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● SERIAL STORY

WANT-AD ROMANCE

BY TOM HORNER

THE STORY: Over job-seeking want ads pretty Kay Donovan meets jobless super-salesman Ted Andrews on a park bench. Through want ads she is located by lawyers MacLeod, Goldberg and Flynn, friends of her late inventor-father, who tell her she has inherited $428.85, his factory, and a million cans of all-purpose Wondrosoap, the product he was making with his chemist, Hans Stadt, now in Texas, at the time of his death. Kay ignores their advice to liquidate her holdings, determines to go ahead with her father's plans even though she does not understand them. Andrews becomes sales manager of the company in exchange for a quarter interest in it, sends the product off to a rousing start. Things are running smoothly—Kay sharing her room at the factory with Mary Marshall, her new secretary, whose first move is to make them more liveable by selling an old washstand that had belonged to Kays father—when complaints come in that Wondrosoap cleans too well, eating holes in clothing and paint off cars.

* * *

CHAPTER V

NOTICE: ALL PURCHASERS OF WONDROSOAP — A chemical reaction over which the manufacturer had no control has made the recently sold WONDROSOAP unsuitable for use. Please return your can of WONDROSOAP to the store where it was purchased and your money will be refunded.

Ted tossed the paper in front of Kay.

"There, that should do the trick. We've got to get those cans of Wondrosoap back before the damage gets too great. Maybe that ad will bring them in."

Kay read it slowly. "What did the advertising manager at the paper say when you told him?"

"He raised almighty—He was a bit perturbed," Ted amended. "Said that the paper took our advertising in good faith that the cleaner had been thoroughly tested and was entirely harmless and was all that we said it was. When Flynn assured him that we would make good all damages he agreed to run this ad. But Wondrosoap is dead, killed. It committed suicide."

Kay nodded. "I know it. Something went wrong. Do you suppose Dad never tested it? Those labels on the can—"

"I don't know. We're in for a bit of trouble from the federal government, too, Flynn tells me. But that's his worry. I've got plenty of my own."

"I don't know where we're going to get enough money," Kay said. "Refund on 2500 cans of Wondrosoap at 50 cents a can is $1250. Each dealer will keep the profit he made for goodwill. We're out just $500 and that's not counting anything for damages."

* * *

As it happened, the damages were not as great as they had been expected. Ted's plan to have each person who received a free can sign for it made it easy to check up on 1500 purchasers —if sitting patiently at the telephone for eight hours a day, driving all over town and listening to complaints can be called easy.

The dealers were glad to cooperate when Kay and Mary sought their help. The girls explained in detail how Kay had inherited the business, how they had taken it for granted that Tim Donovan would never have made Wondrosoap without testing it fully, and how each dealer would be allowed to keep his profit provided the Wondrosoap was returned The dealers were nice about it all.

It was two weeks before the warehouse had its full quota of a million cans of Wondrosoap again.

Flynn came out to see Kay and Ted.

"I'm buying into this company, if you'll let me," he said. "I'll take care of all the costs and damages for a fourth interest."

Kay refused. "I won't let you give me this money. I'll sell the factory, sell the land. We'll pay out. And we'll dump the Wondrosoap in the river. You're awfully sweet, Mike, but I can't let you do this for me."

"It's not myself alone," Flynn told her. "MacLeod and Goldberg are in on this, too. The firm is buying in.

"Listen to me, child. I knew your dad, better than anyone else. Tim Donovan may have made a lot of mistakes, but he would never have made one like this. I'm sure of that. I'm not doing this for you. I'm doing it for Tim.

"The damages won't be as big as you thought they would be. My car was the only one hurt, thank heaven, and we'll write that off. The rest is principally clothing. We've got a signed release from every person who bought a can of the stuff—they signed it when they got their money back —and anyone who had a claim has been paid in full. It cost us about $2000. We got off easy."

"But, Mike—"

"We're not finished. We're incorporating this company You, Kay, as president and principal stockholder, will keep 51 shares. Ted will hold 25, and MacLeod, Goldberg and Flynn will get 24."

"But we'll never be able to sell the stuff now," Ted put in, gloomily. "The market has folded. The product is no good. We're whipped. Kay's got the right idea. Sell the plant, dump the stuff in the drink."

* * *

Flynn waited until Ted was finished. He could see that Kay agreed with the boy.

"All right," Mike began, "you've all had your say now. You're ready to quit without a battle.

"Listen to me for just a minute. This stuff will clean metal. You've proved that. It will take the paint off metal clean as a whistle. You can look at my car if you doubt that.

"So what? If you haven't got an all-purpose cleaner, you have got a cleaner for metal. Sell it on that basis. There still is a market for a cleaner like that!"

Ted's grin returned. "Say! You're right! I never thought of that angle."

Kay brightened momentarily, then her gloom returned.

"It might work," she admitted. "But how can we be sure that it won't eat right through the metal? We don't even know what's in it."

Flynn had thought of that, too. "You'll have to hire a chemist, let him try it out, thoroughly, this time," he advised. "When we know all there is to know about this cleaner Tim invented, we'll sell it again under a different name." He turned to Ted. "That will be your job, young man.

"Meanwhile we'll pay the bills and the chemist's salary until we get on a paying basis. That's just part payment for our interest."

* * *

Kay shook her head.

"You're all being grand to me, but I can't take it," she said. "Ted is giving all his time to this job when he might be drawing good pay with a business that is not doomed before it starts. You and Mr. MacLeod and Mr. Goldberg are doing this, not because you have any hope of saving Wondrosoap, but because you feel sorry for me.

"I'm licked, and I know when to quit. I can't ask you to go in on a losing proposition. I'll mortgage this factory and site, hire the chemist as you say, Mike, but I'll do it alone. Then, if it fails again, I'll be the only one to take a loss."

"I'm sticking with you, Kay." Ted sounded determined.

"Thanks, Ted, but I can't let you. I'll pay you $1000, salary and goodwill, for your quarter interest in Wondrosoap. I'll pay the other bills, too, Mike. Will you arrange the mortgage?"

* * *

They argued for hours. Flynn was a wizard in a courtroom, but it took all his mastery to convince this slim girl that he was not being charitable, that it was a sound business proposition based on his faith in Tim Donovan's ability.

Ted used all his salesmanship trying to sell her on the idea.

They finally compromised. Kay gave in, with limitations. Under the new arrangement they were to hire the chemist as Mike had suggested, find out all they could about Wondrosoap. Then, at the end of a month all expenses would be totaled, and if the product was still a failure the factory would be sold. Any profits that remained would be divided after Teds salary was paid.

"The government is looking for a new site for a powder plant," Flynn said. "We could sell them this one, and we'll get more than the $5000 we promised you at first. The building alone is worth more than that. We'll come out on top, child, if you'll just give us a little time."

* * *

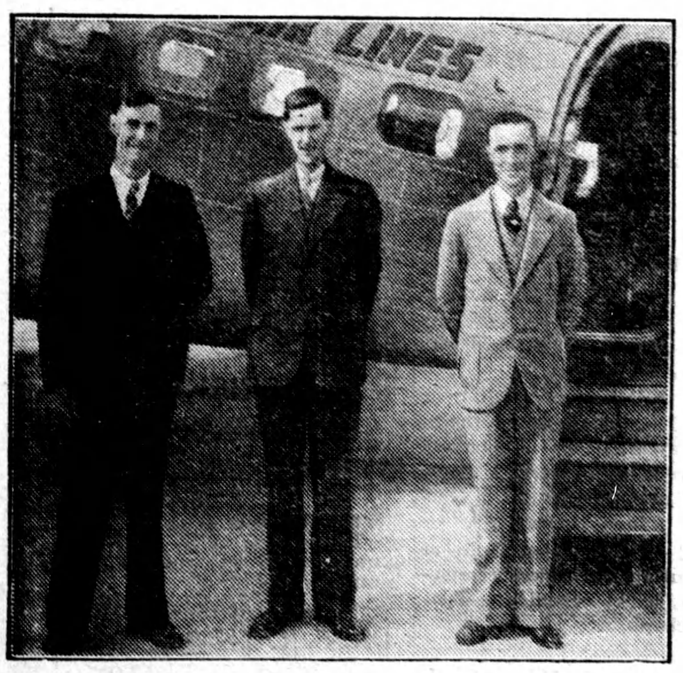
Ted lingered behind after Flynn had gone to start his car. He held Kay's hands tightly.

"I'll stay with you just as long as you'll let me, Kay," he whispered. "This is more than just a business proposition with me. Don't you understand, honey?"

Kay smiled up at him. "I understand, Ted. But it's still strictly business."

(Continued Next Week)

CHAMPION PLOWMEN TAKE TRIP BY PLANE



The Salada Tea Company's Championship class at the International Plowing Match held near Peterborough last Fall brought together top rank horse plowmen from all parts of the Province. Elmer Armstrong of St. Pauls (right), Gold Medallist, and Marshall Deans, Paris (left), Silver Medallist, accompanied by W. C. Barrie of Galt, are seen ready to board a plane commencing the valuable trip that was offered as first and second prizes. Time being an important factor to agriculturists, they elected to travel by air and within nine days they visited such points as Winnipeg, Portage La Prairie, Regina, Vancouver and Lethbridge. One of the highlights of their journey was the stop off at Portage La Prairie where they participated in the Manitoba Provincial Plowing Match, June 24th.

At experimental stations they visited and at meetings they attended, they were afforded the opportunity of exchanging and studying new ideas, particularly labour-saving devices and other aids to greater efficiency on the farm. The trip was arranged by Mr. J. A. Carroll, Manager of the Ontario Plowmen's Association.

Plowing Matches which are conducted by local branches throughout the country, play an important part in the production of food for war, for they encourage the better plowing and cultivation of the land so essential for maximum production.

SUMMER DAYS ARE PICNIC DAYS

By BARBARA B. BROOKS

With the open road calling to hikers and cyclists, meandering meals are the order of the day, and that means picnics.

The soldier home on furlough will enjoy a picnic—home-packed style, as a change from camp rations.

Picnic lunches fall into two groups, the kind that is cooked on the spot over an open fire, and the kind that's packaged at home all ready to eat. For the packed lunch, sandwiches are the primary consideration. But for health's and variety's sake that's just the beginning.

Home-canned tomato juice is wonderful for just such occasions. Deviled eggs also perk up the shoebox lunch. For dessert, nothing hits the spot quite as well as fresh fruit — juicy oranges; ripe cherries; sweet, juice-filled pears and apples. There must be a home-made cookie or two to go with it, too—for nibbling along the way. Everyone adores the crisp, crunchy cereal kind, especially when it is rich with peanut butter, as in this new recipe for peanut butter squares.

Sandwich fillings are seldom made from written recipes. They are a blend of the cook's ingenuity and whatever her refrigerator holds. If roast beef was the piece de resistance the night before, take the left-over beef, chop it fine, season it with Worcestershire sauce and a dash of horse-radish, and spread between two pieces of bread. Do the same with tongue.

Lamb, on the other hand, calls for less spicy treatment. Merely slice it, chop some of the mint that went with it the day before, and add a thinly sliced piece of onion and a sprig of water cress. Should there be pork in the icebox, spread chopped sweet pickle over it, and add salad dressing and lettuce.

A change in bread does magic tricks with sandwiches, too. If the bread is homemade, butter alone is almost enough filling. Here is a recipe for an unusual tea bread made with corn flakes. Spread with cream cheese, it makes a super, super sandwich:

Corn Flake Tea Bread

2 cups corn flakes
½ cake compressed yeast
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1½ tablespoons melted shortening
2½ cups (about) flour

Roll corn flakes into very fine crumbs. Crumble yeast into a bowl. Scald milk and cool to lukewarm temperature; add to yeast, stirring until yeast is dissolved. Add sugar, salt, shortening and half the flour; beat until smooth. Combine corn flake crumbs with remaining flour and add to dough, mixing well. Turn onto floured board and knead until smooth. Place dough in greased bowl, brush with melted fat, cover, set in a warm place and let rise until double in bulk. Punch down and shape into loaf. Place in greased loaf pan and brush with melted fat. Cover and let rise again until double in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven (425°F.) 15 minutes, reduce heat to 375°F. and bake about 45 minutes longer.

Yield: 1 loaf (4¼ x 8-inch pan).

Peanut Butter Squares

⅓ cup butter
½ pound marshmallows (about 2½ dozen)
¼ cup peanut butter
1 package oven-popped rice cereal (5½ oz.)

Cook butter and marshmallows in double boiler. Add peanut butter; beat thoroughly to blend. Put oven-popped rice cereal in large buttered bowl and pour on marshmallow mixture, stirring briskly. Press into shallow buttered pans. Cut into squares when cool.

Yield: 32 squares (2—8 x 8-inch pans).

The housewives of Canada are the "Housoldiers"—the kitchens the "Home Front". You can serve by practising economy in your kitchen.

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Honey Recipes

I have many requests this week for recipes for honey as a substitute for sugar. And why not? Never in our lifetime have we ever heard such discussions on sugar rationing and now, that you all have your ration cards, you will be trying to use them to the best advantage. Do not be discouraged nor anxious for with careful cooking and no waste I believe you will find little change. After all we have been promised sugar for canning.

Most of us eat far too many carbohydrates anyway. We are told that, along with our neighbors to the South of us, we are "a starch poisoned race" and sugar being the other carbohydrate we may be able to say much about it too. Certainly those who find they must have sugar, and several lumps of it, in tea and coffee and heaps on their cereals and "what not" are going to find they will feel much better in health and more able to perform the many tasks for "King and Country" which we are all going to be called upon to do.

I hope you will find these recipes some help; they come from the Department of Agriculture laboratory at Ottawa.

Honey Oatmeal Cookies with Date Filling

½ cup butter
½ cup honey
1 egg
1¼ cups flour
1 cup fine oatmeal
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon almond flavoring
⅓ teaspoon soda

Cream butter, honey and egg well. Add sifted dry ingredients and flavoring. Chill, roll and cut with a cookie cutter. Bake in a hot oven 7 to 8 minutes until a delicate brown. As soon as the cookies are cold, spread with date filling and put together.

Honey Orange Custard

2 eggs
3 tablespoons flour
4 tablespoons honey
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons water
½ teaspoon salt
Juice and grated rind of 1 orange

Beat egg yolks, add grated orange rind. Make a smooth paste of flour, water and honey. Combine with egg yolk egg mixture. Beat egg yolks stiff, add milk to yolk mixture and fold in whites. Oven poach for 45 minutes at 275 to 300°F.

Honey Muffins

1 cup graham flour
¾ cup white flour
¼ cup honey
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
1 egg
½ cup butter
5 teaspoons baking powder

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add milk gradually, egg well beaten, honey and melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven in buttered gem pans for 25 minutes.

Honey Orange and Carrot Marmalade

Take six medium sized sweet navel oranges (skins only) and put through a meat grinder using the fine knife. To this add an equal amount of carrot prepared in the same way. To each cup of the combined ingredients add two cups of water and soak over night. Simmer for two hours; remove from the stove and add the grated rind and juice of six lemons. Let stand overnight again and simmer until a good jelly test is obtained. To each cup of the pulp mixture add 1 cup of honey and ½ cup of sugar. Boil to 222°F.; let cool slightly and pour into sterilized jars.

All honey may be used instead of part sugar but makes a sweeter marmalade.

To make a jelly test strain off one tablespoon of liquid from the pulp mixture; let it cool; add one tablespoon of alcohol; mix and let stand for a few minutes. A thick jelly like substance will form if the mixture has had enough simmering.