SCARAMOUCHE

© by Rafael Sabatini

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The oath, taken as he held in his arms the body of his dearest friend, Philippe De Vilmorin, sent Andre-Louis Moreau, young lawyer of Gavrillac, to Rennes and thence to Nantes where his fervish speeches roused to action the citizens who were chafing under the oppression of the nobility. Phillipe has been tricked into a duel and brutally murdered because the great Marquis de La Tour D'Azyr feared the "dangerous gift of eloquence" which the idealistic divinity student possessed. Andre-Louis swore to carry on the cause of his friend and revenge himself on the Marquis for Philippe's death and because the profligate noble had sued for the hand of the beautiful Aline De Kercadiou, niece of the gruff Lord of Gavrillac, who was popularly believed to be the father of Andre-Louis.

Returning from Nantes, Andre-Louis is met on the outskirts of Gavrillac by Aline, who warns him that soldiers are waiting in the town to arrest him for sedition. He flees and takes refuge in a barn where he is awakened by the voices of two lovers, Climene and Leandre, who are panic-stricken at the impending discovery by the girl's father.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Calm, mademoiselle, calm!" the subtle friend was urging Climene. "Keep calm and trust to me. I promise you that all shall be well."

"Oh!" cried M. Leandre, limply. "Say that you will, my friend, this is ruin—the end of all our hopes. Your wits will never extricate us from this. Never!"

Through the gap strode now an enormous man with an inflamed moon face and a great nose, decently dressed, after the fashion of a solid bourgeois. There was no mistaking his anger, but the expression that it found was an amusement to Andre-Louis.

"Leandre, you're an imbecile! Your words wouldn't convince a ploughboy!"

He checked abruptly, startled. Andre-Louis, suddenly realizing what was afoot, and how duped he had been had loosed his laughter. The sound of it pealing and booming uncannily under the great roof that so immediately confined him was startling to those below.

"WE ARE HERE IN QUTST OF A SCOUNDREL NAMED ANDRE-LOUIS MOREAU."

The fat man was the first to recover, and he announced it after his own fashion in one of the ready sarcasms in which he habitually dealt.

"Hark!" he cried, "the very gods laugh at you, Leandre." Then he addressed the roof of the barn and its invisible tenant. "Hi! You there!"

Andre-Louis revealed himself by a further protrusion of his tousled head.

"Good-morning," said he, pleasantly.

"What the devil are you doing up there?"

"Precisely the same thing that you are doing down there," was the answer. "I am trespassing."

"Eh?" said Pantaloon, and looked at his companions, some of the assurance beaten out of his big red face. "Whose land is this?"

Andre-Louis answered, whilst drawing on his stockings. "I believe it to be the property of the Marquis de La Tour d'Azyr."

Having donned his boots, Andre-Louis came nimbly to the ground in his shirt-sleeves, his riding-coat over his arm.

They followed him through that gap in the hedge to the encampment on the common. There Andre-Louis perceived a young man of the company performing his morning toilet at a bucket placed upon one of the wodden steps at the tail of the house on wheels.

"I would beg leave to imitate that very excellent young gentleman before I leave you," he said frankly to M. Pantaloon.

"But, by all means. Rhodomont will provide what you require."

So Andre-Louis once more removed his neckcloth and his coat, and rolled up the sleeves of his fine shirt, whilst Rhodomont procured him soap, a towel, and presently a broken comb. This last Andre-Louis gratefully accepted, and having presently washed himself clean, stood, restoring order to his disheveled locks.

He was standing thus, when his ears caught the sound of hoofs. He looked over his shoulder carelessly, and then stood frozen, with uplifted comb and loosened mouth. Away across the common, on the road that bordered it, he beheld a party of seven horsemen in the blue coats with red facings of the marechausee.

When a moment later the sergeant pulled up his horse alongside of this half-dressed young man, Andre-Louis combed his hair what time he looked up with a half smile, intended to be friendly, ingenuous, and disarming.

"What is your pleasure, captain?"

"My pleasure is to tell you that you are very likely to be gaoled for this, all the pack of you!"

"But how so, my captain? This is communal land—free to all."

"It is nothing of the kind. This is terre censive."

"Technically, I suppose you are right," sighed Andre-Louis, and fell to combing his hair again, still looking up into the sergeant's face. "We are grateful to you for the warning." He passed the comb into his left hand, and with his right fumbled in his breeches pocket, whence there came a faint jingle of coins.

"Well, well, said he, gruffly. "But you must decamp, you understand."

He leaned from the saddle to bring his recipient hand to a convenient distance. Andre-Louis, placed in it a three-livre piece.

"After all," said the sergeant, "it is none of our business to play the tipstaves for M. de La Tour d'Azyr. We are of the marechausee from Rennes."

The sergeant wheeled his horse about, his troop wheeled with him.

"You, monsieur!" he called over his shoulder. In a bound Andre-Louis was beside his stirrup. "We are in quest of a scoundrel named Andre-Louis Moreau, from Gavrillac, a fugitive from justice wanted for the gallows on a matter of sedition. You've seen nothing, I suppose, of a man whose movements seemed to you suspicious?"

"Indeed, we have," said Andre-Louis, very boldly, his face eager with consciousness of the ability to oblige.

"Yes, yes," the sergeant felt himself hot upon the trail.

"There was a fellow who seemed very fearful of being recognized . . . a man of fifty or thereabouts . . ."

"Fifty!" cried the sergeant, and his face fell. "Bah! This man of ours is no older than yourself, a thin wisp of a fellow of about your own height and of black hair, just like your own, by the description. Keep a lookout on your travels, master player. The King's Lieutenant in Rennes has sent us word this morning that he will pay ten louis to anyone giving information that will lead to this scoundrel's arrest. It would be a fine windfall for you, that."

"A fine windfall, indeed, captain," answered Andre-Louis, laughing.

But the sergeant had touched his horse with the spur, and was already trotting off in the wake of his men.

Then he turned slowly about, and came back towards Pantaloon and the rest of the company, who were now all grouped together, at gaze.

CHAPTER II.

They were, thought Andre-Louis, as he sat down to breakfast with them behind the itinerant house, an odd and yet an attractive crew.

They numbered exactly eleven, three women and eight men; and they addressed each other by their stage names: names which denoted their several types and never varied, no matter what might be the play that they performed.

"We are," Pantaloon informed him, one of those few remaining staunch bands of real players, who uphold the traditions of the old Italian Commedia dell' Arte. Each of us is his own author as he develops the part assigned to him. We are improvisers—improvisers of the old and noble Italian school."

And he proceeded to introduction in detail. He pointed out the long and amiable Rhodomont, whom Andre-Louis already knew.

"Then here we have Scaramouche, whom also you already know. Sometimes he is Scapin and sometimes Coviello, but in the main Scaramouche, to which let me tell you he is best suited—sometimes too well suited, I think. For he is Scaramouche not only on the stage, but also in the world. He has a gift of sly intrigue, an art of setting folk by the ears, combined with an impudent aggressiveness upon occasion when he considers himself safe from reprisals. He is Scaramouche, the little skirmisher, to the very life. I could say more. But I am by disposition charitable and loving to all mankind."

"As the priest said when he kissed the serving-wench," snarled Scaramouche, and went on eating.

"His humor, like your own, you will observe, is acrid," said Pantaloon.

"Then we have Pasquariel here, who is sometimes an apothecary, sometimes a notary, an amiable, accommodating fellow. And finally you have myself, who as the father of the company very properly play as Pantaloon the roles of father. For the rest, I am the only one who has a name—it is Binet.

"And now for the ladies. First we have Madame there. She is our Duegne. Then we have this pert Columbine, and lastly, my daughter Climene, an amoureuse of talents not to be matched outside the Comedie Francaise, of which she has the bad taste to aspire to become a member."

(To be continued.)

Rainbow.

First the flaming red
Sprang vivid forth; the tawny orange next,
And next delicious yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green.
Then the pure blue that swells autumnal skies.
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue
Emerged the deeper indigo (as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost),
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainting violet away.

—James Thomson.

Alaska's Flag Designed by 13-Year-Old Boy.

Alaska is to have an official flag, designed by a 13-year old boy.

The Territorial House of Representatives has given its approval and voted $2,000 for sending Benny Benson, of Seward, the schoolboy whose design was accepted, to Paris.

The flag has eight gold stars set in a field of blue. Seven of the stars form the constellation of Ursa, or the great bear, the most conspicuous constellation in the northern skies.

Playing Safe.

"Your son-in-law is a quiet young man, isn't he?" remarked the visitor.

"Yes," agreed the old gentleman. "I reckon that he's figured out that it's better to be silent and thought dumb than to speak and remove all doubt."

Nothing in life is more remarkable than the unnecessary anxiety which we endure, and generally occasion ourselves.—Benjamin Disraeli.

In cattle raising the Indians of Canada's Middle West have been very sucessful. They own in round numbers 25,000 head of cattle and 35,000 horses of good type.

Wilson Publishing Company

Fashion

A NEW BLOOMER DRESS FOR THE YOUNG MISS.

This delightful little bloomer dress, having plaits at both sides of front and back, would be charming if fashioned of flannel with contrasting material for the trim collar and wristbands finishing the fashionable long raglan sleeves. Buttons adorn the centre front closing and a belt fastening in front completes this chic frock. Bloomers made of the same material as the dress have elastic run through a casing at the top and sung knee-bands finish the lower edge. No. 1331 is in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch plain material, and ⅛ yard contrasting. 20 cents.

Our new Fashion Book contains many styles showing how to dress boys and girls. Simplicity is the rule for well-dressed children. Clothes of character and individuality for the junior folks are hard to buy, but easy to make with our patterns. A small amount of money spent on good materials, cut on simple lines, will give children the privilege of wearing adorable things. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept. Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Tororto. Patterns sent by return mail.

A Sussex Daisy.

Where the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—
O the breath of the distant surf!—

The hills look over on the South,
And southward dreams the sea;
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day!

—Francis Thompson.

Avoid Scraping Carrots.

The task of scraping carrots and the consequent staining of the hands, can be avoided if the carrots are washed, and then boiled for 15 minutes or so. The skin will then slip off easily, and the carrots may be sliced or prepared as one wishes for further cooking.

Press Convention at Bigwin Inn

In the choice of a convention centre there are many questions to be considered. The accommodations for the lodging of the delegates are of great importance, but also there are the factors of entertainment to be considered if the convention is to be successful from every angle. In choosing the place for the 1927 convention of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, which brings together the publishers of weekly newspapers in every section of Canada, the executive of the association considered all angles of the matter before deciding that this year's convention would be held at Bigwin Inn, in the Lake of Bays district of the Highlands of Ontario.

Here, not only will the delegates be provided with splendid hotel accommodation for themselves and their wives, but they will also find splendid facilities in the way of convention hall and committee rooms for transacting their business. From the entertainment side of the question, Bigwin Inn, located on the shore of Lake of Bays, offers to visitors every variety of land and water sports. Located in a beautiful region of lake and forest, it is an ideal holiday centre and one which is growing in popularity with each season. Every form of aquatic sport such as boating, bathing and fishing may be enjoyed, and in addition there is golf, tennis, bowling and other pursuits for those who seek these forms of diversion.

Bigwin Inn is one of the charming summer hotels of Eastern Canada and is conveniently located near Huntsville, on the Toronto-North Bay line of the National System. From Huntsville the visitor is taken by well-appointed steamboat to the Inn, and special sleeping cars operate to and from Huntsville for the convenience of visitors.

THE WHISTLE

Billy leaned back in the old carriage seat, and surveyed the ground below him. A hen led her brood of chicks beneath his lofty seat, and scratched industriously in the soft earth around the roots of the willow tree. The carriage seat, fastened in the forks of the tree, creaked as Billy moved, and the hen moved away hurriedly, with one eye on the tree as she clucked and called to the family that trailed along behind her.

It was great, up there in the willow tree, Billy decided, as he decided every day all summer long, up there in the willow tree in the exact centre of the great round bowl of the sky, with the rim of the horizon the same distance away on every side. He closed his eyes, and the sound of the wind in leaves and grass was like a level, whispering plain of even sounds, with the bird calls rising in sharp peaks of music, and the far-off lowing of cattle like heaped-up, rounded hills of sound. The gate clicked sharply, an upflung jagged pinnacle, sudden and sharp. Billy's eyes flew open, and he sat bolt upright.

Treasures Galore.

A man was coming up the short lane from the front gate. The sunshine, filtering through the row of trees bordering the lane, doppled his black coat with light and shadow. He was an odd-looking man, with a great pack on his back, and the dust of the road on pack and clothes. He swung his pack down beside the kitchen door and removed his hat, and Billy saw the gleam of earrings against the darkness of his skin.

When Billy's mother opened the door the stranger picked up his burden, and entered the house.

Billy slid down out of the tree, went around back of the house, and through the woodshed. From the kitchen came the sound of voices; his mother's voice, appraising quiet and even; the voice of the stranger, quick and voluble. The boy went into the kitchen and stood beside his mother. He watched the peddler spread out his wares; bright-colored cottons and linens spread on the white-scoured top of the kitchen table; strange trinkets that glittered and shone; mirrors and lace; bright-tinted combs, and handkerchiefs spread out on the kitchen chairs. Billy's eyes grew round as he looked upon the extent of the treasures that came out of the pack, and he watched the glint of gold earrings and the shining of teeth as the stranger talked, and the quick flitting of hands that brought out treasures endlessly. Billy lifted himself on tiptoe, and gazed into the depths of the pack.

The Real Treasure.

There was a whistle there in the bottom of the pack, and such a whistle! bright and shining, and with a cord all red and white and blue to go around the neck. Billy gave his mother's apron a quick, imploring tug, and pointed at the whistle. And then, he had it in his hands, with the loop around his neck, and his mother's hand was resting on his head, and the peddler was smiling with a network of tiny wrinkles around his eyes, and a great flashing of gold earrings. Billy walked out through the woodshed, and the murmur of voices flowed again over his head, unheeded. With his eyes on the whistle his feet carried him straight back to the foot of the willow tree.

Back in the old carriage seat when the peddler came out of the house, Billy watched him bow himself effusively out into the lane; watched him go down the driveway under the trees, with the sunshine dappling his dust-colored hat and his great pack; watched him as he trudged away up the sun-drenched road toward the next farmhouse. Then his gaze went back to the whistle in his hand. He turned it over and over for the hundredth time. Over in the barn a hen cackled suddenly, a quick outburst of sound that fluttered across the yard like an unfurled pennant in a rush of wind. Billy closed his eyes, put the whistle to his lips, and blew! an entrancing, slender shrillness that mounted straight up like a slight shaft. He opened his eyes and feasted them upon the whistle, as he turned it over and over in his hands. The hen led her brood back under the willow tree, clucked reassuringly, scratched expectantly in the black earth, and cast a complacent eye over her tiny family.

What United States Still Owes Britain.

"The report for 1926 of the Council of Foreign Bondholders, which has just appeared, is most interesting, perhaps, for its reference to the defaulting Southern States of the great American Republic, says London Truth.

"A little calculation shows that the amount owing by Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and the two Carolinas is about £63,000,000, taking the average duration of default at 70 years and the rate of interest at 6 per cent. This sum is nearly sufficient to pay two years' instalments on our debt to America (interest and repayment of principal), and if we could have saved that amount it would have been very useful in tiding over the period of misfortune caused by the coal dispute.

"To indicate the character of the debts of these Southern States of America, the Council of Foreign Bondholders take the case of Mississippi. The debt of that State was contracted between 1831 and 1838, and default began in 1841, or some twenty years before the Civil War broke out. The money borrowed by Mississippi was applied to the establishment of two banks, and when these banks ceased to be remunerative investments, the State promptly repudiated its obligations to the bondholders. And that is the position now."

Any work that betters the condition of mankind in any respect whatsoever is divine in its nature.

Very Fine Quality

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

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Truly satisfying—only 43c per ½ lb.

This Will Please the Vegetables.

Dogs are usually thought of as carnivorous or flesh-eating animals; but according to reports from London, a British veterinary surgeon named Kennard has made some interesting experiments that seem to indicate that puppies will thrive on a diet of fruit even better than on the food that they are supposed to require. His first experiment was performed on a litter of borzois. He fed half of them the customary foods given to dogs; the other half were given a diet of oranges, apples and bananas. "At the end of three months," asserts Kennard "those fed on fruit were noticeably in advance, physically, of their brothers, and the eventual result of the experiment was that the fruit-salad pups all become first-class hounds, whereas only three of those fed on meat, fish and biscuit grew into good dogs. One of them died, and two others developed rickets."

Later the veterinarian repeated the experiment with Pomeranians. In three months the fruit-fed dogs grew almost beyond recognition into the size of large fox terriers while the others lagged far behind. When the puppies that were fed fruit got the distemper it passed off quickly.

Didn't the doctor let the pups have a bone to sharpen their teeth on, we wonder?

An Election by Jury.

Mr. Clarence Day, Jun., is responsible for an amusing election suggestion in Harper's Monthly. He writes:

"The jury system is only a makeshift was of deciding a murder case, but as a method of settling elections it is simply ideal. Every year, instead of putting millions and millions of ears at the mercy of orators, twelve men would be chosen by lot to listen for all the electorate.

"These human sacrifices would be locked up in a lecture hall and kept there throughout the campaign, and every candidate would be given a key so that he could go in and make speeches to them. He wouldn't have to wear out his throat either, as he does now, making the same old speech over and over, unless he himself wished to. If he did, he should, of course, have that privilege. Give him plenty of rope. As a compensation to the jury for their hardships, they could be pensioned for life. Even with this expense added, a campaign would cost far less than at present.

"Our jury system is a valuable heritage, our great jurists tell us; it is the most sound and dependable way of deciding things. Very well, let us use it. It would be quite as representative of the popular will as the vote. Each juryman would see every candidate as well as hear all his arguments.

"That would make the new custom more thorough. It would be democratic, yet dignified. And on Election Day, instead of thousands of polling places, voting machines, clerks and watchers, and a long and elaborate count of a whole nation's ballots, the jury would merely retire for an hour or so and announce the result."

Solving the Mystery.

Recently the widow of a farmer, striving to keep the farm going, had some difficulty with her hens, and wrote the following letter to the Department of Agriculture:

"Something is wrong with my chickens. Every morning when I come out I find two or three lying on the ground, cold and stiff, with their feet in the air. Can you tell me what is the matter?"

After a little while she received the following letter from the department:

"Dear Madam: Your chickens are dead."

Industry.

I am the sport and passion of young minds;
I call to men bare-arm[illegible] and fresh of soul,
Ready to sweat and fight and risk and dare,
To master, to excel, and [illegible] control.

I am a struggle in the [illegible] and smoke,
Where wheels are whirling and the broad belts fly,
I am the march of mankind from the past,
To frontiers wide, [illegible] and high.

I am the game of [illegible] where men's art
Against the power of [illegible] Spheres is hurled.
I am the Creation carried on anew
In the beginning of a greater world.

—Herbert G. Sisson in Forbes Magazine.

Was It Worth It?

Five-year-old William was standing in the kitchen with his eye upon a dish of cakes when his mother came in and found him.

"What are you doing [illegible], William?" said she.

"I was just thinking [illegible]," replied the youngster.

"Thinking? Well, I hope you haven't touched those cakes."

"That's what I was thinking about," came the ready answer. "I was wondering whether they would be good enough to be whipped for."

Useful Wood Products.

Wood products enter into the manufacture of commodities in every phase of human existence and fifty per cent. of Canada's manufacturing industries depend on wood as a raw material. The capital invested in our forest industries is $66,000,000; one-third in lumbering, sawmills, etc., and practically the remainder in the pulp and paper industry.

Spring Tints

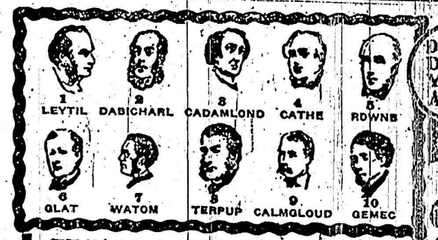
Gaily colored fresh as Spring! Underthings in soft shades to match. Tint them in ordinary water with true-dyes. Dipping will do in ordinary cold water but you must have real dye to get a smart, perfectly even tone.

Diamond dye powder costs only a few cents at any drugstore; so why make a job with something not quite alive? And when you want the tint to be permanent, just dip in boiling water instead of cold!

The druggist has color charts and simple directions for dyeing or tinting all sorts of materials, silk or wool, linen, cotton, mixed goods, or any goods for any and exquisite tinting of delicate shades. Or, send for a marvelous portfolio of suggestions in full colors, "Color Craft." Address DIAMOND DYES, Dept. N31, Windsor, Ontario.

Diamond Dyes

Dip to TINT—Boil to DYE



Do not Delay Your Answer

Who Are These Men?

You can easily guess the names of these 10 leading Fathers of Confederation. They are purposely misspelled above. For example No. 4 is TACHE. The other 9 are all found in the following list: Macdonald, Galt, Mowat, Archibald, Brown, McGee, Turcot, Tache, McDougall, Tilley. Now write them down in their proper order as pictured above. Who is No. 1, No 2, etc. up to No. 10? Follow the rules carefully to be sure of a prize. You have an equal opportunity to win. YOUR ENTRY NEED NOT COST YOU A PENNY! SPECIAL PRIZES GIVEN FOR PROMPTNESS!

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2—Write your answer in ink on a sheet of paper. Put your name and address at top of sheet stating whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss. Also name of this paper.
3—Prizes awarded by 3 independent judges according to skill displayed in solving names and in query appearance of answer. Contest closes August 31st, 1927.
4—On receipt of your answer, you will be asked to select a few samples of guaranteed values from our Catalogue. This one, easily-fulfilled condition qualifies your answer for these wonderful prizes.

WIN $1500.00 PRIZES in GOLD

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