

THIS IS THE TIME TO PUT  
OUR SHOULDERS TO THE  
WHEEL IN VERY TRUTH.

WE ARE ON THE BROW OF  
THE HILL—LET US MAKE  
THE SUPREME EFFORT.

BUY VICTORY BONDS TO  
THE LIMIT OF YOUR PURSE  
THEN BORROW AND BUY MORE.

SPACE AND POSITION DEDICATED TO THE  
CAUSE BY THE SALADA TEA COMPANY

## The Sealed Room

By Edwin Baird.

### CHAPTER IV.

The little minister trotting along between Tom and the girl, chattered knowingly of the work he was doing about the city's outcasts. It was undoubtedly a worthy work, and his account of it was interesting. But Tom could not deny that he gladly would exchange the who's of it for just one word from her, whose name he did not even know, at whom he kept casting sidelong looks of speculation, and who maintained a steady, even a forbidding, silence throughout the walk.

Their destination was a shabby building, originally a private residence, next a low-grade lodging house, and now at last a home for friendless girls and women. "I admit," said the little minister apologetically, "its exterior is not very impressive, but we're doing the best we can with our limited resources, and inside it is a wonderful thing. We have a bunch of keys from his pocket on the inside," he paused, fitting one of the keys to the lock. "Everything is neat and clean, at any rate, and I'd say to the excellent management of Mr. Buckle—a noble woman, Mrs. Buckle, one of God's own true gentle women. One minute now, and you'll meet her, and then you can judge for yourselves."

But they were destined to meet her even sooner than that. The words had scarcely left his lips before the door was thrown violently open from within, and there stood before them a gray-haired, elderly woman, face white and eyes distended, and trembling from head to foot.

"Thank the good Lord you've come!" she gasped, "I've never so frightened in my life. O terrible thing, has happened!" She proceeded no further. Tom, who was standing beside the blue-eyed girl, afterwards recalled that at this instant she emitted a sharp cry, the first voluntary sound she had uttered since leaving the Chinese restaurant, and it seemed as if some dread calamity, apprehended by her, had come true with a crash.

The girl first in the upper corridor she had led the others along the way sped in the direction indicated and began thumping the door with her knuckles, while calling frantically: "Dora! Dora! Let me in, dear. It's I, Whitford."

She paused, holding her breath as she listened, and she tried the knob. The door was locked. "Father alarming by this discovery, she turned distractedly to Tom, who had hurried after her down the hall, with the minister patterning close behind. "You must break the door down! Hurry! It's a case of life or death."

Tom, caught in the full swirl of the mysterious adventure, was past anything about explanations. He threw his weight against the door, the door swung open, and the minister's sturdy shoulder the door crashed in.

He staggered back, gasping for air, and he realized now, with a sense of horrible foreboding, that the room had not only been locked—it had been sealed!

Gas belched from the room in a stifling flood, and Tom dropped to the floor, dragging the girl and the little minister down beside him. "Lower your heads," he commanded, "and don't breathe deep. Then, cautiously, on hands and knees, he started across the threshold. "And don't follow me," he added.

In another moment he remembered something else. "That gas-jet at the end of the hall, turn it out quick! And open all the windows you can find, wide!"

He crawled swiftly into the poisoned room, across the uncarpeted floor to a window which gave upon a fire escape.

The window was sealed with glue and rags, mute and tragic testimony to the careful preparation for death. Nauseated by the sickening fumes, he wrenched it open and leaned far out and breathed deeply of the warm night air.

Then, whirling, he surveyed the room in a hurried, sweeping glance.

The rays of a corner are lamp shone pitilessly straight at a cheap cot on which a motionless girl lay prone.

Two seconds more and he had her in his arms, and was leaning over the opened window. Clinging to the sill, he lifted her out upon the iron he heard, the voice of a woman (at least he knew her first name) called to him from the night:

"She's alive!" she said, "The words were tremulous with grief and anxiety."

Tom, kneeling beside the cot, laid his hand to the forehead, and while loosening her wrist, he spoke, his face very grave. "I don't know," he said, and bearing pumping her arms back and forth as one who seizes a crowing person "I'm afraid not. But call an ambulance."

"An hour later Tom was walking slowly through a quiet thoroughfare with Whitford Snow—he knew her last name now.

"It's a pretty name," he started out and was promptly astounded at his temerity.

She, however, evinced no trace of confusion or self-consciousness. She looked up at him in a sidelong way and her wistful blue eyes, smiling at him from beneath her white-brimmed hat, preyed upon more disquieting.

"Do you think so, really?" So many people joke about it. They say it sounds too cold."

"Impulsively he thought to answer: 'Nothing about you ever could be cold.' But he said, instead, conventionally: 'Some people will joke about anything.' Then she directed the talk into another channel, shy, as if she feared to become too friendly with this stranger who had misjudged her enough to try to catch up an acquaintance with her on the street, and yet who had proved a friend in need, so unexpectedly.

"I don't believe he meant to be impertinent, she thought, and then— 'D'you know?' she said, 'I'm so excited over Dora, and everything, I can't think straight. But I do want to thank you, more than I say, for what you've done. You've been perfectly brave and—why, I almost owe you my life!'

To walk besides her and hear her utter such thoughts as these was enough to turn the head of a man less effably, he trod on air, as one in a glorious dream. No, did he awake until he heard her say: 'Well, here we are. I live. Thank you for walking home with me.'

They stood in a populous street, before a huge brick house—a faded grandeur, revealed in its unwashed aspect and air of slovenliness. Upon this structure Tom bent a disapproving eye, and became aware of a window sign announcing "Furnished Rooms, and several men in shirt sleeves lounging on the high front steps.

"The girl inclined her head toward them, and turned away. 'I'm new,' she said, with half amusement and half contempt, explained: 'My fellow lodgers.' Tom viewed them with dislike. "I don't quite understand why it's so exciting to you, I mean to say I can't see why a girl like you—"

He stepped after her, feeling like one who had been deceived. "Miss Snow—before you like to give me your name, and address, I'll have to give you my real name, and I'll be glad to see you again. I'm sorry I spoke and I beg your pardon, but you see—"

"Oh, don't apologize. But if you were a girl and worked in an office for nine days a week, might the girl understand? I'll have to give you my name, and I'll be glad to see you again. I'm sorry I spoke and I beg your pardon, but you see—"

"I had done three weeks before he remembered that he, in his excitement had written on the card, only of his hotel. It was considerably later before he discovered the mistake of importance the card bore the name of Parker's Motor Car Company."

But Frozen Fish. Fresh frozen fish is just as palatable as fresh fish. Only—many women do not know how to handle it properly. The thing to remember is that frozen fish must be defrosted in cold water. When this has been done clean and prepare as you would any other fish and cook in whatever form you desire. Fish which has been frozen is just as nutritious as any other and its freshness should make it more widely known. No matter how much dipping is used, fish, when being fried, is apt to stick to the pan's bottom. If a tablespoonful of lard is put into the pan and rubbed over it will be found satisfactory.

## About the House

There was once a woman who thought herself an excellent housekeeper because she did things exactly as her mother had done, no better and no worse. Then there came a guest—a girl who had learned many things from reading the latest books and magazines a girl who was always learning. And the woman who had been satisfied with knowing found that while a good housekeeper, she was not an excellent one, for she was wasteful of both time and strength and she had missed all the improvements that had been made on the ways and means of a past generation. She was an 1880 model of housewife competing with the 1918 type.

The little girl who read and learned mixed the lard and flour for her biscuits with a fork and used ice water instead of any kind that happened to be available, her crusts were flaky and feather light. She put her dust cloths in an old pail, poured in a little kerosene oil and covered them tightly for an hour. Each cloth was as good as those the woman had been buying of an agent at thirty cents each.

She washed beans, peas, herrings, etc., in a sieve and the work was wondrously simplified. She kept a clean newspaper over the kitchen table, changing papers as often as necessary, and much scrubbing of the white cloth was saved.

The woman who knew watched her with a new interest in what had been a common, dragging housewife. When she suggested that boiled salad dressing could be made just as easily as peaches the woman doubted, but experience proved that enough dressing for last three months could be made at one time and with a big saving of time, fuel and dishwashing.

The girl who read went back to school but the woman who thought she knew subscribed for three good magazines and set herself the task of becoming the woman who could and would learn.

have destroyed sugar beet fields and factories in northern France and Italy; more than 50,000,000 pounds of sugar was sent to the bottom of the ocean off the United States coast recently.

Since about 70 per cent. of the country's sugar supply passes through the hands of the housewife, it is evident that she has a most important right to play in its conservation.

Just as in the use of flour substitutes she will learn from experiment and practice many ways of using other sweeteners. She will also learn how to substitute other energy and fuel-giving foods for the sugar she has relied upon in days of plenty.

All this takes time and thought, but it is a voluntary contribution to ultimate victory.

Remodeling the Child's Sweater. In nothing do we show our patriotism more than in our willingness to fall in line with every request of the government. One of the biggest requests is to get along with as little wool as possible, a request which will inconvenience the folks of our northern clime nearly as much as the ban on sugar. So far wool cards are in the future, the giving by of wool is simply a test of our patriotism.

This is how one mother met the situation. Sweaters will wear out even on grow-ups, and when a child wears one three years it begins to look as if a new one must replace it. This sweater, a dark blue, was worn and frayed at cuffs and collar. In normal times the mother would have given it to the Salvation Army and bought a new one. This year, however, she decided on new collar and cuffs. For the cuffs she simply cast on thirty stitches, knitting with two needles, and knitted back and forth until the cuffs were as deep as were needed. For that particular sweater, which depth, of course, she learned by measuring on the child. The collar is just as simple.

Cast on seven stitches and knit across the back. On the third row across cast on two more, and on the fifth, seventh, ninth, eleventh, etc., until you have twenty-two stitches. Then knit straight back and forth until the collar is of sufficient length to start the point on the other side, across narrow on every second line to give a point to seven stitches. The cuffs are sewed together and tacked onto the sleeve, the worn blue cuff being out away. With the new white collar sewed in place, the old sweater has a quite dressed up look, for the simple collar of fifty cents in

## Use more SOY

Put in your vegetable garden. Even with poor stock of seeds you can make a dash of

money for the jar of soy for the noon's work.

To Dry Citrus. Pare the citrus, cut in pieces of a convenient size, and salt with thick syrup, using one cup of sugar to one pint of fruit. Pack in a pound of the prepared citrus in the citrus and let stand in the syrup is nearly absorbed. Stir rapidly, stirring constantly, in the warming oven and more soy light receptacle, fruit jars and light-tight lids.

Special Notice. Fathers and you can invest in VICTORY BONDS for your safety and using our Partial Payment Plan.

Write for more information to H. M. CONNOLLY, 105-106 Tremont St., MONTREAL.

## Food Control Corner

Conservation of opportunity of the price their responsible attention have to do in Canada is to mitigate to the public by releasing a to which and general Committee's findings.

In this way made some price of the matter or to be fully any character they may not but the is in the tion of the matter with the

and control of the food supply is a matter of public interest and one which the government has the right to regulate.

The virtual giving of authority to the public to regulate the food supply is a step which the government has the right to take.

The government has the right to regulate the food supply in order to protect the public health and to conserve the national resources.

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