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SALADA STAMP CLUB - 461 King St. W., Toronto

SYNOPSIS

Chipping has been a master at the Brookfield School for twenty years. Shy and diffident, he has not succeeded in making friends with the boys. He fails to get the expected Housemastership because of that inability to make friends with the pupils. He is very disappointed, and accepts the invitation of a fellow master, Herr Max Steafel, to go with him on a walking tour of the Tyrol. Caught in the mountains in a mist, alone, he hears a woman call. Thinking her in danger, he clambers up through the mist, and finds an English girl, Katherine Ellis. It is after nightfall when the mist lifts and they start down for the inn, each having made a deep impression on the other.

CHAPTER VI

In A Viennese Ballroom

They met a searching party, headed by Max Staefel and Kathie's friend, Flora, and several guides, coming to hunt for them. The girls fell into each other's arms, while Max shook Chipping's hand again and again. Kathie told of Chipping's climb up the mountain in the mist, going, as he thought, to rescue her when she was in danger. The Tyroleans knew the dangers that beset a traveller overtaken by the treacherous mists of the mountains, and the story of his action soon spread among them.

After getting thoroughly warmed, they were invited into the bar where a dozen or more persons were gathered. The landlord poured a glass of cognac for everyone and then raised his own at arms length.

"To the health of the hero of the mist," he said, "the honorable Mr. von Chipping!"

Everybody raised their glasses and drank shouting, "Servus!" while Chipping and Kathie smiled at each other in an embarrassed way. Kathie lifted her glass to the schoolmaster, "Servus! Is that right?"

"But I did nothing—nothing at all," insisted Chipping.

Max clapped him on the shoulder. "Modest fellow! The minute I let you out of my sight, you become a hero!"

"Nonsense, Staefel! This is absurd! I mere—"

"You were wonderful!" cried Flora, "And I am going to kiss you." And she proceeded to do it to his utter consternation.

"But, my dear young lady," he stammered. "I—I'm at a loss . . ." He broke off abruptly and turned to Kathie. "Miss Ellis, I'll say good night. I hope you'll be none the worse—"

"Good night?" said Max, astonished.

Words On A Balcony

"Yes. I'm a little tired. I think I'll go to bed."

"To bed? Ach nein!" cried the landlord. "I have food for you—a goulash, strudel—"

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to send something to my room. Good night, everybody."

"Thank you again," said Kathie, understanding his embarrassment. "You were very kind."

Chipping made his way quickly out of the bar. He heard the landlord asking for a song—something gay for the Fraulein, and Kathie's warm and smiling voice saying: "Thank you. It's sweet of you."

He sat in a chair on the balcony in front of the French windows of his room, in dressing gown and scarf, and thoughtfully filled his pipe, listening to the singing in the bar, and then voices below and cries of "Gute Nacht" as the Tyroleans took their departure.

Suddenly a light sprang out in the adjoining room, and then Kathie stepped out on her little balcony, but a few feet away. Chipping half stood, and then, fearing of attracting attention to himself, sank back in the chair. Then he heard Flora's voice.

"What are you doing out there, Kathie?"

"Looking at my mountain, in the moonlight."

"I should think you had seen enough of it."

"It will be rather a thrilling memory—back in Bloomsbury."

"It's a pity your knight-errant was such an old stick-in-the-mud."

"He isn't at all old, darling, and I think he's quite charming. He's just shy, and a little difficult to know. I'm sorry for shy people. They must be awfully lonely sometimes." She left the balcony and closed the French windows. The listener was strangely stirred by the words Kathie had uttered—and grateful.

The light went on in his room and a moment afterwards Max stepped out on the balcony.

"Ah, Chipping, you should have stayed. It was quite a party."

"I'm not much good at that sort of thing."

"A pity! They wanted so much to give you an evening."

"They did? . . . I—I didn't understand. I hope I wasn't rude."

"No, no, they understood. Miss Ellis asked me to say goodbye, and to thank you again."

"Goodbye?" repeated Chipping.

"Yes. They are going away early in the morning. On their bicycles."

Goodbye In The Morning

And for the rest of that walking tour, Chipping kept his eyes open for English ladies on bicycles at the various inns. Once he was sure he had found them, until a suspicious, middle-aged Englishwoman came out and threatened to go to the British consul if she so much as set eyes on him and his friend again. They fled from that inn.

They took a river steamer to make their entrance into Vienna, and floated down the Danube.

"Why do they call it the Blue Danube?" asked Max as they neader the landing place. "It looks brown to me."

"There's a legend, you know, that the Danube is blue only to those of—well, of people in love," said Chipping.

"Ah so? You surprise me." After a silence Max suddenly asked: "Chipping, the Danube does not by any chance look blue to you, does it?"

"What do you . . . Really, Staefel, you do talk the most infernal rot sometimes!"

They had got their luggage and were turning to leave the landing platform when Chipping, glancing by chance back at the steamer, came to a sudden halt, only to run back, leaving Staefel astounded.

Down The Danube

Chipping rushed up to Kathie and Flora, just disembarked from the same river steamer, in the centre of the landing stage.

"Miss Ellis! Well!" he beamed with astounded pleasure. "And Miss—er—" His eyes wandered back to Kathie. "Well, of all the! . . . Well, how do you do."

"Why, Mr. Chipping!" exclaimed Kathie, her hand going out impulsively to him.

"I'd just about given you up—er . . . I hoped I might run into you."

"And now we have."

"Extraordinary, isn't it?" . . .

A few evenings later, the four of them were together in a ballroom filled with officers in striking uniforms and attractive women in beautiful gowns. The orchestra played a Strauss waltz and many couples, including Max and Flora, were dancing. Chipping and Kathie sat at a table listening to the music, watching the dancers. Max and Flora floated past, waltzing to the dreamy music.

Chipping leaned toward his companion, comic confidence in his voice, and asked: "Tell me, are those two—er—do you think they're—in love."

"No." She shook her head.

"I wouldn't know."

"Have you never been in love, Mr. Chipping?" She looked at him in quiet amusement.

"No . . . Yes, I was once. Rather a long time ago. I was fourteen. She was the greengrocer's daughter."

"Papa and Mama intervened, I suppose?"

"Yes. So did the greengrocer." A pause followed their laughter. "A pity it—all this—has to end tomorrow."

"For us, but not for you. You have three weeks yet. It's been wonderful."

"For me, too . . . We shall have a lot to remember—our adventure in the mountain—"

"That white sea, drifting—"

"We were castaways. What will you remember?"

"I . . . really . . . I can't say." He did not have the courage to tell her.

"Then I shall tell you — the waltz you danced in Vienna—tonight, now, with me."

"Oh, but I couldn't possibly!" he said appalled. "Good Heavens! I haven't danced since my college days."

"Don't you think it is high time you tried again?" she asked. "Are you turning me down?"

"You're not serious. I'd be terribly rusty! In front of all these people."

"Well, of course, if you'd really rather not, but it would have been fun, just once before going home." She sighed in resignation.

Chipping arose suddenly to his feet, taking his courage in both clenched hands.

"Miss Kathie, may I have the pleasure of this dance?"

A radiant smile spread over her face. "I shall be happy, Mr. Chipping."

They danced cautiously at first, but soon the delight at holding Kathie in his arms, her litheness and grace, overcame his nervousness, and half an hour afterwards they floated by Max and Flora with little trace of Chipping's awkwardness left.

"Himmel!" cried Max astonished. "Did I take too much wine?"

(To Be Continued)

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BAYER

WAKE UP SINGING!

WHEN you awaken with a "dragged-out" feeling, take a famous doctor's prescription, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, to help the stomach digest nourishing food that builds up and invigorates the body. W. J. Winegarden, 467 Main St. W., Hamilton, Ont., says: "I had no appetite, could hardly sleep, and was more tired in the morning than the night before. I had become thin and felt worn-out. After using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I felt like eating, gained in weight, had my old-time strength, and felt as good as ever before." Get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from your druggist today.

Issue No. 45 — '39

Woman Directing Aircraft Industry

Galt Woman Heads Company —Herself A Flier, She Has All Pilot Licenses Available For Women

Mrs. James D. Gray, wife of the principal of the Galt Aircraft School and a flier in England before her marriage, will head a new aircraft industry, to be developed shortly. She will be the first woman to direct an aircraft company in Canada.

Mrs. Gray has all the pilot licenses available for women. A short time ago she succeeded her husband in direction of the department handling jig, tools, fixtures and inspection for production of plans at the National Steel and Car Co., Hamilton. She resigned this position to take over her new duties.

Grand-daughter of Hymn Writer

The new company will manufacture parts for aircraft.. The plant at Galt will employ 200 persons, mostly women.

Mrs. Gray is a granddaughter of Rev. S. Baring-Gould, author of novels and hymns. He composed "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Queen's Newest Evening Gowns

Long-Sleeved Dinner Type Of Frock Replaces Elizabeth's Favorite Crinolines

War-time evening gowns are added to the autumn collection, already shown in Paris by the Queen's dressmaker Norman Hartnell.

They are long-sleeved dinner gowns in jerseys or plain wool. The extra warmth they will give is welcome, it is considered, owing to the care that will be exercised in the heating of rooms.

There will be a vogue, dressmakers believe, for the dinner gown, as a result of the return of the evening at home. Smart cocktail party and bridge party clothes will also be wanted.

Matched or Mixed Two-Piecer

PATTERN 4195

By Anne Adams

A corner on the college "style market" has the blouse and skirt outfit. It's so smartly interchangeable with other members of the wardrobe. This tailored two-piecer by Anne Adams is made from easy-to-follow Pattern 4195. The military blouse, which may have long or short sleeves is panelled in front for a becoming bustline. It looks smart with a trim collar or with just the nicely-shaped neckline alone. See how the bottom curves gracefully to slim your hips. The skirt is cut on the bias and made in just two easy pieces.

Pattern 4195 is available in misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16, blouse, takes 1⅜ yards 54 inch fabric and skirt, 1⅞ yards contrast.

Send Twenty Cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly Size, Name, Address and Style Number.

Send your order to Anne Adams, Room 425, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Baby's Own Room

It is best that children should have their own room, in which they can breathe their own air and be by themselves from very early days. Naturally the room would be close to that of the mother, so that if the door is left open she will be able to hear the child almost as well as if he were beside her.

When it can be managed it is highly desirable that a baby should have his own room and should not be turned down for reasons advanced, such as sentiment, prejudice, and fear of baby being left alone.

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

HONEY IN WAR TIME USE IN HOME COOKING

Now, that we are at war, although not on rations, we have been asked to do our part by the conservation of food. There is really nothing new about honey being used as a common sweet for human consumption, in fact it is very old, being used before the introduction of cane sugar. It is recommended for children and those finding difficulty with digestion. The reason for this is that honey is made up of three sugars—levulose, dextrose and small quantities of sucrose. The first two are classed as invert sugars or predigested sugars. Levulose is the sweetest sugar so far found in nature and is the predominating sugar of honey. Dextrose is the predominating sugar in commercial syrups.

Honey varies in color from light to very dark according to the flowers from which it is gathered. The color does not affect its food value, but the lightest in color has a more delicate flavor. Honey may be substituted in recipes for sugar, if a few rules are kept in mind. Honey is always measured in liquid form and when substituting for every cup of honey used, reduce the liquid called for in the recipe one-fifth. One cup of honey is the same in sweetening power to one cup of sugar. But honey and sugar differ in their chemical composition,—sugar is a straight sweet containing no moisture or acid. Therefore in some recipes such as light cakes, etc., it is best to use equal quantities of sugar and honey; but in dark cakes, muffins or fruit cake, honey gives practically the same taste. Use ½ teaspoon soda to one cup of honey and be sure and increase the salt ½ teaspoon. In recipes where a thickening agent of flour or cornstarch is being used, add the honey with this agent.

These recipes have been tried and not found wanting and I hope you enjoy them, every one.

SANDWICH FILLINGS

Combine honey with cream cheese, whichever kind you prefer, to a good consistency for spreading. Added to cottage cheese with a few chopped nuts it is a delicious spread.

Blanched almonds, chopped very fine, mixed with candied ginger, a little grated citron peel and mayonnaise is also very appetizing.

HONEY WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

1 cake yeast
1 cup scalded milk (cooled)
5 tablespoons honey
1 cup lukewarm water
4 tablespoons melted butter
4 cups whole wheat flour
1 cup sifted bread flour
2 teaspoons salt

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm liquid, then add honey, shortening and milk. Add the flour and salt gradually, until dough can be handled easily. It requires a proper kneading but dough must be kept soft. Cover and set where it is warm for about two hours. This will have to be watched as time varies with heat. When the dough has reached about double its bulk, turn out on board and shape into loaves. Place in well greased bread pans, cover, let rise for about 45 minutes. Bake from 60 to 80 minutes.

CARROT HONEY GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE

6 oranges
6 large carrots (crisp)
3 grapefruit
Honey

Extract juice of oranges and grapefruit.

Put in earthenware container and add the rinds of both which have been run through the food chopper; add the carrots treated in the same manner. Add twice as much water as fruit and carrot and soak over night. In the morning, place on heat. Bring to boil, boiling for one half hour and simmer for two hours. Remove from the heat, add the juice of 3 lemons and let stand overnight. In the morning, place on heat, simmer for an hour. Then add for every cup of pulp one of sugar. Let simmer until it gives the jelly test. Place in sterile jars, putting paraffin on top, and store in a cool dry place.

YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEMS

Have you fussy eaters in your family? Do you have trouble providing a varied and interesting menu? Do your cakes fail? Then write, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Miss Sadie B. Chambers, care of this paper, and she will endeavour to solve your problems.

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Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

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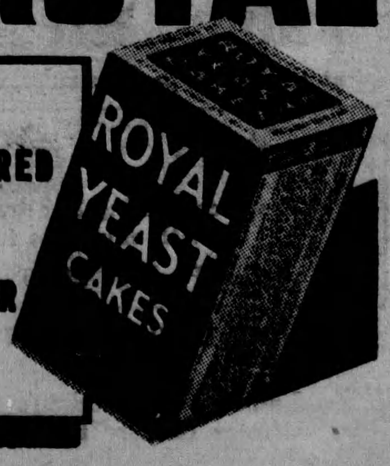
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