"SALADA"
TEA BAGS
So handy

Valley OF REVENGE

BY
JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis:
CHAPTER XII: At the mission, Padre Vincente tells the Spanish girl the story of the attack on Michael's parents, when his father was blinded and his mother killed.

CHAPTER XIII

Juanita had just turned to Padre Vincente with another question on her lips when there came an interruption. A cowled priest had come across the country from the open doorway. He came up to Padre Vincente, who got quickly to his feet, and spoke in a low voice.

"I will attend to it at once," he said to the other padre, and as he moved away he spoke over his shoulder to Juanita:

"I must see to a certain matter immediately, my son, but you will follow me within a few moments. Come to my office, which you know, and I will then show you where you will sleep tonight."

Juanita bowed her head and the priest hurried away. The girl sat still for a moment, then got up and started to move restlessly about the courtyard. As she passed the bench where the old man sat, he reached out a hand and detained her.

* * *

"You must be tired, amigo," he said gently. "I could not help hearing what you and Padre Vincente were talking about. You must sleep now, as he said, but tell me, what do you plan to do tomorrow, young amigo?"

Juanita started, wide-eyed, and then she saw that the man who she had thought had his eyes fixed on the tower bells was not seeing at all. He was staring through and beyond her. She caught her breath. The man was blind! A blind man! He must be the blind father of whom Padre Vincente had been talking. The father of El Caballero Rojo.

For a moment, in the shock of the discovery, she could not speak at all, and he repeated his question:

"What do you plan for tomorrow, young amigo?"

Juanita's head went up, though she knew he could not see the defiant gesture, and she spoke firmly:

"I am going to return from whence I came to join El Caballero Rojo," she said firmly.

"El Caballero Rojo rides alone," the blind man reminded her gently.

"He has told me that," Juanita replied spiritedly. 'But he has also made a rendezvous with me—so he must want to see me at least once again."

The blind man sighed. "And where is this rendezvous?" he asked.

"He said it would be in the vicinity of Deep Water Valley, for when I left him he told me he would be headed for Coronado."

The man shook his head. "Did he promise to meet you there?"

"No," she admitted reluctantly, in her low, soft voice. "But I will find him."

* * *

The man whose sightless eyes were still fixed on the dusky heavens slowly shook his head and sighed.

"Many have thought to find him," he said, "but unless he wishes to be found, the devil himself would fail."

"But I will find him!" Juanita insisted. "I will know where to find him! For if he should not be where I have hopes to find him I will at once set forth to seek a valley somewhere that is plagued in the same way that my own Paisano Valley was plagued, and sooner or later he will ride that way. He must!"

The blind man falteringly reached out a hand, fumbled a bit, then placed the hand on her slender young shoulder.

"Do you know what was in those saddlebags you brought to Padre Vincente besides money?" he asked.

"I did not look," Juanita said simply. "It was not for me to pry into business that did not concern me."

"There were letters," the blind man said then. "Letters to the padre, and one to me. And one of those letters did concern you. The padre read both of them to me, both letters written by Michael while you were asleep in his hideout cave. He wants Padre Vincente to keep you here at the mission until he comes. He says that the outlaw trail is not to be ridden by a girl—and he must be right."

Juanita's face flushed bright crimson, but she remembered that he could not see, and that only by her tone could he know her anxiety, her perturbation.

"But I must go to him!" she cried.

"Why?" asked the blind man.

The girl looked about wildly, but got nothing from those blinded eyes.

* * *

"I cannot explain it. I only know that that is what my heart tells me, and that I must obey."

For long moments the blind man did not speak. He seemed to be looking into distant vistas that the girl could not explore. Finally his hand fell on her arm like a benediction.

"I think I understand," he said gently. "When one walks in darkness, one comes to see with the eyes of the soul. With long years of understanding behind me, with the blind eyes of a man who knew love to its fullest, I have but one thing to say to you, young senorita of the soft voice—follow your heart."

She did not speak. So much had been made plain with a few words. She knew! She knew! That to follow her heart would always take her homing to El Caballero Rojo, the man she loved with all her passionate young Latin nature. The one man—the only man who ever would be in her heart.

With a choked cry she turned and sped away, through the door of the mission where a soft light fell.

* * *

Padre Vincente was in the cell-like office when she arrived there. He looked up at her and smiled, but at what he saw in her face the smile vanished.

"So you know," he said simply. "The man of blindness you met outside has told you—the man you must know is Miguel's father. He has told you of the letters that were written, and that we know you are a girl. But it is Miguel's wish that you should be cared for here until he comes. Quarters have been prepared for you. You shall stay here, as he wishes."

And beneath the flash of sternness that showed for a moment in the priest's look Juanita was silent. Slowly she followed him out of the office and down the corridor toward the room that had been prepared for her.

* * *

Michael Valdez spent a good part of the day carefully studying the letters he had taken from Raymond Garvin's safe.

From them he learned that an assault on another helpless community was being planned. And Garvin would once more have removed his banking business to the new community, and have taken part in the raiding.

Well, Garvin was gone now, he mused, and the man would take no part in other raids against innocent ranchers and settlers. But his companions who had been with him in the raid on the Paldez hacienda still lived!

And still El Caballero Rojo did not know exactly who those three men were. Though these letters of Garvin's gave no hint of their identities, they proved the men still lived. Michael's father had always been sure that Garvin was not the head of the trouble that had become a scourge in so many places, but was working under a "big boss" who always had managed somehow to keep strictly under cover. Garvin, as Valdez' father figured the man, had not possessed the mentality to be the head of so sweeping a scheme for eventual empire.

(To be Continued)

These Girls with sign are Adele Bender, Pat Watherston and Joyce Salutin. Fees at University of Toronto went up 20 per cent. this year with a maximum increase of $50. Students want the government to pay for the increased operating costs.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

There is No Hurry: Don't Marry Now

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: On my vacation, I traveled 1,000 miles to meet the man I'd been corresponding with for nine months. I was there one week. He has asked me to marry him, and now I find myself engaged—much to my sorrow.

"He says he loves me, but I do not love him. He is willing to take a chance on my liking him more as time passes. He is everything that a person could want, and neither of us has been married before.

"Yet after being engaged for two weeks I am willing to give back the ring! The problem is, shall I marry under these circumstances? Or wait and get better acquainted? He is 37, and I am 30.

PERPLEXED"

Marriage is supposed to be for one's full lifetime. Surely too positive a step to take without love! Let this man start to win your affection and your trust, and see whether as the months pass you grow to care more for him, or less.

You will want to be very, very sure of yourself before you consent to marry a man who will take you 1,000 miles away from your family and all your friends. For this reason alone, go slow. You are only 30, after all; some of the choicest matches I've observed are between couples past that age.

Under the circumstances, I expect you will feel more comfortable to send him the ring, and ask him to keep it for you until the day you decide to be his wife.

* * *

TO "PUZZLED JANE": Why do you call yourself puzzled? Surely you are wise enough to drop a boy who has caused such scandal among your friends?

Even if you were in love, you wouldn't dare see him again after hearing what (you know now) was true. You are fortunate that you found out what sort he is before your heart became involved! Of course he is charming (some of the lowest men are) but how did he use that charm in the instance you know about? Don't deliberately invite temptation. Only fools do that.

Among the friends you know, there are plenty of nice lads you can date, and later on you'll meet new ones. Protect your own good name by dating only those who are worth cultivating, whom your family admires. That is the best way to keep out of trouble.

* * *

TO "HONEY": How could you expect a boy to take you seriously when you ran after him? Nice boys may fall for it for a while, but they don't think of marrying cheap girls. Remember this next time, and let the boy do the pursuing.

* * *

The strongest of us are sometimes tempted to strike. Anne Hirst can explain why it doesn't pay. Write her at Box A, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

★

Not so Simple!

The sun blazed down on the bare head of the farm-laborer, and as he wiped the sweat from his forehead a lunatic from the adjacent asylum grounds popped his head over the wall.

"Hi!" he shouted. "How long do you work?"

"From six to six," answered the other, leaning on his spade.

"How much d'ye get?"

"A shilling a day and me grub."

The lunatic scratched his head.

"Are ye married?' he asked.

Yes," replied the laborer.

"Any kids?"

"Fourteen."

The lunatic lowered himself slowly to his own side, until only his head appeared above the dividing wall.

Sunday School Lesson

By the Rev. R. Barclay Warren

A Call to Right Living

I Peter 1:13-23; 4:1-5

GOLDEN TEXT—Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.—1 Corinthians 10:31.

It is often said, "It doesn't matter what you believe, as long as you are sincere." Peter would not accept such a view. He felt that what you believe, directly influences your conduct. Hence he presents the great Christian doctrines and uses them as a basis for his exhortations to right living.

* * *

When Jesus began to tell his disciples of his coming sufferings and death and resurrection on the third day, it was Peter who said, "Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee." Matt. 16. How Peter has progressed! Now he sees that this was foreordained before the foundation of the world. The blood of Christ, more precious than silver or gold, is the price of our redemption. Having been born again and purified we ought to love one another with a pure heart fervently. Peter does not say, "Do the best you can." He sees that man must have a new beginning through faith in the Christ who died, rose from the dead and ascended in glory.

* * *

Peter calls the church to holy living. "As he who called you is holy, be holy yourselves in all your conduct!" As Israel was a people chosen from all the nations of the earth to be God's peculiar treasure, so the church is to be set apart from sin unto God. We are to be devoted and dedicated to Him. If we live such a dedicated life our conduct will be in sharp contrast to our past life. We lived "in licentiousness, passions, drunkenness, revels, carousing, and lawless idolatry." If Peter had just been reading our daily newspaper he could not have given a more accurate description of our world today.

* * *

Some argue that it is alright for a Christian to drink in moderation. No argument is needed to show that it is Christian to abstain from intoxicating beverages and thus avoid the danger of becoming an immoderate drinker or of influencing (by our example) others who might become drunkards. There are no hazards in abstinence and there is more money to support worthy causes. Nearly everyone will agree that there is more happiness, too.

We ought to live right because Jesus Christ is coming again. He will judge the living and the dead. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

THE PARTY FAVOR among coffees is Maxwell House. It stimulates cheers because it's Radio Roasted to develop every last atom of goodness in this extra-rich blend.

ROOMS BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED $1.50 up

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NIAGARA FALLS
OFF. — C.N.R. STATION

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Because Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills help to arouse the activity of the liver, stimulate kidney action to regulate the bowels, they can scarcely fail to bring relief from the three common ills of life—indigestion and constipation.

Time has proven the dependability of this sovereign medicine to which so many people trust for regularity and good health.

35c. a box.

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GIVE CURTAINS A BEAUTY BATH

DYE WITH All-fabric Tintex CURTAIN DYES

TINT WHILE YOU RINSE

CHOICE OF TWO LOVELY SHADES
PEACH and ECRU

Tintex CURTAIN DYE
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Delicious
CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP
. . . a favourite with Canadian housewives for nearly half a century. Its goodness, quality and quick energy values have become so well-known that today Crown Brand is adding taste pleasures to more Canadian meals than ever before.
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THE CANADA STARCH CO., LTD., Montreal, Toronto
Also Manufacturers of Canadian Corn Starch

SLOAN'S LINIMENT
GOOD FOR STRAINS
JUST PAT IT ON!

CHRONICLES OF SINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Sailed at a nearby farm house one afternoon and there was a man sitting outside on the lawn in a deck chair busily engaged with his sewing. It really was too ridiculous—that is, when one remembers that this is the 25th of August. Of course we all think it is just grand to have this prolonged Indian summer, but are the farmers ever praying for rain! Pastures are withered and brown, wells running dry, and fall plowing just about impossible. Unless we get rain soon—and plenty of it—the outlook is pretty grim. And yet, at this inauspicious time, the Royal Commission on Milk drops in its report recommending that no increase in price be granted to the producers!

Dear knows we don't want to see people asked to pay more for their milk—the cost of living is high as it is. On the other hand feed grain and commercial feed is both dear and scarce following this year's poor harvest. It should also be remembered that it costs more now to feed hogs, pigs and poultry than it did when the Commission first began its inquiry. So what is the answer? Some farmers will find a way by keeping less livestock and poultry. After all what is the use of working twelve hours a day just to get enough money to feed your livestock? It is the old old story—some work too much and get too little; others work too little and expect too much.

* * *

And that reminds me: There was a large advertisement in a Toronto paper today. It was a full-drawn advertisement featuring an average family group listening to a "Pop" concert abroad. The picture was good all right, very true to life. Unfortunately all too true. If you noticed maybe you wonder what I am driving at—what I found to object to in it.

Well, I'll tell you. In the group was a father and son—but we will concern ourselves with them for now. The son was a boy of about 20 anyway. There was also a mother and daughter. The mother, you remember, was caning away in her chair, relaxed, arms folded. The daughter, an, chin on hand, pensively looking into space. The point I want to emphasize is this: There were four people in that group — and none of them was doing anything other than listening to the radio. Their hands were idle. Idle as we used to find a group of women for knitters and sewers to work on garments for overseas.

When the need is so urgent and why, cannot you and I get busy with our hands while we listen to programs over the air. Most of the work that could be accomplished if every woman did her best possible use of her time. Perhaps I am a bit of a crank in that respect but I must say that I have reached the stage where it worries me to see women loitering around and talking. Of course I am sometimes guilty in that respect myself. One evening just recently I was visiting some friends. I did really mean to stay but we didn't very well get away without being rude. You know what it is. We sat in the living room until about 11 o'clock — talking. And we were worse than the picture in the advertisement because there were five of us in our group, not counting the boy who as I said before seem so easily privileged. Five women with idle hands for over three hours! You do see what I mean do you? Surely we could all use a practice of having some kind of "pick up" work on hand that would prevent so much wasted time.

* * *

Don't let us say "I haven't time" when asked to knit for any worthy organization. We all have the same amount of time. To each gives 24 hours in every day. It is time we lack—the trouble is what we do with our time. Even if we have only our work to do we wouldn't it be more profitable to have some pastime—some hobby to occupy our hands. Listening to soup operas wouldn't then be altogether a waste of precious minutes. Surely, the higher the cost of living, the more it behoves us to make the best use of our time. We cannot lose. It has been said—"Show me what a man does in his spare time and I'll tell you the manner of man he is."

MOUTHS WATER when the fragrance of Maxwell House fills the air. This wonderful blend of coffees is Radiant Roasted to develop to the full all its extra goodness.

U. S. Governor

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured governor,
_____
13 Still
14 Rounded
15 Recent (comb. form)
16 English statesman
18 Facility
19 Genus of maples
20 Carmine
22 Mountain (ab.)
23 Anger
24 Street (ab.)
26 Limb
28 Individual
29 Sun god
31 Rip
33 Short jacket
36 Disfigurement
38 Girl's name
39 We
40 High card
41 Pair of horses
43 Poker stake
44 Waste allowance
45 And (Latin)
46 Mystic syllable
48 Negative
49 From
50 Peer
51 Eternity
53 Peel
55 Jump
58 Bustle
61 Note in Guido's scale
62 Chairs

VERTICAL
1 Stain
2 Marry
3 Roman road
4 Height (ab.)
5 Golf device
6 Chick-pea
7 Pause
8 Native (suffix)
9 Compass point
10 At one time
11 Sheltered side
12 Drone bee
17 Close to
19 War god
21 Doctor (ab.)
23 Within
24 He governs the —— of Nebraska
25 Doctrine
27 Myself
28 Upon
29 Sped
30 Mountain crest
32 Collection of sayings
34 Huge tub
35 Hops' kiln
37 Vehicle
42 Greater quantity
44 Implement
47 Mine
48 Symbol for noon
50 Canoe
52 Require
53 Dance step
54 Late American humorist
56 Malt drink
57 Golf term
59 Like
60 Rough lava

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

The old saying, "give a man enough rope and he will hang himself," has been knocked into a hundred pieces. By whom? By you, the teeners of Ontario. How? By realizing that the teen-age situation, as far as our moral code of living was concerned, had hit an all time low. By realizing that if something wasn't done about it, the next generation, which would be us, would have things in very bad shape.

There is no use denying the fact that the juvenile crime wave has let up tremendously during the past few months. Those kids that used to hang out evenings at the local drug store are at home. Many of them busy at their studies, many of them just staying at home because they realized in the time that that was the place for them to be. Several nights of late we have visited the local restaurants around 11 at night. Where we used to find a group of teeners drinking cokes, necking in public, smoking and making a lot of noise, we now find older people, quietly having a cup of coffee, before going home.

This column is being written in a hotel room, many miles from the home port. The time is 10.30 p.m., and we have just come in from a tour of restaurants and local hangouts. We mentioned that this was a town. That is wrong. It's a city. We saw no drunks, we saw no teeners loitering around anywhere, and that certainly was not the picture a few months ago.

There are fewer juvenile crimes reported in the papers, fewer cases of car accidents involving teeners at night. This must be very encouraging to police, to school teachers and parents.

The situation, as we see it, is simply this: The war is over and we are getting back to a pre-war standard of living, even if prices are still sky-high.

Now don't get us wrong. This column is not being written just to make you kids out there believe you are a bunch of angels. Far from it. There are still a good many stinkers among you; many of you will never be anything else. But for the most part, juvenile delinquency is on the downhill slide, and let's all keep it going in that direction.

Several weeks ago, we ran an item in this space about the young Jewish lad who was insulted and molested in a city restaurant by a small group of so-called young men. We heard quite a bit about that particular item. It seems, and we are not surprised, that many do not care too much for the Jewish people. A minister friend once told us that the reason the Jews are persecuted is because they are Jews. I believe this but, if we teeners are going to make this country a better place in which to live, we will have to accept all our brothers as one of us, regardless of creed or color.

This feeling that we have for some of the other nationalities that cross our path is wrong. One of the main reasons for this feeling of superiority is not that we are right, or better than they, but nothing more than jealousy on our part. We cannot deny that our foreign brothers work hard to gain their ends. They control much of the money, many of the better jobs that normally would be at our disposal — if they were not here. Don't you think that it gripes us just a little to know this? On the other hand, you must admit that we have only ourselves to blame. This is a free country where all men are equal, and if we want to get to the top, then we will have to work a little harder.

As you have noticed from the reports appearing in this space, teen clubs are starting up again. Most of them are run under adult supervision. The kids are having a lot of fun. They admit that, and I think that teen clubs can do a lot to make that juvenile delinquency a thing of the past in Canada and everywhere else for that matter.

In conclusion, we say hats off to you young people for the way you have shown the country that, underneath it all, you are not as bad as many of us would have you appear to be.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make a good starch?

A. By putting three tablespoons of wheat starch in ½-cup cold water; put this in one quart of boiling water and cook for 10 minutes. Add a half-teaspoon of lard to make the starch smooth, and then strain through cheesecloth and use while hot.

Q. How can I treat a rug that already has moths in it?

A. Try covering with a wet towel, then applying a hot iron until the towel is dry. This will kill both the moths and the eggs. Then sprinkle with salt every week before sweeping.

Q. How can I remove acid stains from marble?

A. Try rubbing with ammonia. But one should avoid allowing any acids such as lemon to come in contact with marble.

Q. How can I clean a suede jacket?

A. It can be washed in warm water with pure soap-suds, in which one teaspoon of household ammonia is added to each gallon of water. Rinse lightly and stretch to the desired shape and size to dry.

Q. How can I clean steel?

A. A good way to clean steel is to rub it with a paste made of emery powder and oil, mixed to the proper consistency.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When making a social call and you find your hostess just ready to leave her home, what should you do?

A. Enter her home, if the hostess insists, but do not stay longer than ten minutes

Q. Is it considered improper to add a postcript to a social letter?

A. There is nothing improper about it, but it is far better to include everything in the body of the letter.

Q. Should a girl light a man's cigarette for him?

A. If she has just lighted her own and the match is still burning, it is all right. Otherwise, he should always light hers.

Q. Is it the man's or the girl's privilege to suggest how the evening should be spent, when no previous arrangements have been made?

A. It is courteous for the man to ask the girl where she would like to go. But a girl should be considerate where expense is concerned.

Q. May a bride wear a white dress and a veil when being married in a magistrate's office?

A. No. The traditional white is reserved for church and home weddings. She should wear her going-away suit.

Q. What is the customary tip for a checkroom attendant?

A. Ten cents is the usual tip.

... TABLE TALKS ...

Biscuit Mix

For Biscuits! For Pancakes! For Muffins! Here's a homemade mix that is always ready to help out on nearly all your hot bread needs. It will save precious time and energy.

How? Well, recently a Great Idea was born. Why shouldn't women be able to keep on hand a big quantity of basic biscuit blend —everything in it but the milk? The idea was tried out so successfully that now it has expanded and grown until it is the basis for many other things besides biscuits —muffins, coffee cake, pancakes, waffles—all from the same recipe that only takes a few minutes mixing time once every few weeks. Stored in the refrigerator or in a cool place, it's not only, as its name implies, "ever-ready" but actually gives lighter, tenderer results.

"Ever-Ready" Biscuit Recipe
With Variations
6 cups sifted flour
2 tablespoons baking powder
1 tablespoon salt
1 cup (⅔ pound) shortening

Measure flour 3 cups at a time, into sifter, add 1 tablespoon baking powder and 1½ teaspoons salt for each 3 cup amount, and sift. Repeat until full amount of dry ingredients has been sifted. Cut in shortening until finely divided and mixture is like coarse meal. Makes about 7 cups. Place in glass jars or bowl; cover lightly and store in refrigerator. Keeps well for 3 or 4 weeks.

For Biscuits add about ½ cup milk to 2 cups biscuit blend; stir to form soft dough. Knead 30 seconds on floured board. Roll ½-inch thick; cut with floured 2-inch biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 10 to 12 biscuits.

For Pancakes or Waffles mix 2 well-beaten eggs with 1¼ cups milk. Add gradually to 2 cups biscuit blend mixing only enough to dampen flour. Bake in hot waffle oven or on hot griddle.

For Muffins add 2 tablespoons sugar to 2 cups biscuit blend. Mix 1 well-beaten egg with ¾ cup milk; add to biscuit blend. Mix only enough to dampen flour. Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (425 degrees F.) about 20 minutes.

For Coffee Cake mix ½ cup milk with 1 well-beaten egg. Combine 2 cups biscuit blend and 3 tablespoons sugar. Add liquid and mix only enough to dampen flour. Turn into greased 9-inch layer pan. Spread with mixture of 3 tablespoons each softened butter, flour, brown sugar, and honey, 1½ tablespoons hot water, and ½ cup chopped nut meats. Bake in hot oven (400 degree F.) 25 minutes, or until done.

"UM-M-M! WHAT A FLAVOR-LIFT"

MR. BRISK says "WHEN YOU'RE TIRED AS YOU CAN BE, DRINK A CUP OF LIPTON'S TEA"

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EVEN young cooks enjoy successful, *satisfying* results, if they use Calumet Baking Powder. Biscuit mixtures and shortcakes are light and tender . . . cakes and muffins are feather-light and delicious . . . *all* your baking is grand, with Calumet.

Calumet's *double action* protects baking—from start to finish. In the mixing bowl, thousands of tiny bubbles are formed to *prepare* the mixture for baking. But the greater part of the leavening comes in the oven. It can not be lost or stirred out. Follow directions on the tin for any recipe.

Grand for special breakfasts
NOVELTY COFFEE CAKE
• 1 cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
• 1 teaspoon Calumet Baking Powder
• ½ teaspoon salt
• 3 tablespoons butter or other shortening
• 2 tablespoons sugar
• 1 egg, well beaten
• ½ cup milk
TOPPING:
• 4 tablespoons sugar
• ½ teaspoon cinnamon
• 2 tablespoons melted butter
• 2 tablespoons milk
Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, sift again. Cream 3 tbsp. butter, add sugar, cream well. Add egg; beat thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with milk; beat well after each addition. Turn into greased 9-inch pie-pan. Sprinkle with mixture of 4 tbsp. sugar, and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 minutes; pour milk and butter over top; bake 15 minutes longer. Serve hot, in wedges.

TWICE YOUR MONEY BACK
If you are not satisfied that Calumet is the finest baking powder you ever used, send tin containing your reason, along with your name and address and name and price you paid — to General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ont. You will receive back twice what you paid for Calumet.

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THERE'S ONE THING FOR HEADACHE
for FAST, SURE PROLONGED RELIEF
Instantine
12 TABLETS FOR 25¢

By Arthur Pointer

JITTER