she spoke of trying to see him at McGilvary's Garage, and going later to the detective agency, but before he could speak the door opened and Frances Payne's voice came to them, clear, ironical and gay.

"Gloria, dear, if we don't dine presently we shall be late for the theater, and you know you have invited the Welbys. Oh, I didn't know you were engaged. Why, it's Jack!"

He felt something slip into his hand, a rectangle of folded paper, and the tingling touch of Gloria's fingers tips. Very coolly he dropped the paper into his pocket. Then Frances was with them, bantering, vivacious and daring, asking him to join them at the theater.

"It is Gloria's party and I know she will let you come. There's a vacant place in the box." "I should be delighted if I were not booked for the evening. Tomorrow I am returning to Beechwood, but I will see you on my return, if I may."

The implied question was to Gloria, pleasant but formal. She inclined her head smiling, and their eyes met. Then he took his leave.

If he had been alone Jack would have read at once the letter that Gloria had given him. But as he was about to signal a taxicab, a limousine slid up to the curb beside him and Mrs. Dickerson, with exceeding graciousness, insisted on taking him to his destination. Mrs. Dickerson put him down at the imposing bronze doors of the house where he was to dine. It was not a house to which ambitious Mrs. Dickerson was ever invited and she looked at it with envious eyes. It was well, she considered, to make the most of the slender relationship which connected her with the Endicotts.

"You will surely come to see me," she insisted. Others claimed his attention as soon as he passed through the bronze doors, and it was not until he returned to the Dalmer house late that night that he had an opportunity to read the letter which Gloria had slipped into his hand. It was the report which she had received from the detective agency.

He sat for a few moments frowning over it. It was much worse than he had expected. This was more than reckless investment, more than the average unscrupulous selling of questionable securities. It was the deliberate plot of a crook to rob an old woman.

He looked at his watch. If he caught the "Owl" he could get to Beechwood tonight and have a talk with his aunt after breakfast, always a propitious time. A few moments later he appeared at the door of Bill Dalmer's room, made his apologies and raced downstairs for a taxi and the midnight train.

Quiet and darkness in the big house at Beechwood and its shadowy grounds. Back of the garage an automobile stood with all lights

Pigs Is Pigs

Reflections on a Society Item in The Charlottetown Guardian.

The following comment on a cartoon appearing recently in The Guardian has been received by Miss H. D. McCollum from her nephew, Major James Baxter, president of McKim Advertising Limited. (Major Baxter, with the straightest furrow, had won a prize of two pigs at a ploughing match, and Miss McCollum thoughtfully sent him a clipping of the humorous cartoon depicting the lofty attainments of Island-bred swine.)

The pigs of P. E. I. are sleek and doubtless full of flavour; they have a richly bulging cheek that hints at hidden savour.

But who invited them to sit so snugly at the table—Behavior surely quite unfit. Outside an AEsop's fable?

In P. E. I. it may feel tight To mix in swag society; To watch a pig get slowly tight May seem no impropriety.

Ontario pigs have learned their place; They come to table roasted. We do not greet them face to face But basted well, and toasted.

Ontario pigs are fat and sweet. With faces sleek and solemn. But them you'll never, never meet Inside a Social Column.

—PATER.

That Body Of Yours

Continued from page 2

night of the operation and requiring the usual treatment.

These surgeons believe that the benefits obtained from immediate walking after operation will encourage the use of this treatment and it will be adopted a regular or routine treatment.

We must remember, of course, that there will be exceptions to this method of treatment but it should prove of great benefit to patients in hospital formerly considered necessary.

CONSTIPATION

It has been estimated that there are more persons with constipation than there are without it. For information on this subject send today for Dr. Barton's helpful booklet entitled "Constipation." To obtain it, send 10 cents and a 3-cent stamp, to cover cost of handling and mailing, to The Bell Syndicate, Inc., in case of this newspaper, Post Office Box 99, Station G, New York 19, N. Y., and ask for your copy.

out, Kelly, the bull terrier might be sniffing suspiciously around the strange car and following a trail that led straight from its side to a black shadow of shrubbery, but Kelly, after his first gruff bark and puzzled recognition, had found himself entangled in something black and smothery and heavy with a sickish smell, and now he lay motionless back of the gate.

In the shadows of the shrubbery a man moved cautiously. He swung himself up to a little balcony. He knew the fastening of the long French window and he worked noiselessly. The window gave under his hand and he stepped in. With good luck he could be out again and away in fifteen minutes and no one would be the wiser—until next time Miss Endicott looked into her ineffectual "strong-box."

The house at Beechwood was old. In Miss Endicott's room there was one board in the floor which creaked. Sara Dalton, waking suddenly, sat up in bed and wondered whether she had dreamed or actually heard that sound. Surely a chair moved! Cold fear pricked her and she reached for a kimono. Then, out of silence, a strangled cry—a thud.

She reached the door and opened it only to go crashing down under the impact of a heavy fist. Lightly running footstep padded down the hall, a dim bulk showed to her reeling vision and was gone. Lurching to her feet Sara shrieked a piercing alarm.

Peace and darkness reigned over the calm countryside when Jack alighted at the station. There were no vehicles at this hour. He struck a swinging pace down the road. That dark mass ahead was Beechwood in its shelter of trees. In the upper part of the house a faint gleam caught his attention. That might easily be Aunt Harriet's room.

What manner of light was it that moved and shifted up and down this way and that, at the whim of an unseen hand?

Out of the night a frantic with fear and ringing with alarm, came a piercing scream. As he raced up the driveway lights came on here and there as the sleeping house hold stirred into scurrying life. He threw open a door to catch sight of white scared faces at the head of the stairs, hurrying figures. Perkins the elderly butler, reeled down the stairs.

"Oh, Mr. Jack! It's Miss Endicott—she's been killed! I'm phoning the police."

Before he finished Jack was up the stairs, three steps at a time. "Search the house!" he called back as he ran.

Ahead of him the light streamed through the open door. Invigoratedly he checked his headlong pace as he turned in. Through the doorway into the inner room he saw scattered papers, a table with a metal-bound box or it with lid open and just beyond, Sara Dalton, his aunt's secretary, kneeling on the floor with a still grey head against her breast. She heard him and looked up.

"I think she surprised him at his work," she said gently. "It must have happened quickly. She— is gone."

To be continued

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2 sufficient unto our needs, so we find the great Dominion has grown into a mighty entity. What a vast, wonderful land it is! From the North where scientists send out their traverses seeking to discover the yet untapped resources and treasures of that stern beautiful land, to the South, from whence Island housewives receive in season baskets of lush fruit for preserving; from the warm Pacific-laved West, whose dwellers there claim to find touches of Heaven in their surroundings, to the wind-blown or soft Summer breezeflashed Provinces of the Atlantic. Minds find it difficult to grasp an idea of its variety and vastness.

What is Canada? As we consider it, it was hardy intrepid voyagers, restless visionaries, goaded by dreams... who searched and explored... and died, but handed the torch to successors until finally all knowledge was pieced together very fully and beautifully—of river and plain, mountain and forest, and the whole given to a virile young People to treasure and guard. Yes, fields it is and homes where meals are spread and the dusk brings its folks down along a lane to rest. It is as well, great bustling cities, hives of industry, far removed in every way from the peace and calm of our surroundings. It is toil and tribulation, but as well happiness and dreams realized. It is, we remember sadly, cenotaphs and memorial plaques inscribed with the names of lads, whose faces in the memory shall never grow old, and because of these who went out in the morning of life, with the wondering dawn-light of it still in their eyes, Canada is a land where happy children may gather Summer daisies in the meadows, and cuddle kit-cats to petal-like cheeks

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! Girls and boys from 14 years up can earn real money during the holidays. Interesting sales campaign. You are paid what you earn immediately. DON'T WAIT! Begin Earning Money NOW! Write Box 336, Guardian.

without fear or the shadow of it, in their young hearts.

Canada... is so many things—so much to us. It's stony fields and little brooks With hidden age-old springs, It's tender songs of youth and love That some old mother sings.

It's love of home and fireside light, It's sweat and faith and toil, The souls of men who earn their bread From sun and rain and toil.

It's churches built on quiet streets, It's winding roads and downs, It's apple orchards in the sun And prosperous cheerful towns.

It's cattle on a hundred hills In pastures green and sweet, And happiness that sets a seal On faces that you meet." Until Monday ——— Diary ——— Good-night...

ANTIQUES

Hooked Rugs \$3.00 up; China, Glass, Furniture, Crystal and Ruby Lustres, Figurines, Colored Glass, etc. Open evenings.

KENSINGTON ANTIQUE SHOP

Have you tried AYLMEYER NEW PACK Asparagus Soup? YOUR FAMILY DESERVES AYLMEYER QUALITY

"FATHER" FILM IS FUN! The producers of "Father Was A Fullback" have taken a quizzical look at a familiar American scene and have brought forth a comedy that will really raise your risibilities to a new high. Patrons at the Prince Edward Theatre, where this new Twentieth Century-Fox picture opens today, had an hilarious time watching Fred MacMurray, as the harassed football coach, worry through a disastrous season on the gridiron and at the same time cope with the antics of two adolescent daughters. Between the two situations, the coach is pretty well sunk in a series of episodes that bring forth waves of laughter.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS 1. Yugoslavian leader 5. Strike with the hand 9. Alarm bell 40. Covered with pavement 12. Dressed 13. Closing scene 14. Ancient 15. Grit 16. Goid (Heraldry) 17. Staggered 19. Brislike part 21. Eribium (sym.) 22. Goddess of harvests 23. Shore recess 24. Likely 25. Seize 27. Medieval boat 29. Merry 30. Roman pound 32. Species of pier 34. Thoroughfare 36. Virginia (abbr.) 37. Alter 39. Moslem title 40. Absolute dominion 42. Band instrument 43. Net 44. Poetic works collectively 45. Young lady 46. For fear that

Word search grid with letters: C H A M P, A G I L E, T I G G E D, S I D I N G, D E N, S H Y, R I S I S H, S I A, P O P I S, S I D I N A L, P O S S I B I L I T Y, D E E D S, S I L O E S

Yesterday's Answer

- 38. God of war (Gr.) 41. Hawaiian plant 42. Female deer 44. Plural (abbr.)

Crossword grid with numbers 1-46 indicating starting positions for words.

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

AXYDLBAAKX is LONGFELLOW. One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation SYAT KC TPC TYCCYA CP OPADY C, DEJT IVC AYHYHYA JTU AYDAYC?—QJTUPT.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: NO PAIN, NO PALM; NO THORNS, NO THRONE; NO GALL, NO GLORY; NO CROSS, NO CROWN —PENN.

SHAMED BY THAT WHISPER! "B.O." "HOW CARELESS to think I couldn't offend! From now on it's Lifebuoy for me!" "I FEEL SO SAFE NOW THAT I USE LIFEBOUY! AND HOW CONVENIENT IT IS IN THE NEW BATH-SIZE. IT GIVES ME EXTRA PROTECTION—LEAVES ME FEELING FRESH AND DAINTY!" Avoid offending... ONLY LIFEBOUY GIVES YOU ALL-OVER PROTECTION! FROM HEAD TO TOE... LIFEBOUY STOPS "B.O."

All in One Coat! Colour, Paint and Texture GYPTEX The Texture Paint. GIVE YOUR DRAB WALLS A NEW LEASE ON LIFE WITH INEXPENSIVE GYPTEX 10-lb. pkg. \$1.60 25-lb. bag \$3.75. To transform drab, old walls and ceilings into bright new walls with the charm of an inviting texture, decorate with one-coat GYPTEX. Just two simple steps: (1) Brush it on; (2) Pat it with a sponge or crumpled newspaper tied up in a cotton cloth. Gyptex does a complete job... no tinting required, as it comes in beautiful tints of Ivory, Buff, Blue, Green, Pink, Grey and White.

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