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**THE Alpine**

● SERIAL STORY  
**OF BRIGHTNESS GONE**  
BY HOLLY WATTERSON

**THE STORY:** Peter Frazier, medical student, returns from a summer's hospital job to find things drastically altered at home. Peter's once-wealthy father, Bruce, has lost his business. Belle, Bruce's second wife, has retained title to their country house and practically driven Bruce away. Candace Bech, Belle's niece, has entered nurse's training despite her ambitious aunt's furious objections. This pleases Peter—except that Candace has done it for love of Martin Corby, Peter's roommate in medical school. And Peter is in love with Candace himself.

**PETER'S TROUBLES GROW CHAPTER IX**

Peter's first glimpse of Candace was reassuring. Those amazing eyes of hers, that ranged from a clear gray to a deep, almost-purple according to her moods, appeared at their largest and darkest because of the smudges of weariness beneath them. Her face was pale and she appeared tired, but there could be no doubt that she was happy. They met in front of the nurses' home and there were people passing so that they greeted formally; but her glance flung its arms about him and the pressure of her hands did the rest.

"Peter," she said happily, "Peter, I'm so glad to see you."

She couldn't leave the grounds, she said, but they were otherwise free to spend the whole afternoon together if he wished. She was off until 5.

Peter, longing to do foolish, af-

fectionate things like kissing the smudges under her eyes, suggested, "Sleep? Aren't you supposed to take a nap or something on your time off?"

She dismissed that airily. "I can always sleep," she said.

It was too fine a day to visit indoors. She led him to a bench under a tree at the far edge of the grounds and they sat facing each other and smiling with the pleasure of being together again.

"You look as nice as ever, Peter," she said. "Nicer." She cocked her head critically. "A bit on the stern side, maybe, or at least I thought so the first moment I saw you. But then that's a good thing, an air of firm authority, in a physician." She giggled. "See what an authority I've become on the subject, in one month? I'm writing a handbook, 'Dope for Doctors, or Babblings on the Bedside Manner.' How's your own beside manner coming along, by the way? Was the summer as interesting as you'd hoped it would be? I certainly wouldn't know from your letters. You've been a worm about writing; you realize that, don't you?"

Peter said earnestly, "I wanted to, but I didn't have a spare minute, honestly—"

"I know," she admitted, "and whatever time you did have you'd want to use for writing your father. I'm only teasing. I understood, really I did. Have you been home yet? How's everybody? Uncle Bruce?"

Her tone didn't change; she didn't know how wrong things were, then. He decided not to tell her; she'd find out soon enough. He said lightly, "Dad wasn't there. Belle tells me he's at his club."

"He hasn't spent much time at the place this summer," Candace said. "He's been awfully busy on something that kept him pretty much tied to town. He was out once several weeks ago, though, and stopped off to see me."

She thought it best not to mention how tired he had appeared to her, how strained. "Belle?" she questioned. "I'll bet she didn't mention me, did she?"

"No, as a matter of fact she didn't. Why?"

Candace giggled again. "She's furious with me," she confided. "She practically put me out and warned me never to darken her door again when I told her I was going into training." She grew suddenly serious. "You don't feel that way about nursing, do you, Peter? What did you honestly think, when I wrote you what I was doing?"

Peter's heart commenced a sudden thumping that interfered with his breathing. A less auspicious time, just now when he'd learned that he had scarcely a cent in the world and when, for all he knew, he might have to assume some of Bruce's obligations, could scarcely have been found for acquainting Candace with his feelings; but the opportunity she offered was too great and he could not, he found, help himself.

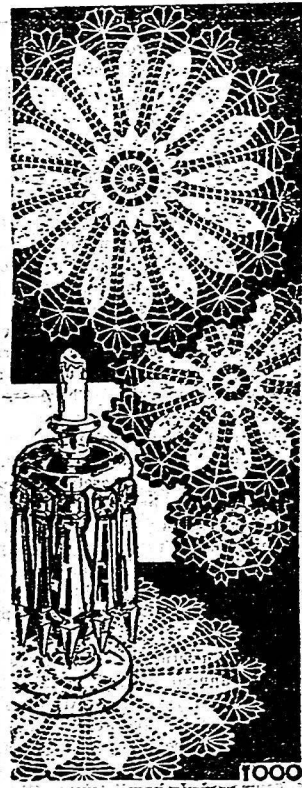
He said meaningfully, trying for a light tone, "I thought it was swell. I thought, 'What a wife she'll make for a struggling young physician!'"

He was totally unprepared for the blush that dyed her crimson. "Peter!" she cried. "Peter, you guessed! Or did he tell you? Well, anyway, I don't suppose it matters, just so you do know. But he did promise to let me tell you—"

Peter repeated slowly, "He? Who?"

"Why, Martin, silly," Candace said tremulously, laughing. "Stop teasing, Peter." The fierce blush had brought tears brimming to her eyes; ashamed of her emotion she ducked her head, hiding her

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face against his coat sleeve. "I'm so glad he's your best friend, Peter. The three of us can always be together. I couldn't bear the thought of being separated all the time from you—"

Peter rose so sharply that it was as if he had pushed her. She stared up at him, startled. "Why, what's the matter?"

He said, trying to smile, "I've got to get in to town."

She looked like a child who has been repulsed and doesn't understand the reason. "But right now? Right this minute?"

"I've got to see Dad," he said. Even to himself his voice sounded stiff and forced. "And," he added, "congratulate the lucky man." He bent to kiss her briefly. "He is very lucky. And I hope, my dear, that you'll be happy."

Peter's interview with his father yielded him little satisfaction. Bruce seemed determined to appear unworried. Things were pretty bad at the moment, he admitted, but there was reason to hope that something might yet be salvaged from the wreck; they wouldn't know that definitely for another month or so.

The thing that hurt him worst, as Peter had suspected, was Belle's stand. She had refused to allow the mortgage on Tuckaways that might have averted the catastrophe. Bruce's strongest pride was his reputation for integrity. He was afraid that by his having put the place in Belle's name and by her holding on to it, it would appear that he was trying to avoid his obligations. That would hamper him in his efforts to make a comeback, too, certainly so far as trying to establish credit went.

But he was not bitter about her. "After all," he said, "the place was put in her name so that she'd be protected. She's within her rights in refusing to give it up. She feels that she's entitled to security—she feels also," he added, grinning ruefully, "that since I'm not so very young either the chances of my making a comeback are not very good and the gamble would be too great. It would simply be throwing good money after bad."

"I never heard such darned nonsense," Peter said furiously. "I can't think of half a dozen of the topnotchers who are anywhere near a match for you in keenness and ability. Times are bad, sure. But they won't stay that way." He evaded the question of age.

Bruce grasped Peter's arm and gave it an affectionate pressure. "I know," he said. "We'll come through it, of course. But there may be some trying times ahead. And I feel as though I've let you down. Your tuition, fortunately, is paid, but I don't know how we'll manage about your living expenses—"

Peter said, "If that's all that's worrying you!" He was fiercely grateful for his father's generosity heretofore in the matter of an allowance, and for the work that had kept him too busy to have time for spending much of it. He produced a bank book showing a balance sufficient to see him through this entire last year and yet have enough over to be of some help to his father if he should need it.

He pressed it on Bruce. "I want you to have it, Dad."

Bruce whistled. "If you could manage to accumulate this much out of what I gave you, you must be a financial wizard. Maybe you should have been managing the business." He gave it back firmly. "I don't need help that badly yet, thank the Lord." But Peter saw that he was relieved, and proud.

(Continued Next Week)

**German Control Italian Railroads**

It is stated by a reliable source that the Germans have assumed full control of all Italian railroads and ports without consulting the Italians.

The step was decided upon at a meeting of German officers called by Marshal Goering in Rome recently and put into immediate effect, says this informant.

**Sailors Need More Than Ditty Bags**

Occasionally some one has said: "We work for the sailors no end! We have sent out ditty bags by the thousands!" A good thing to do, too. Those thousands of ditty bags and more can be used. They fill one great need. What they cannot do, is this: They cannot rebuild even a makeshift home for sailors, to replace those bombed to the ground or in enemy hands. They cannot supply food and clothing to the wives and children of the thousands of merchant sailors who have lost their lives in this war. They cannot supply the education for seamen's sons, which fits them for officers. They cannot place libraries on board merchant ships for the benefit of the student who has left school for the service and who must continue his studies in his spare time.

These are a few of the things which the much-needed and much-appreciated ditty bags cannot do. It requires hard cash for these.

The merchant sailors' contribution to our cause can never be estimated. He has earned the best we can give him either at present or in future-time. And whatever may come to him, through governments or otherwise, don't forget that the British Sailors' Society is the quiet force which set, and has kept, the machinery in motion, which for one hundred and twenty-four years has worked toward that end.

The Canadian office of the British Sailors' Society is at 50 Alberta Avenue, Toronto, where George M. Speedie, the Dominion Secretary of the society, resides. He will supply any additional information one may require.

**Spot On The Rug? Remove It Quickly**

Some First-Aid Treatments For Floor Coverings

Prompt action is required to cope with stains or spots on your floor covering, says the Christian Science Monitor. Remember to use the right remedy at once to circumvent an impending spot or stain—thus taking immediate precautions against permanent harm and eliminating the start of dry rot or moth damage if possible. Then call in your professional rug cleaner at once, for his advice.

Here are the immediate first-aid treatments for floor coverings: **Dirt Spots:** To remove, brush thoroughly with a soft brush. Then sponge with warm, mild soap and rinse carefully with warm water.

**Grease Spots:** These rot the fabric and should be removed at once with carbon tetrachloride (sold under various trade names). Apply with a soft cloth—taking up the soil with a clean cloth or blotter as it dissolves.

**Ink Stains:** Take up freshly spilled ink with blotting paper or soft cloth. Then sponge the spot with lukewarm water. Old or stubborn stains should be sent to the professional cleaner.

**Cheewing Gum:** Soften by pouring on a little carbon tetrachloride. Let stand a few minutes, then remove with a dull knife. Any remaining traces may be sponged with tetrachloride.

**Road Oil, Tar or Asphalt:** Sponge with cloth well moistened with carbon tetrachloride. Change the cloth as it becomes soiled and continue until cloth remains unsoiled.

**Paint Stains:** Fresh paint, if moist, can be cleaned by rubbing gently with cloth wet in turpentine.

**Animal Stains:** Most stains of this nature cause discolorations which cannot be entirely removed. Clean at once. Sponge thoroughly with salt solution (½ cup of salt to 1 quart of lukewarm water). Then sponge with weak ammonia solution (1 part in 20 parts of water). There is also a process by which the whole rug may be recolored to look like new.

**Blood Stains:** Sponge with salt solution of ½ cupful of salt in 1 quart of lukewarm water.

**THUMBS UP**



These sailors of the British Royal Navy, wearing aged uniforms given them by their French captors, were pleased to be released when U. S. Army Air Forces took Casablanca.

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**Coffee Stains:** Although these are troublesome stains, they may be removed by applying clear, lukewarm water and drying with soft cloth or blotter.

**Chocolate Stains:** Sprinkle with powdered borax; then soak for 15 minutes with cold water. Remove gently with clean cloth and cold water. When dry remove borax with whiskbroom or vacuum cleaner.

**Grass Stains:** First sponge with carbon tetrachloride to remove grease. When dry, sponge with clear, lukewarm water.

**Acid Stains:** Vinegar, lemon, and other acids quickly affect colors. Sponge at once with ammonia solution (1 part ammonia to 4 parts water). This will sometimes even restore changed colors. Milk will sometimes alkalize a fresh acid stain and neutralize the prospective harm.

**Unknown Spots:** A mild soap scrubbing with lukewarm water, followed by an application of corn starch, is usually safe for any spots on a rug. However, if the slightest doubt about any of these remedies exists in your mind—don't hesitate to call your cleaner at once.

**TABLE TALKS**

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

**A Chat On Desserts**

With the rationing of sugar, butter and the scarcity of whipping cream the problem of desserts becomes more difficult.

Desserts are of two kinds, those just to "top off the meal," so to speak, and those planned from a calorie or vitamin standpoint to help balance the meal.

In England a custom prevails which is one of great common sense. Raw fruit is a popular dessert and what is more healthful for all of us? Meals, well balanced from the protein and carbohydrate standpoint, can very easily be finished with say raw apples—those lovely red apples, which especially at this season of the year make their appearance with all the extra rosin that apples ever had. There is the "Delicious" apple and many others, that are very appetizing and most healthful for adults and children. As a nation we have fallen into a bad habit of thinking most desserts should be sweet.

This is also the season for the lovely California grapes. They, too, make an ideal ending to a heavy or well balanced meal. California also sends us dates and raisins, which, of course are expensive for those of us who must watch our budgets. Oranges are cheaper now and at the peak of their season and they lend variation for most menus.

The English custom of using crackers and cheese for dessert is well worth remembering. This will have to be guided by the rest of your menu and would be barred if your meal is already high in protein—meats, beans, peas, etc.

Many omit the dessert when using a substantial salad and this again is a very healthful thing to do for all.

It does seem unfortunate that we have not a little extra sugar for our bountiful Canadian apple crop, but I am sure the government is doing the very best for us they can in this food problem. It is a gigantic task for them and after all we have an abundance of things to eat.

If you are a family who does not insist on sugar in tea, coffee and cereals, then I can assure you with careful planning you will have enough sugar for a reasonable amount of desserts in the simple category. I mean by this a simple custard, maybe a junket, a little cocoa, or left over canned fruit in the bottom of your custard cup.

As I said above one of the

difficulties I have is when I wish to use apples cooked instead of raw, such as baked or apple sauce, with the varieties they offer. Then I have to do some planning. It was a pity that our honey was such a small crop for it adds a delicious flavor to the baked apple or apple sauce. The corn syrup we had learned to depend upon and like we find is another "forbidden fruit." It is reserved for our babies who must be fed the proper food if our national health is to be preserved and, may I say improved upon, for let us all take heed to the large percentage of men of military age who have been rejected suffering from nutritional defects.

In speaking of the California fruits I did intend to mention the wonderful prunes I saw in the stores the other day. Did you know in California they rarely cook the prunes. Try placing them in an earthenware dish and cover with water. Allow them to stand over night and then serve them without cooking. If they are good prunes I think you will agree they are delicious and require no extra sugar.

Figs, too, may be cooked without adding extra sugar and unless one insists on sweetness, which after all is not necessary, they will be found quite palatable without the sugar addition.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her columns, and is ready to listen to your next peevish. 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.

**Submarine Travels Over 80,000 Miles**

The submarine Truant, one of the Royal Navy's most famed undersea prowlers, is back home after two and a half years of hunting in which she was credited with sinking or damaging more than 20 axis ships and traveled more than 80,000 miles in the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean and Java Sea.

After 12 months of activity in the Mediterranean the Truant went to the United States in May, 1941, for refitting, and was back on her old hunting ground by October.

She was en route to Singapore when that base fell and went to Soerabaja, the Dutch East Indies naval base, instead. The Truant, operated with the Allies in the Southwest Pacific until the Indies fell and from there transferred to Colombo and hunted in the Malacca Straits from March to September this year.

Among her exploits were a surface attack on an enemy harbor because it was too shallow to enter submerged, getting stuck on the bottom while enemy destroyers steamed overhead, sinking two out of three ships in a Japanese convoy and running a gauntlet of Japanese destroyers in her successful break from the East Indies.

**HOW TO RELIEVE PILE TORTURE QUICKLY AND EASILY**

If you are troubled with itching piles or rectal soreness, do not delay treatment and run the risk of letting this condition become chronic. Any itching or soreness or painful passage of stool is nature's warning and proper treatment should be secured at once.

For this purpose get a package of Hem-Roid from any drugstore and use as directed. This formula which is used internally is a small, easy to take tablet, will quickly relieve the itching and soreness and aid in healing the sore tender spots. Hem-Roid is pleasant to use, is highly recommended and it seems the height of folly for any one to risk a painful and chronic pile condition when such a fine remedy may be had at such a small cost. If you try Hem-Roid and are not entirely pleased with the results, your druggist will gladly return your money.

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