It's Cooling
"SALADA"
ICED TEA

Princess of Gratzen

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER XV

"Not so hard for me as for you—for your good aunt. Once, when we first heard from the children about—about him, we said, madame and I, that we would not believe the story unless we had the evidence of our eyes, our own ears. Unless we saw him, heard him confess his guilt. And we saw and heard."

* * *

"Yes. It was the same way with me." Roger stirred restlessly and lit a cigarette when she declined one. "I knew Mike well enough to realize that he would side with the devil—if he thought the devil was right. But how he strayed into this—this horrible business is more than I can fathom. What reward could they give him? Money he never cared for and fame never bothered him. He has cast aside his birthright, his self-respect, everything. I have often thought of those renegade Englishmen who broadcast over the German radio and to me they seemed mere crackpots who were to be laughed at or pitied. You can't laugh at Mike—and he could never be an object of pity. He is one who knows what it's all about."

"It was all so strange," whispered Meridel. "So different from the memory I had of him. When I met him there long ago he was so young and carefree and there was something in his eyes that was beautiful and good to see. But tonight, Roger—you saw his eyes tonight."

* * *

"Yes—cold, hard, deadly. Yet I thought there was misery and torment in them. And still I had to go tonight and put men on his trail who will shoot him down like a dog, and receive no blame for doing so. Perhaps by now they have got him; perhaps—"

"There! You must not concern yourself so."

"Some women could care enough to forgive him even this," continued Roger.

"Is there such love? Is love really the name for it?"

Roger shrugged. "I think there is such—the sublime, the all-forgiving."

"Mine is not like that. It wasn't love, perhaps. It may have been just a colored dream.

"Then tonight was the end of that: Tell me that I may begin to hope—"

She smiled up at him. "I think you never ceased to hope, Roger."

"Say, rather, I never despaired. You will marry me, Meridel?" He looked into her eyes, slowly withdrew his hands from her shoulders. "There is nothing to stand between us now."

* * *

"Less than nothing. If—if you want me, I will marry you, Roger."

"Want you! More than I have ever wanted or even could want anything else in this world."

"But you are not quite happy, because it came to you this way."

"I think I would rather have lost the game than have won it this way—through knowing the truth about Michel. But I see no reason why that should spoil our lives, our happiness."

Roger did not go to bed that night. He drew his choir to the window and dozed there a while and awoke to see the red-gold furnace in the eastern sky. As soon as he heard a noise below stairs, he shaved himself and showered and went down to drink coffee with Gesner and Rudolph in the kitchen.

* * *

Someone had turned on the radio. The voice of the announcer gave the early news items from Montreal—"The police and military authorities have nothing so far to report on the two German prisoners, former members of the Nazi Luftwaffe, who escaped last night from a prison camp in the Laurentians. The two men, one of them armed with a pistol, took the station wagon—"

Roger had reached the radio in three strides and turned the dial until he found music. But some of the keen little ears had heard. Pol Martin's big eyes were staring at him, at the still swollen lip and the newly healed cut. A strange look came over the child's face.

"Was it from this camp back in the woods they escaped, Roger? Was it your station wagon—?"

Roger could not answer, but Pol Martin needed no words; he could read it all in Roger's face, in the way he looked at Meridel.

"They came here, and you fought with them. That is how you cut your lip. All this happened while we were sleeping. But I dreamed of Bonhomme Fricot last night."

* * *

"You are sure you are not just telling us that, Pol Martin?" asked Meridel.

"No, no, I dreamed of him. He was alive again. He was smiling at me and holding out his hand to me and to Rosine. Tell me about the prisoners, Roger, please."

"Not now, my little one. Some other day, perhaps. Now it is time for all of you to have breakfast. Today if you like we shall go up into the mountain."

"That will be good, Roger," said Pol Martin gravely. "A lot of fun."

But Flight Lieutenant Roger Fabre was not to climb the mountain that day. Shortly after breakfast an R.C.A.F. station wagon, far faster and sleeker than his own beloved jalopy, drew up in front of Philibert with orders for him to return to Montreal at once.

"I felt it, somehow," he said ruefully to Meridel. "I have to go, but this time I take my happiness with me. When I return, dear, you will be ready?"

"I shall be waiting, mon brave," she said gravely. "I shall pray each hour for you—for your safe return."

"A heck of a note, sir," said young Ayscough, who had brought the car, "to have to leave. I guess it must be pretty important, though. The old man was having fits when he couldn't get through to you on the telephone."

(To Be Continued)

ISSUE 34—1945

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. Will you please give a list of what part of the wedding expenses the groom should pay?

2. When a business letter is being written by an unmarried woman, should she use the prefix "Miss"?

3. What is the minimum tip that one should give for having one's wraps checked?

4. If a man meets a woman on the street and walks with her should he continue to smoke his cigar or cigarette?

5. When one places the fork on the plate when the meal is finished, should the prongs be pointed upwards or downwards?

6. When addressing an envelope, is it all right to use the abbreviation c/o?

Answers

1. The groom must pay for his bride's wedding ring, the marriage license, transportation for his family and his attendants, gloves, ties, and boutonnieres for his attendant, the minister's fee, and the honeymoon trip. 2. Yes. She should write Miss in parentheses before her signature. 3. Ten cents is sufficient when one is alone. 4. No; he should throw it away, or at least hold it between his fingers, without smoking. 5. The prongs should point downwards. 6. No; the words "Care of" should be written out in full.

'LITTLE DID HE THINK'

When prospector Gilbert Labine, right, flew his plane over Great Bear Lake in 1930 and found a rich pitchblende deposit only a few miles from the Arctic Circle, little did he think his discovery would play an important part in production of the atomic bomb. The Canadian governmen took over the mine, location of which is shown on the map. The uranium derived from the pitchblende ore was used to make the bomb that helped to knock Japan out of the war. Only other known deposits are in Belgian Congo, South America and Australia. One of factors which kept Germany from perfecting its atomic bomb was that none of these sources of uranium was available to them.

Granny Prescribed Black Currant Tea

Grandma was a pretty smart old lady. She didn't know that black currant juice was chuck full of vitamin C, but she did know that when the children began to sniffle and sneeze a cup of hot black currant tea would "fix them up, right smart."

It took the nutritionists quite a long time to discover that black currants are the very best source of this important vitamin, but they know it now. Further, the division of nutrition at Ottawa has figures which show that black currants are one of the few fruits which are still an excellent source of vitamin C after being made into jam.

"The people who grow or can buy black currants should count themselves lucky," say the nutritionists. Their figures show that two tablespoons of black currant jam will give about the same amount of vitamin C as an orange at less cost.

Flies 555 Miles In 62 Minutes

Travelling nearly as fast as sound, a jet-propelled P-80 "Shooting Star" roared in from Dayton, Ohio, and hissed to a stop at La Guardia field recently after covering the 555 miles in one hour and two minutes.

The streamlined craft described by the army as the world's fastest, touched the runway an hour and 34½ minutes after leaving Wright Field, Dayton. The pilot, Col. William H. Council, said the extra 32' minutes were taken up by landing preparations.

The jet-propelled fighter flew most of the way at 20,000 feet because of adverse weather. Its top speed has been announced as more than 550 miles an hour and its ceiling as at least 45,000 feet.

Lovely to look at, delightful to wear, and easy to sew! Slip Pattern 4523 is designed to fit smoothly, without bunching, twisting or riding up. Embroidery pattern included.

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How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

How can I brighten and sharpen the knives of the food chopper?

A. Take a piece of scouring soap, or small bits left from the cakes of scouring soap, and run through the food chopper in the same manner as a vegetable or piece of bread. Then wash thoroughly to remove all the grit.

Q. How can I brighten gold chains or similar articles?

A. Dip them in a solution of one part ammonia to three parts of water.

Q. How can I remove a screw that has rusted into the wood?

A. By placing a hot iron on its head. Use the screwdriver while the head is still hot.

Q. How can I determine the ripeness of bananas?

A. Do not buy green bananas unless they are wanted for baking. If they have green tips they are unfit to eat. Brown flecks on the skin of a banana indicate ripeness.

Q. How can I remove the shine from a dark serge suit?

A. The shine can often be removed entirely by sponging with vinegar, then pressing in the usual manner.

Q. How can I remove iron rust from white linen?

A. By rubbing the stains with lemon and salt, and then exposing to the hot sun.

Battleship Refloated

The Paris radio said last week that the French battleship Strasbourg, scuttled at Toulon in 1942, has been refloated.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Concentrating on one's own work has been almost impossible these last few days. Mixed up with harvest and home activities are thoughts—and fears—of the awful possibilities of atomic bombing. It grips one's imagination, sends shivers down the spine—and is so utterly fantastic as to be almost unbelievable. Comments from the press, pulpit and public have also been thought provoking—especially those which assert atomic bombing to be inhuman. There is no doubt that such bombing is, of necessity, inhuman but one should also remember that it must be either they, or us, and if the use of atomic bombs serves to bring about the end of the war then surely their use is justified.

* * *

What our men have been through under shell fire and as prisoners of war is bound to have its effect in the immediate future. There will be times when they will be irritable, restless, and moody. I know beause I went through it after the last war. This is a different war, and a different generation, but fundamentally, cause and effect are the same. The men have done their part and, for those who return, whether they are able to adjust themselves to peacetime conditions, depends largely upon the women in their homes. A woman who matches her husband's irritibility with more of the same cannot expect a very happy future; nor can the woman who drags her man around against his will with the idea of giving him "a good time" and helping him to forget.

* * *

I don't suppose many young married folk read this column but if there are a few war brides who do, let me beg of you to have patience with that returned man of yours, remembering that all casualties are not obvious to the beholder. Generally marriage is a case of fifty-fifty but the aftermath of war can make it anything—sixty-forty . . . seventy-thirty . . . with a gradual evening of the scales according to the courage, understanding, sympathy and plain common sense with which a returned man's family deals with his every mood.

* * *

If a man feels like walking the floor it isn't going to help if you tell him to sit down and read a book and stop being so restless. Far better to suggest that he take it out on the woodpile. Or if he is quiet and moody, keeping up an endless chatter of small talk isn't going to have the effect of cheering him up. It is more than likely he is remembering things of which you have no knowledge, and of which he does not wish to speak, so that frivolous, inconsequential small talk can only add to his impatience and may well act as a wedge to drive you apart.

Think it over, war-brides. Your men have fought to win a war. It is your job to fight to win the peace—peace in the new homes of Canada.

The United States has about 200 tribes of Indians, and they speak 55 distinct languages.

DID YOU KNOW that Maxwell House Coffee is "Radiant Roasted" to capture all the extra goodness of this particularly fine coffee blend. Try Maxwell House!