So Truly Fine

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

T92

Drink it and you will say "Superb".

SCARAMOUCHE

© by Rafael Sabatini

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

To escape hanging on the charge of sedition, Andre-Louis Moreau flees from his native town of Gavrillac and hides his identity as a member of a band of strolling players in which he makes a great success in the character of Scaramouche.

His flight has caused him to delay revenge on the great and powerful Marquis de La Tour D'Azyr, who tricked Andre's dearest friend, Philippe de Vilmorin, a divinity student, into a duel and then killed him because he feared the idealist's "dangerout gift of eloquence." Over the dead body of his friend, Andre-Louis swore to carry on his work of reforming the lot of the peasants.

Scaramouche, as Andre-Louis is now called, falls in love with Climene, daughter of the owner of the troupe, and tries to forget the beautiful Aline de Kercadiou, whom, he thinks, will marry the Marquis. Climene treats him with coldness.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The door," Aline commanded her footman, and "Mount here beside me," she commanded Andre-Louis, in the same breath.

"A moment, Alire."

He turned to his companion, who was all amazement, and to Harlequin and Columbine, who had that moment come up to share it. "You permit me, Climene?" said he, breathlessly. But it was more a statement than a question. "Harlequin will take care of you. Au revoir, at dinner."

With that he sprang into the cabriolet without waiting for a reply, and the royal equipage rolled away, leaving the three comedians staring after it, of a mouthed. Then Harlequin laughed.

"A prince in disguise, our Scaramouche!" said he.

The frown melted from Climene's brow. Resentment changed to bewilderment.

"But who is she?"

"His sister, of course," said Harlequin quite definitely.

In the carriage Aline was considering Andre-Louis with grave eyes, lips slightly compressed, and a tiny frown between her finely drawn eyebrows.

"You have taken to queer company, Andre," was the first thing she said to him. "Otherwise I am mistaken in thinking that your companion was Mlle. Binet of the Theatre Feydau."

"You are not mistaken. But I had not imagined Mlle. Binet was so famous already."

"Oh, as to that . . ." mademoiselle shrugged. "It is simply that I was at the play last night."

"You were at the Feydau last night? And I never saw you?"

"Were you there too?"

"Was I there!" he cried. Then he checked, and abruptly changed his tone. "Oh, yes, I was there," he said, as commonplace as he could, beset by a sudden reluctance to avow that he had so willingly descended to depths that she must account unworthy.

"I understand," said she, and compressed her lips a little more tightly.

"But what do you understand?"

"The rare attractions of Mlle. Binet. Naturally you would be at the theatre. Do you know that you disappoint me, Andre? I was foolish enough to imagine you to be different; rather above such trivial pursuits. I conceived you something of an idealist."

"Sheer flattery."

"So I perceive. But you misled me. With your gift of acting I wonder that you haven't joined Mlle. Binet's troupe."

"I have," said he.

He saw first incredulity, then consternation, and lastly disgust overspread her face.

"Of course," said she, after a long pause, "that would have the advantage of bringing you closer to your charmer."

"That was only one of the inducements. There was another. Finding myself forced to choose between the stage and the gallows, I had the incredible weakness to prefer the former. Shall I stop the carriage and remove the contamination of my disgusting person? Or shall I tell you how it happened?"

"Tell me how it happened first. Then we will decide."

He told her how he met the Binet Troupe, and how the men of the marechausee forced upon him the discovery that in its bosom he could lie safely lost until the hue and cry had died down. The explanation dissolved her iciness.

"My poor Andre, why didn't you tell me this at first?"

"For one thing, you didn't give me time; for another, I feared to shock you with the spectacle of my degradation. What did you think of the play last night?" he continued.

"It was amusing and well conceived."

"Let me present you to the author."

"You? But the company is one of the improvisers."

"Even improvisers require an author to write their scenarios. Soon I shall be writing plays in the modern manner."

"You deceive yourself, my poor Andre. The piece last night would have been nothing without the players. You are fortunate in your Scaramouche."

"In confidence—I present you to him."

"You—Scaramouche? You?" She turned to regard him fully. He smiled his close-lipped smile that made wrinkles like gashes in his cheeks. He nodded.

"And I didn't recognize you!"

"I thank you for the tribute. You imagined, of course, that I was a scene-shifter. And now the question I have been burning to ask. Why are you in Nantes, Aline?"

"I am on a visit to my aunt, Mme. de Sautron. She is receiving several guests to-day. M. de La Tour d'Azyr is to be one of them."

Andre-Louis frowned and sighed. "Did ou ever hear, Aline, how poor Philippe de Vilmorin came by his end?"

"Yes; I was told, first by my uncle; then by M. de La Tour d'Azyr, himself."

"Did not that help you to decide this marriage question?"

"How could it? You don't expect me to judge between men in matters such as these?"

"If you cannot judge, it is that you do not wish to judge." His tone became harsh. "Willfully you close your eyes to justice that might check the course of your unhealthy, unnatural ambition."

"I think I had better let you alight so that you may go back to practice virtue and honor with your theatre wench."

"If you must speak of her at all," he interrupted hotly, "you'll speak of her as my wife."

Amazement smothered her anger. Her pallor deepened. "My God!" she said, and looked at him in horror. And in horror she asked him presently: "You are married—married to that—?"

"Not yet. But I shall be, soon. And let me tell you that this girl whom you visit with your ignorant contempt is as good and pure as you are, Aline. She has wit and talent which have placed her where she is and shall carry her a deal farther. And she has the womanliness to be guided by natural instincts in the selection of her mate."

"You will descend this instant!" she told him fiercely. "That you should dare to make a comparison between me and that . . ."

"And my wife-to-be," he interrupted, before she could speak the infamous word. He opened the door for himself without waiting for the footman, and leapt down. "My compliments," said he, furiously, "to the assassin you are to marry." He slammed the door. "Drive on," he bade the coachman.

He got back to the inn to find the company at table. Harlequin and Columbine had spread the tale of this prince in disguise caught up into the chariot of a princess and carried off by her; and it was a tale that had lost nothing in the telling.

Climene had been silent and thoughtful. Clearly he Scaramouche must be vastly other than he had hitherto appeared, or else that great lady and he would never have used such familiarity with each other. Imagining him no better than he was, Climene had made him her own. And now she was to receive the reward of disinterested affection.

Even old Binet's secret hostility toward Andre-Louis melted before this astounding revelation. He had pinched his daughter's ear quite playfully. "Ah, ah, trust you to have penetrated his disguise my child!"

Her father offended her. Scaramouche was clearly a great gentleman, an eccentric if you please, but a man born. And she was to be his lady. Her father must learn to treat her differently.

She looked shyly—with a new shyness—at her lover when he came into the room where they were dining. She observed for the first time that proud carriage of the head, with the chin thrust forward, that was a trick of his, and she noticed with what grace he moved—the grace of one who in youth has had his dancing-masters and fencing-masters.

(To be continued.)

ISSUE No. 23—'27.

SHE LOOKED SHYLY AT HER LOVER WHEN HE CAME INTO THE ROOM.

CORNS

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BROADCASTING

The "Listener In" Has No Defence Except to Switch Off.

GOOD ANNOUNCERS ARE LACKING.

British and American writers are at last recording a protest which we in Ontario can heartily endorse. Good entertainment from our Canadian stations is not lacking, but we certainly have to endure our share of "announcer evil." We append an article appearing in the current Literary Digest which certainly is worth close attention by our broadcasting companies. The announcers, we suppose, will each and every one say "This applies to the other fellow," where as a matter of fact they could all read and profit, naturally some more than others.

The Broadcasting "Moron."

"A moron broadcasting for morons" is the unflattering description given of the "announcer" of some, if not many, of our broadcasting stations. The Vigilant (New York), which describes itself as "a journal of opinion," is frank in its indictment of this functionary, and lays the blame at his door for the revulsion of sentiment against what seemed, so short a time ago, a magic toy." H. G. Wells has reported on the same state of mind in England, while here, the writer in The Vigilant declares that "radio as an entertainment is losing caste." Notwithstanding occasional programs of real distinction—and it is reported that the National Broadcasting Company will spend this year $2,700,000 for talent — "many listeners financially able to purchase the finest equipments are stigmatizing radio broadcasts as vulgar beyond description,' 'offensive,' 'tedious,' 'intrusive,' and 'mediocre.'"

The Main Issue.

It is the announcers who come in for criticism because they intrude "into all programs their own uninteresting personalities, their banalities, and their gratuitous misinformation." "The 'announcer' is a misnomer. More and more he assumes to be a composite of patronizing tutor, amateur entertainer, after-dinner wit, and the 'life of the party.'" "There are a scant few among the announcers who obviously have sufficient acquaintance with cultural subjects to make them admissible in some of the gatherings, which, unseen, they address." Yet—

How True.

"In radio, all announcements are elaborated, reiterated, explained, and qualified; broadcasting for morons, frequently by morons. Facetious comments, redolent of the smoking-room, sometimes punctuate otherwise innocuous programs. Intimate personalities of the jazz-band personnel, their infants, their families, even their hangovers, are interluded in the programs, as though of any interest. Every moment is filled with chatter.

"It is obvious that announcers are striving not to announce but to popularize themselves after the fashion of some well-known columnists. Forgetting that the columnist even in his egotism has a grace of utterance; at least a modicum of wit; liveliness; and that he is an adept in the business of writing entertainingly. Also—and this is not entirely unimportant—the columnist is an educated man! When the journalistic vices of the columnists are imitated by announcers possessing none of their virtues, the result is execrable.

Too Much Talk.

"The redundancy—plus—of radio announcers is as great a detriment to broadcasting as is their spurious wit. The circumlocution of announcements is reminiscent of the old childish doggerel 'The flea on the hair of the tail of the dog of the child of the wife of the wild man of Borneo!' Thirty words are used where six would suffice. Superlatives never come singly but in pairs. Numbers are named both before and after delivery; names are reiterated; artists are flattered ad nauseum irrespective of professional standing; every song is very, very famous and all unknowns are celebrated or very, very famous and all unknowns are celebrated or very, very wonderful artists condescending to perform for a palpitating, breathless audience.

Why, Oh Why?

"Audiences are instructed to signify, not their approval but their appreciation, their great appreciation of hearing Madam Gazink of Podunk, or a would-be prima donna or some has-been tenor. 'It is my honor and privilege to introduce,' is frequently followed within a few moments with 'It is again my very great honor and privilege to introduce,' to be followed at the conclusion of an off key solo by 'you have just enjoyed the great privilege of hearing.' And the unworthy thought persists that the radio announcer is a little claque all by himself!

Broadcasting companies expending vast sums for entertainment should realize that the personal opinions of announcers concerning current events, the musical classics, prominent persons, or nonentities, are both offensive and intrusive. To listen to music is one thing, to have every five minutes of a musical program freighted with three minutes of mispronunciation, moronic wit, cheap flattery, or misinformation is something else.

Listeners Know a Little.

The uncomplimentary assumption that radio listeners are ignorant and uninformed is wearisome. Discovering for the first time some standard composer, announcers proceed to 'instruct' audiences, either by reading Grove's Dictionary without due credit, or with many inaccuracies of their own fertile imagination.

We are told, for example, that Smetana's 'Bartered Bride' is a 'new opera' given its 'first production last season'; the history of Elgar's 'Pomp and Circumstances' is related a dozen times a month, with some change of facts and dates; sometimes Sir Edward's march is announced as composed for the coronation of Queen Victoria, at other times King Edward or King George share credit for the assignment."

Mispronunciation of the most commonplace English words, uncouth enunciation and a halting or nasal delivery, are things charged against the announcer, if his back is able to bear any more stripes:

Educationally Wrong.

"Announcements are made inattentively, with pauses to alter the original words. Songs are ADOPTED, not ADAPTED; unprejudiced becomes inprejudiced; the superlative 'excellent' is qualified by very, very; we are told of the 'charming nayvette' of some naive diplomat. We learn that Mlle. Irene is Known to these widely read announcers as 'mlearmay.' We are 'treated' to a flazzed 'paraphrase' of the prison scene from 'Faust,' to be 'followed by a rather different type of number called Bamboouh.' An occasion becomes an 'O cash on'; an orchestra is an 'or-KES-tra' pos-I-TIVE-ly; and so on ad infinitum.

"Added to these is the atrocity of garbled foreign titles. French, Spanish, Italian, and German are attempted brazenly by these persons, and the result is an insult to adult intelligence. 'Free translations' are made regardless of accuracy.

"News items read from a legitimate news service are elaborated with the announcer's personal opinion. During the early weeks of the coal strike last year, the New York American news service was read over the radio by an accredited broadcasting station announcer. The Union League Club meeting between operators and miners was announced with the statement, 'This of course ends the coal strike because, etc., etc., etc. An astonished audience heard the merits and demerits of the controversy summed up by an announcer supposedly reading The American's copy.' Both the problem and its solution were expounded in a tone of finality. Just like that! As an afterthought, the announcer made the casual mention, 'That of course is my own opinion; it is not contained in The American's report, but there is no doubt that the strike is over and that the settlement will be as I have explained to you.' Thereupon this modest statesman and executive genius, temporarily incognito as an announcer, continued his reading of the news service.

"Tell the pseudo-scientists and linguists, the counterfeit encyclopedias and men of letters who are announcing your programs, that the 'unseen' audience is competent to do its own thinking. It is not as ignorant as the announcer credits it with being. Nor does it, despite his amusing affectations, estimate the announcer at more than his correct cultural rating.

"Radio is the greatest boon ever vouchsafed to the sick, to dwellers in remote places, to the lonely, the aged, and the imprisoned. Its reportorial agency, coupled with its possible entertainment value, should make the radio an important if not a necessary adjunct in every home. Some notably fine programs come over the ether; each week more artists of high calibre are added to radio's roster. In many respects programs have been bettered. With increasing frequence events of national importance are broadcast."

FACIST ENGINEERS ATTACK HERCULANEUM

At the Instigation of Benito Mussolini Another is Now Being Made to Unearth the Known Hidden Works of Art.

Naples, Italy.—Benito Mussolini, Italian Prime Minister, made a further bid for the title of modern miracle man when work began under the direction of Fascist engineers on an archæological project heretofore considered impossible—digging out the ancient city of Herculaneum from under 100 feet of volcanic tufa and encrusted lava. Herculaneum was overwhelmed in 79 A.D. by the same burst of Vesuvian eruption which destroyed its sister city, Pompeii.

King Victor Emmanuel inaugurated the excavations which are universally adjudged by archæologists as one of the most ambitious undertakings in history.

Numerous efforts over a period of more than two centuries to probe deeply into the secrets of the city, which tradition says was founded by the Greek hero after whom it was named, met with such scanty success that the project appeared hopeless until Fascism's Duce began to study ways and means.

Two Big Problems.

The task presents two colossal problems. Unlike Pompeii, which was buried only under ashes, Herculaneum was inundated by lava and mud. During the Middle Ages additional coatings of ashes were deposited by subsequent eruptions of Vesuvius. This material coming into contact with subsoil water rich in calcium, hardened into a rocky mass, forming an encrustation, varying in thickness from 50 to 150 feet.

The second problem is caused by the foundation on top of the lava of the flourishing towns of Resina and Portici. Undaunted by these obstacles excavators have always been eager to probe the old city, which before its fall to the Roman power in 89 B.C., lived successfully under Oscan, Etruscan, Samnite and Greek dominion.

Having been, under the Romans, a summer resort for the wealthy gentry, instead of a commercial town like Pompeii, it has been believed to be far richer than its neighbor in artistic and intellectual treasures, particularly of the Greek and pre-Roman periods, gathered in collection by the Roman Mæcenas.

Left Alone for Sixteen Centuries.

Virtually forgotten for 16 centuries, Herculaneum has been attacked seven times by excavators since 1706, when the Frenchman, Prince Elboeuf, began work. Although these efforts were soon baffled by unsurmountable difficulties, they brought to view some of the finest Greek and Roman works of art, notably bronzes, justifying the theory that Herculaneum was richer than Pompeii.

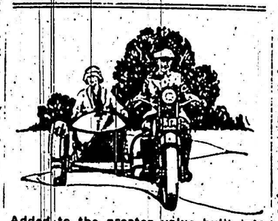
Signor Mussolini's decision was not taken until his archæological advisers confirmed his belief by covering a zone about 200 by 300 yards between Resina and the Gulf of Naples, where it was not necessary to disturb the inhabitants of Resina. For the present the work will be confined to this region, but later the underground passages will be built under Resina and Portici, creating a subterranean city at an average depth of 100 feet.

King Victor Emmanuel, who arrived here in the morning, was acclaimed by cheering crowds of several hundred thousands.

Golf—the Rich Man's Game.

Ottawa Droit (Ind. Lib.): (By all means raise the tariff on golf balls.) There is only one Canadian company, in Toronto, which makes golf balls. There must be at least 100,000 golfers in the country, and golf balls should be imported to the number of some 50,000 dozen. Yet in this case it seems that the tariff could never be too high, . . . because gold balls are only of use to the favorites of fortune. Everything, in the game of golf, contributes to the multiplication of expenses—clubs, clubhouses, and caddies, who are tipped so lavishly. It seems quite natural that the Government should seek to extract as much as possible from these millionaire performers if they are determined to go abroad for the appurtenances of their sport.

"Remember," said the modern Polonius, giving counsel to his son, "if you take half a crown from a man's pocket, it is stealing, and that's a crime. If you win a half-crown bet, that is gambling, and a folly. But if you have something worth half a crown and sell it for five shillings, that is business, simply business, and most commendable."



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Fashion

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BAG OF GOLD WAS NOT TREASURE TROVE

Inquest on Coins Found in Islington Back Garden.

London. The finding of [illegible] signs and ten half sovereigns [illegible] earliest dated 1845 in a paper bag in a garden in Islington [illegible] road, being on Tuesday last, [illegible] the attention of Coroner E. [illegible] Thomas and a jury.

Mrs. Margaret Turnell, [illegible] lady of the house, said that on [illegible] tenant's sons showed her a coin which he said he found in the garden. [illegible] was gold, and she made a further search and found in a paper bag [illegible] soil more gold coins.

When she took possession of the house in June, 1914, she added, her husband and his wife had been [illegible] in 1919 and both had died.

Mr. Walsh, solicitor, who represented Mr. and Mrs. Turnell, said that on November 3 they had a bonfire for the children in the garden.

There were seven or eight coins for [illegible] possibly mean [illegible] the witness had [illegible] the contents, that the coin was not [illegible] sure that as it was found on [illegible] face.

The jury found that the coins [illegible] not treasure, that it was found [illegible] that there was [illegible] determine the whereabouts [illegible] ers.

A [illegible] was [illegible] for an epigram. [illegible] said [illegible] "Sir, I'm on myself." [illegible] "Sir, the king is not a subject" [illegible] the pleasant reply.

THIRD PRIZE ESSAY

By Mabel Shaw, Kinburn, Ont., Aged Sixteen Years.

"Canada."

At the present time, when elaborate preparations are under way for the celebration of that momentous event in Canadian history, the passing of the British North America Act, which linked together and co-ordinated the destinies of the several British Dominions in the North America continent. It is most fitting that we, as young Canadians, should give more than a passing thought to what we may justly claim as our common heritage. Tennyson has said: "Let the dead past bury its dead." But a little retrospect can serve at least one useful purpose, in so much as the progress we have made in the past, furnishes us a yard stick by which we may measure what the future may reasonably be expected to hold in store for us.

Historians differ as to who was the first European to set foot on Canadian soil, but the first successful effort at permanent settlement was made in 1603 by Samuel de Champlain, when he established a settlement at what is now the town of Annapolis in Nova Scotia. The history of the colony from this date was one of almost continual warfare, between the French settlers and the Indians, and also between the French and the English settlers in the New England States.

At the conclusion of war between England and France in 1713 England received by the Treaty of Utrecht, Newfoundland and Acadia, which is now the provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The Seven Year War between England and France brought about a renewal of hostilities in Canada, culminating in the memorable combat on the Plains of Abraham on September 13th, and the surrender of Vaudreuil at Montreal. By the Treaty of Paris which closed this war England secured possession of practically the entire North American Continent.

Considerable difficulty was at first experienced in trying to adapt British customs to the new colonies. By the Quebec Act of 1774 the French-Canadians were given the freedom to enjoy their own religion, and their own civil laws. In 1791 Quebec was divided into Upper and Lower Canada, the name Canada being derived from the Indian word Canatha, meaning a collection of huts. Each province was given a separate parliament but this arrangement proved unsatisfactory, finally resulting in the Rebellion of 1837 and 1838 following which the two provinces were reunited by the Act of Union of 1840.

At this time Upper Canada had a population of four hundred and fifty thousand, mostly English speaking, while Lower Canada had a population of six hundred and fifty thousand, mainly French-Canadians.

While the foregoing events were transpiring in Upper and Lower Canada, the colonies on the Atlantic Coast (now known as the Maritime Provinces), were rapidly growing in importance. The discovery of gold on the Pacific Coast led to a rapid increase in population there, and in 1858 British Columbia was made a [illegible] colony.

It became increasingly apparent to each of these widely [illegible] colonies that some form of confederation or unity was absolutely necessary if really satisfactory progress was to be made. According a conference was held in the City of Quebec in 1864 followed by one in London in 1866, the deliberations of these two conferences being crystallized into law by the passing of the British North America Act in 1867, which united the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada (which were then changed to Ontario and Quebec), Nova Scotia and New Brunswick under the name of the Dominion of Canada. In 1868 the North West Territories were added, in 1870 Manitoba, in 1871 British Columbia and in 1873 Prince Edward Island joined the Confederation making Canada a solid block of territory from coast to coast.

Since Confederation Canada's progress has been phenomenal. Her millions of acres of fertile soil has attracted a people desirable type of agricultural immigrant, and today Canada is referred to as the granary of the Empire, and takes her place amongst the wheat exporting nations of the world, while Canadian cheese, butter, bacon and apples are held in high esteem in the markets of the world.

Industrial development has kept pace with agricultural development. We have now the greatest pulpwood owned transportation system in the world. Canadian electrical developments exceed in horsepower those of any other nation, while the as yet undeveloped power resources are practically unlimited. While the value of our annual production of pulp wood, lumber and minerals almost equals the value of our agriculture production, our resources are estimated to be the largest in the world. All public services essential to the transaction of business or the pleasures of life, are as thoroughly developed and as efficient as are to be found in any part of the world, while our educational facilities are unsurpassed.

One of the greatest advantages which Canada possesses is the type of Canadian citizenship. There is a respect for law and order a security of life and property which is the envy of many less fortunate people. In no other place is better provision made for the care of the afflicted.

There is a most commendable spirit of National pride coupled with unswerving loyalty to the British Crown, a desire to be in the forefront of the commonwealth of nations forming the British Empire. In all, peaceful pursuits of life, Canada's sons uphold her honor, while when put to the supreme test on the blood stained fields of Flanders they won undying fame.

There is every reason to believe that the coming years will demonstrate to the world the truth of Sir Wilfred Laurier's famous utterance "The Twentieth Century belongs to Canada."