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Ointment 60 cts. Pills 35 cts.

Princess of Gratzen

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER VII

They went into the room where a short while ago all had been so gay, so bright, so merry. It seemed empty now, haunted by shadows, by some sinister presence. The black reticule still lay on the dresser where madame had left it. Rosine, by standing on tiptoe, could move it a little and straighten the picture. The light was dimmer now. But there in its bright metal frame was the handsome smiling face, its eyes fixed upon them.

Pol Martin gazed at it and slowly his lips parted. His fingers tightened on hers. He stared long. He could not seem to tear his eyes from that thin, smiling face.

"Pol! Tell me, Pol." Rosine's voice was urgent.

"Yes — yes!" he whispered. "I would know him anywhere. I could never forget. It was thus he smiled the day he ran from Bon Homme's cottage. He wore the uniform of one of the Luftwaffe then. But it is he."

* * *

"Yes. I knew. I saw it before the party started. I could not eat for thinking of it. I could feel him smiling there behind me. But what could his picture be doing here? Who can he be?"

"I do not know. We shall ask Corinne or Gesner. We shall not speak."

"No, we must not speak. These are good people, all of them. They do not know that the devil is amongst them."

"But Roger promised to kill this one — and Roger is strong. He wears a cross the King gave him for being brave. Yes, Roger will kill this one surely."

And they stole away, out of that room, away from the picture of Michel Fabre that smiled at them in the twilight.

It was the day following the coming of the little English evacuees who were to find a home at Philibert. Meridel knocked at madame's door to show the old lady a letter Rudolph had received from the bureau in charge of the little guests. Meridel entered when madame's rich voice called "Entrez!" from the inner room.

"I shall be out in a minute — ah, it is you, Meridel." The door to her bedroom was open. "Make yourself comfortable, child."

* *

Meridel did not hear. The room became space and the moment eternity. Rapt, heart still, she stared at the picture of Michel Fabre and slowly walked toward it as if drawn to it by some mighty, invisible threat. She had forgotten everything in the wonder of finding him again. She reached out and touched the photograph. She picked it up and looked at it, studying every lineament of the fine young face, realizing how true, how minutely perfect, had been her mind's image — the thick brows, the cleft chin, the strong wide mouth, the broad forehead and aquiline nose.

"Well!"

Madame had been standing beside her for moments, watching her, the glad look in her eyes, the way her young breast rose and fell. And madame was old and wise as the world and she had known love and thus recognized instantly what she saw in Meridel's face.

"I—I am sorry, madame. I forgot myself. This man—may I ask —who is he?"

"An insolent, defiant, ungrateful young scamp," said madame, smiling fondly at the picture. "He is Roger's brother my nephew, Michel Fabre. We call him Mike."

"Roger's brother—Michel—"

"Do you know him, Princess?"

Meridel nodded. Slowly she put the picture back in its place. "I met him once in Gratzen, shortly before the war broke out."

"And he made love to you, I'll wager."

* * *

Meridel looked gravely into the bright black eyes, and for a moment did not speak. Then she said, "Not—not as one expects love to be made—"

Madame chuckled. "Ah, I know. It was in the way he looked at you, in the way he said things more than in what he said; in the way he held that proud red head of his and the way his eyes danced. Is it not so?"

"Yes—yes, it is so."

"That was Michel."

"Did he—make love to many?"

"I thing not. But many loved him. He didn't care. He always wanted to be free—free of his teachers, of those who would interfere with his life—yes, even of me. See here—what he wrote on the back of this picture."

Madame Mimi took the photo from its frame and showed the boldly scrambled lines to Meridel, who shaped the words with her lips—

"A better friend than love have they
For none to mar or mend,
That have themselves to friend."

"I don't know that any love could hold him," continued madame. "What was he doing when you saw him?"

(To Be Continued)

As thrilling as a first beau, this youthful-minded frock and hat, Pattern 4766. Frost it with white eyelet garnished with ribbons. Any schoolgirl can make it for herself.

Pattern 4766 comes in Teen Age sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12, frock, takes 2¼ yards 39-inch material.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly size, name, address, style number.

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THERE IS ONLY ONE FLY-TOX KILLS INSECT PESTS

ISSUE 26—1945

MOTHER'S LETTER READ AT GRAVE

In La Cambe cemetery, France, where many of those killed in the Normandy invasion are buried, Madame Blanche Chapelle, left, and her daughter, Helene, kneel at the grave of James Simonian of New York State while the girl reads a letter from the soldier's mothere. The mother asked Helene to read it over the grave. The soldier was killed in D-Day fighting.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. May the bridegroom mail some of the wedding invitations to his intimate circle of friends?

2. Is it considered good manners to crook the little finger when lifting a glass or a coffee cup?

3. Which one should enter first when a mother and daughter are entering an automobile?

4. What should one do when in a group of persons, either sitting or standing, and it is necessary to turn one's back towards another person?

5. Is it in good form to lay two or three spoons crosswise above each dinner plate?

6. Is it all right for a woman to present a letter of introduction personally?

ANSWERS

1. No; all the invitations should be mailed from the bride's home. The bride's fiance should of course furnish a list of his relatives and friends to whom he wishes invitation sent. 2. This is merely affectation. 3. The mother. 4. Apologize, always. 5. No; this was an old custom, but is out-of-date. 6. No; a man has this privilege, but not a woman.

Churchill Opens Election Campaign

Prime Minister Fires First Shot On Village Green

I walked to the end of the road where I live, strolled over to our village green, passed under a row of chestnut trees which are the chief foundation of our local pride, and saw in front of the Working Men's Club, a small crowd of a couple of hundred people, including a large number of children under 10, surrounding a tiny motor-car from which an elderly gentleman was making a speech, writes Harold Hobson in The Christian Science Monitor.

Coming closer I observed that this Pickwickian gentleman was Prime Minister Winston Churchill engaged in opening the Conservative Party's electoral campaign in what has been described as the most important election in British history.

If this description is true, nobody would have guessed it from the casual, informal appearance of Mr. Churchill at Woodford.

No Pageantry

Americans who are dazzled by the pageantry of state openings of Parliament and state visits of the King and Queen would have been astonished, at the total lack of ceremony attending the Prime Minister's first shot in the election battle.

There were no flags, no parades as in Nazi Germany, no special presidential train as in America; only a stoutish gentleman holding in his hand a high-crowned hat that would have struck the inhabitants of the Ark as old-fashioned, addressing a few halting words, in a gentle shower of rain, to an audience of housewives out on a morning of shopping.

This, of course, doesn't mean any want of enthusiasm for Mr. Churchill — it is merely the inexplicable English way of doing things.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I prevent the cracking of enameled saucepans?

A. Place new enameled saucepans in a vessel of warm water, allow it to come to a boil, than cool, and they will last much longer than ordinarily before either cracking or burning.

Q. How can I polish gilt frames?

A. Mix and beat the whites of three eggs with one-third this quantity (by weight) of javelle water. Paint the gilt frames with this solution.

Q. How can I remove stains from the hands and keep them in good condition?

A. Instead of using soap on the hands, use a small cup of paste, composed of vinegar and cornmeal.

Q. How can I keep paint brushes in good condition?

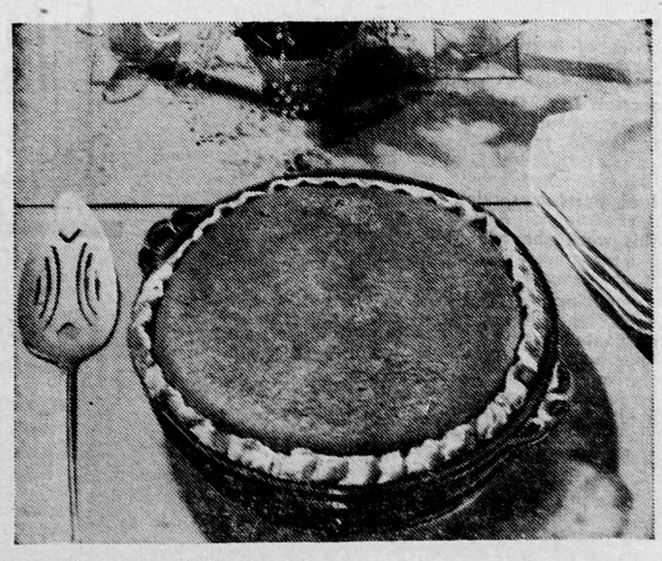
A. A used paint brush should be washed in turpentine or gasoline, followed by a soap and water, preferably naptha soap. Rinse in clear water and press the bristles into shape.

Q. How can I remove rust spots from nickel plate?

A. Cover the rust spots with oil or grease and let it remain for two or three days, and then rub thoroughly with ammonia, and polish.

Though ultra-violet light does not poduce the sensation of light, it can produce blindness.

Grapefruit Souffle Pie



3 tablespoons butter or margarine	1 tablespoon grated orange rind
3 tablespoons flour	1 cup grapefruit sections
½ teaspoon salt	¼ cup grapefruit juice
¾ cup milk	⅓ cup sugar
2 eggs, separated	½ teaspoon vanilla

Prepare pastry shell; prick lightly with a fork. Bake in hot oven (450° F) 8 to 10 minutes to set crust.

Melt butter over low heat; add flour and salt and stir until smooth. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly; cook until thick. Cool slightly. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored; slowly add cooked mixture. Add orange rind, grapefruit sections and juice, sugar and flavoring. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into pastry shell and bake in slow oven (300° F) about 1 hour.

Yield: One 9-inch pie.

All-Bran Pastry Shell

2 tablespoons All-Bran	¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup sifted flour	¼ cup shortening

2 tablespoons cold water (more or less)

Crush All-Bran into fine crumbs; mix with flour and salt. Cut in shortening. Add water, a little at a time, until dough is moist enough to hold together. Roll out on lightly floured board to about one-eighth inch in thickness. Fit into pie pan; thrim edges.

Quality You'll Enjoy

"SALADA" TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

We have been seeing the world! We have been on two trips since I wrote last week. One was a visiting and business trip—mostly business—the other was a sight-seeing occasion. Partner and I went to Guelph last Friday and that busy little city was about as busy as we ever saw it. When we visited with friends just above the College we discovered the reason—and I suppose we should have known it all along. It was some kind of 'Farmer's Day' at the College and it appeared as if most of the farmers and their families for miles around had moved in and taken over the College lock, stock and barrel. But we didn't go in. At the time we went by it was nearly five o'clock and at five o'clock a farmer's failing is to turn reluctantly to thoughts of home—to cows that need milking and to poultry that wants feeding. So we had an eat-and-run cup of tea with our friends and after admiring their chickens and gardens, and what we coud see of their crops, we made tracks for home, our faithful old Lizzie chugging along, contentedly purring because we were on a down-grade nearly all the way home.

Over the week-end Daughter and friend Bert were here and it was they who took us on a sight-seeng trip. For a long time Partner had been wanting to see again the Shad Dam at Fergus. So that's where we went. But we found it had been re-named since we saw it before.e Now it is 'the Grand River Dam' which seems quite appropriate since it is the Grand River which it controls. By any name it is a marvellous piece of engineering and well worth taking a little time and trouble to see.

Personally I shall have reason to remember our visit to the Grand River Dam for several days. You see after looking at everything from the level of the bridge we naturally wanted to size things up from below. But going all the way around looked like a long way to walk so we tried taking a 'short cut' down the shale rock embankment. It was a short cut in distance but certainly not in time. Believe me, it was some feat. I declare that that bank got steeper and longer with every step we took and the footing was particularly treacherous. We finally made it, of course, but today I am so stiff in my joints it is really painful to move.

From Fergus we went on to the Rocks at Elora. For Partner and I, it was a case of 'Elora Revisited'. Even at that we found several little walks and look-outs that we had missed before, particularly that of an island rock which stands in the middle of a waterfall. It was Daughter's first visit however, and, knowing her wandering propensities—which she probably inherits from her mother—I don't suppose there was very much that she missed. We had our lunch with us and because it began to rain the car was our picnic ground, which didn't seem to make any difference to the enjoyment and ease with which our lunch was dispatched.

Coming home by way of No. 7 Highway and then across country, we finished our journey by visiting a young mother and her three-weeks old baby. Naturally for quite a little while the women-folk indulged in baby worship while the men sat around outside discussing crops, weather conditions, milk cows and other mundane affairs dear to masculine hearts and from which we women folk benefit—but I might add to which we also contribute our share of work and worry.

Fiery Calling Cards Dropped On Japan

The Chemical Warfare Service disclosed not long ago that Superfortresses are dropping at least four types of incendiary bombs on Japan and that research is under way to develop more fiery calling cards.

Two of the bombs spread flaming synthetic lava formed by jellied gasoline, powdered magnesium, liquid asphalt and other ingredients.

One is the M-76 or "Goop" bomb, a 500-pounder, which scatters lava into corners and other out-of-the-way places. The other is the tenpound M-74, equipped with a mechanism that throws gobs of burning lava for distances of twenty-five yards.

The two other types of bombs are the 100-pound M-47 and the six-pound M-69 cluster. The M-47, packed with jellied gasoline in a thin wall, is capable of scattering chunks of fire for distances of forty yards. The M-69 is made up of bomb clusters scattered by a time fuse releasing a shower of fire sticks.

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