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"SALADA" TEA

Princess of Gratzin

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER III

"The Princess understands and speaks a little French, Madame Laurin," said Rudolph. "Likewise Pol Martin and Rosine. You may be sure they will learn fast."

"We shall have good teachers, hein?" Meridel's slow, sweet smile warmed the old lady's heart. She wanted to embrace Meridel and these little ones, tell them they were safe from the terror now, away forever from fear and hunger and hate and misery.

"Come on, Bonhomme Fricot," said little Rosine to Pol Martin.

The old lady stared. Meridel laughed, a gay, silvery laugh. "It is a nickname from a game they play. Bonhomme Fricot is a hero of theirs. He is like the Pied Piper. In reality he was some queer old one who did much good in the village in France where they refuged, these little ones, after Gratzen was — was trampled into the ground. I was in Paris then. By luck I found Pol Martin and Rosine among the homeless thousands."

* * *

"Bonhomme Fricot," said Rosine gravely, "was shot dead by a German soldier. We saw the soldier go into Bonhomme Fricot's house and come out and we saw Bonhomme Fricot's poor dead body lying there in his hut and then we all had to run, for the Panzers were coming into St. Como and—"

"Please come, Rosine," said Meridel. "And try to forget those things."

"We will not forget Bonhomme Fricot," said Pol Martin. "Not ever. When we were starving he gave us chocolate. Everyone in St. Como loved him. He used to teach us games when we hid from the Stukas—and he taught us to sing."

They sang the ancient roundelay that madame herself had sung in childhood, as they marched upstairs.

The thick door of madame's own suite closed on the childish voices. Madame stood in the hall with Rudolph and looked at him a moment and smiled and nodded. "It is the best play I was ever in," said old Mimi Fabre, "and the loveliest role I ever enacted."

"And I, madame," said Rudolph with a deep and humble bow, "have never before witnessed such superb acting."

* * *

Madame had moved her intimate possessions, her clothes, her countless knickknacks and photos to the housekeeper's apartment in the north wing.

She went to her new quarters where already she had begun to arrange her things. There had been a sad moment when going through them she had come upon Michel's photographs — Michel as he had been three years before, a few days preceding the time he had said, "Darn it, Tante Mimi, I shall go to France if I want to, I shall lead the life I choose, I shall be a painter, a poet, a tramp — anything I like; and I don't care if I never earn an honest penny. I'm tired of your dictator ways. I won't be regimented any longer. Roger can take it, seemingly, and he's welcome to it. I'm off."

And away he was too, that very night, even though she had risen to magnificent heights of invective, threatenings and pleadings. He should never have a cent of her money — he didn't want it. His brother Roger should have it all, he was welcome to it. He was the most ungrateful of nephews — he wasn't, but she was the most arrogant and overbearing of aunts.

* * *

Madame had flung Michel's picture in a trunk that night and tried to put him forever out of her heart. She had heard no word of him in the years between, nor had his brother Roger, who was now with the air force; nor had anyone else. If he had gone to France as he'd planned, perhaps they would never know what had become of him. Wild young devil anyway; volatile, hot-tempered, reckless and devoid of any fear of self-consciousness. The old lady had set his picture in its chrome frame in her dresser and had taken it up to look at it, holding it close to her, when she heard Roger's step on the stairs.

She put down the picture hastily, but Roger's dark eyes found it at once. "Forgiven him, Tante Mimi?"

"None of your business." She gave him her cheek to kiss. "And why are you sneaking up the back stairs?"

"You told me to, over the phone — don't you remember? I'm the housekeeper's nephew now. What is all this anyway?"

* * *

"It's Rudolph. He's the Baron Rudi de Morpin. The princess is his niece. He's been letting everyone in this silly little country of his think he owns Philibert and is worth a million. I didn't have the heart to tell these poor, hunted children that he's only the butler. Roger, it would have been cruel to do so. Had you seen them when they first walked into Philibert this evening—"

"I can imagine," said Roger slowly. He sprawled out in an easy chair, a tall, elegant figure in the uniform of a flight lieutenant. He had been over and back twice. "I'm glad you did it, Tante Mimi. It was like you. I'd never think of such a thing. I'd have made a mess of the situation. You and Mike are the ones who think of the fitting thing to do. I'm glad you've forgiven Mike — it's about time you brought his handsome mug out of the ash can. He was always your favourite, wasn't he?"

"That ungrateful, headstrong, irresponsible—"

* * *

Roger held up his hand.. "He's you all over, that's why the two of you were always fighting. But underneath it all, Madame Fabre-Lusignan, Mike was the apple of your eye and you know it. The harder you yelled at him, the louder you swore at him, the more you loved him."

The old lady scowled fiercely, then blew her nose and grabbed hastily for a cigarette. "You're too smart, you, Roger — always were — too darned smart."

Roger grinned, shook his head. "I'll never be able to outsmart you, Duchess. Now what about the royal guests? Is the housekeeper's nephew permitted to have a peep at them?"

"They are at dinner now. I take it you dined before you came here?"

(To Be Continued)

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ISSUE 21—1945

NAZI WACS—DISHEVELLED AND DEJECTED

Nazi WACS in civilian clothing look dejected as they pick up their baggage in Germany. Husky women with tousled hair are en route to a prisoner of war enclosure after receiving word from headquarters that their country had surrendered unconditionally to Allies.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Life is a queer business. Sometimes it is difficult to write because there is so little to write about; other times it is difficult because there is so much. This is definitely one of those "so much" occasions. Even yet it doesn't seem possible that the war in Europe is over. Partner said this afternoon—"I suppose it won't be long now before the boy is home again!" That, too, is hard to believe. We said good-bye to our son, determinedly resigning ourselves to a parting that might stretch out into years. And now it may be a little less than a year before we see him again. And in that we realize how extremely fortunate we have been. Naturally we hope our good fortune may continue—but—we are not out to count our chickens yet.

* * *

Every day brings fresh news from Europe. Goerring captured . . . Quisling on trial . . . and surely the most forgiving souls must be glad that these inhuman monsters will soon meet the fate they so richly deserve. As for Hitler—very few people believe even yet that he is dead. I hope he isn't. I hope he is hiding some where, cringing in fear of the fate that awaits him. And oh, how I hope they catch Himmler!

Yes, the end of the war in Europe, and its far reaching results have occupied our attention so much that it has almost stopped us talking about the weather. Any other time we would be saying plenty. Such a spring! There are many farmers in Halton county who haven't finished seeding yet. In fact there are a few who never even started. Some, of course, managed to get through—that is on the lighter soil—while a few had to sow over again.

* * *

And such weather for chickens! Last Thursday we had another 200 arrive by train. And on that day it snowed again. It wasn't cold enough for snow to settle but what a wet sticky path there was from the house to the chicken pens. Partner finally put boards down—and now I find walking the boards quite a feat in the art of keeping my balance. If the boards were over a creek I would have been drowned long ago. Of course the little chickens inside their warm, dry pen, found little to worry about, but the pullets, now seven weeks old, and without any artificial heat, looked as if they regretted being hatched out to face such a damp, dismal world.

* * *

However there are other feathered friends that we find a little more cheery. To my great joy a pair of bluebirds are nesting near the house. We haven't seen blue birds around here for years. And how I love them! Perhaps it is only because of Maeteerlink's story—but I always feel that bluebirds are a good omen—that where there are bluebirds there is happiness. That flash of heavenly blue among the trees often seems to me like a message of courage and hope straight from God.

* * *

I wish I liked chickens as well as I like bluebirds. Of course I just love them when they are small—the chickens I mean—but after they are about six weeks old there are times when I wish I had never seen a chicken. Will they roost where you want them to? Not a bit of it. They will fill up the roosts in the daytime all right, especially when they take their afternoon nap—but they stubbornly avoid anything that looks like a roost at night and bunch up together all over the floor. And if there is one place where they shouldn't be that is where you find them. Children and chickens are very much alike in one way—the younger they are the less trouble they give. How well I remember my mother saying—"I wish you children were all in your cradles again—you were not half the worry to me when you were small that you are now!"

I imagine that feeling will find an echo in a good many other mother hearts. It has done in mine upon occasion. But chickens and children come through that stage—and for that we can all be truly thankful.

by Laura Wheeler

Doilies in pineapple design demand so little in effort and money, they're favorites with both novices and experienced crocheters.

Dainty doilies to use as luncheon, buffet, dresser or chair sets. Pattern 550 has directions for doilies; stitches; list of materials.

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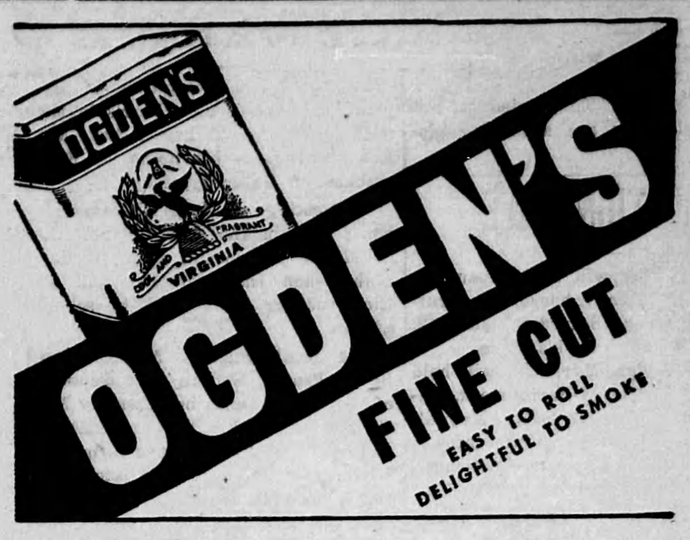

TABLE TALKS

Three Favorites

In answer to many requests the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture, are repeating three favourite recipes today. "Crinkles," the wartime cookie with the peace-time taste, are popular from Charlottetown to Victoria. "Whipped Jelly Sauce" simply never fails, and as added attractions it is easily prepared, is delicious in flavour, gives colour and can be used with many different desserts. "Lunch in a Bowl" is a hearty soup of the main dish type. Add a salad and an easy dessert and presto . . . supper is ready.

Crinkles

½ cup mild flavoured fat
¾ cup brown sugar
¼ cup white sugar
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour OR
1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sifted pastry flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup rolled oats
¼ cup warm water
½ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon vanilla

Cream fat and sugars throughly. Mix flour, salt and rolled oats and add alternately with water in which the soda has been dissolved. Add vanilla, drop from teaspoon on to a cookie sheet and flatten with fork. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 F, for 10 to 12 minutes. Yield: 2 dozen cookies.

Whipped Jelly Sauce

½ cup fruit jelly (crabapple, red currant, etc.)
1 egg white, unbeaten
pinch of salt

Melt jelly in a bowl over hot water. Add egg white and salt, and beat with rotary egg beater until stiff. Cool. Six servings.

Lunch in a Bowl

¼ lb. bologna (in one pice)
2½ cups water
1 carrot, diced
1 onion, chopped
1 potato, diced
1 cup shredded cabbage
3 cups canned tomatoes
1½ teaspoons salt
Pepper to taste
6 rounds of toast
¼ cup grated cheese

Cut bologna into small dice, add water, cover closely and simmer for 30 minutes. Add vegetables and seasonings, cover and simmer until vegetables are tender. Sprinkle toast rounds with grated cheese, place under broiler until cheese melts. Serve in individual bowls with toast rounds. Five to six servings.

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Over 8,000 Schools Destroyed In Russia

It would be difficult to form an estimate of the entire damage suffered by Russia during the German occupation. The losses inflicted on the public education system of the Ukraine alone amount to two billion rubles. Over 8,000 elementary schools were destroyed, as was the home of that citadel of Ukrainian culture, Kiev University, planned by the famous architect Bereti.

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