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TEA

Princess of Gratzen

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER XX

She saw the red temper rising in him and, knowing it of old, recalling many such encounters and their unhappy outcome, she fought to control her own not too gentle spirit.

"Maybe I didn't believe so much as I—I loved you in spite of anything that seemed to be against you."

"That is what I mean. But it was not so with her."

"Can you expect a girl to go on caring for a man she met for a few hours on a mountain or something, in some Ruritanian land, long ago, even when that man seems beyond doubt to be a traitor and worse?"

"Yes," said Michel softly. "Yes, I can expect that. A mountain, you say, madame—but you do not know what a magic mountain; a Ruritaian land, you say—but you cannot dream what a magic land it was; for a few hours, you say, but you—you must know that such things as this are not measured in hours. We knew each other always; we were to love each other always."

"It was so said?"

"It was so understood."

"But Meridel—I am being a traitor to Roger now — I know Meridel has never ceased to care for you."

* * *

"I watched her tonight in the lovely bridal gown. I saw my brother bend and kiss her. I knew then it was time for me to go."

"Because your pride was hurt. Because you expected her to believe in you, no matter what happened."

"Not entirely that," he said wearily. "Roger loves her. He's a great lad, Roger—one of the best, the salt of the earth and also one of the noblest of the noble breed with whom he flies. Well, suppose she still does care for me, can I come back now and—"

"You mean — you are stepping aside for Roger? You'd give up your—"

"The only great dream I ever had, madame," he said, and his voice was flat now, toneless. Like Oberlieutenant Faber's voice. "I'm going away tonight—now. You are not to tell anyone that I was here. That is understood. When—when they are married, I shall return."

"Why, you headstrong—"

"—stubborn, thick-headed mule. Yes, I know it all and maybe I'm every bit of it. But that's the way it is, Tante Mimi—and that is the way it will be. I don't flatter myself I can take her from Roger and steal his happiness, but I shall not even run the risk."

* * *

He stood up. He came to her and bent and kissed her. "I have some time in Canada before I have to report again; I may even get a post here. I don't know."

"Don't go Michel! Don't go!"

"What? You're running out of ammunition. You're turning soft on me again. These are new tactics, and clever ones, but I have learned a trick or two myself and I will not fall for this. I shall go as I came—quietly. And you will not speak. Promise!"

The old eyes burned at him and there was no softness about her mouth, but that was only for a moment for suddenly it smiled — a rare, sweet smile.

"I promise, you mule—you lovable, splendid donkey. But I tell you it is a very foolish thing you do."

"Neither the first nor, I think, the last. Farewell, ma tante."

He retrieved the hat, turned at the door to smile at her, to show her the wild imps in his eyes. "We always quarrel, don't we?" he called. "And always make up."

* * *

Meridel and Roger walked over the big hill that lies between Philibert and the village of St. Didier des Montagnes. It was a narrow path among the great spruces and cedars that grew thickly on the mountainside. In winter the trail was usually closed by the drifted snow, but now one could walk easily enough over the crust. They were on the way to the house of Gerard Chamberland, the government agent, to bring back Pol Martin and Rosine who had been invited there to have supper with the Chamberlands.

The stars were dim, but the track lay clearly marked through the darkness of the wood. From the time they left Philibert they had talked little. Both of them felt constraint, uneasiness. Roger, always ready with gay talk and laughter, was strangely silent. Meridel, walking along beside him, looked up at his shadowy profile and longed to say something that would break the tension. But she could find no words to say. And she thought, Is my heart empty of things to tell him—so soon empty? This is not the way of love.

He said at last, "You cried tonight, Meridel. Your tears fell on the lovely gown that is being made ready for your wedding. You did not think I saw you. It was when you left the room after my aunt had gone upstairs. You first looked at yourself in the mirrow and then you cried. Why did you cry?"

"I—I do not know, Roger. I really do not know. Do not girls who are about to marry often cry?"

"Not like that. It was a different thing." He was silent for a moment. Then he said what madame had said that night after his departure: "Un qui aime; une qui se laisse aimer." One who loves, one who lets herself be loved. Is it so with us, Meridel? I want to know."

"Oh, Roger, why do you ask me a thing like that? How can one know? How can one be sure?"

"The answer is in your heart, I think."

"I have looked there."

"And you have not found it."

She did not answer, but he knew from her silence that she had looked in vain.

"You told me once," said Roger, "that only one key would unlock your heart. You remember?"

"Yes." It was only a whisper. "I remember well."

"And I have not that key? You must answer me."

(Concluded Next Week)

Wife: "It says here that the average person speaks 10,000 words a day."

Hubby: "Yes, dear; but you're far above the average, you know."

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KNOWS HER MATERNITY WARDS

Last spring a dog wearing a tag bearing the name, "Whitey," admitted herself to the Army General Hospital at Camp Butler, N.C., was accepted as a "patient" in the maternity ward and, with WACS and GIs in attendance, brought a family into the world. After a few weeks Whitey disappeared and wasn't seen again until she scratched on the maternity ward door again several days ago. Admitted, she gave birth to six more puppies, two of which were stolen soon after. Whitey and the remaining four of her new family are pictured above.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. When a man and a woman are eating in some public place and another man stops at their table to talk with them for a moment, should both rise?

2. Is it necessary that ushers at a formal evening wedding always wear full dress and white gloves?

3. What is the proper way to address a formal invitation to several sisters in a family?

4. When a new employee enters an office or store, is it necessary to introduce him to the other employees.

5. If there are many guests at a large dinner, is it the duty of the hostess to introduce each guest to all the others.

6. Is it permissible to greet a friend if one catches his eye while in church?

Answers

1. The man should rise, but the girl should remain seated. 2. Yes, always. 3. Address the invitation to, "The Misses Brown". 4. It is not necessary, but it is a very courteous thing to do, particularly to the other employees whom the beginner will contact regularly. 5. No; but she should introduce those nearest to one another. 6. Merely smile; to speak or bow is unnecessary.

Why The Hurry!

It is certainly premature for the retail meat trade to declare definitely that rationing won't work before they have had a chance properly to test the system, asserts the Winnipeg Free Press. The method of coupon rationing should be tried for several weeks, not for several days, before the trade makes up its mind.

Until the retail trade can make a constructive proposal showing how Canadian obligations abroad can be fulfilled without imposing the present system of meat rationing, then this present system will have to be retained. If, however, the retail trade has a concrete plan whereby meat exports can be increased without causing the inconveniences which the present plan of meat rationing necessarily imposes, then the Government can improve the present system on the basis of that plan. But on no account can we fail to make good our promises to people who are literally starving.

Ration Fashion Planned For Two

The use of tokens for meat purchases does much to simplify ration planning for the small family for it means that greater variety in meat purchases is possible.

Here is a suggested buying plan for a family of two whose weekly ration is two meat coupons or 16 tokens.

What to Buy

¾ lb. lamb chops ....Group C, 3 tokens
½ lb. bacon .....Group A, 4 tokens
¾ lb. hamburger ....Group C, 3 tokens
½ lb. liver .....Group C, 2 tokens
½ lb. veal cutlets ....Group B, 3 tokens
¼ lb. cold cuts .....Group C, 1 token
¾ lb. fish fillets ....unrationed

How to Use It

The weekend's purchase of ¾ lb. lamb chops will allow enough to take care of a guest for Sunday dinner. The hamburger stretched with 1½ cups bread-crumbs makes a meat loaf that will give six servings. Serve it hot on Monday and cold on Tuesday.

Serve liver on Wednesday and use any leftover liver together with the remains of the meat loaf for a savoury stuffing for green peppers or small squash for Thursday's dinner.

On Friday, use unrationed fish. The veal cutlets served in tomato sauce will make a substantial dinner on Saturday.

The cold cuts and bacon will help in the planning of lunches. If bacon is not available, two tokens might be used for sausages and two carried over to make it possible to buy a roast the following week.

Meat Pie!—Piping Hot and Tasty

When meat is short and appetites are long, there's nothing better than a Meat Pie! This Beefsteak Pie helps two pounds of beef to stretch around a table of six or eight—with generous helpings for all. And every hot, delicious bite has the full flavor of beef, topped with a crisp nutlike bran pastry.

BEEF STEAK PIE

2 pounds round steak (cut in 1-inch cubes)
1½ cups sliced onions
¼ cup fat
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
3 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 tablespoons flour
2½ cups water
2 cups diced raw potatoes
1 recipe Bran Pastry

Lightly brown steak and onions in fat. Stir in seasonings, parsley and flour; mix well. Add water slowly, stirring constantly. Add potatoes; cover and simmer about 30 minutes. Pour into greased casserole. Cover with Bran Pastry. Prick with fork to show wedge-shape pieces. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) about 20 minutes.

Yield: 6 servings (8 ½-inch casserole).

BRAN PASTRY

½ teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
¼ cup bran
1½ cups sifted flour
4 tablespoons cold water (more or less)

Crush bran into fine crumbs; combine 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 ¼ inch in thickness.

Picobac

THE PICK OF TOBACCO
"It does taste good in a pipe"

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Ginger Farm doesn't seem the same place at all. It just couldn't be, because you see Partner isn't here. For the first time in twenty-two years he has left the farm to the tender mercy of hands other than his own. And I wouldn't mind betting that at this very moment he is wondering how we are making out, whether the cows that he generally milks will "let down" their milk to strange hands, whether the harrowing was finished on the wheat ground and if there have been any bids to threshings. Yes, I haven't a doubt in the world that Partner is wondering all those things — and probably a great many more — while we are wondering if he is comfortable, whether he is getting all the attention he should have and how long it will be before we have him back home again.

* * *

Naturally you will not be surprised at our anxiety when I tell you that today we went to Toronto and before we came home we saw Partner safely anchored in a hospital bed. Oh no, it wasn't an accident or anything like that — he went in for X-rays and observation — a little matter that has long been delayed. Delayed because he felt he couldn't go away until son Bob was given his discharge and could be home to look after things in his absence.

It has been quite a week. First of all son Bob was in Toronto, going through all the rigmarole incidental to a military farewell. In that he was lucky. The O. C., realising that he was urgently needed at home, put him through in a matter of hours. We didn't expect Bob would be home for several days so imagine my surprise when I heard some coughing going on upstairs the next morning. Either he is a past master at creeping in in the wee small hours or we must particularly sound sleepers.

* * *

The next few days were taken up on the wheat ground — and that is quite a worry. After all, when one spends good money for registered seed and fertilizer, plus the cost of all the gas and oil needed for tractor work, it is not a job to be undertaken lightly. At best it is still a gamble. However, it looks as if we are off to a good start. It is raining — and how badly that rain was needed!

Over the week-end we had the house full again, and believe it or not, all the dish-washing I did was in the early morning. Strange thing about those early morning chores — how seldom there is anyone around to help with them! One day niece Joy was exclaimed over the beautiful sunset and I said to her — "Yes, that's all right — but what about the sunrise?"

Sunday afternoon our week-enders travelled the "mountain" roads and brought me home three baskets of elderberries. Not only did they pick them but they cleaned them too so that, before going to Toronto Monday morning I had them preserved and in their sealers already for winter storage. Tomorrow I expect a bushel of tomatoes so I am beginning to have a hunch that my time will be pretty well occupied while Partner is away.

May I take this opportunity to thank "Anonymous" for the magazines that were sent to me. Apparently you knew what would interest me. Not that I have had my much time to study them yet but I shall. Some night when the rest of the family is pretty well occupied I shall give them my undivided attention — particularly the Canadian copy — for which I think there was a definite need.

* * *

Well, today is Tuesday; the hour is 5.30 D.S.T., and this column must be typed and on the early morning train so that the Chronicles of Ginger Farm may be yours to read when you get that good old friend of yours — the local paper. Not that you would lose much if Ginger Farm were missing — but it is up to me to see that it gets there, and then you have the option of reading it or not as you choose.

Glory be — I hear the coffee perking — that should help things along a little, don't you think? Will you have a cup with me? But I forgot — you might not appreciate it — not at five-thirty in the morning!

Gaiety and utility in an apron for misses and women. Pattern 4586 can be made from little fabric . . . even from a grain or feed bag!

Pattern 4586 comes in sizes small (32-34), medium (36-38) and large (40-42). Small size requires 1⅜ yds. 35-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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