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W. H. SCHWARTZ & SONS LIMITED
FOUNDED 1841 AT HALIFAX, N.S.

Summer

Hostess

—by—

Lucy Poate Stebbins

CHAPTER II

It was noon when the boat docked for a two hours' interval before the return voyage to the mainland. Huntleigh Hardaway announced that he would have just time to see his man and take luncheon at the hotel. "Perhaps you'll lunch with me?" he ventured. "No thank you," she said. "After that big sea, I don't think I'll want another bite. At least not until tea time."

"And at tea time I'll be half-way back to the mainland. Well, that's that. At least you can go up to the hotel together."

"Oh, yes," she answered with enthusiasm.

Huntleigh saw to her traveling case, bidding the one taxicab driver take it. She let him do as he pleased, though if she didn't get the position she would have to pay to get her bags back to the pier. Just as she was going to jump into the taxi, he caught her arm and said, "Let's go to lunch. It's a swell day. We'll get there just as soon."

He was right about the day and Leslie liked walking. It was being the poor to ride which annoyed her. The cliff rose high above them with the glittering hotel perched on its summit. Before them was a street of white houses with white picket fences along with climbing rambler roses not yet in bloom. "I want to stay! I want to stay! I want to stay!" cried Leslie with a longing which was half pure joy. She felt free for the first time in years. Yet she might be free and the illusion might be dangerous. It might even be Tony.

"Well, you're going to stay here, aren't you?" asked Huntleigh. "Sure you don't mind walking?"

"Sure."

"The driver would have talked every minute I'd care to talk. And you'd much rather talk yourself."

"I'll listen to you. I'm quite a good listener. And I'd like to know a lot more about the Vances."

"Oh, the Vances are ancient history. Let's omit the Vances."

"Anyhow this seems to be a nice town. I was never here before. I'd like to live in that house with the white picket fence."

"I'm sorry. We're practically at the hotel. Unless you'll change your mind, be nice, and lunch with me. My business won't take me an hour."

"It's been good to see you. She gave him her hand, and he gave her his. Apparently he had been entirely frank since she and Elsie and her mother had come here as children. Her eyes were dimmed. On the wooden monastery had

been replaced by a great white chateau with pillars supporting a veranda above the two lower stories and gable windows along the third. Within the lobby was lively with chintz and wicker. She felt shy and conspicuous as she made her way to the desk at the right of the lobby.

Several bell-hops in short sky-blue mess jackets and long tight trousers sprang to attention as she approached. The clerk himself was a big blonde young man who looked like a Scandinavian.

"I should like to see the manager, Mr. Bingley," she said in an assured voice.

"The clerk's face distorted into a blond frown, no ill-tempered, only worried. Bending forward over the desk he murmured confidentially. "You're Miss Vance? He's in an awful mood. We're just opening you know. I think he'll be easier to make a deal with after lunch."

"That may be," agreed Leslie. "But I must get the matter settled before the afternoon boat. It wouldn't give me much time."

Her voice was confident but it was with the courage of despair. They stood there waiting on opposite sides of the long desk. Leslie felt that she was in the way. Only a few guests were in evidence, but the lobby was full of bustle. Poor Hardaway was still standing as unobtrusively as six feet two would make it to the main door. But here was the blue jacketed boy back again.

"Mr. Bingley's going to lunch. He says will you join him?"

Here was another bit of luck. Not only would she get a free meal, but she would have an unhurried opportunity to sell her ideas.

"Make it snappy," advised the blond clerk, speaking with a softness which she felt must require an effort from one to whom smiling was surely natural. "Good luck, Miss Vance." He put out a big hand.

She took it with a gratitude Huntleigh Hardaway had not inspired. "How decent he is!" she thought.

The dining room was perfectly huge, with a vast rotunda in the center, roofed with green glass. A handful of guests lunched along the fringes of the room. There were flowers on their tables, red ornaments, and blue bachelors' buttons. Leslie was beginning to be sorry she had ever asked for an interview. This job, if she got it, would be too big for her.

The page left her at the doorway but it was not difficult for her to single out Mr. Bingley as he was the only man in the dining room except a white-coated bus boy, carrying around his little oval of hot rolls.

Mr. Bingley rose and stood, his hand in hand, while she approached him. He was a tall, spare man with a nose curving down like a scimitar and a chin curved up to meet it. The two features looked as if they would have met had it not been for the black mustache cleverly insinuated between them.

"Forty-fivish," thought Leslie. "Nervous indigestion."

"Miss Vance?"

"Yes, Mr. Bingley."

They shook hands. He pulled back her chair and frantically waited for her to seat herself. "I allow myself twenty minutes for my luncheon. Five have gone already."

"Then I'd better have what you do."

He beckoned the bus boy and gave him an order.

"I'll begin at once," she said in her pleasant clear voice. "You remember my letter?"

"You want to be a hostess. Is that it?"

"What I have in mind isn't the kind of anything that usually goes by that name. In hotels it's understood a person gets what he wants by paying for it. But the most successful hotels are the ones with the home atmosphere. A man from Seattle likes to find his favorite lemon pie in Detroit."

"That wouldn't be your department."

"No. I didn't mean to depress you. The point I want to make is that hotels should be familiar, homelike places where the fact that people pay for what they get doesn't stick out like a price tag. An official hostess suggests a cold, commercial proposition. She's paid to give the guests a good time and loses her job if she doesn't succeed. But the point is, she can't possibly succeed so well when

everyone knows there isn't any thing spontaneous or generous in her interest. If I come to you, Mr. Bingley, I shouldn't want it known that I'm a paid entertainer."

"Pardon?"

"That would be silly. But I think I could make myself better liked and the hotel more popular by appearing as an ordinary guest who is staying all season."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-four. The right age, Mr. Bingley. I shan't try to take the young men away from the eighteen year olds and I can make myself agreeable to old women."

"The young girls and the old women are always the big problem."

"Accomplishments?"

"I can play tennis, golf, sail a boat, swim. I could coach any of these. I soon and play jam on

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JOHN BRACKEN



"I speak to you as one who seeks to correct the major social injustice of our day: The unfair share of the national income that goes to farmers and farm women and farm workers."

The Hon. John Bracken

"The present government has succeeded by its policies only in perpetuating a lower standard of living upon the farmers of Canada than they deserve."

The Hon. John Bracken

Mr. Bracken will be accompanied by Mr. Henry Borden, nephew of the late Sir Robert Borden, ex-Premier.

Because radio time is not available, Mr. Bracken's speech will not be heard over the air.

LEADER OF THE
PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE PARTY
WILL DELIVER
THE OPENING SPEECH
OF HIS CAMPAIGN
FRIDAY NIGHT
AT 8.30
AT THE
CHARLOTTETOWN FORUM

Mr. Bracken's visit to Charlottetown, originally scheduled for Thursday, had to be postponed on account of V-E Day Celebrations

ORGANIZED BY THE FRANK EDWARD ISLAND PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION.

Diphtheria Outbreak Checked On Western Front

OTTAWA, May 7.—(CP)—The defence department announced tonight that an outbreak of diphtheria on the western front reached a peak of 118 cases per 100,000 in January and dropped to 35 per 100,000 in March, and in making its first official announcement of the outbreak said it at no time reached epidemic or "even serious" proportions.

LIMERICK PRELATE DIES

LIMERICK, Ire.—(CP)—Most Rev. David Keane, 71, Roman Catholic bishop of Limerick, died after a short illness. He was ordained at Dublin in 1895.

SORRY

COLD STORAGE SPACE FOR THIS SEASON IS FILLED UP

Our space is limited and it is not possible for us to take care of all the furs we have been requested to.

SORRY!

Island Furriers

DISCOVERER'S PICTURE
The only authentic portrait of Columbus belongs to the De Orchi family of Como, Italy.