

# Buy Victory Bonds

# "SALADA"

# TEA

## SERIAL STORY

### OF BRIGHTNESS GONE

BY HOLLY WATTERSON

#### END OF LONELINESS

##### CHAPTER XXVI

Candace was shaking. In the chart room she gave Peter's name to the operator, listened while the loud-speaker in the corridor picked it up, "Dr. Frazier, Dr. Frazier." And then Peter's own voice on the phone, steady, reassuring.

"Peter," she said, careless of the given name, of possible listeners. "I don't know what I've done. She knows. Henry."

"I'll be right there," he said quickly. "Call your relief, tell her to come at once. You wait for me in the chart room."

She put in a call for the relief nurse, made a notation on 721's chart, "Hypo, 2.0," the last of Peter's orders for Faith she had carried out.

She went to the window, stood looking blindly into the courtyard. Down there at the bottom of the well made by the walls of the court was Emergency, where she and Peter had last worked. She had always been a good nurse, an efficient one, there was nothing with which to reproach herself on that score.

But if she hadn't let herself get so worked, so bitter, she might have been more human, too, she might even have let herself get some fun out of those years. Might have had some patience, an occasional kindly word for the boys, overworked, overwrought, on the ambulance assignment who liked to slip in there occasionally for a word of cheer.

She thought of a proverb, read or heard somewhere, "Life is a mirror from which we see reflected back our own faces." Well, life had certainly shown her herself, reflected in Faith Hartshorne; with only this difference, that while it was Faith's body it was in her own case her mind that had been made sick. She realized now just how hard, wrapped up in her own bitterness as she was, how selfish she had been. Peter had done right to reproach her.

Peter . . . in her breast was a dull, heavy ache. Because he had loved her as a child, because he had understood, Peter had had patience with her for a long time. But even he had given out finally. It was true that he still looked her up for an occasional case; but that was only because he knew her to be a good nurse. Or at least, he had thought her a good nurse up until now.

Behind her Peter said, "Get your wrap. You're going home." She whirled, in swift alarm. "Is she—?"

"She's all right," Peter said. He

## HEADACHES KILLED BY THE THOUSANDS IN BRITAIN

In a survey recently made among British women, these home-front workers revealed they consider Aspirin one of the three drug items most needed for health and morale.

With more thousands, each month, in war plants . . . making the planes and the guns for fighting men . . . there's no time for pain. So at the first sign of headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain. . . British women naturally turn to Aspirin.

They know Aspirin won't "let them down." It's proven itself for generations . . . eased literally billions of headaches . . . effectively, dependably, fast. Aspirin is rated as one of the safest analgesics known . . . and costs less than 1¢ a tablet in the economy bottle. Make sure you have Aspirin on hand, for relief of pain.

Aspirin is made in Canada . . . and "Aspirin" is the trademark of The Bayer Company, Limited. Look for the Bayer cross on each tablet. If you don't see the cross, you're not getting Aspirin.

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looked grimly triumphant and she had an instant's suspicion that he had planned all this, that he had wished it so. "She's asked for toast and tea, after refusing food for days, she sent for her husband and I've just left on the beginning of a very touching reunion between them. She's going to be all right," he repeated. "It's you. You looked bushed."

She felt "bushed." She felt limp and nerveless, something without volition.

She followed him docilely to his car, sat quietly while he wrapped a rug about her legs. He didn't drive straight to her house, but out along the Parkway, on the road to the lake.

He was being kind to her. Probably he was grateful. Because, incredible as it would seem after what had happened, Mrs. Eustis would now get well; all her friends would say how wonderful Dr. Frazier was, to have snatched her from the jaws of death that way, and would come to him. That would mean that he could get married. "And they lived happily ever after—" Mrs. Eustis and her husband, too, would make it up, they too would live "happily ever after." Only she would be alone.

She needn't be, there was always Duffy. He hadn't missed out on a single chance, these past hectic days, to prove his devotion; and Mrs. Harper hadn't been angry after all, not permanently, that is; she had rather respected Candace for daring to cross her. She could still have Duffy if she wanted him. But she didn't want him any more, she didn't want the life he offered with its drab, ugly compromises.

Peter said suddenly, "Great stuff, my gal. She told me everything. Stuff dose you handed out, but just what the doctor would have ordered."

He sat staring straight ahead, and his hands gripped the wheel so hard that his knuckles showed white. "Tell me," he said, "suppose the positions were reversed. Suppose you had had a dull, unexciting, but on the whole fairly decent young man in love with you for a long time—What I mean, Candace, is—could you take your own medicine, if the dose included me?"

Candace gasped. She said, stammered, stammered, "But—you're going to be married!"

"Sure," he said, trying to laugh, trying to make light of it. "To you—I hope."

"But—Dr. Patterson—you told him—"

He did laugh then. "I told him I was darn glad to get the Eustis case because then maybe I could get married. Sure, I told him that. But I didn't say who the girl was. Answer me quickly," he commanded. "I can't stand much more waiting—could you?"

Like a balloon that's been blown too full, the tension in Candace's head burst, her thoughts scattered into madly whirling pieces. But the pieces were bright, as in a kaleidoscope, and when the whirling stopped and they fitted into place they made pictures. There was Faith and her Harvey; there was Duffy laughing with a coterie of dancing girls with fans of feathers, girls with doves, girls with or without various things; and there was—herself and Peter. All the ache, all the loneliness was suddenly gone.

THE END

## 7,000 Planes Sent Into Near East

Seven thousand British planes were sent into the Near East war theatre by the R.A.F. in the first 10 months of last year, a British broadcast beamed to Germany and addressed especially to the Luftwaffe said recently.

A British military spokesman, speaking in German, told the Luftwaffe: "While sending those planes our air strength at home was not diminished in the slightest."



## Study Nazi Pants For Trade Secret

Waterproof Jeans of U-Boat Officer Are Investigated

The U. S. Board of Economic Warfare is looking into a pair of fancy pants—right off one of Der Fuehrer's U-boats. . . .

They're the waterproof jeans of a German submarine officer who was taken prisoner by the Navy during an engagement in the Mediterranean, and the BEW is giving them the double-o in an effort to learn from them something of how things are going economically in the Reich.

They're a mighty swanky pair of britches—made of chrome-tanned sheepskin leather—and the BEW estimates that they'd cost \$30 to \$40 in this country.

Government experts cannot say whether all the U-boat bosses are still rating such finery, because there is some evidence that the pants were made back in '39—before Germany would be expected to feel the pinch.

#### Raider a Pessimist

However, the pants perusal will be continued on the chance that more thorough investigation may show evidence of the use of substitute materials, new chemicals for waterproofing, or any indication of careless, apathetic workmanship among Hitler's pants makers.

One thing is certain—the sea raider who wore the pants did plenty of sitting. They're well-worn aft, but there is nothing to indicate whether this wear was caused by concentrated study at a periscope station or from playing pinocle.

The pants now bear the painted letters, "P" and "W"—Prisoner of War—but otherwise they show that their wearer was a fastidious gent. They're a little greasy and grimy, but there's scarcely a scratch or a tear on them.

But he definitely was a pessimist: There's a total of twelve suspender buttons, in addition to a pull-belt in the back!

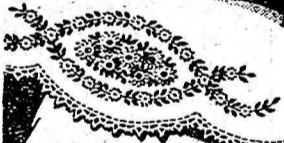
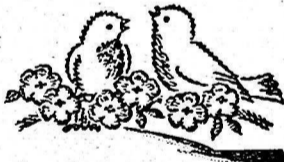
## Use Lemon Juice To Remove Stains

Also Helps In Laundering Silks, Cottons and Woolens

Perhaps the most common household stains easily removed by lemon juice are those of iron rust, ink, scorch and lipstick. For the first three stains mentioned, on washable material, moisten the spot with lemon juice, sprinkle with salt, place in sunlight. Repeat until stains disappear. Many lipstick stains respond to lemon juice full strength on white wash fabrics or diluted on colored.

Proper laundering is just as much a part of conserving through housecleaning as any of the suggestions already made, and each kind of material deserves special

#### TO BRIGHTEN LINENS



490  
by Laura Wheeler

Pride and joy of any home-maker is her linen closet! These dainty embroidery designs will give a note of individuality to pillow-cases, towels, dresser scarfs. Do them in springlike colors. The stitches are easy. Pattern 490 contains a transfer pattern of 18 motifs averaging 3 x 6 inches; list of materials required; illustrations of stitches. Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

#### HER FIRST



Less an fighter pilot Valerie Khomyakova happy after bringing down her first enemy plane, a Junkers 88. She was former Moscow engineer and aero instructor.

core. Here are the ways in which lemon juice can help during laundering:

Silks: With every third washing rinse in water to which lemon juice is added (one tablespoon lemon juice to each gallon of water). This gives life and brilliancy to the silk.

Cotton, linen, rayon: If greyed or yellowed by improper washing, use the juice of one or two lemons to each three quarts of water for a rinse. To bleach cotton or muslin, moisten with lemon juice and dry in the sun. To whiten cotton or linen, boil five to 10 minutes in hot, soapy water; adding strained juice of one or two lemons. Rinse and dry.

To rinse uncolored woolens: For each two-pounds of blanket, use the juice of one lemon in the rinse water to maintain resiliency and to counteract shrinkage.



#### Late Start

If for some reason one is only able to start a garden now, it is still not too late. In this case, however, one is advised to use already well started plants bought from the florist or market gardener.

The quickest way to start a garden, as anyone with experience knows, is to have a supply of well-started plants, both of flowers and vegetables. These may either have been grown indoors in shallow boxes or purchased from seedsmen or nurserymen about this time of year.

In flowers, these plants are just about ready to bloom when bought. Indeed some of them may have the odd bloom on them when still in the boxes. Experts, however, advise against leaving this bloom on at transplanting. It puts a strain on the plant and is apt to delay growth. Pinched off, the plant soon recovers from the shock of transplanting and will make stockier and larger growth.

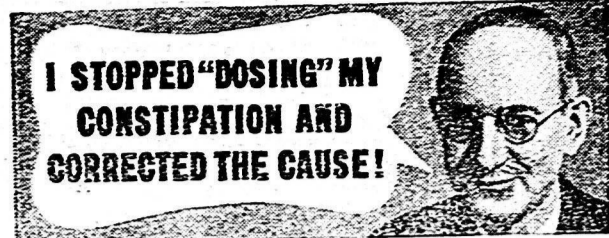
There is also a wide range of vegetables obtainable as started plants and in some cases, as with cabbage, cauliflower, celery, peppers, tomatoes, etc., this is about the only safe way for the amateur to handle. Planted from seed now these things would not have nearly enough time to reach maturity before fall. They should not be set out until all danger of frost is over.

Garden Enemies  
Proper treatment, just as soon as the first pest damage shows, will win the battle. It is amazing the injury disease or insects can cause in a few days once they are well established.

Available almost everywhere in Canada are cheap and effective commercial sprays and powders which will handle such pests as fungus, aphids, rust, wilt, cut worms, potato bugs, etc. In some cases these dusts or sprays are made of a combination of materials to cope with a variety of enemies. The sprays, of course, should be applied when the plants are dry and the dusts stick better when the plants are slightly moist with rain or dew.

Generally speaking, all plant enemies are divided into three types—fungus, that mildew or wilt the foliage; sucking insects which produce the same results; and the eating kinds which literally devour the foliage. Burning or drying sprays and dusts will handle the first two, while the "eaters" should be destroyed with a poison.

Psychologists tell us that the average man forgets 54 per cent of what he sees or hears within five days. Before you forget this go out and buy some more Victory Bonds!



● In these busy days of war you owe it to your country—as well as to yourself—to keep "in the pink". That's why it's so important to avoid the common type of constipation caused by lack of "bulk" in the diet. And do it by getting right at the cause instead of "dosing" with harsh purgatives that give only temporary relief. Just follow this simple plan. Eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN every day! It's delicious as a cereal or in hot, tasty muffins. Drink plenty of water. Then see if you don't agree ALL-BRAN is the "better way" to natural regularity. But remember, eat ALL-BRAN every day!

Grocers have ALL-BRAN in two convenient sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

## She Whipped Up Butter With Fork

A Detroit woman saved up top cream to make butter, and when she thought she had enough she put it in a bowl and churned for a couple of hours with a salad fork, relates the Ottawa Citizen. (We don't vouch for all this; we saw it in the Free Press.) But, to get on with the story, enough butter eventually emerged to grease a pancake, lightly, at an estimated cost in time and materials of \$30 per pound—exclusive of salt, which isn't mentioned and maybe she forgot that. Put the point is, ladies, if you still think it economical to make butter at this price, and if the kind of cream we're getting will make butter at any price, you have to turn in an equivalent number of coupons, same as if you bought the butter from the milkman in the first place, which is simpler but probably not as much fun, depending on how you look at it.

## TABLE TALKS

### Honey Cakes

Your family craves cake—but your sugar supply is low? All right! Here is a recipe for a chocolate cake, that may be prepared without a particle of sugar:

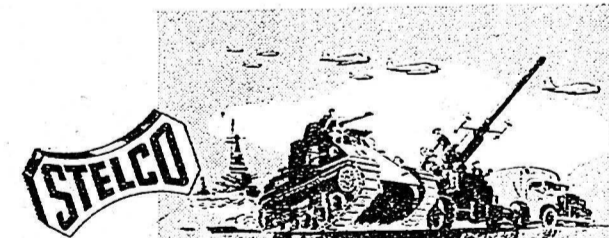
- All Honey Chocolate Cake
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
  - 1 1/2 teaspoons soda
  - 1/2 teaspoon salt
  - 1/2 cup butter or other shortening
  - 1 1/4 cups honey
  - 2 eggs, unbeaten
  - 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
  - 1/2 cup water
  - 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter, add honey gradually, beating well after each addition. Add 1/2 of flour and beat until smooth and well blended. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add chocolate and blend. Add remaining flour in thirds, alternately with water in halves, beating very well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes, or until done. Spread your favorite frosting between layers and on top of cake.

For best results, heat very well at each stage of mixing. And here is a recipe for an orange cake using equal quantities of honey and sugar:

Honey Orange Cake

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar



STELCO STEEL is in the Attack...



STELCO workers have backed Canada's War and Victory Loans already to the tune of practically three million dollars. In addition, their purchases of War Savings Certificates exceeded the standard thousand dollars. Now they are set to back the attack by supporting the 4th Victory Loan. Their dollars will follow their steel to Victory!

Published in Support of CANADA'S 4th VICTORY LOAN

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