Madame Lacroix's delicious
CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup milk
2½ cups pastry flour (or 2 cups and 3 tablespoons of bread flour)
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon salt

Cream butter; add sugar, a little at a time, beating until light; add beaten yolks and flavoring; add flour, sifted with salt and baking powder, alternately with milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in 3 greased layer cake pans in moderate oven at 375° F. about 20 minutes. Recipe for Chocolate Icing and Filling is in the Magic Cook Book.

Why Magic Baking Powder is used exclusively at this

Montreal School of Domestic Science

"We teach our students only the *surest* methods," says Madame R. Lacroix, Assistant Director of the Provincial School of Domestic Science, Montreal. "That's why I always use and recommend Magic Baking Powder. Its high leavening quality is always uniform. You get the same satisfactory results every time you use it."

And Magic Baking Powder is the unquestioned choice in the majority of cooking schools throughout the Dominion. Cookery teachers—and housewives, too—prefer Magic because of its consistently better results.

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, Ontario.

"CONTAINS NO ALUM." This statement on every tin is our guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

Made in Canada

Wages Drop in Japan

Details of the decline in wages in Japan in 1931 are found in a report recently put out in Tokyo by the Bank of Japan. Last year the general index of wage rates moved steadily downward and in December was approximately 4 per cent. below the January level. The wage rates of male workers decreased slightly less than this, but the wage rates of female workers declined by fully 5 per cent. The movement of actual earnings showed approximately the same rate of decline, although the downward tendency was less regular. Here the fall, so far as female workers were concerned, was still more marked, the index sinking from 80.2 in January to 73.9 in December. This decline is attributable very largely to the reduction of wages in the cotton-spinning and silk-spinning industries, where women workers predominate.

Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Rich Mrs. Jupiter is robbed and murdered during the engagement party she gives her secretary, Mary Harkness. Mary's scapegrace brother, Eddie, may have been in the house at the murder hour. Eddie is run down and killed as he goes to meet Mary.

Bowen of the Star discovers a race-track gambler and crook called The Fly to whom Eddie owed money. Bowen gives Mary a coat he found in the Jupiter house the night of the murder. It is her brother's. The butler recognizes it as having been worn by a "gate-crasher" he ejected that night. Dirk and Mary quarrel, make up, and Mary promises to marry him at once. While shopping for her trousseau, Mary's taxi crashes into a building.

CHAPTER XVII.

When Mary became conscious someone was shouting, "Bring some brandy for this lady!" and moving her arms about and slapping her hands. This, she later learned, was merely an attempt to discover whether or not she had broken any bones. At the moment, however, the indignity of her position—she was lying on a couple of chairs—brought her upright and awake more quickly than the burning liquor they were forcing down her throat.

She was in a restaurant, apparently. About her hovered anxious faces—a waiter, a fat man who turned out to be the proprietor, and a nice-looking policeman who kept saying "Just a little accident, you're all right. Take it easy!"

Well, she was taking it easy, she thought fretfully. Her head ached fiercely from the jar when the taxi crashed into the building but otherwise she was all right, and she wanted to go home.

She made this wish known to the policeman, who held her arm firmly as if he feared she might go faint and drop again.

"What happened?" she asked.

"Truck going the wrong way on a one-way street," he told her. "You can't go out that way, lady." He moved between her and the door.

"Why can't I? What's out there?"

"They're cleaning up the mess. The cab's all smashed, and there's a lot of broken glass. Besides, there's probably a mob of people waiting to see the corpse'— Say," he broke off, "you want to thank that driver, lady! He saved your life!"

"Oh, I will!" Mary exclaimed. "Where is he?"

"They've taken him home. He's not bad hurt. I'll give you his name if you want—"

"Please do. Oh, but—my packages! Where are they?" The fat proprietor indicated a pile of boxes neatly stacked on a nearby table. They were crushed a little, but not damaged. She thanked the fat man profusely. How careful and kind they had all been!

"I can't thank you enough!" she told him happily. "Those are my wedding clothes!"

"Ah-ah! So!" He retreated as she tried to press a bill into his hand. "Nah nah give it to Tim, there— he has a big family!" The bill she pressed into the policeman's hand met no protest.

"Want to try it?" he indicated the front door. "I'll go first—"

"Oh, no! Isn't there some other way—"

The policeman called "Hey, Jack!" and the fat man bustled up again. He looked more than a little worried, as well he might be, for the sidewalk in front of his place was a morass of splintered wood and shattered glass. The place was one of the innumerable speakeasies housed in the basements of old brownstone fronts. And the proprietor was hardly convinced yet that what had happened was a mere traffic accidents. Accidents in Mr. Jack Shay's life had a deeper significance. Fearing gang warfare as he did, it was no wonder he appeared far more nerve-wracked by the occurrence than Mary, the victim, did.

"Come this way," he invited, and Mary and the stalwart officer followed him to a door at the rear of the long room. Here the fat man knocked, entered, spoke a few words, and then held the door open to admit the others. "O.K., come on through."

The room was a small private dining room. Half a dozen men sat about a wine-spotted tablecloth, smoking and drinking. A sudden silence, like paaralysis seized the group. As Mary and the officer appeared, one man, tall and foreign-appearing—or was he merely well-tanned—rose from his chair abruptly, then sank back again.

Mary smiled slightly and inclined her head in perfunctory recognition of what she took to be an act of politeness.

They passed through the room, out another door into a black hole of a hallway, and entered the back door of a drugstore opening on a side street. Here the officer deposited her packages into a taxi, and helped her in.

"I'll give you that driver's name," he said, taking out a pad and pencil.

"Do. And the other man's name, and the address of his restaurant," she added. "Perhaps I can take a party there for dinner some time and pay him back that way."

"Don't worry about Jack," the policeman replied. "He don't want anything you could give him—unless it's a bullet-proof vest."

"Oh! Why?"

The policeman had finished writing, and tore off the sheet and handed it to Mary without reply.

"I'll have to take your name and address as a witness," he said.

"Oh, keep me out of it!" Mary begged as she handed him her card. "My—the man I'm going to marry would be furious!" This wasn't quite true but it was true enough. The policeman did not protest when the taxi-driver drove off rapidly.

She was not much delayed, and felt no worse for the misadventure except a heightening of the sense of excitement that had been thrilling through her veins all day.

A glance at the clock on the mantel showed nearly 6 o'clock, and Dirk would come before she could freshen up and change unless she hurried. Fatigue vanished magically as she dashed about. Lured by curiosity, the lumbering Della came in to help, and to her own surprise as much as the maid's, Mary seized her about the waist and waltzed about the room with her.

"Della, Della, I'm going to be married tomorrow! But you musn't tell a soul!"

"Tomorra is it? Oh, Miss Mary! And does Mr. Jupiter know?"

"I don't know how to tell him, Della. I promised to stay, but—oh, if Mr. Bruce would only come!"

"Ah, that young spalpeen!"

But the packages were a more potent attraction than the derelict Bruce—they forgot him in the joy of snapping string and burrowing into tissue paper. One simple little dress was all she was looking for, to wear this evening, but somehow it seemed necessary to open all the boxes.

One revealed a little black dinner dress that was a love, all cobwebby lace at the top with a skirt made of stiff ruffles of net. They both hugged it, held it off and caressed it with their eyes. Mary had bought it for dining and dancing on shipboard, but she was tempted to wear it tonight. After all, could any night of her life be more important? Her last "date." There were embroidered slippers to match, and a white evening wrap. Mightn't they be going out to dance a little? Dirk hadn't said.

Della made her decision for her by whisking away the empty box.

"You think I should, Della?"

"Indeed, you should!" And that was that.

She had just taken a quick shower and given her hair a stiff brushing that made her whole body feel tingly and rested, and slipped the black dress over newly bought underthings of incredible softness, when the maid came in, quite breathless with chagrin.

"Oh, Miss Harkness, I didn't hear you come in! A Mr. Bowen has been calling you repeatedly. He has some important information for you. He gave me his number and said he'd wait in until you called."

Mary took the card she proffered and went thoughtfully to the telephone.

Bowen's voice sounded very clipped and business-like over the wire—there was no sign of the wise-cracking companion of yesterday's meeting. His serious tone impressed her as much as his words.

"Miss Harkness, the man we were speaking of is in New York. Not hiding, exactly, but—in retirement, and seems to have a good deal on his mind."

"Yes?"

"The talk is that he did both jobs. And underworld talk is usually pretty accurate. At least, I think this is. We can safely assume he is the man we are after. You understand, don't you? Rotten trying to talk over the telephone—"

"What—what shall we do?" Mary asked. She sat down suddenly, surprised to find herself shaking with excitement.

"What can we do, you mean," he corrected her. "I don't know. Several things. I don't want to muff this. Is there some place I can see you?"

Mary thought rapidly. If Dirk was still at the office she could go and meet Bowen and Dirk could call for her and bring her home.

Dirk had gone out to dinner, the bookkeeper said when she called his office, but would be back. Mary gave him the address.

Mary drove into town in state. Bowen stepped out of the shadow of a flight of stone steps to greet her. It was not until they had entered the place that Mary recognized it.

"Why this is where I was this afternoon!" she exclaimed as they threaded their way between tables. Half a dozen men were eating and drinking.

Mary was about to relate the story of the taxi accident, when she caught sight of an unforgettably ugly face reflected in a sideboard mirror. It was Mike, the waiter.

Mike served them with an impassive countenance. The fat proprietor looked in from an adjoining room but failed to recognize Mary in her evening attire, apparently, and slipped back.

Bowen grinned. "The reason we're dining in this dump tonight instead of in a joint that would fit those swell clothes of yours is that I'm eating off the cuff this week."

Mike, the waiter, totalled up the bill, scribbled on a pad, and laid the sheet of paper face down on the table. Bowen picked it up and prepared to sign it. His face changed color as he read. He handed it to Mary.

"The Fly is here," she read.

(To be continued.)

Water Now Used to End Oil Fires Scientifically

The old belief that an oil fire cannot be fought with water has given way before the advance of the science of fire-fighting, and in these days, with proper procedure, oil fires may be extinguished with water. The whole question is one of technique and the nature of the oil which may be burning, says "The Washington Star."

Oils which froth when burning, such as fuel oil, crude oil and lubricating oil, are the most easily extinguished with water. The Bureau of Mines has worked out a method which has proven satisfactory.

The water used is sprayed lightly and in small quantity on the burning surface in order to accelerate the forming of froth. This layer of froth serves to form a blanket which keeps ovygen from the oil and frequent intermittent applications of water gradually cools the oil below the flash point. Great care is necessary, of course, in extinguishing a fire in this manner, for too rapid and too forceful application of the water would cause the oil to burn over the sides of whatever barrier were keeping the fire confined.

In the case of distillates with low flash point, such as gasoline and kerosene, the procedure is quite different. When these petroleum products are burning the water to be used is applied in a very fine spray or fog over the burning surface and so dilutes and cools the vapor air mixture that it is brought below the flash point.

Protect Perennials Now For Spring Flowering

Perennials planted in the autumn, or where it has been found that losses have occurred in previous seasons through winter killing need some protection. In most cases the damage is caused through heaving by the action of the frost in the ground and the consequent exposure of the roots to the elements.

Plants set out this Fall should be gone over after frosty nights and made firm again in the ground, until the ground freezes up for the Winter, when a layer of leaves or straw should be placed over them and kept in position with branches or other material. Do not on any account cover the plants with stable manure, this might be placed on the bed away from the plants if the soil did not receive fertilizer before planting. For perennial clumps that are established, a few branches, preferably spruce or other evergreen, will be sufficient protection with the snow which they will collect. Do not be in too great a hurry to remove any covering in the spring, as much of the damage to the smaller and shallow rooting varieties is done at that time of the year when the frost heaves the plants during the night and the sun and air gets at the roots during the day.

"The prettiest dress at the picnic" everybody said

"I must tell you about going to a big, all-day picnic," writes a woman from Ontario. "I thought I couldn't go because I had nothing fit to wear and couldn't afford a new dress. The day before, the druggist showed me a wonderful new tint powder made by the people who make Diamond Dyes which I have often used in dyeing dark colors. These new Diamond Tints, he explained, are the same high quality as Diamond Dyes. The difference is they are for light shades and don't require boiling. I had a dress, left from last year, which faded and was so streaked and ugly I was ashamed to wear it. I decided to try Diamond Tints on it. I just dissolved the powder in the rinse water, and the dress came out the loveliest green! I got to the picnic after all and everybody said my dress was the prettiest one there, thanks to these new Diamond Tints."

DIAMOND TINTS
AT ALL DRUG STORES

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
"SALADA" TEA
"Fresh from the Gardens"
256

Budapest Honors Woman Patriot

Street to be Named After Woman-Soldier—Other Notes from Hungary

In Ujpest, a part of the Hungarian capital, a street is shortly to be named the Maia Leibstueck Uteza, in honor of a woman who played a noble part in the Hungarian revolution of 1848-49. Born at Agram, in Croatia, Maria Leibstueck was only eighteen years of age at the time of the outbreak in Vienna, but she interested herself on the liberal side in that incident and fled to Budapest. There she became so prominent and appreciated among the soldiers that she received the title of first lieutenant in the Hungarian Army, and was everywhere known as "Oberleutenant Karl." Serving under the famous general, Goergey, she took part in the siege of Buda, and was later imprisoned. On the resumption of peace, she was set free and settled down in Ujpest. The citizens of Budapest, by their present action, show their public recognition of a patriotic and courageous woman

Napoleon's Elephant

Siam, an elephant brought by Napoleon I from Egypt to France, still lives on at the Budapest Zoo. The French Emperor received Siam as a gift in Egypt and took it back with him to Paris; but it was such a wild animal that it was a constant source of trouble. Almost as much out of a sense of relief as of friendliness, Napoleon handed on the elephant to his father-in-law, Franz I of Austria. When it arrived in Vienna, it was placed in the Schoenbrunn Zoo, but its wildness was not to the liking of the Austrian authorities who, in turn, sent it to the Hungarian capital, where it has lived ever since. Siam is now about 150 years old, and bears few traces of its former energetic behavior. It now spends most of its time begging money from visitors. With this it buys bread and other delicacies for itself Recently, attention has been attracted to it in the press, and Parisian papers have suggested that Siam should be brought back to the French capital

Hungarians Off to Burma

This autumn, twelve natural scientists and others plan to leave Budapest for Burma, where the expedition will investigate the racial characteristics of the Shans, a mountain tribe living in remote sections of that country. During the war, a Hungarian prisoner of war in Siberia escaped and made his way homeward via Vurma. In his travels he encountered the Shans, who treated him kindly, and further investigations into their customs, culture, music and folklore indicated a close connection between them and those of the ancient Magyars (Hungarians). He will accompany the new expedition, which will also carry on cultural researches in the upper reaches of the Ganges, Irawaddy and Mekong Rivers, during the next three years. Hitherto, racial and other connections have been discovered by scientific investigators, between the Magyars and the Finns, and a few small tribes in the Ural Mountains, but it is now hoped that results of far-reaching importance in the linking up of the chain of early Magyar wanderings will be obtained.

Old Landmarks Disappear

Two institutions which played an important part in the pre-war social life of Budapest have been affected by the economic crisis. One is the palace of the Count Eugen Karatsonyi in Buda—an imposing baroque mansion with a fine private theatre and a splendid park. Here, in former days, King Edward VII, while Prince of Wales, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and many politically and socially prominent persons, were often to be seen. Count Karatsonyi was at that time one of the richest magnates in Hungary, but now the house has been sold to meet the claims of the creditors. The other old landmark was the "Hangli" cafe, once the rendezvous of the old nobility. Here one might often see Count Khuen-Herervary, a former Premier, Count Stephan Tihza, Count Albert Apponyi, and others, prior to their leaving to take part in the parliamentary debates. The "Hangli," with its fine girdle of trees, provided a pleasant shade in summer and a protection from the rain in winter, while the view across the Danube to Buda and the castle made it very attractive. It is now closed and it has yet to be decided whether a promenade or an arcade will replace it.

Roman Ruins Uncovered

Archaeological remains of great importance, unearthed during the digging out of sites for new buildings, rather than through specially planned scientific investigations, continue to be found in Hungary, especially near the capital. From them, much light on the history of the earliest Magyars and of the Roman occupation is being thrown. Only recently, when some old buildings were being demolished on the Pest side of the River Danube, an old Turkish structure of the sixteenth century was uncovered; below this a cemetery of the time of Arpad, tenth century, and still lower, the northern wall of a Roman watchtower, built by the legion which occupied Aquincum near by, in the time of the Emperor Diocletian. — The Christian Science Monitor.

Return

Leaves talked in the tree
"It will be,"
Wind with lifted tune
"Soon,"
A squirrel shook the bough,
"Quick," "Now."

Branch is not changed;
Stands the high stairway where the squirrel ranged,
Just as it stood.
Wind, on fallen key,
'It had to be";
Leaves drift through the wood.

—Geoffrey Scott, "Poems."

Factory Moves 94 Miles Resumes Work Next Day

When a factory moved ninety-four miles by truck and railway over night recently its production was continued without interruption. The plant was carried from London (England) to Paddington by truck at the close of the working day, then by rail to Chippenham. Included were 750 tons of machinery and more than 100 employees and families and their furniture.

"How do you remember to water the plants while your wife's away in the country?"

"By keeping 'em in the bath tub."

Coal Age Trees 50 Ft. High

Giant trees were features of the coal age, weird growths fifty feet high and a foot thick, and others just as strange with sword-like leaves.

Costa Rica Eats Lily Bread

Lily bread has become the standard in Costa Rica for five years. It is made of yucca, a plant of lily type with heavy roots that has a high starch content.

PAIN relieved instantly

Aspirin will dispel any pain. No doubt about that. One tablet will prove it. Swallow it. The pain is gone. Relief is as simple as that.

No harmful after-effects from Aspirin. It never depresses the heart, and you need never hesitate to make use of these tablets.

So it is needless to suffer from headache, toothache or neuralgia. The pains of sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism or neuritis can be banished completely in a few moments. Periodical suffering of women can be soothed away; the discomfort of colds can be avoided.

Aspirin tablets have other important uses—all described by the proven directions in each box. Look for that name Aspirin on the box—every time you buy these tablets—and be safe. Don't accept substitutes.

"Aspirin" is a trade-mark registered in Canada.

ALL-CANADIAN **Shoelastic**

SAVE THOSE OLD, WORNDOWN SHOES!

You can resole, fill holes, cracks and render soles waterproof and non-skid. Plastic compound applied like putty—wears like leather. Do it yourself at home—for a few cents. No special tools needed. Shoelastic is patented, guaranteed, non-inflammable—there is no successful imitation. Wide range of uses in homes and garages. Thousands buy it to save dollars when dollars are few. Half Pint 75c. • Pint $1.25

AGENTS WRITE — MAKE MONEY TAKING ORDERS

Economy Products Co., 20 Hayter Street, Toronto

ISSUE No. 39—'32