MY KITCHEN NOTEBOOK

by Mary Blake

Domestic Science Counselor

My Secret for Finer-Textured Cakes

I must confess that I haven't always been successful in the making of cake. I suspect that I possessed more zeal than skill—thoroughness rather than dispatch. But when I learned to exercise my beating proclivities at the start in the creaming together of butter and sugar, and to exhibit restraint at the finish by stirring only a moment after the final ingredients were added, my cakes improved.

But the greatest improvement I have ever made in cakes has been through the use of Carnation Milk. Besides being evaporated to double richness and sterilized for safekeeping, it is "homogenized," the cream content broken up into minute particles and distributed throughout every drop. As a result, cakes are not only rich with this uniformly distributed, double share of cream, but because of the fineness of the particles the texture is exceptionally smooth, fragile and fine.

Carnation gives similar results in all cookery, a creamy smoothness to sauces, candies and ice cream, a richness to soups, and a delicate texture to puddings, cakes and waffles that even the best of bottled milk cannot equal. Try this convenient, economical and dependable form of milk—it's just pure *whole* milk with about half the natural water removed and nothing added.

Write for the free Carnation Cook Book—"My Hundred Favorite Recipes." Address Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited, Aylmer, Ont.

Carnation Date Cake

¼ cup shortening, ¾ cup sugar, 1 egg, 3 tbsp. Carnation Milk with enough water to make ½ cup liquid, 1¼ cups pastry flour, 3 tsp. baking powder, pinch of salt, 1 tsp. cinnamon, ½ tsp. vanilla, ½ cup chopped dates, ¼ cup broken nut meats. Cream shortening; add sugar gradually and continue creaming; add beaten egg and beat mixture hard until it becomes a very light color and creamy. Add ¼ cup flour and stir until well mixed. Measure flour after sifting once. Dredge nuts and dates with a little of the flour and add to mixture. Last, sift in rest of flour, baking powder, salt and cinnamon; add diluted milk and flavoring all at once; stir vigorously for 1½ minutes.

Pour batter immediately into pan which has been oiled and dusted with thin film of flour. Place in 300°F. (slow) oven for first 10 minutes, then elevate to 375°F. (moderate). Bake about 45 minutes. When done it shrinks from sides of pan and springs up when pressed with finger.

Remove from the pan, cool and ice with Carnation Icing.

Carnation Icing

1¼ cups confectioners' sugar, 1 tbsp. butter, 2 tbsp. Carnation Milk, ½ tsp. vanilla. Cream butter and sifted sugar, add Carnation and vanilla. Beat thoroughly and spread on cake.

It Makes Better Cake

Produced in Canada

THE perfect cake is the cake of perfect texture. And the way to get perfect texture is to use Carnation—the double-rich milk with the cream evenly shared by every drop. Adds wonderful smoothness and flavor to all cooking.

(See recipes above)

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PUBLIC AUCTION

SALE OF FARM, STOCK, CROP, IMPLEMENTS and HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

I will sell by Public Auction on the premises on Wednesday the 21st of November, 1928 my farm property, consisting of 108 acres of land at Cymbria, Lot 24 in good state of cultivation. This farm has a never-failing stream of water and there is water in the house, barns and outbuildings, which are all in good repair.

On the same day I will also sell all my stock, crop, implements and household furniture, including one draft colt 2 1-2 years old; one blood mare, 10 years old; one blood mare 6 years old, in foal to Longset; one reg. blood mare in foal to Longset; one blood colt, Landleague, 2 1-2 years old; one blood foal, Dan Radiant, sire Bk. Peter; six head of pure bred shorthorn cattle; six young sheep; one brood sow and 9 pigs, 2 months old; 50 hens; 300 stooks oats; 175 bus. threshed oats; 125 bus. wheat; 20 tons hay; 200 bus. turnips; 2500 bus. Irish Cobblers; one new Massey Harris Binder; one Mower; one wheel rake; one new McCormack Gang Plow; one spring toothed harrow; one disk harrow; one spike harrow; one roller; one new potato digger; one hiller, 3 scufflers; one manure spreader; 2 truck wagons; 2 driving wagons; one cart; one jaunting sleigh; 2 wood sleighs; one Empire 3 1-2 h.p. Engine; one I. H. C. 3 h. p. Engine; harness; No. 15 DeLaval Separator; kitchen, sitting room, parlor and bed room furniture; one range; base burner; Queen Heater; washing machine and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of sale: Sums up to $10.00 cash. Amounts over $10.00 in 12 months on approved joint notes.

Should day be stormy sale will take place on the first fine day following at the same hour.

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Cymbria, Lot 24

JOHN A. McDONALD
Auctioneer

Blue Murder

BY EDMUND SHELL

(Continued)

Fontanelli's shop was still open when Marney returned from his interview with Taverner.

As he opened the door of his room a familiar voice greeted him:

"Hullo, Marney! you old blighter!"

He saw Dighton right ahead of him, reclining easily onthree chairs set in a line. His own cognac bottle was on the table, and there was every evidence to hand that its contents had been sampled.

He closed the door behind him and leaned against it.

"So you've come here, eh? Well. I admire you for it. I never had much truck with women myself but, if I had, I guess I'd have followed much the same line as yourself."

Dighton grinned.

"Does Taverner know?"

"Sure he does. The home wired us a quarter of an hour back. How do you feel now you're out?"

"Splendid, thanks. I'm just pulling myself together for the final push. What's the time now?"

The gunmetal chronometer left Marney's pocket.

"Six fifteen, as near as makes no matter."

"Quarter past 6, eh? That gives us loads of time. Now, look here Marney: I've a whole load of crepe-hair and grease paint in my pocket. Are you any sort of hand at making a fellow up?"

The other rubbed his chin.

"I won't pose to be an expert," he returned; "but it won't be the first time I've done it. What's the idea?"

"I'll tell you in a minute. Mafalda's been to see me this afternoon—to tell me Ahlborg's putting the police on to me tomorrow. That means I've to clear out in double-quick time. It also signifies that we've to get Greta away tonight. To use your own words, Marney, we've got to hustle. The Luze train leaves Rapallo at 9.24. If we can get that, we're safe. We'll be across the frontier by 4 tomorrow morning—"

"Maybe interrupted Marney, "but what I'm interested in is what we're going to do between now and then."

Dighton laughed.

"I'm coming to that now. I want the Chief to hire a car and have it drawn across the road round the bend, just out of sight from Ahlborg's place. As likely as not, they've posted a carabiniero outside and we don't want him to raise the alarm. You and I, old son, are going to board Ahlborg's saloon as soon as it stops, collar our friend and his driver and turn the bus back toward the Villa Sabino. That'll be about 8 o'clock. You'll drive her back——"

"Oh. I will, will I? And what'll you be going all this while?"

"Me? Oh, I shall be sitting at the back, in Ahlborg's coat and hat, taking the constable's salute! But seriously, Marney, the thing's a cinch. As soon as you give a couple of toots on the electric horn the lodge-keeper'll come out. They're all in a blue funk of Ahlborg up there. He'll see the car and everything apparently in order, and I bet you fifty quid he'll let us through. We'll have the guns with us, of course. You'd better stop in the car with the big one and keep it trained on the garden, ready for emergencies. I'll take the other and let myself in with that key I gave you. What happens after that is in the lap of the gods, but Taverner must hold the other car in readiness for our escape."

He paused and looked at the other

"What d'you think of it?"

"Fine!" declared Marney. "If you could think out another plan that'd relieve us from any danger at all," he added with a flash of his teeth. "I'd be a deal happier!"

"But it's good, don't you think?"

Marney slapped his knee.

"Good? Of course it's good. I'll slip along and tell the Chief about it in a minute, but I reckon he'll have no objections. There's just one thing, though: What'll Ahlborg and his driver be doing while we're breaking in?"

"We'll have to tie them up and leave them for Taverner to look after." He bit his lip. "That's the only weak point in the scheme. We can't let Ahlborg live."

Marney frowned.

"Keep a round of his accursed dope for him when we come out. If you feel squeamish about it, I'll fire it. He deserves it anyway."

He poured himself out some cognac and drained the glass to the bottom. Presently he clapped on his hat and set out to find Taverner.

Shivering there in the ditch, with water accumulating on the brim of his hat and falling down the front of his waterproof every time he moved his head. Marney felt anxious about his companion. These stunts were all very well in fine weather, but on a night like this, with a strong southwester whistling through the hedge at their backs and the rain coming down in bucketsful, he began to wish he were back in the little room behind the shop.

He muttered something under his breath and Dighton laughed.

"What the deuce are you grousing about?" he demanded. "I tell you the stars in their courses are fighting for us!"

Marney grunted, but said nothing.

"Well, aren't they?" insisted the other. "Nobody's going to see enough through the windows of that saloon to arouse their suspicions."

His face was stiff with the makeup Marney had piled on with generous disregard for his coat-collar; the spirit-gum hurt him every time he moved, and stray bits of crepe-hair were working their way down between his collar and his neck.

"There're Ahlborg's car coming down the drive now," called the American from a gap in the hedge. "If Taverner doesn't show up within the next two minutes, we're done!"!"

Dighton stared into the darkness. Far away to his left, a pair of headlights shone dimly.

"Here he is, old son! Where's Ahlborg now?"

"They're opening the gates. You were right about that cop. I caught his outline a second ago, rifle and all!"

He dropped down beside Dighton as the light from the oncoming saloon swept the road.

"Hell!" yelled Marney against the storm. "He's before his time! He's beaten us!"

The younger man had drawn the Pocket Death from his coat and was crouching on the wet grass by the roadside.

Ahlborg's driver had seen the other car now and was hooting violently. With the saloon almost abreast of the waiting men, the hired car came shugging forward on its wrong side, as if asking for a head-on collision. swerved violently and came to so sudden a halt that the engine stopped. It was a wonderful piece of work, timed to a nicety, and Dighton was more than perplexed to discover how it had been arranged—until he recognized Taverner, cigar in mouth and gray hat tilted at an angle, calmly in possession of the wheel.

The business began in earnest.

Marney, quicker even than the Englishman, had leaped onto the running-board and got the driver covered. Dighton wrenched open a door and confronted the astonished Ahlborg with a weapon of his own design!

"Put 'em up!" he cried.

The chemist did not comply at first, but sat staring at an expanse of paint and hair that showed between the intruder's collar and hat-brim.

"Put 'em up!" yelled Dighton again—and this time two great hands hit the roof of the saloon.

Marney, masked and jubilant, peered over the front seat.

"Had to knock my chap out," he rasped in what he believed to be an assumed voice. "There's a coil of rope at your feet. You'll want it first."

By this time Taverner, with a white silk handkerchief knotted behind his head, had put in an appearance, accompanied by another whom Marney recognized as Haye.

It took the combined efforts of the four of them to secure Ahlborg and lift him across into Taverner's car. There was a brief delay while the American got the hang of the controls, backed twenty yards to a convenient gateway and got her round.

"How's that, eh?" he inquired, glaning back.

"O. K." returned Dighton.

"There's a smell about this coat that I don't like," complained Marney, "and the cap's about four sizes too big."

He threw the car out of gear to assure himself that Dighton's appearane would pass muster. For the first time since he had known him, the other heard him really laugh.

"Gosh!" he said. "I'll apply to Clarkson's for a job when I next see

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"Our baby kept waking us several times a night, until we started giving him a little Castoria after his last nursing," says an Iowa mother. "He slept soundly from the first night and it made him look and feel worlds better." Baby specialists endorse Fletcher's Castoria; and millions of mothers know how this purely-vegetable, harmless preparation helps babies and children, with colic, constipation, colds, diarrhea, etc. The Fletcher signature is always on the wrapper of genuine Castoria. Avoid imitations.

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feeling absurdly self-conscious.

"All right?" echoed Marney. "You're Ahlborg!"

Another three minutes and they were outside the gates, with the dripping sentry pulled up respectfully and the lodge-keeper hastening into the drive. He waited for what to Dighton seemed an eternity before producing a key, with Marney sitting erect like a statue and the rain streaming down the windows in meriful cataracts.

The gates swung slowly open, Dighton heard her snick into first and they were moving slowly up the drive toward their objective.

He breathed again.

The gates clanged shut behind them. He heard the porter saying something to the constable and the din of barking from the stables. The baying died down suddenly, as if the suspicions ofthe beasts were allayed by the familiar purring of the car.

"We're through," said Marney, without looking round. "I've got the big gun here beside me. I gave you the key before we started."

He pushed back the peak of the borrowed cap and mopped his forehead with a handkerchief.

"Gosh! I wouldn't go through that again for all the money in the United States Treasury! Go right ahead Dighton ,and good luck to you!"

(To Be Continued.)

War Ace Killed on Armistice Day

POCALLO, Idaho, Nov. 13— Ten years after the end of the great war, Harry McDougall, 33, assistant attorney general and great war ace, met death here when a plane which he piloted in an armistice day air circus crashed. Miss Eldarico, 20, his sister-in-law, also was killed in the fall of the Monarch, which went into a tail spin at 1,500 feet. McDougall was credited with bringing down more than five enemy airplanes during the war. He was credited with the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre. His widow and two children survive.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL WINTER FAIR, TORONTO

Effective November 17th to 27th inclusive, tickets will be on sale at all Canadian Pacific Railway Offices to the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair at Toronto, November 21st to 29th at the lowest current one-way first class fare and one-third for the round trip. These tickets will have a final return limit of November 30th. For full particulars apply Local Agent. 9070-11-15-1i.

In Memoriam

EMILY LEONARD WALSH

The funeral of the late Emily Leonard Walsh, beloved wife of M. A. Walsh of Red Cliff, took place Saturday morning, at the Catholic church, of Red Cliff at 9.30. It was one of the largest funeral gatherings ever assembled in that town. Friends came from Gilman, Minturn, Salida, Glenwood, Buena Vista, Leadville and other localities.

Emily Leonard Walsh was born at Cornwall, Prince Edward Island, June 14, 1858. She was married to M. A. Walsh, also of Prince Edward Island, at Farmington, Mass., April 18, 1888, and immediately afterward came to Colorado and to Red Cliff where they lived continuously. To this union five children were born, two having died in infancy. Mrs. Walsh is survived by her husband, Michael A. Walsh, a son, W. W. Walsh, born of Red Cliff; and two daughters, Mrs. W. J. McNamara, of Salida and Mrs. D. P. Neff of Moberly, Mo. Seven grandchildren and three sisters living in Prince Edward Island also survive.

Mrs. Walsh was of that cheerful and amiable disposition that her friends were everywhere in whatever locality she was known. For the past many months she has been ill and her death occurred in the Rio Grande hospital in Salida on Oct. 24. Her body was brought to Leadville to the Moynahan-O'Malia mortuary, who had charge of the burial. Her husband and son, M. A. and W. W. Walsh are owners of the Holy Cross Garage and Sales Service company in Red Cliff.

The pall bearers were O. W. Daggett, Gus Benson, J. M. Dismant, Hugh Riley, Thomas Flannery and Joseph Mack.

The Rev. Father H. B. Stern of Leadville, conducted requiem mass followed by the usual prayers for the dead and concluded by an eloquent address on "Death" and the reward following a well-spent life —"Requiescat in pace."—Herald-Democrat, Red Cliff, Colo.

CANADIAN RAILWAYS PLACE NEW ORDERS

MONTREAL, Nov. 10.—The Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railways today announced the placing of orders for new equipment. The statements did not give the cost of the new rolling stock, but it is understood that some millions of dollars are involved.

The Canadian Pacific has awarded to the National Steel Car Co., Hamilton, Ont., contracts for 15 first-class coach frames. 15 dining car frames and 250 freight refrigerator cars. The Canadian Car and Foundry Co., Montreal, gets 25 sleeping car frames and 275 ballast cars. To the Eastern Car Company, New Glasgow, N. S., went orders for 300 flat cars and 300 coal cars. The Canadian National ordered from the National Steel Car 25 first-class coaches and 750 box cars; from Canadian Car, 1,600 box cars. 30 tank cars and 30 standard sleeping cars; from the Eastern Car, 500 refrigerator cars.

Magnesia Best For Your Indigestion

Most people who suffer, either occasionally or chronically from gas, sourness and indigestion, have now discontinued disagreeable diets, patent foods and the use of harmful drugs, stomach tonics, medicines and artificial digestants, and instead following the advice so often given in these columns, take a teaspoonful or four tablets of Bisurated Magnesia in a little water after meals with the result that their stomach no longer troubles them, they are able to eat as they please and they enjoy much better health. Those who use Bisurated Magnesia never dread the approach of meal time because they know this wonderful anti-acid and food corrective, which can be obtained from any good drug store, will instantly neutralize the stomach acidity, sweeten the stomach, prevent food fermentation, and make digestion easy. Try this plan yourself but be certain to get Bisurated Magnesia.

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