Buy Victory Bonds

"SALADA" TEA

Princess of Gratzen

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER I

Madame Fabre-Lusingnan temporarily finished admiring her wrinkled visage in the silver-backed hand glass, straightened her fine lace cap, hitched her bed jacket up around her bony shoulders and yelled, "Entrez!" in a voice that had often evoked applause in la Comedie Francaise, in the best theatres of London and New York. She tried it again in a higher key as the door was slowly opening and, finding her voice with a lovely timbre this morning, went on to curse the war, the times, all things in general; especially life here at the Chateau Philibert, now that all the servants had gone to fight or to do war work and there was left only this ancient jackass, Rudolph and the aged Florian, the gardener, who was deaf and sullen.

Rudolph entered with a tray on which were coffee in a grand silver pot, Tokay grapes, crescent rolls and a fresh copy of La Presse. More war news to spoil her day.

* * *

"Madame!" Rudolph stared at her piteously; he looked as if he were about to cry. Rudolph, who had been her butler these last ten years, who in all that time had lived behind a wall of silent servitude and respect. The mask of the menial was gone now. She saw only an old man, tired, broken, afraid.

"What is it then, my old one? Do not goggle like a Gaspe codfish. Rudolph," said the old dame pettishly. "What the devil is the matter with you?"

"The paper, madame. The—"

"Oh, Lord, but the man is mad. What paper? I know the wallpaper is ugly, but my husband would have a pattern of cupids and rose wreaths. Or do you mean La Presse?"

"I mean La Presse, madame. I mean—"

"Yes, it is stupid. But—"

"This — this, madame—" The butler's shaking finger pointed to the picture on the first page. It was that of a smiling pretty girl and two little ones, a boy and a tiny moppet with long thick curls. The caption said: "Princess Meridel of Gratzen, with her little cousins, Pol Martin and Rosine, arrive in Quebec to seek refuge with rich uncle in Canada."

* * *

Madame looked from the picture to Rudolph and her thick gray-black brows, wriggled like caterpillars. "So what?" she had acquired this elegancy from the American radio. "So what?"

"I, madame?" — Rudolph drew a deep breath and there was — oh, miracle! — sweat upon his forehead — "I am the rich uncle in Canada."

"I come from Gratzen, madame," continued Rudolph miserably. "There I was the Baron Rudi de Morpin. There I was—"

"Ah-" Madame jerked herself higher up on the pillow and took an Egyptian cigarette from the ivory box on the taboret. Rudolph lighted it for her. The glittering black eyes studied him through the smoke. 'Continue, baron."

He bowed stiffly. "It was a poor little country, Gratzen. We of the ruling family had nothing. And I — well, I was—"

"You were the — what is it we say? — dark mutton."

* * *

Rudolph bowed his white head. "I was the black sheep madame. I was exiled. I was very young then. I vowed to them all that I would become a great man, that I would be wealthy, that I would own a chateau that would make the castle of Gratzen look like a cow-shed. So, madame—" he faltered. He bit his lip. He looked miserably out at the great green park, the wonderful gardens and vast lawns of the Chateau Philibert, which the biscuitmade millions of Jean Pierre Gossec had created high up here in the loneliest part of the Laurentian Mountains. All this had come to Jean Pierre's widow, whom in youth he had adored on the stage as Mimi Fabre. Ah, he had adored his Mimi, had little rolypoly Jean Pierre. The memory of the way he had loved her, cherished her, watched over her, seen never a change in her in the years, made her gentle now.

"Continue, my friend," she said. "I like to hear this — this phantasy."

* * *

Rudolph drew himself up. He was no longer the butler — no need for that self-effacing mask any more — he was the Baron de Morpin. Baron Rudi. "So, when I came to this grand place, this Chateau Philibert, I — I made them think, those in Gratzen, that it was mine. I had pictures of myself taken as I stood in the great doorway, in the park, by the mirror lake, in the grand salon. The under chauffeur was a good man with his camera. Always I was dressed in my morning coat and striped trousers, like a gentleman. I have letter paper and envelopes with my name and crest and Chateau Philibert, St. Didier des Montagnes, Quebec, on them. I never dreamed that I would be found out. No one in Gratzen ever had money enough to come to America. Now little Meridel and these children, Pol Martin and Rosine, come to me for succor, for food, for shelter. To me-" He turned away. "I shall procure you some fresh coffee, madame. I am sorry — so sorry."

"Bring some brandy," said madame, "along with the coffee."

When Rudolph had gone she hopped muttering, out of bed, a queer, skinny old creature in bright crimson pyjamas. Old of face, old of body, with an unruly crown of curly white hair that gave her, with the strangely young and vivid black eyes, an elfin, gamin look as if she were a little girl made up for a play to portray an old, old lady. When Rudolph returned she was reclining on her chaise longue at the door opening onto the balcony, wearing a morning gown of peach-colored silk and blue mules with great white pompons.

"My successor will be one, I trust, who is not a liar, the leader of a double life, a deceiver however innocent of — of helpless children."

"Yes," said madame absently. "Yes, we'll see that we don't get any more kings in disguise or grand lamas masquerading as house boys."

"But you will permit me to stay until the children come? It will not be easy to—"

"Don't be a fool, baron! Don't be a gross imbecile! Of course you will stay. When I spoke of your successor I meant — very simply — a man to buttle. You, of course, will stay on."

"But how—"

(To Be Continued)

Men Are Working To Exhaustion

Chronic fatigue and nervous exhaustion are getting men down . . . down in health and down in resistence to cold and other ailments.

It is high time for a build up with Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD, the Vitamin B_1 tonic. It will help to steady your nerves and help you to sleep better.

It will help you to digest your food and to regain energy and vigor.

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Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. When trying to reach someone on the telephone, and the person is not there, should one ask that he call, or should one call again?

2. Is it wise to wire or write in advance for hotel accommodations when going on a vacation?

3. What would be considered the supreme accomplishment of a hostess?

4. When interrupted in the middle of a business conversation by the telephone, is it all right to ask the person to "hold the line"?

5. When a man takes a woman to rinner, should he give her order to the waiter before giving his own?

6. Who should act as hostess when a woman's club is giving a luncheon?

ANSWERS

1. It is better to leave your name and number and ask that he call you. 2. Yes, it is wise to do so, to avoid possible disappointment; and one should ask for a prompt reply. 3. To give a perfect dinner. 4. It is better to explain and ask if you may call again in a few minutes. 5. Yes, always. 6. The president of the club.

Apple Pie Order: Hepzibah Started It

Our common expression, "In apple-pie order," goes back to the days of the Puritans Hepzibah Morton, housekeeper of note, made a practice of baking several dozen apple pies on Saturday, says the Christian Science Monitor. These pies were supposed to last her family through the coming week. Furthermore, she saw to it that they would stretch over the period for which they were intended. Before placing it upon the pantry shelf she labeled each pie with the name of the day on which it was to be eaten. With this arrangement complete, her pantry was said to be in apple-pie order.

Apple-pie order is as good a thing today as it was back in the time when housewives baked pies by the dozens. Moreover, it applies to many things other than pies.

If we have an orderly, apple-pie arrangement of our household affairs and effects we will save valuable time and energy.

It's good thing also to keep our clothes in apple-pie order. If our garments are carefully brushed and cleaned and put away in the proper places when not in use they will last longer and look better than if we are careless about them.

Bread Basket Delight

There's nothing like a batch of home-made Yeast Rolls! Fresh, warm, and light, they're a classic favorite among breadstuffs.

Then why don't you make them more often? Let the family know that something special is in the offing as soon as they open the door and whiff that old fashioned fragrance of home-made bread baking.

Save-A-Day Rolls are just what their name implies. You can mix the dough the day before and store it in refrigerator. When you're ready to bake, take out just enough dough for the rolls you want for one meal and use the rest another day. Comes meal time, it takes only fifteen minutes to bake a hot fresh batch of rolls while the rest of the food is being prepared. This recipe for Bran Save-A-Day Rolls brings results that taste as good as they look in the picture.

Save-A-Day Rolls

½ cup shortening
¼ cup sugar
2 cups bran
2 teaspoons salt
1 cup boiling water
2 eggs, well beaten
2 cakes compressed yeast
1 cup lukewarm water
6 (or more) cups sifted flour.

Put shortening, sugar, bran and salt in large mixing bowl; add boiling water and stir until shortening is melted. Let stand until mixture is lukewarm. Add eggs and yeast which has been softened in lukewarm water. Add half the flour and beat until smooth; d remaining flour, mix well. Let rise until double in bulk; punch down. Form balls of dough to fill greased muffin pans about half full. Let rise in a warm place until double in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven (425° F.) about 15 minutes.

Grows Her Own

Mrs. Peter Giesbrecht of Chilliwack, B. C. is an enterprising woman who believes in growing her own silk stockings.

For the last two years, Mrs. Giesbrecht has supplied her family with silk socks and stockings with the silk from silkworms she raises on her own mulberry trees.

Picobac

THE PICK OF TOBACCO

"It does taste good in a pipe"

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Last Saturday news was flashed around this continent that the war in Europe was over ... that Germany had capitulated ... agreed to unconditional surrender. By the time these words are printed that news may be an accomplished fact, but last Saturday it was nothing more than a rumour — a rumour that was like a dress rehearsal for the closing scene of the greatest dramatic tragedy of our time. A rehearsal which gave us some idea of what public reaction will be like when real news of victory is announced to a waiting world.

* * *

How did you feel about it? This is what happened here. Partner and I were both at home — quietly reading. The phone rang ... a friend asked "Are you listening to the radio? ... No? ... Then you had better turn it on — it sounds as if the war is really over."

So we turned it on — and I don't need to tell you what we heard — the announcer concluded his newscast by saying — "We will interrupt this program from time to time to bring you further news." Well, the same news and the same concluding announcement was given about every ten minutes.

* * *

Partner became frankly sceptical. I wanted to believe the broadcast was based on authentic information but even at that I couldn't work up any great enthusiasm. Even if the news were true I didn't feel as if I could get really excited. It left me with a peculiar numbness — and I have spoken to friends since who felt just the same way — so different from the sense of elation which I remember as being pretty general at the conclusion (?) of the last war. I suppose when one has kept one's fears and emotions under rigid control for so many years it is impossible to turn them loose, as it were, at a moment's notice.

Queer, isn't it, that even at a most serious time, a comic element often seems to find its way in. Even last Saturday, there were one or two little incidents in connection with the peace rumours that were really amusing — that is if one could see the funny side of things.

* * *

There was a political meeting in town that night. I thought of it directly I heard the peace rumours and wondered if the news would filter through to the convention hall, and if so what would happen. I don't know whether it did or not but this little gem was overheard in one of the stores. Said one customer to another — "Say, we just got word that the war in Europe is over. I don't know whether it is right or not — but anyway don't let on I told you. We're not saying anything about it until after the meeting. If they got wind of that bit of news in the hall there wouldn't be anyone left to hear the speakers!"

Oh — oh ... politics again.

* * *

Well, there is one rumour I would like to hear — and that is a rumour to the effect that warm, dry weather is on the way. Even if it were only a rumour I would still like to hear it. It would at least give one a cheery feeling while it lasted. Last week was just about the limit. I think 1945 should go down in history as "the year of the monsoon spring".

Pulp for Autos

Some 50,000 American automobiles will be wanted annually in Sweden in postwar days, a Swedish leader states, and Sweden wants to send America large quantites of wood pulp.

JOYFUL ACCLAIM greets the hostess who serves delicious, stimulating Maxwell House Coffee. Available at your grocer's in an All Purpose Grind that suits any type of coffee maker.

CANADIANS TESTED EQUIPMENT IN WINTER MANOEUVRES

During the past winter, troops of the Canadian Army, made up of various arms of service have been on battle exercises in the region of North Prince Albert Sask., to determine the mobility of troops and equipment under winter conditions. Upper left: A ration box and a petrol tin do for a barber chair in a tented barber shop. Upper right: A "casualty" being towed into a Field Dressing Station on a specially-built ski-sled. Bottom left: A camp site of an infantry brigade workshop of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers with camouflage nets against a snow backgroud and lower right: Brigadier G. A. H. Trudeau, takes the salute as ski troopers march past upon completion of the battle scheme.