

**The Chateaux**  
YEAR-ROUND RESORT HOTEL  
STE. ADELE EN HAUT P.Q. CANADA

WINTER DAY  
In the heart of the Laurentians, in the luxury of the Chateaux, you will find the perfect winter resort. The Chateaux is a beautiful, modern resort, with all the comforts and conveniences of a home. It is a place where you can enjoy the beauty of the Laurentians in the winter. The Chateaux is a place where you can relax and enjoy the winter season.

**"KATHLEEN"**  
Adapted by RANDALL M. WHITE  
From "The McGills," Picture  
Kathleen, Story by Shirley Temple

**CHAPTER ONE**  
"The house on the hill." Not sombre or haunted—just a home of wealth from which a young wife and mother had been grimly reaped.

Kathleen Davis was a natural possessor of such environment—but a little lady of twelve who had escaped many of the inherent pitfalls. She wasn't spoiled. Her poise and dignity were not hard "spoiledness." Her's was still a child mind, sharpened by training her father's wealth was able to supply in a purely impersonal way. His lack was the void which only tenderness could fill—a void which found expression in long, not sad—only vibrant with fantasies and day dreams.

"Kathleen! Kathleen! Open this door!"  
It was Mrs. Farrell, Kathleen's nursemaid-governess, who rattled the knob of her charge's bedroom door when she found it locked after having searched in less obvious places for the youngster. There was less irritability in her tone than she had shown on her tour among the household servants—but more than belittled her position as an expert in child care.

The door was slow to open but when it did, Mrs. Farrell's moist, fall on her face from the position she had taken to look through the keyhole!

"You snooping snail!" Kathleen might have said if she were a girl I mean—  
"You snoring snail!" Kathleen might have said if she were a girl I mean—  
"You snoring snail!" Kathleen might have said if she were a girl I mean—

"Well, this Saturday you're in for a big surprise, young lady," the governess raged on. "I'm going to keep my eyes glued to this door."  
"They'll look awful silly," Kathleen observed disinterestedly.

Mrs. Farrell fairly spluttered. "Either you mend your ways, miss, or I'm going straight to your father," she cried. "I'm going to tell him that after I've devoted years of my life to caring for his motherless child—"

"I wish you'd stop calling me a motherless child," Kathleen interrupted sharply. "It's true that mother died when I was born—but since I'm, oh, so terribly sorry, it's scarcely polite for you to keep reminding me of it."  
"Well, never mind," went on the enraged woman. "I'm going to your father—and I'm going to tell him all I know about 'M.S.' and 'Red!'"

Kathleen flared in sudden rage. "You mean, snoring snail?" she cried. "You've been reading my diary? I never told that to a single soul!"  
"If you were a nice girl—with a nice clean mind—you wouldn't keep a diary," was the servant's viciously unkind retort. "You wouldn't HAVE secret thoughts!"

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from the laundry chute returning to her room over the identical route she had used in leaving it. Her scolding was interrupted by a telephone call from her employer's secretary. Mr. Davis would die at home that night. Would Mrs. Farrell find it convenient to have his daughter visit with him, the secretary had been directed to inquire.

The governess relayed the news to Kathleen mainly to assure her that the time was close at hand when Mr. Davis would be informed of his daughter's shortcomings. But, strangely, the little girl was delighted. It suited a secret plan she had been cherishing.

In her bedroom Kathleen worked busily over a scratch pad. Then she poised her stubby pencil. "To Daddy from Kathleen," was affixed—and erased. "J.D.S. from K.D." met the same fate. Finally "My Heart Cries Out" was written to stay.

Then the little day-dreamer performed one of her not infrequent rituals. She propped herself up among the pillows on her luxurious bed, drew her knees close up in front of her—and opened the lid of a little music box on a table beside the bed. As its faint, sweetly tinkling tones began she made her half-closed eyes see visions.

In fancy Kathleen descended the grand staircase, a dustlike snow-sauce clutched to her breast. Her father she loved so dearly and was seeking to win back turned toward the fireplace to greet her. "I've been lonely for you, darling," he said tenderly—and she told him about her loneliness, too—and read him her poem to prove it. She had lighted his pipe for him and he had sat down to listen with her on a stool at his feet. "My Heart Cries Out," she had begun, and then:

"I don't ask for the moon above,  
I just ask for your love,  
You don't seem to know I'm  
yet to win your love I always  
strive,  
You can hear the birds sing,  
You can hear the bells ring,  
So please don't be deaf and keep  
us apart—  
Listen to the cry of my heart."  
The little music box stopped playing.

Came a sharp knock on Kathleen's bedroom door and the strict voice of Mrs. Farrell. "Your father's downstairs—don't keep him waiting," she said. "And just for once, do try to be a nice, polite child."  
It was the time.

The dream crashes—in the next installment.

**The Shark Yields Valuable Vitamins**  
Has Now Become Source of Revenue, Says the St. Thomas Times-Journal

Until quite recently sharks have been regarded as the most useless of denizens of the sea. They are antithetical to fishermen because their presence scares fish away from the fishing grounds, and when the larger species get caught in a net they thrash about so much that they seriously damage the net. Usually they have been sold for fertilizer.

Thanks to chemical research, however, the shark has now become a valuable fish. There are many species of the sharp finny but the welcome types are the dog-shark, the soupfin, the blue, thresher and sand shark. Their liver is discovered to be richer in vitamin A than any other substance. From the Canadian west coast down to San Francisco, fishermen are now going out for shark's oil, and the aggregate value of catches is something like \$75,000,000 a year; money which was formerly discarded. Recently, a fisherman east of San Francisco brought in a 37,000 catch in five days, making over \$1,000 for each man. The average is \$700 to \$1,300 a week for three men.

**THE ALPINE**  
REVEL IN WINTER  
At the foot of the Laurentians, in the heart of the Chateaux, you will find the perfect winter resort. The Alpine is a beautiful, modern resort, with all the comforts and conveniences of a home. It is a place where you can enjoy the beauty of the Laurentians in the winter. The Alpine is a place where you can relax and enjoy the winter season.

**No Watch Runs in Perfect Time**

**Even Railroad Time-Pieces Vary From One-Half to One Second Every Day**

No watch keeps perfect time, Clarence Woodbury writes in American Magazine. Fine American railroad watches will run from one-half to a full second fast or slow every day, and one of the most expensive watches you can buy—a little number which retails for around \$5,000—will be off one-eighth of a second every day. If your watch happens to become magnetized by a dynamo or an X-ray machine, there's a simple way to take out the juice. Expose it to the same magnetic field again, and twirl it round and round, de-magnetize, as you retreat from it.

The same watch will keep different time in winter and summer, indoors and out. In open temperature, the average watch will lose ten seconds in twenty-four hours, and under a blazing sun it will gain ten.

When you set your watch, turning the hands backward won't hurt it a bit. Only in striking clocks must the hands be moved forward.

"Don't wind it too tight or you'll break the spring!" That old warning is meaningless today. The strongest man on earth couldn't wind most modern watches hard enough to break the mainspring. Manufacturers have made them mangleproof.

They watches are just as accurate as big ones when they're properly adjusted, but they can seldom take as much punishment.

If you simply must open your watch and let Junior see how the wheels go round, perform the operation in an air-conditioned room. Otherwise, you may have to pay for a repair job. Infinitesimal particles of dust can clog the works, and if damp air gets into your watch, the moisture will condense later and may cause rust. Rust ruins more watches than all other causes combined.

**Late Arrival Club Has Few Members**

**An Honor to Belong to Club Whose Badge is a Little Foot With Metal Wings**

It is an honor to belong to the Late Arrival Club, which was started not long ago in the Middle East. You can't become a member just by paying a subscription and being passed by a committee. Before you can wear its badge, a little foot with metal wings, you have not only to belong to one of the Allied air forces operating out there, but you have to have retraced on foot from a machine which has either crashed or had to make a forced landing. There are about forty members in the Western Desert.

The latest of these is an Australian pilot, officer. Having been chased by four Messerschmitts, he had to fly his bullet-riddled machine so low to get away from them that he landed with a terrific smash, tearing off the undercarriage and the propeller. The shock of the bump catapulted the wrecked plane 500 feet up in the air before it finally came to rest. The pilot, considerably the worse for wear, scrambled out to find himself thirty miles on the wrong side of the Libya-Egyptian frontier. With a little food and a bottle of water (most of which got spilt on the way) he set out on his long trek, walking only at night for there were German patrols about. After two and a half days one of our own patrols picked him up, exhausted. He's now back with his squadron. That's a typical "Late Arrival."

**Lard Was Answer To Shipping Space**

**Frozen Lard Proves Best Insulation For Protection of Fresh Foods**

Chicago packers have put over a fast one on Hitler by devising a new insulator for frozen meats. The insulator is used in an export, the old reliable export that has



**"BON-BON" APRON IS NICE GIFT**

By Anne Adams

Sweet as candy-cane is this "Bon-Bon" apron, so named because its lace ruffles are like those on a candy box. Pattern 4291 by Anne Adams makes a lovely, inexpensive gift, and a clever addition to your own wardrobe too. The skirt is gathered into an up-pointed waistband and has no side seams. The bodice is cut in-one with the shoulder straps which button together in back. The apron ties in back, too, with a ruffle-trimmed sash. Outline the bodice and the big heart pocket with crisp white eyelet ruffles or organdie frills! A powder blue or lemon yellow dimity would be an attractive fabric choice. You'll find complete, illustrated directions in the Sewing Instructor. Order this now for holiday sewing!

Pattern 4291 is available in sizes small (32-34), medium (36-38), and large (40-42). Small size takes 2 1/2 yards 35 inch fabric and 3 1/2 yards ruffling. Send twenty cents (20c in stamps) to people who are interested in this new fabric. Write for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

The British Government is also looking to fortify margarine.

**Child Cures Fear Of Hun Air Raids**

Three-year-old Janet, who was in a Bristol hospital when it was bombed, cured herself of fear of air raids by talking to her dolls. For three weeks after the bombing Janet woke up terrified every time the sirens sounded.

At the end of that time she was heard telling her dolls how the bombs fell the night the hospital was hit and how the windows were shattered over them. She told the story night after night and gradually her fear of the raids lessened. Now, Janet wakes only when the barrage is particularly heavy.

**A Boy's Solicitude**

An American mining engineer just back from southern Rhodesia, told about a thing he had seen in the little village of Gwebu. A native boy arrived there after a trek of 200 miles across the veldt carrying a 150-pound sack of "mealie" the native food. The boy deposited the sack on the porch of the British Commissioner. He explained that he had heard that the Germans were trying to starve the English. He thought that the "mealie" if it could be delivered, would keep the King and Queen from going hungry for quite a long time.

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