Delicious and Refreshing

"SALADA" ICED TEA

Princess of Gratzen

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER X

"Lies and deception and — and cruelty," said Meridel. "It is all that and more. It is—" she looked about her. "I shall leave the children with you, please, Miss Carrick. I must talk to my uncle at once."

She was waiting at the foot of the stairs when Rudolph came down after conducting the visitors to his mistress' apartment.

"Why, Rudolph?" she said at length. "Why did you do this?"

He gazed fixedly at the carpet. His voice was very low, very humble.

"I knew from the start it was wrong, Meridel. But hear me — hear me and try to forgive."

"You were butler in this house. You never were anything more than that, were you?"

"No, Meridel."

"All the letters, the pictures, the glowing stories you sent to us, your kinsmen and kinswomen in Gratzen — all lies, Rudolph?"

"All lies. I thought, you see, that no one would ever find out. This was another world and I did not dream that the two worlds would soon be hurled together. The first intimation I had of your coming was when I saw the piece in the paper and your pictures and the story about your rich uncle in Canada. I confessed to Madame Fabre-Lusignan at once. She is so kind and good. She would not hear of my telling you that I was only a servant, only a poor failure. She was once the famous actress, Mimi Fabre—"

"We must go from here at once, you understand."

* * *

"But of course. I will go with you, if you will have me. I have some money saved. I wanted madame to use it for you. She would not. Now we shall go and we shall be happier. I know I shall sleep better at night. I'll do anything. I'm sure I can find work in the city as a waiter or doorman or the like. I can keep you and Rosine and Pol Martin. I know I can. We shall be not rich maybe, but—"

"Poor Rudi! Go now, please, and make ready. We shall carry with us only the things we brought. We shall thank Madame Fabre-Lusignan. Yes, I have heard of Mimi Fabre as a great actress. I have proof of it now."

"Thank you, child." Madame spoke from the dimness of the landing. "I could not help hearing you, though I would make no apologies for listening. And it is well I did hear; I think I can understand now why you feel as you do about — about the little game of make-believe we played. Believe me, it was never staged from any motive other than kindness and the desire to spare you further pain."

* * *

"You are, as always, kind, madame." Meridel smiled up at her and curtsied. "And it was a lovely play, for which I thank you on behalf of the little ones and myself. But now the play is ended, you see. And this time the princess really does become Cinderella."

The train whistled drearily and its light shone whitely through the darkness. The silent children, clutching their little suitcases, were shepherded on to the dingy train; then Meridel got on, and finally Rudolph.

But warm was their welcome at the Coq d'or. "Stay with me tonight!" Jules stepped back when Meridel told him they would shelter with him until tomorrow. "Stay with me always! I have this big house — three floors. All warm. All furnished. My business is good here. It is well here."

From then on there was a new partner, a new maitre d'hotel, at the sign of the Golden Cock. Rudi!

Emil and Magda played each evening while dinner was being served, sometimes Meridel sang, and when that sweet contralto came stealing into the ears of the guests the sound of cutlery, of clinking glass, of busy talk, died out and everyone listened raptly and marveled and gave the full meed of applause. Who was this lovely girl, they wondered, who looked like a queen, who made the beauties of the screen look artificial? What was her history?

Rosine had written to madame to tell her how they fared at the Coq d'or:

"To say we are as happy here as at Philibert would be no lie, madame, and no reflection, I trust, on the wonderful kindness you showed to us. We shall always remember that and bless your generous heart. But here too we are happy; here we have found a true and loyal friend and honest welcome. Uncle Rudi has invested the money he had saved, with Jules, and is now part owner of the Coq d'or. He is maitre d'hotel and how proud you would be to see him in that role!

* * *

"Pol Martin and Rosine are well. They love their school and they are happiest when they go skating or skiing or on the toboggan with their playmates. But they are always asking for you and when will Roger come back and when will they go to Philibert. And all I can answer is soon, and I hope that is really the truth. You are good friends, our first friends in this country and you have a place in our hearts.

"I guard the picture you gave me. I think I shall always treasure it. Have you had any news of that one?"

It had been very lonely for the old lady after the Morpins had left her. Never before had she realized how much she was dependent on Rudolph, how much the smooth running of the great house had rested with him. True, Gesner was capable and willing and the government officials had sent a very fine man, Gerard Chamberland, to help look after the children, and another governess, Miss Kightly, had come to assist gentle Miss Carrick. But there was no one like Rudi, no one like Meridel and madame often wept when she thought of little Rosine and Pol Martin.

The noisy honking of a motor horn aroused her from her dreaming. Roger! The sight of that tall, spare, blue-clad figure brought a rush of gladness to madame's heart. "You — you young fiend!" she called. "Stop that horrible noise at once and come up here!"

(To Be Continued)

"Our Family Regulator is DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS"

HOTEL METROPOLE
All Beautifully Furnished With Running Water.
Rates:
$1.50 up
NIAGARA FALLS
OPPOSITE
C.N.R. STATION

ISSUE 29—1945

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

It is said that we should count that day as lost on which we learn nothing new.

Well, last Wednesday I learnt plenty—but to say I was scared in the process is to put it mildly.

You see I set out to do another big washing—with my electric washer, you understand. The first time I used it Daughter was helping me but on Wednesday I went at it alone. Everything went fine at first. I started the motor and left the gyrator to do the work while I fed the chickens, thinking how marvellous it was to be ablle to do two jobs at one time—and with such ease. On my return there were the towels and things all ready to rinse. But then my troubles began.

No. I didn't get my fingers in the wringer... I had had enough warnings about that... but no one had warned me how a loose thread or a fringed edge can result in towels twisting themselves around the wringer worse than anything I ever saw. In my ignorance I saw no reason why the cotton bags I was rinsing shouldn't drop down on the other side of the wringer unassisted. So I went merrily on, feeding bags and towels to the wringer without paying much attention to what they were doing. I was too busy diving for the next one to put through. Suddenly I noticed the rollers well padded. I knew very well what I was supposed to do—release the rollers—but before I could do it something happened—and the wringer stopped working. I think my heart stopped too—or if it didn't it was somewhere up in my mouth. "What have you done ...what kind of a stupid fool are you?" I asked myself. You see I really thought I had broken something. However I sprung the release and then I suddenly realised that not only the wringer, but the motor had stopped. I tried to remember all the things I had over heard about what to do when a fuse blows out because by this time it had dawned on me that that was what had really happened.

* * * ....

I didn't want to bother the men because they were still at the barn milking. So I went down cellar and tried to figure things out for myself.

"Shut off the power." I experimented with that idea until I was certain I had it right. And glad I was it was daylight so that what I was doing didn't make itself felt at the barn!

"Remove burnt out fuse—replace with a new one." Yes, but which fuse? There were six of them. I studied the direction of the wires in my mind's eye I connected them with the fuse to which I thought they belonged. Decided which was which, put in new fuse, turned on the power, came upstairs, pugged in the washer—and presto! away she went. The towels and bags were finally untangled and in about twenty minutes my heart beat had returned to normal. But what a lot I learned in half an hour! Experience is a good teacher. Incidentally, had I examined the fuse more closely I would have seen that the burnt out one had turned black in the centre so I need not have worried about which was the one to replace. But that, of course, was something else I didn't know.

* * *

Of course we are right into the haying—and it was such good drying weather most of last week. Towards the end of the week we had more hay ready for the barn than Partner and young John could handle alone—that is if they were to get it in before rain came again. So we asked our local 'Rep' for a Farm Commando. The man who came was strong, willing and knew what he was doing, so the men got along fine—that is, until five o'clock when rain put an end to haying for that day.

Before he went our Commando remarked—"You don't know what those two home-cooked meals have meant to me, Mrs. Clarke. I live in restaurants all the time and I'm telling you, you people in the country have no idea what that really means and how sick and tired we get of it all."

I thought it was very nice of the fellow to voice his appreciation that way. He could easily have taken it all for granted.

SHADES OF '49—IN GERMANY

Reminiscent of the days of the California gold rush is this picture showing German war refugees in a train of ox-drawn "covered wagons" as they returned to Bavaria from Pilsen, Czechoslovakia.

Chosen by thousands
OF BUSY CANADIAN HOUSEWIVES

Kellogg's cereals have an important place in Canada's kitchens—now, more than ever. Appetizing anytime—for breakfast, lunch, between meal snacks. Add flavour to 'leftover' dishes, too!

BOYS! GIRLS! They're free...
8 Coloured Cards in every package. Save 'em! Trade 'em!

Here's lazy hot-weather sewing for you! Blouse of Pattern 4772 is all one piece, including sleeves. No side seams; just wrap and tie it! Drawstring neckline; dirndl skirt.

Pattern 4772 comes in Misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 takes 3 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.

German Submarines Had Our Tide Tables

The U-889, first German submarine to surrender in North American waters, contained a lot of very interesting items. One was a set of tide tables for the St. Lawrence River mouth and the Bay of Fundy. Printed on blue cardboard, the German charts were marked "Addendum to Naval Atlas 299."

Naval officals pointed to this discovery as an example of the thoroughness of German intelligence surveys, and stressed the need for continued observance of security regulations.

THE *BEST* WAY TO KILL FLIES

—a 10c package of WILSON'S FLY PADS will kill more flies than $5.00 worth of any other fly killer! The old reliable way for 65 years. Use WILSON'S FLY PADS today!

Sow Had 6 Reasons For Staying In Hole

Two marines on Okinawa who dived into a foxhole in a night air raid had the company of a sow which would not budge.

Master Sergeant Joe Tyson, Jr., Oregon, Mo., and Pfc. Walter Dahl of Puposky, Minn., stayed with the sow that night and the next morning found she had six reasons for not moving—six little pigs.

Sergeant Tyson and Private Dahl dug themselves another hole.

Contributed by
DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY

5-10W