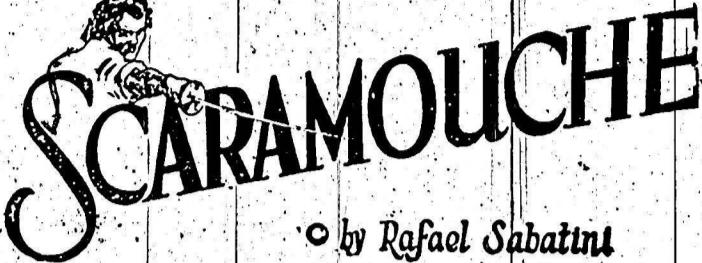


Superb in Flavour "SA-DA" TEA

Every cup is a new delight. Ask for it.



by Rafael Sabatini

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

To escape hanging on the charge of sedition, Andre-Louis Moreau flees from his native town of Gaville and hides his identity as a member of a band of strolling players in which he has 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'Azy, who tricked Andre's dearest friend, Philippe de Vilimorin, a divinity student, in a duel and then killed him because he feared the idealistic "dangerous 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 Clémene, daughter of the owner of the troupe, and tries to forget the beautiful Alme de Keradiou, whom he thinks will marry the Marquis. Clémene treats him with coldness.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Coming later into that upstairs room that was common to all the troupe, Andre-Louis found M. Binet, talking loudly and vehemently. As he entered Binet broke off short, and fled to face him.

"I await your explanations of the disgraceful scene you provoked to-night."

"Disgraceful? that the public should applaud me?"

"The 'rabble,' you mean. After M. de la Tour d'Azy came to me, and spoke to me in the severest terms about your scandalous outbreak, I was forced to apologize and—"

"The more fool you," said Andre-Louis. "A man who respected himself should have shown that gentleman the door."

"And, I say further," Andre-Louis went on, "that a man who respects himself on quite other grounds, would have only too good a reason to protest to show M. de la Tour d'Azy the door."

"What do you mean by that?"

Andre-Louis' eyes swept round the company assembled at the "Superb." "Where is Clémene?" he asked, sharply.

He drew up to answer him, when the stage, tens and quivered with excitement.

He left the theatre in the Marquis de la Tour d'Azy's carriage immediately after the performance. We heard him offer to drive her to the door.

"That would be an hour ago—rather more. And she has not yet arrived."

"Not yet."

Andre-Louis sat down, and poured himself wine. There was an oppressive silence in the room.

Platters were pushed toward him.

He helped himself calmly to food, and ate in silence, apparently with a good appetite.

At long length came a rumble of hoofs. Then voices, the high, trilling laugh of Clémene, floating upwards.

Andre-Louis went on, eating unconcernedly.

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"I trust," said he, "that you had a pleasant ride, mademoiselle."

"Most pleasant, monsieur." Impudently she strove to emulate his coolness, but did not completely succeed.

"And, not unprofitable, if I may judge that jewel at this distance; worth a formidable sum even to a wealthy nobleman as M. de la Tour d'Azy. Would it be impertinent in one who has some notion of becoming your husband, to ask you, mademoiselle, what you have given him in return?"

M. Binet uttered a gross laugh, a

lance, all unconsciously to self into the hands of Andre-Louis.

In the interval after act, Andre-Louis sought the dressing-room shared by Polichinelle and Rhodomont. Polichinelle was in the act of changing.

"I shouldn't trouble to change," he said. "The piece isn't likely to go beyond my opening scene of the next act with Leandre."

He was gone. Rhodomont stared at Polichinelle. Polichinelle stared at Rhodomont.

As they approached the wings a roar of applause met them coming from the audience. It was applause and something else, applause on an unusual note. As it faded away they heard the voices of Scaramouche ringing clear as a bell:

"And so you see, my dear M. Leandre, that when you speak of the Third Estate, it is necessary to be more explicit. What precisely is the Third Estate?"

"Nothing," said Leandre.

"There was a gasp from the audience, audible in the wings, and then swiftly followed Scaramouche's next question:

"True? Alas! But what should it be?"

"Everything," said Leandre. The audience roared its acclamation.

"True again," said Scaramouche. "And what is more, that is what it will be. Do you doubt it?"

"I hope it," said the schooled Leandre.

"You may believe it," said Scaramouche, and again the acclamations rolled into thunder.

(To be continued)

PRIZE WINNING ESSAY

Love of History and Composition Helps Ruth Gaw, of Palmerston, Win a Place.

Dear Sirs:—

I received your letter stating that I had won one of the \$500 prizes in the Essay Contest and was very pleased to hear it.

I am sorry to say that I have not a good photograph of myself at present.

I was born in Granby, Quebec, and received my public school education and also my first year of high school in Saskatchewan. The past two years

have been spent here in Ontario.

I am now in my fourth year of high school.

We attend the United Church and I belong to the W.C.G.I.P. group.

As for sports, I am very fond of basketball but do not go in much for other outdoor games.

Composition is one of my best subjects. Next to history I believe I enjoy it the most.

As yet I have not fully made up my mind what I will do when I finish school.

Yours sincerely,

RUTH GAW.

"CANADA"

We Canadians may well be proud of our country. Less than four years ago Jacques Cartier raised the flag of France upon the land in the name of King of France, but he little dreamed of the vast territory that stretched away to the Pacific. Until the coming of the English the St. Lawrence valley and the Maritimes were the only settled parts of Canada. To-day she occupies more than half a continent.

It has been said that she covers so much ground with her borders. True, only a narrow strip along the southern edge has been brought under cultivation but each year this strip grows wider and wider.

In Ontario and Quebec where the fertile soil ends the rich mineral lands begin. This source of wealth has been lying for centuries just beneath the barren surface yet it is discovered comparatively recent.

Canada now supplies ninety per cent of the nickel and cobalt used in the world as well as eighty-five per cent of the asbestos.

She has been known to Europeans

for almost four hundred years

most of her growth has been

during the last fifteen decades.

With the coming of the United Loyalists her era of progress began.

These people, loyal to their king, left comfortable homes in Ireland to make a new life in Canada.

He pulled the cord. The carriage rolled to a standstill; a trumpet ap-

peared at the door.

"To the Theatre Feydau," said he.

The great travelling carriage drew up at the lighted portals of the Feydau and M. de Marquis stepped out.

However, with the

Loyalists there came a change

Owing

to the coming of the British Empire

the revolutionaries were defeated.

Under the early British rule the Government of Canada was quite despotistic as it was during the French regime. The "new subjects" were well satisfied with this system having known nothing better; but the subjects complained continually for they had absolutely no share in the government. However, with the

Congressional election of 1867

the Canadian people called

the "old men" who were

known nothing better; but the

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