Santa Recommends These Gifts

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DRESSES — The gift that will last throughout the year — in Crepes and Woollens. — Prices ..... $2.98 to $14.95

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KENNEDY'S

Ladies' Raedy-to-Wear

Phone 1766 154 Gt. Geo. St.

'Help Wanted' Advertisements

Under the new government regulations which became effective on September 4, it is still permissible to publish over an advertiser's own name "Help Wanted" advertisements for domestics; farm help; teachers; nurses and probationers; fishing and trapping help, and for students employed after school.

All other "Help Wanted" advertisements, however, must be submitted by the advertiser to the National Selective Service officer, Unemployment Insurance Commission, I. O. O. F. Hall, Richmond Street, and on receiving the officer's approval the advertisements can then be inserted in The Charlottetown Guardian.

Advertising Rates — Payable in Advance

Minimum Charge for Any Advertisements 25 Cents

Central Guardian locals, 5c per word; Western and Eastern locals 2c per word; Announcements and Coming Events 3c per word; Classified 3c per word; In Memorial Notices 70c per inch; Lists of Floral and Spiritual Offerings, Cards, etc., 5c per name; Letters of Condolence 70c per inch; Wedding engagements 40 words for $1.00 and 10 cents for every additional 3 words. Notices of Thanks and Appreciation, 70c per inch or 4c per word. Lists of Subscriptions 40 cents per inch. Address and Presentation $1.00. Other rates on application.

For Sale

FOR SALE — 3-BAR SLEIGH, new. 61 Elm Avenue. 12-8-2i

FOR SALE—50 NEW HAMPSHIRE pullets. Laying. Spencer Hughes, Emerald. 12-7-3i

FOR SALE—REGISTERED SHORT horn bull coming three. G. W. Gallant, New Haven. 12-9-1i

Miscellaneous

DECEMBER SPECIALS MRS. Johnston's Beauty Salon. 12-5-7i

CEILING PRICES PAID FOR Spruce and Fir Logs. Lengths 7 ft. and 9 ft. 6 inches. Montague Furnishing Co., Ltd. Montague. 11-26-12i

IF YOU WOULD IMPROVE your fox herd get some of our fine silver male and female pups sired by a son of the famous Hancock 51S. Also half-bred pearl platinum male pups. T. G. Ives. 12-8-2i

Female Help Wanted

WANTED GENERAL MAID SMALL family. wages $25 00 per month. Write Mrs. K. A. Blakaney, 274 Almon St., Halifax, N. S. 12-9-1i

WANTED — MAID OR MIDDLE-aged woman for general house-work. No children. Good wages. Apply Herald Guardian. 12-9-1i

Teachers Wanted

WANTED — TEACHER FOR Long Creek School. Supplement $125.00 Dan McEwen, Sec'y 12-2-11-14

BANK LOANS

PERSONAL LOANS

For Taxes, Fuel Purchases and other Seasonal Needs.

ONE YEAR TO REPAY

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Monthly Deposits Provide for Repayment

If you Borrow	You Receive	You Make 12 Monthly Deposits of
$ 60	$ 55.87	$ 5.00
$ 96	$ 89.71	$ 8.00
$144	$134.80	$12.00
$192	$179.92	$16.00
$280	$280.94	$25.00
$540	$505.54	$45.00

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YOUR ESTATE IS PROTECTED BY LIFE INSURANCE, WHICH THE BANK ARRANGES

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WANTED — TWO HEATED rooms or small apartment State rental. "B" Guardian. 12-7-3i

WANTED BY AIR FORCE COUple two or three furnished housekeeping rooms or room and board. Phone 601-J. 12-9-1i

Lost

LOST REGISTRATION CARD IN Billfold between Queen and Green Sts. Finder please leave at Guardian. 12-9-1i

To Let

TO LET—UNFURNISHED HEATed Apartments and rooms, Strathcona Hotel. 12-9-2i

A VERY DESIRABLE FURNISHed residence for rent. Phone 1783. 12-9-3i

TO LET—HEATED FURNISHED bed-sitting room on the ground floor. Apply 26 Lower Prince St. 12-9-10

GEORGETOWN SCHOOL

Honor roll of Georgetown school for November:

Grade X—1, John Parker and Maurice DeLory; 2, Herbert Parker; 3, Lorin Mair.

Grade IX — 1, Richard DeLory; 2, Catherine Fitzgerald; 3, Claire Roach.

Miss MacDonald's Dept.

Grade VIII — 1, Connie Mair; 2, Gladys Touchere; 3, James Fitzgerald.

Grade VII — 1, Eleanor Hobbs; 2, Wanda Jay; 3, Mary Roach.

Miss Quinn's Dept.

Grade VI — 1, Cullen DeLory; 2, Sonny Johnson; 3, Sally Johnson.

Grade V — 1, Margaret Lavers; 2, Everett Llewellyn; 3, Jean MacConnell.

Miss MacGregor's Dept.

Grade IV — 1, Charles Martell; 2, Beatrice Mair; 3, Ann MacDonald.

Grade III — 1, Phyllis MacSwain; 2, Lorraine Roche; 3, Elizabeth Grant.

Miss Keenan's Dept.

Grade II — Bernice DeLory; 2, Peggy Johnson and Phyllis Martell; 3, Mary Stewart.

Grade I—No exams

Elizabeth Webster, Principal.

CROSS ROADS SCHOOL

Honor roll for November:

Grade X Sr.—Lucy Carver.

Grade X Jr.—Ian Stewart.

Grade IX—1, Faith MacDonald; 2, Joyce Gay.

Grade VI—Margaret Jones.

Grade V (a)—1, Blake Wood; 2, Eleanor Molyneaux.

Grade V (b)—1, Frances Gillis; 2, Jack Gard.

Grade V (c)—Boyd Carver.

Grade III—1, Sterling Gard; 2, Ralph Smallwood.

Grade II—Harold Gard.

Grade I (a)—1, Anne Smallwood; 2, Shirley Stewart.

Grade I (b) —1, Kenneth Gard; 2, Fred Carver; 3, George Carver.

Beatrice Cameron, Teacher

STOCK QUOTATIONS

MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE

(Canadian Press)

Stocks	Close
Bell Tel	141 1-2
Brazilian	12 5-8
Bldg Products	14
Can Car Found	7 7-8
Can Car Pfd	27 1-2
Can Pac	7 3-8
Can Steamships	8 7-8
Celanese	27 1-2
Dist Seag	27 3-4
Dom Coal Pfd	12 1-2
Dom Bridge	23 1-4
Dom Steel B	7 7-8
Dryden	4 3-4
How Smith	11 1-2
Imp Tob	11 1-2
Int Nickel	32
Massey Harris	5
Mtl Power	23 5-8
Nat Brew	26
Nat Steel Car	32 1-2
Noranda	39 1-4
Quebec Power	13
Shawinigan	16 1-4
Steel of Can	59 1-2
Wpg Elec A	2 7-8
Wpg Elec B	2 7-8

Montreal Curb

(Canadian Press)

Stocks	Close
Abitibi Com	65
Asbestos	21
B A Oil	17 1-2
Beauharnois	9 5-8
Dom Tar	5 1-2
Don A	3 3-4
Fraser V T C	11 1-2
Ford A	20
Home Oil	240
Imp Oil	10 1-2
Int Pete	16

Banks

(Canadian Press)

Stocks	Close
Commerce	128
Montreal	145
Nova Scotia	225
Royal	130

Markets At A Glance

(Canadian Press)

Toronto—Industrial and base metal stocks lower; golds higher: junior oils steady.

Montreal—Utilities higher; golds and papers lower; other industrials steady.

New York—Stocks closed higher.

Winnipeg—Wheat unchanged.

PRODUCE

MONTREAL, Dec. 8—(CP)—Canadian Commodity Exchange.

Butter spot: Que (92 score) 36 3-4B.

Eggs spot: Eastern A-large 50B; A-medium 48B; A-pullets 45B; E-B 42B; E-C 40B.

MONTREAL, Dec. 8—(CP)—Produce prices today as reported by the Dominion Department of Agriculture follow:—

Eggs: graded shipments selling A-large 50; A-medium 48; A-pullets 45

Butter; first grade creamery prints, jobbing price 38—38 1-2; first grade solids, jobbing price, 37 1-2—38; wholesale Que No. 1 pasteurized storage 36 3-4—37.

Cheese: current receipt, colored western 20—20 1-4 FOB Montreal, white, western 19 13-16, Que 19 5-8 FOB Montreal, wholesale western and Que 20 1-6—20 1-4 first grade FAS Montreal.

Potatoes: 75 lb bags No. 1 mountain Que 1.25—1.45; NB 1.45—1.55; PEI 1.45—1.55.

Hunter River and Vicinity

Mrs. Angus Nicholson of Hazel Grove who has been visiting for the past year in Western Canada arrived home recently. She was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. John Matheson and two grandchildren. Friends are pleased to welcome them home and are glad to see Mrs. Nicholson enjoying such splendid health after her long journey.

Mr. Stephen MacConley of Charlottetown, was a recent week-end visitor at his home at Hazel Grove.

Mrs. Phoebe Stewart, Fredericton, was a recent visitor here, the guest of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Angus Stewart.

Pte. Robert Silliphant is at present visiting his home here.

Mr. and Mrs Frank MacMillan and son of Fredericton, N.B., were recent visitors here, the guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George MacMillan.

Sgt.-Major Kenneth Doull and Mrs. Doull paid a short visit recently to her home here. Mrs. Doull was formerly Miss Mildred Carew.

For the past few weeks a large number of women have been meeting weekly at the home of Mrs. P. R. Boyle and are receiving practical and interesting information in home nursing. Mrs. Boyle who is in charge of those meetings was formerly Miss Vivian MacDonald, R. N. These classes are proving a great benefit to all.

Friends will be glad to know that Mr. Lorenzo Smith who has been suffering with a badly infected hand is improving but has not yet been able to return to his work.

Miss Cassie Rattray of Wheatley River has been enjoying a visit with her sister, Mrs. Wood.

Pte. George Smith is at present visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs Edgar Smith.—B.

New York Stock Exchange

(Canadian Press)

Stocks	Close
Am C and F	22 1-4
Am Tel & Tel	129 1-4
Anaconda	26
Baldwin Loco	11 1-2
Bendix Av	34 1-2
Beth Steel	54 3-8
Ches & Ohio	33 3-8
Chrysler	66 3-8
Con Edison	14 7-8
Elec Auto Lite	26 3-4
Gen Elec	28 7-8
Gen Motors	42 5-8
Gt Nor Pfd	20
Kennecott	27 3-8
N Y Central	11 1-2
Nor Am Co	9 1-4
Pen RR	21 7-8
Phil Pet Co	43 3-4
Std Oil N J	43 7-8
Texas Corp	39 3-8
United Air	24 1-2
US Rubber	24 7-8
US Steel Co	47
West Union	26 1-8
West Elec	77 5-8

MINING

(Canadian Press)

TORONTO, Dec. 8—

Stocks	Close
Aldermac	.08
Ang Cdn	.43
Base Met	.08
Bidgood	.06 1-2
Bonetal	.07 1-2
Brit Dom	.22 1-2
Buff Cdn	.02 1-2
Calmont	.20 1-2
Cdn Mal	.39
Chester	.52
Cochenour	.65
Davies	.10 1-2
Ea Mal	1.05
Eldorado	.62
Franco	.19 1-2
Glenora	.00 1-2
Gods L	.12
Goldeag	.02 1-2
Gold Gate	.02 1-2
Gunnar	.10
Halliwell	.03 1-2
Hard Ro	.44
Home	2.40
Howey	.15
Jason	.13
Kerr Add	4.35
Kirk L	.48
L Duffault	.42
Leitch	.57
Lil LL	.85
Macassa	2.05
MacLeod	1.40
Madsen	.55 1-2
Malartic	1.60
McLellan	.01 7-8
McVitt	.04 1-2
Min Corp	1.11
Moneta	.25
Naybob	.07 1-2
Noranda	.39 3-8
Normet	.75
OBrien	.50
Omega	.07 1-2
Ont Nick	.13 5-8
Pacific	.21
Pamour	.55
Paymast	.15 1-2
Pick Crow	1.57
Pioneer	1.05
Preston	1.53
Quemont	.02
Senator	.19
Sherritt	.67
Steep Ro	.67
Steep Ro	1.66
Sylvan	1.20
Teck H	1.70
Toburn	.60
Uchi	.07
Upp Can	.78
Ventures	3.95
Vermilata	.10 1-2
Wri Har	2.35
Ymir	.05 3-4

UNLISTED

Con Pap	2 1-4
Dalhousie	.25
Osisko	.07
Pend Ore	1.08

KINKORA SCHOOL

Following is the report for November:

Grade X—1, Vivian Sullivan; 2, Emmet Trainor; 3, Kathleen Keefe, J. D. McCarville, Leo McCarville.

Grade IX—1, Patricia Johnston; 2, Edna Murphy; 3, Raymond McCarville.

Grade VIII Sr.—1, Marjory Roberts; 2, Irene Greenan; 3, Genevieve Greenan.

Grade VIII Jr. — 1, Louis Monaghan; 2, Katherine Morris; 3, Bernadette Mulligan.

Grade VI — 1, Alban Smith; 2, Noreen Shreenan; 3, Phyllis Farmer

Grade V—1, Iris Brennan; 2, Regis Duffy; 3, Wanda Greenan.

Grade IV—1, Carmen Smith; 2, Simeon Farmer; 3, Ralph McKenna

Grade III—1, Adelaide Duffy; 2, Lorne Richards; 3, Sheila Shreenan.

Grade II—1, Marion Brennan; 2, Edna Richards; 3, Clair Duffy.

Grade I Sr.—1, Georgina Richards and Corinne Duffy; 2, Reggie Shreenan; 3, Nora Greenan.

Grade I Jr. — 1, Florence Lawless and Bernice Connick; 2, Lloyd Gallant; 3, Maurice Corr.

FANNING SCHOOL

Honor roll of Fanning school:

Grade X—1, Jack Bearsto, 2, Mary Auld; 3, Irene Taylor.

Grade IX — 1, Edythe Donald; 2 Earle Taylor; 3, Robert Murphy.

Grade VIII — 1, Elaine Bryanton; 2, Leonard Abbott.

Grade VII — 1, Janet Auld; 2, Charlene Owen; 3, Mary Bearsto.

Grade VI—1, Audrey MacKinnon; 2, Doris Stewart; 3, John Donald

James R. Murphy.

Hearing Bad?

Due to Catarrhal Conditions

Catarrhal deafness and Head Noises need not be neglected any longer since the discovery of an American Chemist. Now it is possible for some of the most obstinate cases of Deafness due to catarrh to be relieved by the application of the formula called Spantex. This treatment is meeting with wide success in many countries. Mr. D. D., 67 years old, writes: "I have used the treatment for only 3 weeks and my hearing is much better. The relief was prompt and now the head noises have subsided. My catarrh, a case of many years' standing, is improving satisfactorily." Spantex is easily used at home and seems to work rapidly on people of all ages. Spantex is so successful in relieving catarrhal deafness, stopping Head Noises and curbing Catarrh, that it is offered under an iron-clad money back agreement. Get Spantex from your druggist today. Use it according to the simple directions. If at the end of 10 days your hearing is not relieved, your Head Noises subsided, just return the empty package and your money will be refunded without question. Get Spantex from your druggist today.

THE PRINCESS OF GRATZEN

By Louis Arthur Cunningham, Author of "Of These Three Loves," "Marionette," Etc.

CHAPTER IX

A week later the first of the little evacuees arrived, small lost and timid, at the Chateau Philibert. Gravely, Rosine and Pol Martin welcomed them, two flaxen-haired boys, Peter and Derek Halliday and their sister Daphne.

"We lived in London," Peter, the eldest, spoke for the family in his clear, piping voice. "And we did not really want to come. We have no mother, you see, an our father is in Egypt. He is a soldier. He ordered us to come. But it is pleasant here. This is a lovely park. It will be jolly here for use and we thank you for inviting us"

"You are welcome here," said Meridel. "This is Uncle Rudi and this is Madame Laurin."

The little boys shook hands. The blue-eyed little girl courtied, her butter-colored curls framing a face sweet as an English primrose.

"Lovely children," muttered madame. "Strange ugly world that can make such innocence suffer. Come, my little ones, and we shall see that you have your tea, just as soon I show you where you are to stay."

They followed her., lugging their little satchels, gazing about them with quiet, restrained curiosity, showing little astonishment; they had long since ceased to be astounded at anything that happened to them.

"How quickly they learn to accept things!" Meridel spoke to Rudolph, her hand gentle upon his arm. "They are uprooted from their homes, from their friends, all the things they loved —and sent among strangers."

"When one is young," said Rudolph, "one is plastic, or like a rubber ball when you press it, immediately it regains its shape. And that is well. It is not good to grow old. Then, when a dent is made in one, it comes out, if at all, very slowly. Unless one is like madame and remains always young."

Meridel looked up into the grave pale face, with its finely arched nose and gentle, tired eyes. "You are very fond of Madame Laurin, Uncle Rudi."

"Fond? I—"

"Yes. One can see how greatly you are attched to her. Even the children have remarked it."

"She is a great woman Meridel. Truly, a great and noble woman."

"One would think she was the mistress here at Philibert—and you the faithful steward."

Rudolph started. "Yes —yes, it would perhaps seem like that." Deception came terribly hard to Rudolph. "It is —just the way it seems."

"She has been here so long. And you have always been so good to her —as you are good to everyone. These children — those who have already come and the little Polish boys, the little French emigres, who will come next week — they will bless you, Uncle Rudi; all their lives they will remember how good, how kind you were. And we too—Pol Martin and Rosine and I —how often do we bless you and pray that God will guide you! Each night and morning it is our prayer. What would we have done had it not been for you—"

"There, Meridel! There!" Rudolph's withered cheeks had begun to flush and he figeted uneasily. It was in his heart to tell her that he was a humbug, an impostor, that he had no right here, that they —

How could he tell them they were little better than beggars, dependent on the charity of Madame Fabre-Lusignan? He could not. He was in a trap and he saw no way, that is, which would not bring pain and suffering to these innocent young hearts.

"Suppose —suppose, Meridel," he said as they walked across the lawn toward the pool among the birches, "that I had been only a poor man, a laborer, a —a servant or the like—"

"But how droll!" Meridel laughed gayly. "I cannott picture that, Uncle. Still., had you been"— she frowned wrinking her nose, making move the freckles that Roger Fabre loved —"it would have made no difference. One room or a dozen, a cottage or a castle. I could work. I could cook. I could sew. Just to be inedependent., Uncle Rudi."

"You would not have minded then being poor?"

"Minded! Not for a moment. I wanted to work. I had no idea you were such a great man. And oven so, I still must do something. It is the only justification for living in this world today. If everyone worked and found peace and happiness in his occupation,. people would not go to war. Happy people do not want strife."

"Ah, but you are a young philosopher, Meridel. You are too young to think of anything but—what is it a young girl thinks of?—love, is not that the answer?"

"There are other things."

Rudolph shook his white head. "There are no other things —when one is young. You were sorry to see Roger go away."

"Yes." She nodded gravely. She bent down and picked up a pebble and threw it into the pool. The stone went plop, the little circles windened and widened. "I thought of him flying that great airship across the ocean and I was glad that the night was clear and the stars were bright and the moon was like a little silver boat.."

She did not tell Rudolph thatt she had sat at her window most of that night almost a week ago, when the tetlegram had come from Roger. But she had sat there gazing out on the blue night and the stars and the pale young moon. She had listened to the wind in the trees, the whisperng voices of the rustling poplars. And she had thought of Roger Fabre, who was strong and clean and brave, who loved her, who had spoken shyly of his love.

She did asked herself why from her had come no deep response, why she could not meet his desire with a matching one why his kiss had awakened no deep fire in her. And she knew the answer even while she would not, even to herself, admit it.

"That is folly," she had said to the starry night through which Roger winged his way in the great silver ship. She could almost hear the thunderous beat and throb of wings. "Worse than folly. One does not even always remember, much less ove., a man who one has met but once and then for only a little while. It has no reality. I am in love with —only a dream."

Yes, even there is the starry dark of the room, she could remember it all —fair day in Gratzen and the gay music of the calliope and the children dancing, holding streamers of blue and green and white and scarlet; the Soq d'or, with the golden rooster perched above the entrance and the tall brown youth with the merry blue eyes into which across Jules Goujons' table she had gazed perhaps too deeply. And the walk up the mountain to the castle of Gratzen which, he had said was like a story-book castle. Yes —she smiled thinking of it now —once on the trail he had stopped, his hand on hers, at the sound of a far-off horn and he had said softly, "Why, what is it but the horns of Elfland faintly blowing! I will hold your hand till the last echo dies, for fear the horn is to summon you away."

Ah, how beautiful, how dear it was! How it lived in memory! And the last picture she had of him as he strode down the mountain away from the setting sun, turning once only to wave his green hat in farewell—

But one did not go through life, with only a memory, even one so fair and golden as that. One could not always dream—

CHAPTER X

It was the day following the coming of the little English children. Meridel knocked at madame's door to show the old lady a letter Rudolph had received from the bureau in charge of the little guests. Meridel entered when madame's rich voice called, "Entrez!" from the inner room.

"I shall be out in a minute —ah, it is you, Meridel." The door to her bedroom was open. "Make yourself comfortable, child"

Meridel did not hear. The room became space and the moment eternity. Rapt heartstill,. she stared at the picture of Michel Fabre and slowly walked toward it as if drawn to it by some mighty, invisible threat. She had forgotten everything in the wonder of finding him again. She reached out and touched the photograph. She picked it up and looked at it, studying every lineament of the fine young face realizing how true,. how minuttely perfect, had been her mind's image —the thick brows, the cleft chin, the strong wide mouth, the broad forehead and aquiline nose.

"Well!"

Madame had been standing beside her for moments, watching her, the glad look in her eyes the way her young breast rose and fell. And madame was old and wise as the world and she had known love and thus recognized instantly what she saw in Meridel's face.

"I—I am sorry,. madame. I forgot myself. This man —may I ask — who is he?"

"An insolent, defiant, ungrateful scamp," said madame, smiling fondly at the picture. "He is Roger's brother my nephew, Michel Fabre. We call him Mike."

"Roger's brother —Michel—"

"Do you know him., Princess?"

Meridel nodded. Slowly she put the picture back in its place. "I met him once in Gratzen, shortly before the war broke out."

Meridel looked gravely into the bright black eyes, and for a moment did not speak. Then she said, "Not—not as one expects love to be made—"

Madame chuckled. "Ah, I know. It was in the way he looked at you,, in the way he said things more than in what he said; in the way he held that proud red head of his and the way his eyes danced. Is it not so?"

"Yes —yes, it is so."

"That was Michel"

"Did he —make love to many?"

"I think not. But many loved him. He didn't care. He always wanted to be free— free of his teachers, of those who would interfere with his life —yes., even of me. See here —what he wrote on the back of this picture."

Madame Mimi took the photo from its frame and showed the boldly scrambled lines to Meridel, who shaped the words with her lips—

"A better friend than love have they
For none to mar or mend,
That have themselves to friend."

"I don't know that any love could hold him." continued madame. "What was he doing when you saw him?"

Meridel smiled. "He had been drinking some of Jules Goujon's white wine in the inn —the Coq d'or. I met him right outtside the door in the narrow street of Gratzen and he said, 'Are you real? Is this place real?' —and — and we went to the fair, and after that he walked up the mountain with me and then he said good-bye. He did not even tell me his name—only Michel."

"Like him.," nodded madame. "Well, if he was there when the war came you may be sure hes in it. There's Scotch, Irish and French in him."

"But —but he is really good, madame. He is not realy a scamp?"

"A bit wild." said madame slowly. "But underneath the wildness and willfulness I think he is good and strong. One could never really know. It's hard to know a man who can laugh when he is crying inside or suffer pain with a smile. And Mike Fabre was like that. Did you fall in love with him?"

"I always remembered him."

"I know child. So did I. But I've often wondered if it wouldn't be better to forget. I'd advise you to put him out of your mind. Roger is so steady., so reliable, so good."

There wasn't much time to think of Michel in the days that followed. More children came, little Polish boys, twin girls from the shambles of Rotterdam three more boys, sons of an aide of Charles de Gaulle. Like the early crocuses or the daffodils in Spring they bloomed overnight it seemed, on the broad lawns of Philibert and filled the great hall and made their lovely music in the corridors, in the game room in the basement. They splashed and frolicked in the mirror-pool and played endless games of hide and seek in the shrubberies and among the tall trees of the park.

There was work, plenty of work for Madame Mimi, for Rudolph. There were lessons to be arranged. Madame, from her long years on the stage, had the gift of tongues. The children loved her. It was a sight she often thought, that would have sent Michel into shouts of laughter when she stood on the lawn with all the little ones about her, speaking to some in French, to others in Dutch, to others in English. In the evenings she and Meride, sang for them and led them in their native songs.

Madame,. with the zeal of the old trouper, began at once to teach them tricks of deportment the rules of elocution, all sorts of stage business. She was equally at home with Negro spirituals or Saint-Saens. She was as young as the youngest there and her strident voice rose above their chatter and few were more nimble about the games they played. It was as if, in their wide and innocent eyes, from which the fear had long since faded, she found the fountain of youth. Never in her life before had she been so happy, so at peace, so sure that God had put her on this earth for a purpose.

"Ah," she would say to Rudolph when they were alone, "if my good good man Gossec could only have lived to see this day, to see his Mimi with all these tiny girls and boys about her —how he would have rejoiced! He would have created a new biscuit to commemorate the day! Rudolph, my friend, this is one time where much good has resulted from a bit of deception. I thank God that you did pretend to your people at home that you were the lord of Philibert. Look at the joy it has brought!"

Rudolph was silent, gazing moodily out at the park where Meridel and Miss Carrick., the new governess were giving the children a lesson in the shade of a great maple. The little ones were sitting on the grass ringing their teachers round and the tall tree's grateful shade rested gently on them.

"It's symbolic." said Rudolph 'that the maple should be the tree that gives them shelter. But, Madame Fabre—"

"Madame Laurin if you please. You are becoming careless., Baron."

Rudolph lifted his hands in a gesture of futility. "No it is not that. It is just that I do not see how this can go on. The longer I continue this fraud and let them think that I am a great man,. the harder it will be for them when the fact is revealed. when they learn that the baron is —is merely the butler."

"Pshaw! Why think about it at all?"

"Simply because the truth will be known soon.. One day friends of your will come—"

"They shall be forewarned. I promise you that. You know very well, Rudolph, that I held only two levees in the run of a year., when I entertained the thinning ranks of my friends and former associates. Since the war, there are no levees. You trouble yourself needlessly."

Rudolph bowed, but he went away unconvinced. Better than madame he knew the quiet pride that underlay the sweetness, the gentle demeanor of Meridel. To them now she was just a girl, but let circumstances change, and, he knew, she could be very much the princess. He trembled for himself when he thought of what would happen if exposure came to him. And come he knew in his heart, it must.

(To Be Continued)

IT'S ALWAYS YOUR TURN TO WRITE

It's regular news from home that the boys on active service really appreciate. Write every week. Tell them about the family—what the friends and neighbours are doing—all the local news. Keep your letters cheerful and full of optimism. Tell them about the money you are saving—the War Savings Certificates and Victory Bonds you are buying—of the plans for the future when they come home.

● **Tell them of a Savings Account in the Bank of Nova Scotia which will provide for the readjustment into normal civilian life, for the comforts and pleasures of a world at peace.**

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