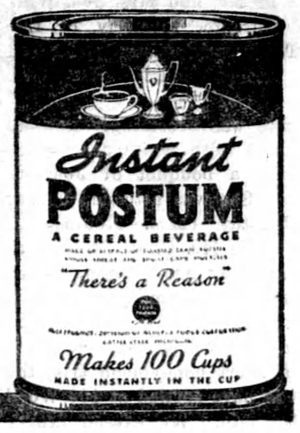
How to Conserve TEA AND COFFEE

Here is a grand mealtime beverage with a delicious, robust flavor all its own. Instantly made in the cup — VERY ECONOMICAL.

POSTUM BRAND

4 oz. size makes 50 cups, 8 oz. size makes 100 cups.



P262

Quality You'll Enjoy

"SALADA" TEA

● SERIAL STORY

WANT-AD ROMANCE

BY TOM HORNER

THE STORY: Through want ads Kay Donovan discovers that she has inherited a factory and a million cans of Wondrosoap from her inventor-father; makes friends with McLeod, Goldberg and Flynn, who were his lawyers; contacts super salesman Ted Andrews to be sales manager of the product; sells it and then recalls it when they discover Wondrosoap cleans too well, eating holes in clothing and paint off cars. Also through want ads, Kay and Ted find a chemist, Joe Benton, whose Wondrosoap experiment explodes, blowing a hole through the factory; locate Hans Stadt, who had been Mr. Donovan's chemist. Hans explains that one ingredient of the mysteriously explosive Wondrosoap was Donovan's secret formula, hidden in an old washstand—the very washstand Mary Marshall, Kay's competent secretary had sold to a junkman when she cleaned out their living quarters at the factory.

CHAPTER VIII

WANTED—Old oak washstands. Will pay $5 each. Bring to Wondrosoap factory or address Box 206K.

Ted was right. He did corner the washstand market.

"Lucky you remembered it was oak," he told Kay as they refused a solid walnut antique. "Now if you can just remember some more identifying details."

"But the buyer may have already changed it," Mary wailed. "He could have put on new hardware and painted it. How can we recognize it?"

"And how will we know if it has the papers in it?" Kay put in. "Hans says they are nailed in a secret panel in the back."

"We'll just have to buy 'em and bust 'em," Ted decided. "There will be a lot of $5 washstands reduced to kindling before we get through."

It was amazing how many washstands came out of attics, cellars, barns and garages. There were big ones and little ones; washstands falling apart and washstands almost as good as new. They rejected all that were not oak, but they scraped paint off of fifty or more to make sure they were not overlooking the right one. And they paid for repainting.

Joe Benton supplied the money. "I'm in on this thing too," he said. "I'm going to find that catalyst or grow old trying. And I'm not doing it for you, Kay. This stuff may work with other chemicals, too. Your dad may have made one of chemistry's biggest discoveries. We'll probably get a Nobel prize on it."

* * *

It was Joe, too, who decided that Hans Stadt should be told that they had discovered accidentally and with a minimum of damage, that Wondosoap would explode, violently. They found the old chemist puttering in the lab.

"Mr. Stadt," Kay began, "you have probably wondered why we are so anxious to find this formula Dad discovered. It's not only that we want to make more of the product. We've a lot of it on hand . . ."

Hans nodded, waited for her to continue.

"We tried selling Wondrosoap as a cleaner, and we had a little bad luck."

The old German laughed. "It ate holes in clothing, no?"

"Why, yes!" Kay was surprised. "And it took paint off wood and metal, no?"

"Then you and Dad knew it would do these things. It isn't really a cleaner?"

"Yes, we knew that."

"Did you know," Benton interrupted, "that Wondrosoap has explosive properties? That it is more powerful than TNT?"

Hans nodded again. "Yes. We knew that, too."

* * *

"It is a long story, Miss Katie," Hans said. "I don't know when your father discovered this substance you call Wondrosoap. Maybe when you were a little girl. He had worked on it for years. When he sold his invention to the automobile company, he had enough money to spend for experimenting. I came with him then.

"I had come to America from Germany after the war. I was in that war. I made poison gas to kill men. I thought I was doing right. I was serving my country, just as your American chemists made munitions to kill Germans.

"When I came to America I found these people were not my enemies, but my friends. They gave me work. I sent money to bring my Frieda and my boys here. We were happy. I became a citizen." He paused to fill and light a battered briar.

"My boys grew up here. They were Americans. My wife died. She wanted to be buried in America, our new Fatherland. My sons married. I was alone.

"The depression came. I was getting old. I lost my job. Things were not so good. But in Germany they were worse. I met your father, Tim Donovan. He gave me work, a place to live. He was my friend."

* * *

Kay and Joe waited patiently. This was Hans Stadt's story, let him tell it as slowly as he wished.

"Tim Donovan trusted me. He told me about his invention, his discovery of a new explosive. We worked on it together. It was not always easy. Sometimes we bought chemicals instead of food.

"From my brother, in Germany, I heard of changes that were going on. Long ago, your father said this war must come. He could see that. I could see it, too.

" 'When it does come, Hans,' he said, 'it must not find us like it did in 1917. America must be ready. There must be shells, bombs. We must do our part.'

"For years we worked, until we finally were successful. We have an explosive—a super-explosive—that is safe and easy to handle. It can be stored in boxes like—like soap. It will explode only when mixed with acid, alcohol and water. You will find all three are necessary, Mr. Benton."

"I discovered that, rather suddenly," Joe agreed.

"As long as those reagents are separated," Stadt went on, "there is no danger of any explosion. That makes this product great. It will burn but fire will not detonate it. If an enemy tries to destroy it with another explosive, he could do no more than scatter it. Even if he tried acids, it is unlikely that he would think of alcohol and water."

"How did Dad intend using it?" Kay questioned.

"In delayed explosion time bombs," Hans said. "In the factory in Germany during the last war we made them. Acid and explosive separated by a thin metal partition. The acid eats through the metal—Boom!"

"Tim's bombs were better. The acid cut a strong spring, holding the separate panel. The panel drops—acid and alcohol and water mix thoroughly, it reaches the explosive . . ."

"And it's good night for blocks around," Benton supplied.

* * *

Kay was still puzzled.

"Why did you and Dad keep all this so secret? Why didn't you sell the idea to the government? Why label it as 'Wondrosoap—the all purpose cleaner'?"

"That was Tim's idea. The government wasn't as interested in explosives when he discovered this as it is now. There was danger that some spy might discover our secret. If he had announced his discovery publicly, he could not have kept control of it—for you. He was thinking of you, Miss Katie, always.

"As a somewhat eccentric inventor and a crazy old chemist, puttering around with a soap that would clean anything, we were left alone. There was no danger. Tim built his factory away out here, so that there would be room to expand it when the time came. You own all the land around.

"Tim had these 'Wondrosoap' labels printed for the cans. He priced it high because he never intended selling it, as a cleaner."

"That was my bright idea," Kay admitted. "What if someone had used acid . . ."

"That's unlikely," Joe commented. "And the cans, Hans, You can take the lids off and drop them into a 3-inch shell case very nicely, can't you?"

"That was part of the plan. We made a million cans of it so you would have plenty to sell at once, Miss Katie. We made it when we could buy raw mateials cheaply. We bought in small quantities, so no one would get suspicious. Not even Mr. Flynn knew how much we had in the warehouse."

"After Dad died, Mike knew how many, but he didn't know what!"

* * *

Ted tossed the wreckage of washstand No. 75 into the fast-growing pile of kindling wood.

"I don't think we're ever going to find it, Ted," Mary said. "You have pried the backs of all these washstands, smashed them into splinters, and what have we got? Twelve old newspapers, three love letters, two pictures—"

"And five blisters!" Ted added. "Well, only five more to go, today. But there'll be more tomorrow. Eighty washstands at $5 apiece. That's running into money." He tackled another with hammer and chisel.

"That looks like the one we sold—" Mary began.

Wood splintered. Nails and screws squeaked protests. The back of the washstand bent, then snapped free. A large manila envelope, tied with a black shoestring, fell at Ted's feet.

(Continued Next Week)

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
School of Nursing

For the session 1942-43 the following courses are offered:

1. A three-year Diploma course: this includes a general training in nursing and special preparation for public health nursing.
2. A four-year Degree course (B.Sc.N.): this includes a general training in nursing and special preparation for public health nursing or hospital supervision.

NOTE: In both courses preparation is given for Nurse Registration.

3. Certificate courses for graduate nurses.

Scholarships and loans are now available.

For further information address:
THE SECRETARY,
SCHOOL OF NURSING,
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

ANNOUNCEMENT

Although there is no C.N.E. this year, at which you can visit our booths, our Eucalyptus products are still available, and can be purchased

THROUGH YOUR LOCAL STORE

G. G. EXTRACT
KOALA JU-JUBES
KOALA EMULSIFIED EUCALYPTUS
KOALA RUB (Lanoline-Eucalyptus)
G. G. EMULSIFIED EUCALYPTUS

If any difficulty in obtaining, please write us direct.

AUSTRALIAN EUCALYPTUS LIMITED
75-79 Duchess St., Toronto, Ont.

HAY FEVER SINUS SUFFERERS

INSTANT and EFFECTIVE RELIEF!

Cast Knitting On And Off Loosely

Army Needs Socks for Boys With Long Feet

Always there is the plea, almost the wail, of the knitting room attendant: "Be sure to cast on loosely; be sure to bind off loosely."

When I talked recently to a group of soldiers who had received socks and sweaters, all agreed that it seemed such a pity to break the edges of the socks and the necks of sweaters.

Here is a rule, which, if followed, will banish the cause for such complaints: "In casting on use one inch of wool for every stitch. Most knitters cast on by making a loop over the thumb or forefinger of the left hand and knitting it with the right-hand needle. Measure off 48 inches for this left-hand thread; cast 16 on each of 3 needles. I hear you say you cannot possibly use that much—it is too loose. You can; it is not too loose. If you use steel needles, make the first loop tight, and the others looser. Try using wooden needles; try using size 6 or 8 needles and then changing to smaller ones. Try casting the whole 48 on a large needle then knitting off 16 on each of 3 smaller ones.

Take any sock you have recently made; stretch the top as far as you can; measure a man's leg. Are you sure it is large enough? Remember that the least feeling of a top around the leg becomes very painful after hours of wear. For this same reason, never join wool in the sole. No matter how thin you think your joining is, it will thicken after being thoroughly wet.

As for casting off, here is a never-fail method. Knit 2 stitches together, pull the new stitch out at least ½ inch long, and put it back on the left-hand needle. Knit that and the next stitch together, pulling the new one out long, and putting it back on the left-hand needle. Continue across in this way until all the stitches are used. This makes a double edge that will not ruffle, and will not ravel easily even if broken.

And one last word: now and then, knit a pair of socks for a boy with real long feet. The Army has just lots of them! — V. S. in Christian Science Monitor.

GAY TWO-PIECE STYLE

By Anne Adams

A summer star is the two-piecer . . . practical, cool, comfortable. Pattern 4119 by Anne Adams is a versatile style—it's a nice combination of trim lines and femininity. Take your choice of necklines.

Pattern 4119 is available in misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16, dress with collar, takes 3⅝ yards 35-inch fabric.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

Old Hats Become Best 1942 Models

This year's latest models in hats for British men and women are coming from relics formerly set aside for the old clothes man.

This became apparent as reports filtered in that milliners and hatters were scurrying through the streets competing with the used clothes collectors for the old head-gear.

The cast-offs are realizing anythings from ten cents to $1.20 each. Once bought, they are stripped, sterilized, cleaned, renovated and then exhibited as 1942's top priced latest models.

TABLE TALKS

Ginger Ale As An Assistant

Ginger ale used as a base with fruit juices and tea and "what not" is the ingredient which adds zest to any of these combinations.

Although as a beverage it does serve a most important role on occasions, ginger ale will go solid with the addition of gelatine and makes some of our most attractive molds either for salads or desserts, carrying with it the same exquisite flavors which we get in it as a beverage.

We hope you will find these recipes helpful in planning your summer menus:—

Ginger Ale Delight

2 tablespoons gelatine
⅓ cup cold water
1½ cups ginger ale
1 cup canned pineapple
1 bottle maraschino cherries
1 cup fine shredded cocoanut
2 cups canned apricots

Soak gelatine in cold water, and place over boiling water until dissolved. Cool; add the ginger ale slowly, stirring until blended. Combine with fruits, diced or cut in small pieces. When congealed serve on lettuce with fruit salad dressing. Serves 8.

Chocolate Ginger Ale

1 cup sugar
½ cup ground chocolate
¾ cup hot water
1 stick cinnamon
2 tablespoons strong coffee
1 teaspoon vanilla
⅛ teaspoon salt

Cook sugar, chocolate, water and cinnamon together for 10 minutes, cool; add strong coffee, vanilla and salt. Store in refrigerator until serving time. When ready to serve use two tablespoons of this syrup: 1 tablespoon heavy cream over ¼ cup shaved ice and fill glass with ginger ale.

Ginger Ale Ice

1 tablespoon plain gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1½ cups ginger ale
¼ cup nutmeats cut fine
¼ cup celery chopped
1 tablespoon crystallized ginger
1 cup assorted fruits (drained grapefruit, apricots, peaches, oranges)

Dissolve jelly powder in hot water and chill. Add ginger ale which has been thoroughly chilled. When mixture is thick and syrupy fold in the balance of the ingredients. Turn into mold and chill until firm. Unmold on crisp endive and serve with generous portion of mayonnaise.

Ginger Ale Surprise

1¼ cups ginger ale
2½ tablespoons cornstarch
1 egg yolk
1½ tablespoons sugar
Few grains salt
Whipped cream

Heat ginger ale to boiling point and stir in cornstarch which has been moistened with cold water. Pour slowly over beaten egg yolk; add sugar and salt. Return to double boiler and cook over hot water stirring constantly for 20 minutes. Fill baked tart shells with the mixture after it has cooled thoroughly. Chill and top with whipped cream for serving.

Summer Salad

1 package lemon jelly
1 cup boiling water
1 cup ginger ale
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 cup pineapple
1 cup grated carrots
⅛ cup pecans (cut fine)
½ teaspoon salt

Dissolve jelly in boiling water. Cool and add ginger ale. Chill when slightly thickened; add vinegar, diced pineapple, carrots, pecans and salt. Place in ring or individual molds. Chill until firm. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise. Serves 6.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is vn ready to listen to your ::pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

We Will Win!

As surely as Springtime comes and melts the snows into blossoms, we will win.

As surely as the sun rises and drives away the terrors of darkness, we will win.

As surely as mother love comforts the doubts and pains of little children, we will win.

As surely as the storm clouds scatter before the wind and the world is bright once more, we will win.

As surely as might does not make right, and that virtue does win over vice, we will win.

Yes, we will win. Doubt that, and you doubt everything that makes life possible.

We will win. And the more promptly, the more willingly, the more thoroughly you do your part the sooner we will win.—Kiwanis Magazine.

Some Day

There'll be a day when skies are
blue again.
There'll be a day when dreams
come true again.
Yes, somewhere in the near or
faraway,
There'll be a day.

There'll be a day when we can
say, "it's over."
There'll be a day when we can
dream in clover,
And though above us now the
skies are gray,
There'll be a day.

There'll be a day of dawn and
golden beauty,
The day to recompense our endless
duty,
An answer to the faith of all who
pray,
There'll be a day.

—Grantland Rice in N.Y. Sun.