SCARAMOUCHE

© by Rafael Sabatini

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

When the peasant Mabey was shot dead when poaching on the domain of the great noble of Brittany, the Marquis de La Tour D'Azyr, a shudder of horror went through the sensitive spirit of Philippe De Vilmorin, a young divinity student, who was a believer in the democratic doctrines which underlay the French Revolution. Philippe's determination to secure justice meets with little encouragement from his friend Andre-Louis Moreau, a young and brilliant lawyer, who is popularly believed to be the son of Quentin de Kercadiou, Lord of Gavrillac. Andre-Louis looks with cynicism on the new political doctrines but agrees to accompany Philippe and put the case before de Kercadiou. The Marquis was closeted with the Lord of Gavrillac when they arrived. Philippe goes to join the two nobles and Andre-Louis talks to the young and beautiful Aline de Kercadiou. He is horrified when the girl tells him that the Marquis has come to ask her uncle for her hand in marriage.

At the request of the Marquis the discussion of the death of Mabey is continued in the inn. There was something sinister in the Marquis' attitude which made Andre-Louis fear for Philippe.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"It seems, monsieur, that I must refresh your memory." The Marquis directly faced M. de Vilmorin. "You spoke, monsieur—and you spoke very eloquently, too eloquently almost, it seemed to me—of the infamy of such a deed as the act of summary justice upon this thieving fellow Mabey. Infamy was the precise word you used. You did not retract that word when I had the honor to inform you that it was by my orders that my gamekeeper Renel proceeded as he did."

M. de Vilmorin's fine face wore a look of perplexity. He did not understand the drift of this.

"It occurs to me, M. le Marquis, in view of your readiness to assume responsibility, that you must believe some justification for the deed which is not apparent to myself."

"That is better. That is distinctly better." The Marquis took snuff delicately, dusting the fragments from his fine lace at his throat. "When I tell you that for months past I have been annoyed by similar depredations, you will perhaps understand that it had become necessary to employ a deterrent sufficiently strong to put an end to them. And there is more than that. It is not the poaching that annoys me so much as the contempt for my absolute and inviolable rights. There is, monsieur, as you cannot fail to have observed, an evil spirit of insubordination in the air, and there is one only way in which to meet it. To tolerate it, in however slight a degree, to show leniency, however leniently disposed, would entail having recourse to still harsher measures to-morrow. If anything in what I have said is still obscure to you, I refer you to the game laws, which your lawyer friend there will expound for you at need."

"Are there in the world no laws but game laws?" he demanded angrily. "Have you never by any chance heard of the laws of humanity?"

The Marquis sighed wearily. "What have I to do with the laws of humanity?" he wondered.

M. de Vilmorin looked at him a moment in speechless amazement.

"Nothing, M. le Marquis. That is—alas!—too obvious. I hope you will remember it in the hour when you may wish to appeal to those laws which you now deride."

"Of your charity, spare me a sermon, M. l'abbe!"

"You mock, monsieur. You laugh. Will you laugh, I wonder, when God presents His reckoning to you for the blood and plunder with which your hands are full?"

"Revolutionist!" said M. le Marquis, contemptuously. "You have the effrontery to stand before my face and offer me this stinking cant of your modern so-called intellectuals!"

"Is it cant, monsieur? Is it cant that the feudal grip is on all things that live, crushing them like grapes in the press, to its own profit. And do you think in your pride that France, this Job among nations, will suffer it forever?

"Do you see nothing of the gathering clouds that herald the coming of the storm? The Third Estate, which you despise, will make an end of this canker of privilege that is devouring the vitals of this unfortunate country."

"M. l'abbe," said the Marquis, "you have a very dangerous gift of eloquence. I can conceived of men being swayed by it. Had you been born a gentleman, you would not so easily have acquired these false views that you express."

M. de Vilmorin stared blankly, uncomprehending.

"Had I been born a gentleman, do you say?" quoth he, in a slow, bewildered voice. "But I was born a gentleman. My race is as old, my blood as good as yours, monsieur."

"You have been deceived in that, I fear."

"Deceived?"

"Your sentiments betray the indiscretion of which madame your mother must have been guilty."

The brutally affronting words were sped beyond recall.

A dead silence followed. Andre-Louis' wits were numbed. He stood aghast, all thought suspended in him, what time M. de Vilmorin's eyes continued fixed upon M. de La Tour d'Azyr's, as if searching there for a meaning that eluded him. Quite suddenly he understood the vile affront. The blood leaped to his face, fire blazed in his gentle eyes. A convulsive shiver shook him. Then, with an inarticulate cry, he leaned forward, and with his open hand struck M. le Marquis full and hard upon his sneering face.

In a flash M. de Chabrillane was on his feet, between the two men.

Too late Andre-Louis had seen the trap. La Tour d'Azyr's words were but as a move in a game of chess, calculated to exasperate his opponent into some such counter-move as this—a counter-move that left him entirely at the other's mercy.

M. le Marquis looked on, very white save where M. de Vilmorin's finger-prints began slowly to color his face; but he said nothing more. Instead, it was M. de Chabrillane who now did the talking, taking up his preconcerted part in this vile game.

"You realize, monsieur, what you have done," said he, coldly, to Philippe. "And you realize, of course, what must inevitably follow."

M. de Vilmorin had realized nothing. The poor young man had acted upon impulse, upon the instinct of decency and honor, never counting the consequences. But he realized them now at the sinister invitation of M. de Chabrillane, and if he desired to avoid those consequences, it was out of respect for his priestly vocation, which strictly forbade such adjustments of disputes as M. de Chabrillane was clearly thrusting upon him.

He drew back. "Let one affront wipe out the other," said he, in a dull voice. "The balance is still in M. le Marquis' favor. Let that content him."

"Impossible." The Chevalier's lips came together tightly. Thereafter he was suavity itself, but very firm. "A blow has been struck, monsieur. Your action would seem to confirm the assumption that you found so offensive. But it does not on that account render you immune from the consequences."

"I desire no immunity," flashed back the young seminarist, stung by this fresh goad."

"But he does not wear a sword, messieurs!" cried Andre-Louis, aghast.

"That is easily amended. He may have the loan of mine."

"I mean, messieurs," Andre-Louis insisted, between fear for his friend and indignation, "that it is not his habit to wear a sword, that he has never worn one, that he is untutored in its uses. He is a seminarist—a postulant for holy orders, already half a priest, and so forbidden from such an engagement as you propose."

"All that he should have remembered before he struck a blow," said M. de Chabrillane, politely.

"The blow was deliberately provoked," raged Andre-Louis. Then he recovered himself, though the other's haughty stare had no part in that recovery. "Oh, my God, I talk in vain! How is one to argue against a purpose formed! Come away, Philippe. Don't you see the trap? . . ."

M. de Vilmorin cut him short, and flung him off. "Be quiet, Andre. M. le Marquis is in the right?"

"M. le Marquis is in the right?" Andre-Louis let his arms fall helplessly. This man he loved above all other living men was caught in the snare of the world's insanity. He was baring his breast to the knife for the sake of a vague, distorted sense of honor due to himself.

CHAPTER IV.

Within a few minutes, all arrangements were concluded and that sinisterly intentioned little group of four assembled in the afternoon sunshine on the bowling-green behind the inn.

There were no formalities over measurements of blades or selection of ground. M. le Marquis removed his sword-belt and scabbard, but declined—not considering it worth while for the sake of so negligible an opponent—to divest himself either of his shoes or his coat. Tall, lithe, and athletic, he stood to face the no less tall, but very delicate and frail M. de Vilmorin. The latter also disdained to make any of the usual preparations.

(To be continued.)

"Castle of the Eagle."

Devonsey Castle, which the Duke of Devonshire, the owner, has recently given to the nation, stands a little east of Beachy Head, a ruin since the early seventeenth century. It was built by Robert de Moreton, half-brother of William the Conqueor, and much of it, especially "the castle of the eagle," as it is called, is of the Norman age.

The blood leapt to his face, fireblazed in his gentle eyes.

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Canada's Share.

Auckland Weekly News: Mr. Lapointe's ungracious attack on "distinguished visitors"—he evidently had Mr. Bruce particularly in mind—has an interest for others. He is incensed because they have ventured to voice what they think about Canada's share, among others, of responsibility for Imperial defence. They have not ventured to dictate what precisely on her part, Canada should do. It is enough, in the eyes of this Minister of Justice seeking occasion of offence, that they have made any reference at all to Canada in this connection, even in a general way. They should mind their own business, says he; this is exclusively Canada's business. Is it? That is a strange way of viewing a subject that has been handled by the conference in a comprehensive way, with reference to all the Dominions, a strange way of welcoming home a Prime Minister who participated sympathetically in a discussion that resulted in recommending to all British Governments a policy of Imperial consultation "in questions" of common defence." Canada is generally understood to be a part of the British Empire. What she does in this matter is of very vital interest to every other part, and an avowal of that interest might reasonably be expected to have a welcome, rather than a snarling rebuff, from a member of the Canadian Government. But perhaps Mr. Lapointe's portfolio is held by him in service to that interesting sort of justice which, it has been said, "should ever be close-eared and open-mouthed, that is, to hear a little and speak much."

"What Swell Music I Could Make With That Horn."

By C. V. Buttelman

"Gee! I'll bet that makes swell music!" A lad who had about enough freckles to be twelve years old stood beside me looking through the polished plate front of a music store.

He looked up at me, apparently sensing the presence of a kindred spirit. There was a sparkle in his eyes; and, after a moment's hesitation, he decided to take me completely into his confidence. "Gee!" he said, "I'll bet I could make swell music on that horn!"

I knew exactly how that lad felt about it, for I was twelve years old once, and freckledd. My freckles are gone now, but I still experience the same sense of fascination whenever I see musical instruments on display, the same thrill of unplayed music, the same desire to get one of the instruments in my hands and toot on it!

Other folks paused to look at the alluring array of music-making devices in the show window; some passed on quickly, but nearly all remained for at least a minute or two. You and I have seen the same thing repeated day in and day out in front of countless music stores. Most of us would say that a display of instruments always attract people, which is true enough.

But Freckles explained the attraction when he voiced his reaction as he looked with worshipful eyes at the beautiful trumpet: "Gee! I'll bet I could make swell music on that horn." It was the lure of the music the horn represented to Freckles that held him entranced before the window; more than that, the music was Freckles' own.

What People Saw in the Window.

The window trimmer—and he was a skilled one—probably thought he had put "musical merchandise"—instruments—in the window. But how much more he had put there!

I saw a young girl looking at a very handsome violin fetchingly tilted in its rich plush-lined case—what throbbing melodies one could draw from those strings! I, too, looked at the violin, and saw some of the things the girl saw—the things the window trimmer didn't realize he was putting in his display. . . . Then I saw an orchestra; I could hear its crescendoing sweep of harmony. . . . An evening of music at home. . . . And through it all the music of that violin.

These, I fancied, were some of the things the girl saw in the window—and in every picture she was the violinist!

A tenor banjo attracted two young men; it was easy to see their picture; always a tenor banjo, with its glittering array of metal trimmings, brings to mind the pulse-quickening rhythm of the dance, the college prom and, of course, the girl.

A middle-aged man studied carefully a large photograph of a boys' band . . . perhaps he had a boy. . . . Who doesn't get a thrill from a boys' band? . . . Nothing better for a boy; he could play that big brass horn. . . . Ought to be easy to oom-pa-oom-pa. . . . I could do it myself. . . .

These ukuleles now—what a surprising amount of attention they receive from boys and girls and young folks—and older ones, too. Look at that old codger staring at the $15 uke! Does he want it for his daughter, or . . . Silly, isn't it? But a uke always seems to start thoughts of soft strumming harmony . . . hammock . . . canoe . . . girl with bobbed hair and brown eyes. . . .

And there's a crowd around the display of popular music. Just paper, printed more or less artistically! But it's not the art work or the exotic color schemes of the intriguing titles that attract us; they simply tune our thoughts to the spirit of the enchanting melodies and enticing lyrics we know are here. . . . What pictures of youth, joy and melody are hung there with those colorful music covers! . . . Home scenes . . . sister at the piano, or maybe brother whanging out his version of the latest . . . college scenes . . . the cottage at the lake . . .

Seeing Their Pictures.

But back to the window with the other folks who are seeing their pictures as they look at the various instruments that touch their individual fancies—the trumpet, the guitar, the saxophone or drum.

Though they probably would not have used exactly the same words, I knew that the innermost thought of practically every person who joined me there in front of the music store had been voiced by Freckles when he said, "Gee! I'll bet I could make swell music on that horn!"

The Little Ford.

Accuser (in court)—"Yes, you stole my little Ford and have it concealed!"

Accused (sneeringly)—"It's on my person somewhere, no doubt. Why don't you come and look?"

Bailiff—"Silence in court!"

"Look Up as Well as Down."

"Oh, father! Oh, mother! The moon is drowned—she is indeed! We have seen her lying trembling in the lake," cried the owlets, bustling back to the tower, where their parents sat among the ivy.

"Children," said the old birds, "you looked down and saw the reflection in the lake. If you had looked up you would have seen the moon herself in the sky; but it is the way with novices to be led astray by representations of a subject which a little further inquiry would have shown them were wholly deceptive."

Apparently China interprets the "white man's burden" as the burden of the white man.

CANADA'S FORESTS SUMMER RESORTS

National Forests in Western Canada Being Opened Up to the Summer Visitor.

GROWING USE OF THESE AREAS.

There are twelve summer resort areas in the Dominion forest reserves or national forests in the western provinces, six of which have been established in the past two years in response to urgent requests, and on these sites there are 214 summer cottages with many more in prospect. Besides this, hundreds of people go into the national forests to camp and fish for a few days and thousands more make use of them as picnic grounds for a day's outing. The rapid development of this movement has demonstrated to the people of the Prairie Provinces that there are no "Keep Off" signs on the borders of these forests, the only requirements being that visitors use them rationally, leave the areas they have occupied in a sanitary condition, and do not cause forest fires.

The name "forest reserves" now being replaced by "national forests" was in a measure an unfortunate one, in that to some it gave the impression that the benefits of these areas were fenced around and reserved from the people of to-day for the use of succeeding generations. The contrary is, of course, the case. The national forests are administered so that they may be of the greatest possible use to the people of to-day and that, as the protected and managed forest overcomes the fire losses of the past, increased benefits will each year accrue to all the people until the maximum of production and use in all lines is reached.

Two-fold Purpose.

The use of the national forests as recreational and health resorts is just as much a part of their purpose as the production of timber or the protection of stream-flow; and the satisfying feature of this work is that one use does not interfere with the other. The better the forest from a timber standpoint the better protection it gives to fish and game, the better it conserves moisture for the surrounding farming areas and the better holiday ground it is for men, women and children. The roads which the forest engineer constructs to enable him to get fire-fighters to and through the forest quickly are avenues by which the vacationist can get to his objective; and even the forest telephone lines, erected to secure prompt news of fires, are available in cases of emergency to send news out to the home town. On the other hand the presence of citizens in the reserves in cottages or camps is a benefit to the forest, as may be readily seen. Over ninety per cent. of forest fires are caused by carelessness. Carelessness is due to a lack of realization of the value of the forest, and it is safe to say that no person who has spent a week in one of our national forests fails to take away an increased knowledge of the vital part which these areas have to play in our national economy. Once the Canadian people in city and country determine that forest fires must cease, cease they will; and there is no better way to induce that determination than by showing people the forests.

Benefits Community.

Those who go into these areas to hunt or fish or have a good time swimming, boating or resting do not injure the forest if they do not start fires. Therefore, the Forest Service of the Department of the Interior has laid out summer resort sites in the shores of lakes in the reserves, where homes may be had at a nominal rental for the erection of neat cottages; has laid out camp sites; erected fireplaces; and stocked many of the lakes with fish. The Service also gives information, including maps, to campers as to how to get about in the wilds. It is customary for visitors other than those who come to the picnic grounds for a day's outing to report to the Forest officer in charge, whose privileges are governed by the provincial game laws. It has been the discovery by the people of the prairies of the many advantages of the national forests that has led to the rapid increase in visitors in the last three years, a development which will undoubtedly benefit the whole community.

Mutual Exclusiveness.

Affable Fellow Passenger—"So you are an actor? I am a banker and I think it is at least fifteen years since I was at a theatre."

Actor—"And I'm quite certain it's at least fifteen years since I was at a bank."

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The Palace.

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago,)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odour went away.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing,
flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

—Poe.

QUALITY STANDARDIZED.

You cannot get good tea without paying a fair price for it. Cheap tea lacks strength, freshness, and will give less satisfaction per pound.

Crusty.

"How did you find your uncle, Johnnie?"

"In apple-pie order."

"How's that?"

"Crusty!"

Making Smart Clothe Us.

It means much [illegible] Lefevre very long a woman [illegible] able to dress herself almost [illegible] in things fashioned from the [illegible] of shadows.

To boots, hose, [illegible] gloves and handbags fashion [illegible] in this beautiful tanned hides of [illegible] have recently been [illegible] scarfs and other [illegible] accessories which are [illegible] with many fashionable [illegible].

But in another [illegible] a Paris manufacturer promises [illegible] supply on the market [illegible] suits made of [illegible] These will, he says, be remarkable for their durability and will [illegible] in color and design that everyone will be sure to be [illegible] of attention wherever they go.

The opportunity to make the [illegible] bear a large [illegible] the burden of clothing [illegible] to be unlimited, for [illegible] come in almost infinite variety of [illegible] and textures [illegible] There is a [illegible] every purpose [illegible] wool, flesh and ordinary [illegible] are [illegible] and the fashions [illegible] are continually developing [illegible] as that were formerly thought worthless for commercial purposes.

Naturalists [illegible] that the skins of certain insects are among the most exquisite [illegible] beautiful things in all nature. The increasing use in the clothing of women gives us a better chance to appreciate the insects than we have had before.

$100.00 in Cash Prizes

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The publisher of this paper, in co-operation with a number of other publishers of weekly newspapers, will distribute thirty-six (36) cash prizes to boys and girls for the best essays on Canada. The object of this contest is to stimulate interest in this wonderful country of ours, and to help the boys and girls of to-day, the citizens and leaders of to-morrow, to appreciate fully the tremendous potentialities of Canada and to get some vision of that future greatness which fortune has undoubtedly marked out for this the most important dominion in the British Empire.

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(Contest Closes April 16, 1927.)

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All scholars not over seventeen (17) years of age whose parents or guardians subscribe to this paper may enter the contest.

Essays may deal with the subject from any point of view, but must not exceed 1,000 words in length.

Paper of foolscap size must be used, and writing must appear on one side only. Neatness will be considered in making awards.

All manuscripts submitted become the property of the publisher.

Send essays to Canada Essay Editor, in care of this paper.

The following information must accompany each essay: Name of contestant, Age, Address, Name of School, Name of teacher, and each essay must bear the following certificate signed by parent, guardian, or school teacher:—

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