VOTE AS YOU LIKE...
— BUT VOTE!
"SALADA"
TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

After several days of fine weather, complete with warm, drying winds, our thoughts were hopefully turning once again to spring seeding—only it would seem more like summer seeding at this late date. However call it spring or summer—it doesn't make any difference—for it is raining again, just another good old soaker. So that's that.

Yesterday we had a houseful of family week-enders and we all went for a drive. It is said that misery likes company but I can assure you it didn't make Partner or I feel the least bit better to pass farm after farm in no better condition as to field crops than our own. Some of the wheat wasn't too bad but we didn't see one field of spring grain that showed any promise at all.

* * *

Our drive took us to Malton airport—a place that we like to visit about once a year anyway. We remember it from the time when construction work was first started—when there was nothing there at all other than a corner store, a few farm houses, and construction gangs and machinery at work. Now the runways, the various aeroplane plants, Trans-Canada sheds and dwelling houses cover acres and acres of land. Any time we went there during the last few years we always found the place seething with activity, planes of every description coming and going all the time. Yesterday it was very different—in fact the place seemed dead. It certainly looked as if the war was over. Trainer planes were conspicuous only by their absence. A lone Lancaster took off, circled around a few times and then landed again. One Trans-Canada Airliner was pushed out of its shed, given a warming-up and then left alone. Around five o'clock a plane came in from Chicago. Ten passengers alighted—as nonchalantly as if they were stepping off a street-car. The plane was refuelled, mail and baggage put aboard and in about twenty minutes she took off again, this time for Ottawa and Montreal and with only six passengers. And how I wish I had been one of them. I hope it may yet be my good fortune to go up in the air at least once before I go underground.

* * *

To review events further back in the week: We had a letter from son Bob, at present stationed in Germany—and if you think the Nazis are completely subdued take note of this—and remember it was written 8 days after peace was declared. I quote from the letter. "So far I carry on, dodging mines as usual—and bullets too. A Jerry sniper put a bullet into my instrument panel yesterday. I got away pretty quick I can tell you and told the M.P.'s. I don't know whether they got the guy or not. I sure hope so as he had shot four of our guys that day already. It happened as I was driving through a German town. The bullet came through the back of the cab—and I'll swear it made a detour around my head before it smashed into the instrument panel. Now I have another hole for fresh air anyway. Half an hour later I nearly piled my truck up because I had to take to the ditch to avoid hitting a Jerry civilian. Today a Jerry asked me for a cigarette. I opened my case, took out a smoke, lit it myself and just looked at him. I never said a word but he caught on pretty darn quick."

When one gets a letter like that and realises that our boys are still at the mercy of death-dealing snipers one gets rather disgusted at the verbal sniping that is going on in our own country, particularly in political circles.

Inner Meaning

A Toronto Collegiate classroom (about 16-year-olds) was this week diverted when a student went to the blackboard, wrote:

CCF — Carefully Concealed Fascism.

—Financial Post.

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Write for informative booklet "Here's Good Health to You" to Stafford-Miller (of Canada) Ltd., Dept. 9, 172 John St., Toronto, Ont.

ISSUE 23—1945

by Laura Wheeler

Dainty floral embroidery makes a simple little frock a "best bib and tucker." Big sister and little sister will be equally proud of it.

Pretty as a picture! Pattern 621 has transfer of embroidery and complete pattern for dress; sizes 1, 2, 4, or 6. State size desired.

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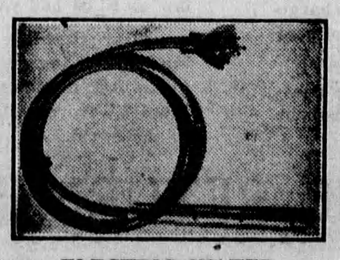

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Princess of Gratzen

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER IV

"We had to run—run quickly—more planes were coming over this time, a bomb set fire to the cottage and men were parachuting down. All that night we ran when it was safe to do so. Then we met an old peasant with his cart and he started us on the road to Paris and there Meridel found us. It was God who helped her to find us and bring us here."

"Yes," said Roger softly and his eyes were steady on Rudolph's. "It was indeed God who helped."

"And He will take care of Bonhomme Fricot up in heaven," said Rosine. "And punish the one who killed him. Bonhomme Fricot was bent and his beard was long. He would harm no one."

"It is murder to kill like that," said Pol Martin. "Then to laugh, to smile as this one did after—"

"It is done with now. Finished, eh, Rudolph?" said Roger.

* * *

"Madame requests that you be ready within the hour—you, too, M. Roger—you are all going to Montreal."

"The princess, too?" Roger sat up eagerly.

But madame, during the pleasant ride to the city, made Roger sit up front with the chaffeur of the ancient ar. Her bright black eyes glittered impishly. "Later the princess may wish to ride up the Mount in a barouche and perhaps you'd like to go with her."

"Would you like that, Meridel?" Roger asked. "It is really very beautiful."

"But yes. I should love that, monsieur. I have not been on a real mountain since I left Gratzen. I shall look forward to it."

And so, in the warm, languorous evening they drove up the mountain and Roger told her of Maisonneuve, of the golden history of the great city whose countless lights glittered in the dusk. "You will be happy, Meridel—here among us. It is a friendly land, a friendly people.

* * *

But they were at the top of the Mount now and the barouche had stopped and the obsequious coachman was waiting to help mademoiselle alight. For a long while they stood looking down in silence at the city, at the blue distance, the star-spangled sky over the Adirondacks.

"It is so lovely," she said, "so lovely, so serene. Nothing will ever come to shatter the peace of those skies?"

"Not in our time, my dear. None of us have yet learned to thank God sufficiently for that. I am so glad — so glad you are here, Meridel, safe and cared for and happy. You are happy now, aren't you?"

"Happier than I ever dared hope in those days—"

"I — I should like to make you happier still. If I may hope—"

* * *

She smiled at him, looked up at the broad shoulders that bulked above her, at his face, dark and lean-jawed and so wise for one so young. Strange, swift world. They had met only last night and now he spoke to her of love. She could see it in his earnest eyes, read it in the rough tones of his voice. But her heart was not yet receptive to love and she wondered if it would ever be again—and then she thought of the night in Gratzen so much like this, when she and that other youth, so young and gay and glad of heart had cimbed the mountain road to the castle.

"You make my heart glad, Roger. But you do! What you would say is always sweet to hear, but I —it is too soon for me. It seems of small importance—our own loves and hates, when hatred has become a tide of the sea and love a vanished army."

"It is one of the things we can cling to—so it seems to me. Cling to hungrily. But it is perhaps too soon, Meridel. After a little while perhaps—"

"No. I have never before met anyone like you, any girl who made me feel as you have done. And the princess part has little to do with it."

"I am glad of that. You would have found me the same if I'd been a scullery maid?"

"Yes, the same."

* * *

She thought of Michel, who had been said because she had changed from a peasant girl to a princess. As if it mattered, as if that should discourage him and drive him away on his lonely road! But it had been different then, even though the old castle was already tottering on its rocky buttresses and the winds of change were rustling around its keep.

They drove down the mountain and somehow he was not unhappy, though he had been unable to say the things that were clamouring to be uttered. They wandered about the city, into paces where Roger had never been before. Doors and windows were open; the night was sultry the air charged with the threat of thunder. From a little basement restaurant the music of a violin and a piano came liltingly up to them and Meridel's fingers closed hard on his wrist as she stopped, chin lifted, eyes bright, like one lost in a dark wood who hears the winding of a golden horn.

"It is a song of Gratzen!" she said. "It is a song of my people! Come—come quickly, please!"

* * *

Roger sharing her eagerness, followed her down the steps into the little taproom. It seemed to be three-quarters filled by the huge man in a white apron who came forward to meet them, a wide smile on his ruddy face. He stopped suddenly and his little shoe-button eyes all but popped from their cushions of fat. "Gracious lady! Highness! It is you I see here—here!" And, by some miracle, he bowed low until they saw only the shiny bald pate fringed by long white locks.

The boy and girl left piano and fiddle and came to stand behind him and bend low in an Old-World curtesy.

"My friends!" Meridel's voice was gentle, her eyes shone. She stretched out her hands to them and they kissed the white fingers reverently. "Jules Goujon—Jules of the Coq d'or, and little Emil and little Magda." She looked fondly on the old man and his grandchildren. Their mother was dead their father would be fighting if life was in him yet. "It is so good—so good to find you here, my friends, my own people."

* * *

"It is like seeing heaven, Highness. You will sit, yes, please, and this gallant airman—here in my inn."

"Good—it is good, this Canada," he said. "Here we can hope to build our happiness once again. You, Princess, are well here?"

"Well, indeed, Jules—and Pol Martin and little Rosine. We live at a grand chateau Philibert which belongs to Uncle Rudi, who is a very great man here and very rich. You will remember the Baron Rudi, my friend?"

"Well I remember him, Highness," said Jules thinking ony briefly of the long, unsettled score chalked behind the bar of his inn in that far-off land. "He was a gay young man, the baron. I am happy that the world has used him well. Tell him he is always welcome at my inn, which I call to the Coq-d'or in memory of old times."

"Old times—do you recall, my good friend, the time I came to your tavern—on fair day—with the tall, red-headed one, and we had dinner together—roast goose it was—"

(To Be Continued)

Picobac

THE PICK OF TOBACCO

"It does taste good in a pipe"

World Sugar Stock Lowest In Years

Canada's Sugar Ration cut a further five pounds for the remainder of 1945 is a reminder of the vast adjustments that have to be made before world economy becomes normal again, says the Ottawa Citizen: "The lower ration will bring the per capita consumption of Britain, the United States and Canada to an annual rate of 70.8 pounds. The 1944 averages were: U. S., 89; Great Britain, 71.5; and Canada, 85.5 pounds per person per year. World sugar stocks at the beginning of 1945 were 4.1 million tons, lowest in many years. Last year the carry-over was 5.8 million tons, and in 1943 it was 6.5 million tons.

Last year, according to the St-Catharines Standard, Southwestern Ontario alone produced 40,000,000 pounds of beet sugar, and one authority states that the amount could be doubled this year, if the growers had priority on farm help. The third largest refinery in the world, at Chatham, was idle last year. It is an important subject, in view of the recent reduction in the sugar ration. And sugar will be short until Europe gets back to beet production.

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