The Quality Tea

"SALADA" TEA

Princess of Gratzen

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER XVIII

A few weeks later, toward evening, just as they were finishing the evening meal, those at Philibert heard the raucous tocsin, the croaking music of the horn on the station wagon that had more lives than a whole family of cats.

"Roger!" cried Pol Martin. "It is Roger returning." And the excellent peach pudding that was the dessert that night was at once forgotten, and even madame joined the streaming exodus from the dining room and made her way through the crowd on the steps to bid him welcome to hold him in her arms, to weep a little as she saw the look on his face when Meridel came to him and put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"I always like to return at twilight," he said, mounting the steps with Pol Martin and Rosine on his shoulders. "It has always seemed to me the best time for a homecoming. I don't know why, maybe the cheery lights and the warm fire and—ah, it is good to be back!"

His gaze had scarcely once starved from Meridel. His eyes had a hungry look in them. He laughted and talked and made the children laugh at his nonsense, but when they had all trooped of to bed, he stretched wearily in his chair and closed his eyes.

* * *

"Just," he explained, "so that I may open them and see you all about me. It has been so long." His hand reached out and touched Meridel's where she sat close to him. "This is real," he said as if to himself. "All of it—real. And you are going to be with me always. Meridel. I thought sometimes I should never return to you, that my luck would run out. But it held — it has held so far."

"You have done well, Roger," said madame. "We read of your exploits, saw your picure in this paper and that."

He waved his hand. "We do not reason why, madame. When we are doing the things they praise us for, they do not seem of great importance, and when the world finds them so—well, we are puzzled. Tell me, was there ever any more word about Michel?"

"Nothing," said madame. "Recently we read that his friend, Kehl, was arrested by the American police, along with some dozens of others and held on charge of espionage. Perhaps he was among them. I do not konw, Roger."

"Strange. Well. I shall give it up as one of the riddles of the age. Tomorrow, Meridel, I want to go shoping with you. I want to buy you things—a ring—the loveliest ring. I want to see it on your finger, then I shall begin to think you really belong to me."

* * *

In the busy weeks that followed Roger seemed to get as much enjoyment as Meridel or madame out of the mutifarious preparations for the wedding. He was on hand the evening in March when Meridel was to try on the wedding dress.

"It is lovely," said Roger, gazing at her as, like a young princess soon to be a queen, she walked with stately step toward him. "So lovely—yet not half lovely enough for her who wears it."

"You find me beautiful then, monsieur?"

"So very beautiful, Meridel." He came from the big window in the living room, where he had been sitting, and bent to her and kissed her upraised lips. "My love," he whispered. "So soon to be my bride."

He saw only Meridel. So it was with Rudolph, with the bridlike Mademoiselle Corbin; only old Mimi Fabre's ageless eyes glimpsed the face that for a moment came close to the windowpane and then was gone. It was Roger who first noticed the pallor of her parchment skin, the whiteness of her lips, the way her hands trembled.

"Tante Mimi!" He hurried to her, but she brushed his arm away. "Are you ill? Is there something I—"

* * *

She tightened the grip of her bony fingers on the knob of her stick. "It is nothing," she said. "Nothing. Just a little weaknes. I shall go to my room and rest for a while. No, I do not want anyone to come with me. I would be alone."

Madame went slowly up the stairs to her room. Her step was firm, though her heart beat so hard that it pained her breast. She walked to the window and looked out for a few moments. She could tell that he was there; she could alfost feel his eyes looking up at her out of the blackness. For only an instant she hesitated, then she lifted her hand and beckoned to him.

"He never before obeyed me," she muttered, tinkering with her teeth that were misbehaving this night. "Perhaps he won't now. What in God's name does he mean by skulking out there in the darkness, peering in at windows! I'll—" she clutched her stick "—I'll do what I used to long ago; I'll lay this across his thick shoulders. I'll knock some of the devil out of him. If I had done the right thing —ah, there!"

* * *

She watched the doorknob turn slowly, the door as slowly open. But he entered quickly, without a sound, closed it behind him and turned the key. He flung his hat deftly at a chair in the corner and grinned as it landed safely. He wore a trench coat, a white scarf, his hair was redder even than she remembered it. He smiled at her and said quietly, "For once, Tante Mimi, I obeyed you. I was about to go off into the cold, dark, windswept night, as they say in the books, when I saw your light go on and your still lovely figure standing in the window. When you beckoned to me I hesitated only briefly; then I came just to say hello—and then good by."

The black eyes, hawk's eyes, bright and gleaming, never left his face. Every inch of it they studied —the long jaw, the stubby nose and wide mouth, the blue eyes in which the devil danced even as in her own. His shoulders bulked huge inside the blue coat. He was taller than Roger. He looked, she thought, like some Milesian king of old. Give him a winged helmet, a jerkin of chain mail, a battle-ax—

"Oeberlieutenant Faber," she said.

* * *

He clicked his heels and bowed stiffly, his face like something graven in stone. Then all the disguise dropped from him in a moment and the eyes sparkled again. He gave her a neat salute and said, "Your mistake, madame—Captain Hichel Fabre, of the British Intelligence."

"Michel!" She had not made a step before he had her in his arms, picking her up as if she were a child, kissing her and pressing his rough cheek against hers.

(To Be Continued)

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ISSUE 37—1945

The ancient Greeks and Romans used to enjoy highly perfumed food.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P Clarke

Sometimes I think that one of the major problems on a farm is entertaining. Farm people, in common with city folk, like to have their friends come to visit with them. And naturally, the logical time for visiting is in the summer. Unfortunately, summer time also coincides with the busiest season of the year on the farm so that we who entertain are always a little uneasy lest our friends do not have as good a time as we would like them to have. The farm work has to go on. Fortunately, to the majority of folks holidaying in the country, most farm work is a novelty and so they enjoy being around and getting first-hand information on how the work is done — or they don't — it depends on their personality! Our neice Betty, for instance, had never seen a cream separator work; her sister Joy, who is also staying with us, was quite interested in watching the manure spreader in action!

* * *

Trying to combine work and pleasure is another problem. Not so much for the younger generation — their supply of energy seems inexhaustible — but for us older folk who, although still quite capable of enjoying good entertainment, yet find it somewhat exhausting if we have a hard day's work behind us and another hard day's work ahead of us. But we try it just the same. We take in the odd show or garden party; we come home and enjoy a midnight snack; we eventually get to our beds, but in an hour or two we are out of them again and on with the work — while our visitors, bless their hearts, sleep blissfully on. We don't begrudge them their sleep — far from it — this is their holiday, let them enjoy it. We only envy them their opportunity of arising each morning, refreshed and invigorated, ready again to go places and see things, although by comparison we are so afraid they will find us dull and lifeless, apparently thinking only of the work to be done, as if we had no other interests beyond our own line fence.

* * *

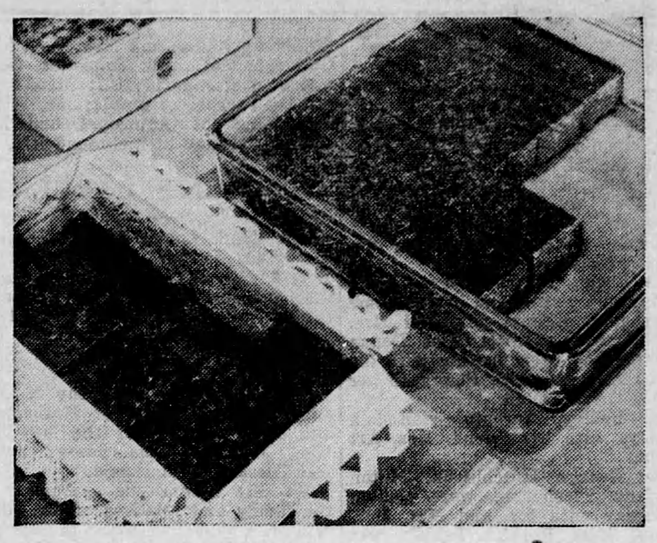
By the foregoing remarks you may surmise we have been trying to work and play too. That's right — we have — except Partner, he is wise, he recognises his limitations. One night Bob took us to Hamilton and while there we went to see "The Valley of Decision". It was a grand show and we enjoyed every minute of our outing — even though we did have a flat tire on the road. But I thought Betty was disappointed because she had not seen "Son of Lassie". So the next day I took the two girls to a neighbouring town and there we saw "Son of Lassie". We followed Laddie right through his puppy days to his adventures in Norway and returned with him to his native moors and safety. "Valley of Decision" is a wonderful picture but we all felt that we shall remember Laddie and Lassie long after the other show is forgotten. There is an undefinable bond between a man and his dog that tugs at the heartstrings. We felt that, even in the show, and we thought we just couldn't stand it if anything dreadful should happen to faithful, trusting Laddie. What a story to awaken children's sympathies. The children in that audience laughed and cried by turns and I am sure they all went home wishing that each had a dog like Laddie. The pity of it is too many children grow up lacking the companionship of a dog. In towns that is often unavoidable but dogs, children and wide open spaces surely belong together.

* * *

Right here I might as well make a confession. The men are drawing in barley and before going to the field they asked me to see that the cows didn't get into the barn. So I brought paper and pencil and took up my vigil from the back seat of the car. It was very comfortable; the air was just pleasantly warm; a soft breeze was blowing and before I knew it I was asleep. So you see what I mean when I say that work, pleasure and late hours don't go too well together! The wagon coming home woke me up . . . I wondered where on earth I was. Fortunately the cows hadn't come down for a drink so nobody knows I was guilty of that unforgivable sin — being asleep at the switch.

Oh-oh — now there's a bee in the car. It's obviously time I got out!

Sure, It's Candy—and without Sugar



Ever heard of candy that's made without sugar? Sounds almost too good to be true, doesn't it? But here's a creamy confection that doesn't use a bit! Just combine semi-sweet or sweet chocolate with crunchy bran for a simple and delicious candy treat!

If you don't have children in your home who like just such an after dinner treat—or even if you do—how about sending a box of these crunchy candies to the nearest Army hospital?

CRUNCHY CEREAL CHOCOLATE BARS

½ pound semi-sweet chocolate OR 1 cup all bran.
sweet milk chocolate.

Melt chocolate over hot water; add all bran and mix well. Pack into loaf pan which has been lined with wax paper. Allow to set until chocolate hardens; cut into bars.

Yield: 4 bars (4½ x 8½-inch pan)

Defeat of Japan No Mere 'Incident'

Japanese history provides numerous examples of "temporary" setbacks in Japan's course of aggression, says the Detroit Free Press.

Germany, France and Russia told the Japs to get out of Port Arthur in 1895 — and they got. A stiff note from Woodrow Wilson in 1915 blocked their Twenty-one Demands on China. An American army checkmated them in Siberia after the Russian Revolution. They were forced to return Shantung to China.

Yet in each instance they merely bowed to superior force—temporarily — and went right on planning and preparing for world conquest as outlined by Hideyoshi in 1592. They have never swerved from his blueprint.

The Japs are tough.

The Allies have got to be tougher

They can't reform Japan by letting it get away with the idea that this defeat is merely an incident in a 100-years war.

MEN WHO THINK OF TOMORROW ARE PLANNING "COOKING WITH LIGHTS"
Miracles of cookery performed not by the heat of a fire, but by the heat of *light*, are planned for the kitchens of tomorrow! Ovens lined with "electric light bulbs" will cook your foods better in shorter time with the even, easily controlled penetrating heat of infra-red rays!
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But remember: inflation strikes hardest *after* a war.

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Think of tomorrow before thinking of cashing a Victory Bond!

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