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ET4

● SERIAL STORY

# WANT-AD ROMANCE

BY TOM HORNER

**LAST WEEK: What the Wondrosoap Company could want with old washstands was not the least of the mysteries connected with it and Kay Donovan, who inherited a factory and a million cans of the product from her father, was as mystified as anyone. Thinking it to be an all-purpose cleaner, and working with Ted Andrews as sales manager to market the product, she learns instead, through tests made by Joe Benton, chemist, and information gleaned from Hans Stadt, chemist who had worked with her father, that Wondrosoap, when mixed with acid, is a more powerful explosive than TNT. The secret formula for the catalytic agent used in Wondrosoap had been concealed in an old washstand by Kay's father—the very washstand Mary Marshall, Kay's competent secretary, had sold when she cleaned up their living quarters at the factory. When it is finally found and the formula retrieved, not even MacLeod, Goldberg and Flynn, friends of Kay's who had been her father's lawyers, know that there is, literally, dynamite, of importance to the government, in Kay's possession.**

* * *

CHAPTER IX

**Thought awakening for brighter intellects. Gain new power from an entirely unknown source. Take advantage of your opportunity today. Address Roltay.**

**Ted Andrews clipped the advertisement from the paper, carefully tucked it into his billfold. He had waited patiently for this, ever since he mailed a letter to Washington a week ago.**

**It was apparently an innocent message concerning some new thought process, but to Ted it said that FBI agents were investigating certain individuals and that an agent would contact him today. Meanwhile he was ordered to keep a close check on all parties connected with Wondrosoap.**

**Flynn, MacLeod and Goldberg knew nothing of Wondrosoap as an explosive, could, therefore, be eliminated.**

**Kay could have no interest in selling her product to a foreign power—unless the price offered was astonishingly high. She could only stand to lose everything if the plot was uncovered.**

**That left Mary Marshall, Hans Stadt and Joe Benton.**

**Mary apparently knew nothing of chemistry. She had come to work for Kay long before there was any idea that Wondrosoap was anything but a cleaner.**

**Was Hans Stadt as loyal to America as he professed to be? Ted recalled stories of other loyal** American citizens who had been forced to co-operate with Nazi agents to protect relatives in Germany. Was Hans a victim of such pressure?

And Joe Benton. Kay had taken him at face value. But Ted had not. But Benton's story rang true. He was a professor of chemistry at the university. But even that might be a blind.

At any rate, they would know today, when the federal agents arrived.

Ted hurried into the office.

* * *

Kay, Mary and Joe Benton were there. Joe was excitedly explaining his latest success.

"We followed the formula we found in your father's papers, Kay. It was astonishingly simple. I didn't even let Hans Stadt see how it was mixed. That secret belongs to you and Uncle Sam. Then we made a sample run of Wondrosoap. That stuff reacts exactly as that your father manufactured. You can't tell the difference. We've made it!"

"Thanks to you, Joe." Kay's eyes were tear-bright. "Now the government can take over the plant, start operations at once."

"You're worth a lot of money now, Kay," Mary said. "This formula would be priceless to any government."

Ted caught his breath at the girl's words. "But there's only one government that's going to get it!" he said grimly.

Joe Benton broke the tension. "We've made all the tests on Wondrosoap except one. Old Hans says a bullet won't explode it, but we've never tried that. How about a test and a little target practice? I picked up this target pistol today, just to try it out."

"Swell idea!" Kay agreed. "We want a full report for the Army officers."

"Was this the payoff?" Ted wondered.

Kay and Joe led the way out of the office. Mary paused to pick up her suede jacket. Ted didnt miss that, either. Why should she need a jacket on a warm summer day? Maybe Mary and Joe . . .

The formula was locked in the newly purchased safe, and only Kay knew the combination. He would stay close to Kay.

* * *

Joe stopped in the laboratory to get the pistol and a half-empty can of Wondrosoap.

"We'll shoot at Ted's kindling pile," Benton directed. "Then if there is an explosion, there will be little damage. There's not much Wondrosoap in this can, so the danger is minimized."

Ted stood at Kay's elbow while Benton arranged the target. "Who wants the first shot? Kay, you take a try at it. You better stand well away. That kindling wood will spread around if it does go off."

Kay took the gun from him and standing well back, took careful aim. Her bullet plowed into the pile of wood, missed the handed the gun to Mary Marshall. target entirely. Joe reloaded,

Mary paused for a minute, then swung the pistol up to eye level. There was a sharp "Crack!" . . . Joe ran to the kindling pile, searched for a minute, then he raised the can high.

"That's real shooting, Mary!" he shouted. "You hit the middle 'O' due centre."

Ted saw her drop the target pistol, but he did not see her draw the other gun from her jacket pocket. It was an ugly, snub-nosed automatic.

"All right, Joe Benton. Come in—with your hands up." All the softness was gone from the girl's voice. Quiet, unassuming Mary, covering Benton with a gun! Ted gasped.

"Mary!" Kay screamed. Ted caught her arm.

"Let her alone!" he ordered.

"What's this all about?" Benton demanded. "Put down that gun, Mary. Who do you think I am?"

"I know who you are and what you're doing." Her voice was calm, steely. "But your plot won't work. This formula belongs to the U.S. Army and the U.S. Army is going to get it!"

A car raced toward the plant. Dust hid the occupants as it slid to a stop. Men jumped from the doors—men with drawn guns.

Mike Flynn ran toward them. "Don't shoot!" he yelled. There were other men behind him.

Mike was trembling when he reached Kay. "You're all right, Katie?"

She wanted to cry, but she forced back the tears. "Sure, I'm all right! We're all safe! What is this? Who are these men?"

"They're FBI, Katie. Ted was worried about someone stealing your formula, notified the government agents."

"But Joe? Mary?"

They were snapping handcuffs on Joe Benton then, bringing him back to the group near the office door.

"Mary is a special policewoman, detailed to protect you," Flynn expained. "I hired her when you came to live in the plant, sent her to Ted to apply for a job as your secretary. She's been watching this Benton, especially after you discovered Wondrosoap is an explosive. She reported to me. Benton is the one guy who knows the formula, but he's not going to get it out of the country."

For a captured spy, Joe Benton was anything but downcast. He was actually smiling.

"I'd like to talk to Miss Kay, Flynn and the others," he told his captors. They led him closer.

"You're right, Mary, the jig is up. But not exactly as you think it is. I dont blame you for being suspicious. Mr. Flynn, will reach inside my shirt—you'll find a money belt strapped around my waist. Unbuckle it."

Flynn complied, drew out a long belt.

"Now call your federal men," Benton directed. They came closer. "Who is in charge?"

A tall man stepped forward. "I'm Taylor."

"Taylor, take that belt, look in the first pocket. You'll see a place where the stitching is broken. Inside that belt you'll find a paper. Will you read it?" Benton's smile never faded.

Taylor opened the belt, drew out a paper, read it quickly and returned it to its place. "Take off those cuffs," he ordered.

**(Continued Next Week)**

**ISSUE 33—'42**

C


**ANNOUNCEMENT**

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## Rich Tungsten Ore Discovered In B.C.

Tungsten deposits in the Emerald group of claims, eight miles south of Salmo, near Nelson, B.C., were termed by the British Columbia Department of Mines as "undoubtedly the most outstanding discovery in British Columbia in recent years and one which will be of inestimable value to Canada's war effort."

Samples of the molybdenite ore submitted to the department last October aroused the curiosity of government mining engineers and tests revealed the presence of sheelite, or Tungsten, Mines Minister Herbert Anscomb announced last week.

"A later report to the department," said Mr. Anscomb, showed a potential ore zone five to 40 feet wide, 1,210 feet or more in length carrying from .3 to 10 per cent tungsten trioxide. No difficulty was encountered in making a high grade concentrate."

"In one small block of this ground 34 to 50 by 110 feet there is probably $44,000 worth of tungsten," said Mr. Anscomb. "And if surface values persist in depth there will probably be up to a million dollars worth of tungsten in the deposit."

The first attempt at production of tungsten in Nova Scotia was begun recently at Waverly, fourteen miles from Halifax. Preliminary development work has been completed, and the main view of ore is said to be traceable for more than a mile. The company, Waverly Prospecting Syndicate, believes production possibilities are good.

## Recipe For More And Better Tea

Now that tea is on the list of items to be conserved, we can learn from the experience of the people in England. They found out many months ago that this is a good recipe: "Before using tea, spread on sheet of brown paper and place in warm—not too hot—oven for ten minutes." As a result, they say, the tea will go twice as far and have a better flavor. — Brantford Expositor.

## Near East Forces Pour Into Egypt

An endless stream of reinforcements is pouring from the Near East to the Egyptian battle front.

Over the barren, 180-mile trans-Sinai lifeline, hundreds of heavy lorries, filled with South African, British and Indian troops, are moving westward. R.A.F. fighter planes and medium heavy bombers also were flying toward Egypt.

Convoys from Palestine are refuelling at the rate of fifty vehicles every ten minutes, and pushing on speedily.

## GAY YOUNG "COTTON"

By Anne Adams

Join the cotton cavalcade—in this young Anne Adams style, Pattern 4124. The skirt, revers and sleeves may be trimmed with banding or ric-rac. Another version omits the banding and may be sleeveless.

Pattern 4124 is available in misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 takes 3⅛ yards 35-inch and ⅜ yard contrast for banding.

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.


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# TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

## *Request Numbers*

Quite a number of request recipes have piled up again and as most of them are seasonable I am giving them now hoping all wlil be able to use them.

**Canned Tomatoes (Oven Method)**

Select firm tomatoes of medium or small size. Immerse in boiling water using a cheese cloth bag or wire basket (time about 2 minutes). Plunge at once into cold water. Slip skins off easily and pack carefully into hot sterilized jars. Fill jars with boiling strained tomato juice to within ½ inch of top. Run sterilized spatula or knife down side of jar several times to allow air bubbles to escape. Place new sterilized rubber in position and screw top on tightly, then loosen back one turn. Put on rack in oven having jars about 1½ inches apart. Process at 275°F. for 35 minutes for pint jars—45 minutes for quart jars. When cool remove from oven and screw tops tightly. Invert jars until cool.

**Canned Tomato Juice**

11 qts. tomatoes
¼ cup salt
2 large onions (sliced)
1 sweet green pepper (chopped)
1 small bunch celery (chopped)

Wipe tomatoes; cut in pieces. Add salt, stir well and let stand 1 hour. Drain off excess water. Add other ingredients and bring to boil. Boil for 20 minutes. Press through a sieve and return to stove. Add 2 tablespoons sugar and 2 tablespoons salt; boil 2 minutes. Bottle and seal tightly in well-sterilized jars.

**Nine-Day Pickle**

4 quarts cucumbers
3 pints cider vinegar
4 lbs. granulated sugar
1 ounce celery seed
1 ounce stick cinnamon
1 ounce whole allspice

Wash cucumbers in warm water. Cut if too large. Cover with strong brine (¾ cup salt to 1 quart water). Let stand 3 days. Pour off water and add fresh cold water. Change daily for three days. Drain and simmer 1 to 1½ hours in a very weak vinegar (¼ cup vinegar to 1 cup water) to which has been added a piece of alum the size of a marble. Drain and put cucumbers into large crock. Prepare a syrup of vinegar and sugar using ¾ cup vinegar to ¼ cup water and spices. Boil for five minutes then pour over the cucumbers. Drain this syrup from the cucumbers for three consecutive days. Heat to boiling point and bottle while hot on the third day.

**Bread and Butter Pickle**

3 qts. small cucumbers (sliced, but not peeled)
1 pt. small onions (sliced)
4½ cups water
½ cup salt
2 large sweet green peppers (diced)
1 small sweet red pepper (diced)

Prepare vegetables and soak for three hours in brine made from salt and water. Make a syrup of

1½ qts. pickling vinegar
1½ lbs. granulated sugar
½ tablespoon turmeric
½ teaspoon celery seed
½ teaspoon mustard

Drop in drained vegetables and bring to boil; then bottle immediately. Seal closely.

**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 impe( peeves." Requests for recipes of 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.**

## Flowers Keep Fresh In Damp Sand

Sir Philip Sassoon, English flower lover, discovered that his flowers keep fresh in damp sand. He has his flower bowls filled with moist sand, not sodden, and short stemmed flowers inserted in the sand. Those with shortest stems are arranged on the outside with the longer-stemmed ones in the middle, forming a floral pyramid, and massed so that no sand shows. Flowers keep fresh much longer this way than in water, he says. At night the flower bowls are taken down to the cooler atmosphere of the cellar.

## Business As Usual

Workers clearing raid debris in Canterbury found under a pile of masonry a hen which had been hidden in a cavity for nine days.

During that time it had laid six eggs, all of which were intact. The hen seemed little the worse.


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