Princess of Gratzen

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER II

"Name of God! He asks how! It is all very simple. You stay on as the Baron de Morpin, here in you Chateau Philibert."

"But you, madame—"

"I?" The bright eyes danced and sparkled. "Well, I have thought of that.

"I shall be your housekeeper."

"But, madame—"

"Stop making objections. This place is like a museum and it's dull as a morgue and it is the mercy of the good God that has caused some excitement to happen. It will be good to have these little ones. There is no reason in the world that they should ever know you were the butler. We can have a new man in the morning. I'll phone to Gabriel Follet at once."

"But will it not be cruel to deceive them, to let them think—"

"No!" screamed madame, "No! No! No! But it would be cruel to have them learn, after being bombed and torpedoed and frozen and starved, that they are very likely to be at least frozen and starved again, my old one.

* * *

"There!" She lowered her voice as she saw the hurt, the trouble, the defeat in Rudolph's pale blue eyes. After all, he had dreamed of greatness once, of the high places, of ease and opulence. "I did not mean that you would be unable to maintain them, but three is quite a number and children need so much! Believe me, too, you will be doing a kndness to a lonely old woman. Not in years have I had the prospect of such fun or looked forward so much to anything. You must do as I tell you, Monsieur le Baron. I must begin calling you baron."

Rudolph stared at Madame Fabre-Lusignan, comprehension coming like a slow dawn into his eyes. "There are no words, madame — none that I know in any language, to express—"

"There may be some in Siwash," said the old lady, biting on a roll, "but skip it, Rudi. When do the young ones arrive?"

"I should judge from the little I have digested of the press account that they wil' be here on tonight's train. They know the name of the station, St. Didier des Montagnes."

"They speak French? English?"

* * *

"I do not know. But I think it is likely that, apart from their own tongue, they speak Swiss, perhaps Austrian, with little French or English."

"It is well then. They will travel in ignorance, even were there any to tell them you do not own the Chateau Philibert."

"Some day they'll have to know, madame."

"Oh, tell them then you lost it in a poker game. Now I shall talk to that sly lawyer, Gabriel Follet, on thetelephone and have him send a staff. I'll also tell him that my home is now the house of my guests, the Baron Rudi de Morpin, the young Princess of Gratzen, the royal cousins."

"It sounds like a dream, madame."

She smiled up at him over the white telephone, like an old pixy. "I began to live again, Baron. I must also call my nephew, Roger Fabre, and tell him the same story. He would be one to come blundering in and spoil things. I take it, Rudolph — Baron — it would ruin everything if the pretty Meridel knew—"

* * *

"She would not stay. I think," Rudi shook his head. "If she is like—"

"Ah!" The black eyes danced. "Ah, it was then her mother for whom you vowed to build the golden castle."

Rudoph nodded slowly. "She was born for a castle."

"All women are," said madame. "Though most see theirs in the smoke from the kitchen stove or the steam from the wash tub. Ah, you, Follet, my old spittoon. how goes it I want you to send me some servants at once. I am entertaining royalty. Oh, no, my smart friend—not Napoleon; nor am I Cleopatra. You listen to me and keep quiet."

St. Didier des Montagnes is only three hours by car from Montreal. Gabriel Follet who of late had objected little to madame's most extravagant whims, sent the required domestics up to the mountain chateau so quickly that it savored considerably of Aladdin's lamp.

* * *

The old lady inspected the new cook, maids and butler. The chauffeur had already gone to meet the wheezy old train that arrived at St. Didier every other night. The baron, the subdued but stately Rudolph, had accompanied him. These people, madame had stipuated, must know nothing of her status at Philibert. She was the housekeeper, Madame Laurin. She had left off the usual ghastly makeup, donned a black silk dress and white cap and looked the part. She was a great actress, madame.

Rudolph's eyes glistened when he saw the way she curtsied in the great entry hall of the chateau as the princess and her little cousins walked up the wide steps.

* * *

The new staff gave their respectful salutations, genuine awe in their eyes. This was indeed a princess. True, she wore an old tweed Burberry that had seen many storms and a fawn felt hat that was battered and out of shape, but her hair was like Marguerite's and when she uncovered her head the thick braids of it lay coronet fashion like things woven of golden sunbeams, and her mouth, though red and soft, was imperious; the blue of her eyes was deep and fearless. The blond little boy, Pol Martin, stood on one side of her, Rosine with long straw-colored curls and great blue-black eyes, clung to her hand.

They looked about them and suddenly Meridel's mouth twisted and she flung her arms about Rudolph's neck and hid her face against his shoulder; the little ones came shyly close to him. They were like nearly exhausted swimmers in a wild sea, mused madame, who have at last reached the safe and solid land. And in that moment she thanked God that she had done this thing.

"If it please Your Highness," said madame in slow French—"I shall show you and the little ones to your apartments." With a nod she dismissed butler, maids and cook. The chauffeur had entered with the meager luggage.

(To Be Continued)

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ISSUE 20—1945

MEET FRANKLIN, WINNIE AND JOE

Triplets pictured above, born recently to Mrs. Josephine Walker, of Louisville, Ky., were promptly named after the original "Big Three." Left to right, they are: Franklin Roosevelt; Winnie Churchill (a girl): and Joseph Stalin Walker.

How Can I ??

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make a good duster?

A. By using an old piece of flannel, dipping it in paraffin oil and letting it soak for several hours. Wring out tightly, then wash in tepid water and let dry. It will gather all dust and give a good polish to furniture and floors.

Q. How can I make a hair setting solution?

A. By taking 3½ pints of water, to which is added 2 tablespoons of quince seed, allowing it to boil for 5 minutes, and then strain.

Q. How can I bleach clothes?

A. A spoonful of turpentine added to the boiler of clothes will bleach them, and is also excellent for cutting the grease and dirt.

Q. How can I keep metals bright?

A. Metals will keep bright after polishing if a bit of flannel is moistened with paraffin oil and the surface rubbed thoroughly. This will keep the metal bright for a longer time.

Q. How can I make a starch substitute?

A. Borax water is an excellent substitute for starch when stiffening sheer collars or voiles. Use a solution of weak gum arabic for silks and crepes.

TABLE TALKS

Adapt Recipes To Foods On Hand

One of the many problems of the home economists of the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture, is developing recipes for available foods and adapting them to today's needs. With an eye to "shortcutting" and simplifying they have worked out some new, streamlined combinations of familiar foods.

Here are some of the new tricks recently discovered by these experts. Macaroni and spaghetti are usaully cooked before mixing with the other ingredients but here is a modern simplified version.

Oven Macaroni

1 cup uncooked macaroni
3½ cups canned tomatoes
½ cup cold water
1 cup chopped onion
1 cup grated, nippy cheese
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper

Combine all ingredients. Turn into a greased dish. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°F, for 1 hour. Six servings.

Tomato Curry Vegetable

1½ tablespoons mild-flavoured fat
⅓ cup chopped onion
1½ tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon curry powder
2 cups tomato juice
2½ cups drained canned green or wax beans

Melt fat in saucepan. Add onion and cook 5 minutes over low heat, stirring occasionally. Combine flour, salt and curry powder and stir into onions. Add tomato juice slowly and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens slightly. Add beans and heat thoroughly. Six servings.

Note:—This sauce may be used on left-over vegetables.

Hurry Up Rhubarb Pudding

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 teaspoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup milk
2 cups rhubarb cut in 1-inch pieces
⅔ cup brown sugar
¾ cup boiling water

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, sugar and salt; add milk and combine. Place rhubarb in a greased baking dish and spread batter over it. Dissolve brown sugar in boiling water, pour over batter. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°F, for 30 minutes. This pudding requires no sauce. Six servings.

Easy Way To Treat Sore, Painful Piles

Here is the chance for every person in Canada suffering from sore, itching, painful piles to try a simple home remedy with the promise of a reliable firm to refund the cost of the treatment if you are not satisfied with the results.

Simply go to any druggist and get a bottle of Hem-Roid and use as directed. Hem-Roid is an internal treatment, easy and pleasant to use and pleasing results are quickly noticed. Itching and soreness are relieved, pain subsides and as the treatment is continued the sore, painful pile tumors heal over leaving the rectal membranes clean and healthy. Get a bottle of Hem-Roid today and see for yourself what an easy, pleasant way this is to rid yourself of your pile misery.

NOTE: The sponsor of this notice is a reliable firm, doing business in Canada for over 20 years. If you are troubled with sore, itching, painful piles, Hem-Roid must help you quickly or the small purchase price will be gladly refunded.

by Laura Wheeler

Just look at this darling! The cutest, most lovable baby doll you ever saw! Old and young will fall in love with her at first sight.

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CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Yesterday I was down town and I met many persons who looked happier than I had seen them for some time. That haunted look was gone from their eyes ... they wanted to stop and talk about where their boys were and what they were doing ... and possibly for the first time in months they talked without restraint and without fear. It was good to talk with them.

* * *

Yes, it is easy to rejoice with those who have reason for rejoicing. But what of the others? On the day of victory what can one say to he widow whose only son was killed when his plane crashed just a few short weeks ago ... or to the father whose nineteen-year old son was recently the victim of a sniper's bullet ... or to the family who, as yet, have no knowledge of the whereabouts of their son reported to be a prisoner of war in Germany. And above all, how can one find words to sympathise with the young wife and mother, who in the midst of general rejoicing, receives word that her young husband has been killed in action?

Perhaps these are not very cheerful thoughts — nevertheless one should remember there are hundreds of such cases in our midst — and if one remembers, then naturally one takes care that those who have suffered greatly will not be wounded still further by tactless and over-exuberant celebrations if it is in our power to prevent it.

* * *

Happily, there is another side to the picture. The long looked for return of the "five-year" men. Husbands who must learn to court again the girls they married. Fathers renewing their acquaintance with the kiddies who were mere toddlers when Daddy went away. And who can match the pride of the father who sees his son or daughter for the very first time? Some of these happy family reunions are taking place day after day ... and now that the war is over, every mother, every wife and every sweetheart, whose loved ones have been spared, will feel that at last she can really hope — hope without that nameless dread — that the time will come, when the boy, or boys, who went away, will be marching home again.

Yes, but we shall need to have patience and fortitude. Wars are not settled overnight. Fighting will cease but there is still much work to be done, and the lads who wear the King's uniform are needed for the job. And there is still Japan!

* * *

As for us — particularly for the women who wait — we have our work to do — there is no room for idleness or relaxation while undreamed of distress prevails in Europe — but we can go forward with hopeful hearts, doing the job that nearest, helping, each in our own small way, to build a new world, making our homes and our communities places that our boys will be glad to come back to; remembering always that it depends upon us whether the boys will say upon their return "THIS was worth fighting for!"

That "Pro" Look

Keep an ironing board and iron set up yhile sewing. Each seam should be pressed as soon as it is stitched. This produces neater, more tailored results and gives the garment that professional look.