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• SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

RESCUE AND REUNION

CHAPTER XIV

A faint hope, or perhaps only a sorrowful curiosity, prompted Clyde Dawson to telephone the port commander who had told him of Carole Fiske's disappearance aboard the torpedoed steamer Fort Glengarry.

"Captain," he said, "I recall that the girl I'm hunting was given accommodation in a cabin with an officer's wife. Can you tell me where I could find this rescued woman?"

"She was brought to the St. John's General Hospital," the naval officer replied. "Let me call the hospital and find out if she is able to see you. I'll ring you back."

With permission of the head doctor, the commander arranged a short interview with the surviving woman passenger. Dawson found her waiting for him in the sun porch. Pausing only to congratulate her on being saved, he asked if she knew Carole Fiske.

"Yes, she shared the cabin with me . . . in fact"—the woman's voice lowered to a whisper—"I wouldn't be alive if it wasn't for Carole Fiske. When the torpedo hit I was asleep in my bunk . . . the horrible crash woke me, and the next moment the ship listed heavily to starboard. It was terrible . . . the lighting system was destroyed and the portholes were sealed for blackout, so we were in utter darkness. I heard people screaming, then I must have fainted . . . I have a bad heart anyway.

"They told me later that Carole dragged me from the cabin through the passageway and onto the deck. When I came to, a sailor was helping her lift me into a lifeboat. Just then the ship listed worse than ever. They barely shoved the lifeboat clear when the ship keeled over. Carole"—the woman's voice broke—"Carole didn't have time to climb in. She was probably too exhausted. If I had only kept my senses . . . if I hadn't been ill, she might . . ."

* * *

The woman covered her face with her hands. Dawson, without a word, rose to his feet and walked slowly from the ward. For the second time within an hour he walked unseeing through the wintry streets of St. John's, heedless of direction, of traffic and of passers-by. Clyde Dawson had seen death so often, had barely escaped it himself with only the fatalistic second thought that it was part of his job. But Carole Fiske . . . pert, keen-witted, smartly dressed . . . her moments of quiet concern about Darwin Lemoy . . . Carole Fiske, out there in the blizzard-blown Atlantic graveyard in the dark of night. . . And all because he had played the cagey, cocksure investigator too long. A word from him and she would have still been here.

Dawson's aimless steps had led him back to the Newfoundland Hotel. Wearily he mounted the circular stairway to the main lobby. As he passed the desk the clerk halted him.

"Naval headquarters has been calling you, Mr. Dawson — it's most urgent, they say. I'll have you connected by phone."

The captain came on the line immediately.

"I've been trying to find you, Dawson . . . damn good news, my boy! An American flying boat spotted three people on a raft, made a landing in a heavy sea and brought them back to the American naval base. . . ."

"The girl?" Dawson's voice was tense.

"She's one of the three and her condition is reported satisfactory, although she is suffering from exposure. I figured you'd want to rush down there, so I had them hold a corvette that was about to sail for Halifax. Hurry to the Dockward Pier. . ."

* * *

Carole Fiske looked surprisingly well when Dawson entered the women's section of the Naval Hospital. Her eyes widened as he walked quickly to her bedside and clasped her hand.

"If ever I prayed in my life," he said with emotion, "I'll pray tonight to thank God for this miracle."

She started to speak but Dawson made a motion for her to remain silent.

"There is little possibility of you ever forgiving me for misjudging you, but we investigators often do that until . . ."

"Investigator?" the words fell heavily from her lips.

"Yes, Carole. I am a member of the Canadian Intelligence Department. The entire spy ring has been cleaned up in co-operation with the F. B. I. There are many unfortunate details of which I must inform you eventually, but . . ."

"My brother?"

"He is dead."

There was a pause. Then she took a deep breath.

"And Darwin?"

"Darwin is also" — Dawson's eyes met her burning stare frankly—"dead. But he was a very brave man and, whatever his past connections, he did your country and mine a great service. There are heroes who die in unglamorous settings, but they are heroes nonetheless. You see, Carole, I, too, liked Darwin very much. . ."

"We were to be married—that was what he meant by being sorry to miss the reunion," she said in a dull monotone.

* * *

She was made of good stuff. Not a tear—only a cloud of sadness on her brow. She had obviously anticipated bad news, but this was a harder blow than she could possibly have expected.

"There is only one thing more," Dawson said. "No matter how hard it is, please try to wipe this sorry business from your mind. Don't try to probe for the full story. It is now a war secret and besides, you know the most important thing of all—that Darwin redeemed himself nobly and loved you as he should. . . ."

Carole Fiske looked at Dawson strangely.

"You are so different now. There is a kindness about your way of bringing this awful news that has taken away a lot of its sting. I always felt guilty about the night in Chicago when you were almost shot . . . they overheard my phone call to you on the extension and forced me to go with them."

Dawson nodded. "I had surmised as much. Now"—he held out his hand—"will you please forgive me for all my boorishness?"

With a sad smile, she took his hand.

Dawson turned to go, but she called him back. Carole had raised herself in the bed, leaning on one elbow. Her beautiful black hair, still showing signs of salt water, fell to her shoulders.

"But, Clyde"—there was something of alarm in her voice — "what shall I do now? Will they let me go back . . . should I see . . ."

She suddenly seemed a lonely and badly frightened girl. Dawson answered quietly:

"Would you prefer if I waited for you to get well—and take you back home, Carole?"

The girl's brow cleared and gratitude showed in her eyes.

"I would be most thankful. This . . . all this . . . has left me feeling as if I were in a strange, baffling world. And besides"—she smiled wanly — "I've rather grown accustomed to having you around."

THE END

A GAY DOLL WARDROBE

By Anne Adams

Attention, Mrs. Santa Claus! What a welcome and inexpensive gift this complete doll wardrobe will make for your own child or a small refugee. It's Pattern 4248 and by Anne Adams, which explains its originality and easy making. A fine way to use up fabric left-overs!

Pattern 4248 is available for dolls 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 22 inches in height. For individual yardages, please see pattern.

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.

Picobac

It does taste good in a pipe!

GROWN IN SUNNY, SOUTHERN ONTARIO

VICTIM OF MOB

Jacques Doriot, the radical pro-Nazi French leader of Paris, is reported to have died, presumably of injuries received in a beating suffered at the hands of a mob which attacked him recently. Doriot reportedly was planning to oust Laval and rule France with a private army of 2,000 thugs enrolled from the streets of Paris.

The Winter Care Of House Plants

Nowhere is one likely to find better home-grown geraniums, begonias, African violets, crassulas and many other plants than in the farmhouse without a central heating plant. Cooler rooms, with their moister atmosphere, are partly responsible.

Calceolarias, freesias, cinerarias, azaleas, cyclamen, daffodils, tulips and other flowering bulbs are among the plants that may be expected to thrive and give better results in the cooler temperatures, provided, of course, that the individual requirements of light and moisture are supplied.

Most cacti and succulents, contrary to popular belief, will not suffer from cold night temperatures. In the desert they are accustomed to a sudden drop of several degrees at night.

Many of the old stand-bys, philodendrons, sansevierias, English ivy, tradescantias, pandanus, aspidistras, kentias and the like, can withstand fluctuations of temperature.

Careless Gossip

A guest said recently, upon leaving: "I like to come here. It's the one place I can say anything I want to, knowing it won't go further." The compliment should really have gone to my mother, Constance Cameron writes in Reader's Digest.

One day when I was about eight, I was playing beside an open window while Mrs. Brown confided to my mother a serious problem concerning her son. When Mrs. Brown had gone, my mother, realizing I had heard everything, said:

"If Mrs. Brown had left her purse here today, would we give it to anyone else?"

"Of course not," I replied.

Mother continued: "Mrs. Brown left something more precious than her pocketbook today. She left a story that could make many people unhappy. That story is not ours to give to anyone. It is still hers, even though she left it here. So we shall not give it to anyone. Do you understand?"

I did. And I have understood ever since that a confidence or a bit of careless gossip which a friend has left at my house is his—not mine to give to anyone.

Japanese Planes Less Formidable

United States experts now report that the Japs no longer are giving a first rate performance in the air. Something seems to have gone wrong. They are less formidable than at the start of the war.

This is evident in two ways, both highly significant for the future. First, Jap pilots are not so good as they were, indicating a lot of pilots killed and a falt in the Japanese air training program. Second, the nmbers of planes are definitely smaller, indicating production difficulties.

To the experts looking not only at the day-by-day action but at the long-range trends, these factors are strongly heartening.

Convoy 3,000 Ships In Dover Strait

Britain has passed 3,000 freighters in convoy through the 20-mile-wide strait of Dover in the last two years, the admiralty has announced. This was accomplished in the face of German bombers and fighters and powerful guns mounted on the French coast.

The channel mobile balloon barrage flotilla steamed 227,000 miles protecting the ships from low-flying aircraft, the admiralty added.

Plastic Wood Plane In Crash Landing

Flown by Test Pilot Frank Fisher, one of Canada's new Mosquito fighter-bombers, made of the new plastic plywood, crashed near Malton, Ont., only slightly damaging fuselage and propellers.

Officials said the small damage bears out claims that the plastic plywood construction of the Mosquito and similar aircraft is virtually as strong as all-metal machines.

A Delightful Beverage

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Empire Waiting To Be Opened Up

Most Alberta people know that the territory which lies between Edmonton and the shores of the Arctic is one of the richest undeveloped areas on the face of the globe, says The Calgary Herald.

What they ought to realize is that this territory, through the exigencies of war, is being opened up. The Alaska highway, built by the skill and sweat of Americans, is cutting through this great dark land. When the war ends, the lid of the treasure-box will be lifted. What will be found inside, few men know, but most of them can guess by what has been found up there already. The north is rich beyond all telling.

The highway was not built to help Alberta. It was built to defend America against the Japanese, and to build stepping-stones into Japan itself. But, because the highway has been built, Alberta will invariably draw great benefits from it.

Maori

New Zealand extends its war enrolment to Mairo men up to 59 and women to 30, notes The New York Times. A fine, upstanding folk, the sun-tanned Maori of that dominion, equal in citizenship with the whites; superior to most in physque. As football players they are hard to beat. As lawyers, orators, army officers, they excel. Knighted, they remain proud of their tattooed ancestors. They held out for years against the English and were at last pacified but not conquered. Once they had a company of colonists surrounded in a stockade and helpless for lack of ammunition. They raised a flag of truce and said, "This one-sided battle is no good. We will divide our powder with you." They call New Zealand "The Long White Cloud." So it looked to them in the old days when they were sea rangers.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Cranberries

Cranberries are a splendid fruit. The iron content is very valuable and then they do give a zest to most any menu. Of course they require a good deal of sweetening, but remember corn syrup and honey and I think you will get along alright.

For years women have been discovering the versatility of the cranberry and thanks to more scientific ways of growing and marketing, the cranberry appears in the early Fall and remains throughout most of the winter.

Appetizers

To begin with for the first course the bright color of the cranberry is most appealing. The cooked and sweetened juice, chilled, may be used alone or mixed with pineapple juice, or with ginger ale.

Another colorful appetizer is grapefruit sections with red cranberry juice poured over them.

Care should be used in the cooking. Many cooks do overcook the cranberry. Five minutes after they begin to snap is usually the time.

Cranberry Snow

½ cup thick cranberry sauce, strained
2 egg whites

Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold in the sauce or cranberry jelly, a little at a time, and continue beating until the mixture will hold its form. Pile in individual serving dishes and serve with chilled custard, flavored with vanilla extract. Use the 2 egg yolks, 1½ cups milk and sugar to taste to make the custard.

Cranberry Sherbet

½ cup sweetened condensed milk
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ cup thick cranberry juice
1 cup cranberry sauce
2 egg whites

Blend the condensed milk, lemon juice, butter and cranberry juice. Stir into the cranberry sauce and chill. Beat egg whites stiff but not dry and fold into the chilled mixture. Pour into freezing tray of the refrigerator with temperature control set at its lowest point. Stir once or twice during freezing. Will serve 6.

Cranberry Muffins

1 egg
¾ cup milk
4 tablespoons melted butter
2 cups sifted flour
4 tablespoons baking powder
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup of cranberries

Beat the egg slightly; add the milk and melted butter. Pour into the dry sifted ingredients. Roll the berries in two more tablespoons of sugar and fold into the batter. Do not stir the mixture any more than necessary. Pour into greased muffin tins and bake in a moderate hot oven for about 30 minutes.

Steamed Cranberry Pudding

2 cups cranberries
1¾ cups sugar
1 cup water
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
2 cups sifted pastry flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup butter
1 egg
2 tablespoons milk
Few grains cinnamon

Wash and pick over cranberries. Place one cup of the sugar and water in a saucepan and bring slowly to the boiling point. Boil about ten minutes or until a thin syrup is formed. Add the cranberries; cover and simmer gently until they are clear and transparent. Pour this into the bottom of a shallow pan about 8 by 8 by 2 and sprinkle with nutmeg. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and remaining sugar. Work in the shortening until the mixture is crumbly; add egg and milk, beaten together. Spread batter on top of the cranberries. Sprinkle with cinnamon mixed with the remaining one tablespoon of sugar. Bake in a moderate oven for 40 minutes. 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.

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