

The Great Laroche

Sudney Howler

Author of "Tiger Standish," "The Evil Chateau," Etc.

Published by Special Arrangement

Copyright

They were all there—the men who had built him up and made him the great Power he was to-day—his military chiefs of staff, his minister for propaganda, the dynamic minister for air, his minister for economics, his chancellor of the exchequer (a very worried man, this), his travelling ambassadors, his chiefs of the press bureau, his press censor, his yes-men—and, grouped around the room, clad in their sombre uniforms of black leather, his private guards; each man of whom has sworn to sacrifice his own life rather than any harm should come to the Chieftain.

All these waited for Kuhnreich to look up. When he did lift a haggard face, he asked a question.

"What news from London?"

It was his minister for foreign affairs, a stoutly-built man of the old regime, who answered:

"Sir, the British Government have told Von Friberg that they must have more time to consider the matter."

The words sent the haggard-looking man into a tempest of rage. He sprang to his feet, waved his arms above his head and became almost incoherent.

"Have I not been patient?" he stormed—counselled the nation to be long-suffering?" He turned to his group of war chiefs.

"We march to the frontier to-night, England shall be given no further time! And now, gentlemen, I want to be alone—I have much to do."

All but one left the room. This was Ernst Boehn. The latter, whose juggery with the national finances had won not only the admiration but the amazement of the outside world, stood as though he had been turned to stone. It was common knowledge in Ronstadt that this former bank manager had once said: "I go either to immortality or to a scaffold." No man in the history of mankind had ever had to tackle a more

"What do you want, Boehn?" asked was his duty to try to balance an enormously increasing expenditure with an alarmingly diminishing credit account. So far—by some means known only to himself—he had saved his country from overwhelming financial chaos.

But now—

"What do you want, Boehn," asked Karl Kuhnreich, harshly.

His chancellor of the exchequer stood his ground.

"I have given you many warnings, Your Excellency—and now I have come to say my last word."

Beneath lowering brows the other motioned him to continue.

"Say what you have to say and go," he ordered.

"If these military operations, for which you have just given the order, are carried out—then I resign."

"Your reasons?"

"I have told you many times, Your Excellency . . . this will mean the end of all things financial in Ronstadt. Already we cannot hope to meet our commitments; ruin stares us in the face. We have been borrowing from ourselves for months past; the great debt we have piled up by this scheme of rearmament—"

"Stop, you damned croaker!" stormed his listener; "you think that Ronstadt can be prevented marching to her destiny through you?"

The other nodded.

"I love Ronstadt; I have served her to the best of my ability—but—"

Before the private guards could reach him Ernst Boehn had taken a revolver from his pocket.

Two shots rang out—the guards saw the Chieftain fall to the floor first. As he did so, Boehn turned the revolver on himself.

When they reached him, the former chancellor of the exchequer was dead; the wound in his forehead testified to that.

CHAPTER XXVI THE PLOT THAT FAILED

In spite of the strictest censorship, the news leaked out. The whole of Pe that night became a huge whispering gallery. The most notorious figure in the world cannot have an attempt made on his life without information being broadcast.

For years the opposing forces to the dictatorship of Karl Kuhnreich had been forced underground, but when the word was spread that the man mainly responsible for the barbarous methods of cruelty which had kept them down was badly wounded—and perhaps dead by this time—they came to the surface.

It was not time yet for them to show their hand—they had to await the chaos which would follow inevitably the dictator's death for that—but they gathered at street corners, in obscure cafes, in small flats to which entrance could only be obtained after a series of secret knocks, in dingy cellars—and in all these places they discussed the news.

The wildest rumours were circulated despite the iron hand of the Minister for Propaganda, who had taken the entire newspaper press of the nation under his control.

It was said, for instance, that the whole of the present Government had been wiped out as an act of revenge for the never-to-be-forgotten blood-purge of two years before, when hundreds of the men who had helped to put Kuhnreich in power had been assassinated by the Chieftain's orders within a few hours.

This rumour was followed by another almost equally sensational. The second was to the effect that Kuhnreich, in a fit of remorse through knowing that he could never hope to fulfil one-tenth of the extravagant promises he had made to the Ronstadtian people, had committed suicide.

Heinrich Grose was a good Aryan. That was the principal reason why he had been able to secure such an excellent post in the Ministry of Propaganda. Many in Pe envied him. He seemed set for promotion; who knew, blessed by such astonishing luck as to have the goodwill of Sturm, the third most powerful man in the whole of Ronstadt, to what heights he might not climb! Already he was acting on occasion as second Secretary to the Minister for Propaganda.

To-night, owing to the extraordinary events which had occurred, he was being kept exceptionally busy. From desk to telephone, and from telephone back to desk again he hurried, whilst in between, as it were, he fulfilled a multitude of other duties. There was more than ever occasion this night for his associates to be jealous of him; clearly, it would not be long before he passed them all by.

A bell rang and he hastened to obey the summons, picking up notebook and pencil. Sturm, the Minister for Propaganda, was calling upon him for further secretarial work. So it was that a minute later, Arthur Peters, ex agent of the British Secret Service, sat by the side of Gustav Sturm's desk and took notes at the great man's dictation. As his pencil raced over the smooth paper, a thought flashed through the secretary's mind; what would Sturm say if he knew the truth?

Truth of a different variety but, nevertheless equally interesting, was on its way. After ten minutes or so's rapid dictation, the Minister for Propaganda took off the receiver from the telephone rest by his side and listened intently. At the end of what appeared to the waiting secretary to be an interchange of compliments (knowing Sturm he realized that the Minister for Propaganda was already trimming his sails in view of possible eventualities; the doctor's latest bulletin was to the effect that the wounded Dictator's life was still in danger the man on his left re-

placed the receiver and vouchsafed some information.

"Grosber wants to see me," he stated, "and I've asked him to be sent up."

The man who entered shortly afterwards was a tall, shambling figure, with the face on one who looked as though he had spent the majority of his sixty-odd years lurking underground. Truth, justice, equality, all the common-place human deencies, in fact—were strangers to Emil Grosber, Chief of the Ronstadtian Secret Police. He had been a master of intrigue since a youth and the story of those terrible forty-odd years was stamped indelibly on his grey face.

His position now was a peculiar one. Ostensibly head of what really amounted to a secret police terrorist organization, possessing unlimited powers, he liked to poke his finger in every other pie. The story when that in order to safeguard his own skin he had compiled a secret dossier—a mammoth volume of many hundreds of pages—in which were entered the vices and other indiscretions of practically every important figure in the present regime. Whatever the truth of that story was, Gustav Sturm had a sufficiently well-developed sense of self-preservation to want to keep in with this sinister personage. So it was that when Grosber entered the room, the Minister of Propaganda rose with extended hand.

"How goes it with the Chieftain?" was his opening gambit.

"I have just come from the Palace—the doctors can yet give us no hope. The bullet—" and here the speaker went off into technical medical terms.

Heinrich Grose expected every minute to be dismissed. Although the information to which he was listening was important, the difficulty with which he was faced was how to get it across land and sea to his superior, Sir Harker Bellamy, the Chief of Q.I. of the British Intelligence. That afternoon he had been able to dispatch a telegram in code to the effect that, according to the latest information at his disposal, Kuhnreich was about to break off the peace talks with Caronia and that dramatic developments were almost certainly on their way.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D., Toronto

The Safe Reducing Diet

When an overweight individual, wishing to reduce weight, is told by her physician to simply eat less food and she will lose weight, she goes at it half-heartedly because on former occasions she has cut down her food to some extent, didn't lose much weight, felt miserable, and became constipated.

If then she were told that she could eat as much, perhaps more food, lose weight, feel better and not be constipated, she would hardly be inclined to believe it. Nevertheless it is a fact that if instead of meat, eggs, butter, potatoes and bread, more lettuce, cabbage, celery, string beans, skinned milk, tomatoes, cucumbers and clear soup were eaten there would be a noticeable drop in weight in from ten days to two weeks.

Thus two typical reducing diets are as follows:—

Breakfast:—Fresh peach omelet, thin slice of toast, skimmed milk.

Lunch:—Clear soup, American or Canadian cheese, orange salad, bran roll, milk.

Dinner:—Tomato consommé, broiled fish, string beans, cold slaw, bran roll, milk.

Breakfast:—Stewed prunes, puffed rice with sugar and skimmed milk, eggs thin slice toast, coffee.

Lunch:—Clear soup, cold chicken, bran bread, cucumber and radish salad, tea.

Dinner:—Consommé, roast veal, asparagus, peas, tomato and chives, salad, fresh, pear, black coffee.

Some of the suggestions offered with all reducing diets are:—

1. A pint of milk should be taken daily.
2. Vitamins should be included; vitamin A from whole milk, cream, butter or eggs; and vitamin B and C from fruits and vegetables.
3. Bread, potatoes, sugar and other starchy foods should be reduced.
4. Butter, cream and other fats should be reduced.
5. Excess of sugar, jams, jellies and nuts should not be used.
6. Meat or fish or cheese or eggs should be eaten at least once a day.
7. Only enough fat should be used to make the food palatable.
8. Generally speaking, the servings of

The Household

by Lydia Le Baron Walker

TRENDS IN FURNITURE, THE POPULAR WOODS, AND SOME COLOURS FOR UPHOLSTERY



A glimpse of some of the classic types of furniture that are in vogue to-day.

Styles in furniture and upholsteries show changes, sometimes slight, sometimes pronounced, each season. The forecast for the winter has interesting features, especially in period furniture, and colour of textiles used in upholstery.

Diverging Types in Furniture

In period furniture two extremes are noticeable. The French 18th century, Duncan Phyfe, Chippendale and Sheraton, on the classic side, with modern furniture on the other. Surely, here is sufficiently wide range of types for every home decorator to find pieces to suit her own fancy. It should be remembered, however, that modern and classic types are not congenial to each other. Therefore the first thing to decide is whether modern furniture and furnishings are what you want, or whether you prefer the old favorites.

(Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Children's Lunches for the School Days

Diet Adequate for Growth a Special Consideration for Lunches to Take to School.

(From Health League of Canada)

When mothers are making up lunches for their children to take to school, they should remember that a diet adequate for growth and health must contain enough quantity of food and enough of those foods which are used in growing and in maintaining our daily resistance against disease.

The materials that make children grow and that keep up their resistance come chiefly from fresh milk, butter, eggs, meat and fish, vegetables and fresh fruit. Cereals that are lightly milled also help. Bread, potatoes and sugar are not as useful for growth and form protection against disease, but they are the great sources we have for the energy we use. They are the fuel of the body.

What mothers pack in children's school lunch-box will depend upon what the child is eating for breakfast and at other meals at home. An ample and balanced breakfast and evening meal will lessen the necessary size and permit a wider selection for the school lunch.

If the breakfast is hurried and small, with no fruit and perhaps highly milled cereal and tea and coffee instead of cocoa and milk, the other meals must provide the "fuel" and the "growth foods" and the "protecting foods" that were missed at breakfast.

A school lunch is an excellent opportunity to include much of the milk that is so essential in the diet of a child. The milk must be pasteurized if the child is to have complete protection against diseases such as tuberculosis, which may be borne by milk.



Eyes are Priceless



So much depends upon good eyesight that you are wise to choose Edison Mazda Lamps and obtain the best light possible.

EDISON MAZDA Lamps

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., Limited

Fresh fruits are easily carried and should be a part of every school lunch. They provide vitamins.

Many schools are providing small stoves where children may make hot drinks such as cocoa and chocolate. Stoves provide the opportunity to make soups, creamed potatoes or stewed tomatoes, etc., etc.

In schools where a cafeteria is practicable it is essential that the teachers school medical officers and a dietitian co-operate in providing menus that will guarantee optimum growth and health.

Probably 50 per cent. of the school children who take lunches to school will be provided with excellent, well-planned lunches. Our concern must be for the remaining group of children, who, because of limited income at home, or because of ignorant or careless mothers, need more and better foods at lunch if they are to suffer no malnutrition.

Pembroke Standard:—Norma Shearer, of screen fame, has been left the big bulk of \$10,000,000 by her late husband's will, and has herself a salary of \$3500 per week. If money talks then she is in a position to say something.

Ottawa Journal:—A Seaforth lawyer who stole \$150,000 from trust funds in his care has been sent to prison for three years. Certainly the sentence does not err on the side of severity.

JACK MINER

(By Jack Herity)

He must pack a heap of pleasure Underneath his shaggy dome; Now it's getting on to autumn And his birds are coming home. It must stir up all his senses In a kind of inside grin

When he gazes down the Southway and Sees his squadrons winging in.

Must be like a mighty merchant. When his ships come one by one, To the harbour where there's quiet And retreat from pirate's gun. Pirates! That's the right name for us. Oh, I'm guilty, same as you. For I've often sent them tumbling, Broken, tattered, from the blue.

I have lain for hours listening For that throbbing cry. And to see an old commander Lead his flock across the sky; But—well there above the fireplace You can see my guns today, And they're mighty ornamental Since I went down Kinsville way.

Angels used to be right common. If I believe what I've heard say; But a scientist will tell you We don't have such things today. Still I guess if we could see things In a sort of spirit light, We would find Jack Miner's raiment Is a robe of shining white.

Any Time is Tea Time "SALADA" TEA

Cheer up, Dear! You'll never have another Baking Failure!



SIMPLY USE THE QUAKER METHOD OF EASY BAKING. RESULTS ARE ALWAYS THE SAME—ALWAYS DELICIOUS, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNEAD THE DOUGH OR SET A SPONGE.

THANKS FOR THE TIP, MOM... I'M GOING TO TRY YOUR QUAKER METHOD OF EASY BAKING RIGHT AWAY... NO MORE FAILURES FOR ME

Baking is Easier . . . Quicker . . . Surcer The Easy Quaker Way

WHOLESALE bread, and delicious rolls, are a joy to make the Quaker Easy Way . . . simply follow the lead of thousands of Western Canada's most successful housewives and use Quaker Flour and the Quaker Method of Easy Baking.

The Quaker Method eliminates kneading . . . overnight setting of dough . . . saves time . . . and you can be sure of better results always. Send the coupon today for the FREE booklet telling how you can bake this quick easy way and save time and trouble.

You know, of course, that Quaker Flour, made by the makers of the famous Quaker Oats, is the best all-purpose flour you can buy.

Quaker Flour Always the Same Always the Best for Bread, Cakes and Pastry



"The Quaker Easy Method of Baking with Quaker Flour is so simple . . . so quick," says Mrs. W. Methersal, Weyburn, Saskatchewan. "I wouldn't think of using any other method, especially when I get much better results with half the time and trouble."

Valuable Baking Book FREE

The Quaker Oats Company, Dept. 1-9 Saskatoon, Sask.

Please send me copy of booklet "The Quaker Method of Easy Bread Baking."

Name

Address

Dealer's Name



RUBS PAIN AWAY

Olympene is an enemy to pain. Rub it on and it soothes, eases and smooths away aches and pains.

Keep Olympene handy in your medicine cabinet. It will repay you by its healing and relieving properties in dozens of uses . . . for cuts, burns and bruises . . . for sprains and strains . . . for common colds . . . for relieving "Athlete's Foot".



NORTHROP and LYMAN CO., LIMITED Toronto, Canada

OLYMPENE THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

4 oz. 50c 10 oz. \$1.00