

You Can Try "SALADA" GREEN TEA

Write 'Salada', Toronto, for free sample.

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 Gervillain 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 draw the revenue of the great and powerful Marquis de La Tour d'Azyr, who has tracked Andre's dearest friend, Philippe de Vilmoren, a divinity student, into a duel and killed him because he feared the idealist's dangerous gift of eloquence.

Over the dead body of his friend, Andre-Louis swears to carry on his work of reforming the lot of peasants.

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

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Polichinelle and Rhodomeont exchanged glances; the former winked, the latter snarled.

But their attention was held by the voice of Scaramouche. He had stepped to the front of the stage.

"You fellows, what are you telling the audience? Shall I convince them? Shall I tell him how a company of noblemen backed by their servants under arms six hundred men in all sought to dictate to the Third Estate of Rennes? Must I remind him of the martial front shown by the Third Estate, and how they swept the streets clean of that bubble of nobles? Shall I noble?"

Approach frightened him. The phrase struck home and caught. "But let me tell you of their leader, plus noble de noble canaille, on the plus noble de nobles!"

Yes, know him that one. He fears many things, but the voice of truth he fears most. Does this proud leader, M. de Kerendou, have the heart of this traitor Marquis, this great lord of life and death?

The pit was in an uproar a moment. It quieted again as Scaramouche continued:

"What was a fine spectacle to see this worthy hunter scuttling to cover like a hare. Rennes has not seen him since. Rennes would like to see him now. But if he is not here, he is also absent. And where do you think he has taken refuge, this great nobleman who wanted to see the streets of Rennes washed in the blood of its citizens, to silence the voice of reason and of liberty that presumes to ring through France today? Where do you think he hides himself? Why, here in Nantes."

Again there was uproar.

"What do you say? Impossible! Why, my friends, at this moment he is here in this theatre—skulking up there in that box. He is too shy to show himself—oh, a very modest gentleman. But there he is behind the curtains. Will you not show yourself to your friends, M. de La Tour d'Azyr, Monsieur le Marquis, who considers eloquence so very dangerous a gift?"

Challenged thus, and despite the ominous manner in which the bourgeois element in the audience had responded to Scaramouche's appeal to its passions, the Marquis swept aside the curtain at the side of the box, and suddenly showed himself. He is hoarse and yells assailed him, fists were shaken at him, cries were brandished menacingly.

"Assassin! Second! Coward! Traitor!"

But he leaved the storm smiling upon them his ineffable contempt.

In the pit pandemonium was already raging. Boxes were being free, exchanged; there were scuffling groups, and here and there swords were being drawn, but fortunately the press was too dense to permit of their being used effectively.

Men fell quickly in two groups, representative of one side or the other of this great quarrel that already was beginning to agitate the whole of France. Their rallying cries were ringing through the theatre.

"Down with the cannals!" from some.

"Down with the privileged!" from others.

And then above the general din one cry rang out sharply and instantly: "To the box! Death to the butcher of Rennes! Death to La Tour d'Azyr!"

There was a rush for one of the doors of the pit that opened upon the staircase leading to the boxes.

M. Binet succeeded in breaking past Polichinelle and Rhodomeont. Half a dozen gentlemen, habitués of the green-room, had come round to the stage to disembowel the knave who had created this riot, and it was they who had flung aside those two comedians who hang upon Binet. After that they came not, their eyes out; but after them again came Polichinelle, Rhodomeont, Harlequin, Pierrot, Paquarrel, armed, with such implements as they could hastily snatch up, and intent upon saving the man with whom they sympathized in spite of all.

unhappily recovered from his wound to face complete ruin. His house had deserted him during his illness. M. de Marquis, prevented by the riot from expressing in person to M. Binet his purpose of making an end of their relations, had been contrained to write to her to that effect from Azzyr a few days later.

Meanwhile the fiercely sought Andre-Louis Moreau had gone to earth completely for the present. And the brisk police of Paris, urged on by the King's Lieutenant from Rennes, hunted him in vain. Yet he might have been found in a house in the Rue du Hasard within a stone's throw of the Palais Royal.

He was destitute. So desperate was his case that strolling one gusty April morning down the Rue du Hasard with his nose in the wind looking for what might be picked up, he stopped to read a notice outside the door of a house.

The notice announced that a young man of good address with some knowledge of swordsmanship was required by M. Bertrand des Amis on the second floor. Above this notice was a black oblong board, and on this shield, in letters of gold, ran the legend:

BERTRAND DES AMIS
Maitre en fait d'Armes et d'Academie du Roi

In the end he climbed the second floor. On the landing he paused outside a door on which was written "Academy of M. Bertrand des Amis." From beyond came the stamping of feet, the click and slither of steel upon steel.

Andre-Louis tapped on the door.

(To be continued.)

PRIZE WINNING ESSAY

Marian Snell of Londesboro, Ont. While Only Nine Years Old Writes an Interesting Story of Early Days OPENS AN ACCOUNT

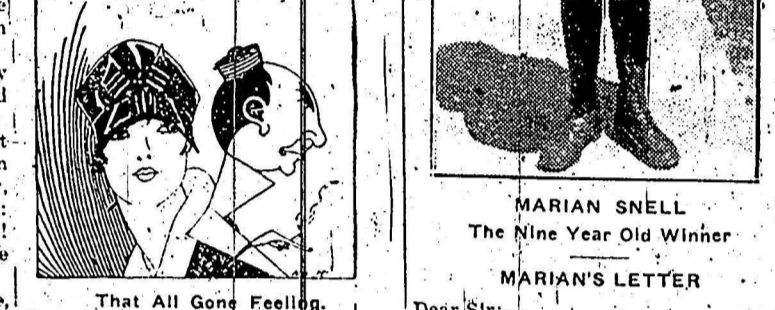
Dear Sir—

I was very much surprised when the editor of your paper phoned up and told me that I had received one of the two dollar prizes in the contest. I wrote my essay because Mother promised me fifty cents, never thinking that I would get a prize, to make five dollars to start a bank account. The only prize I ever got was at the school fair.

I was born on a farm in an old log house about seventy years ago on Oct. 17, 1867, in Hullet Township, lot 4, concession 8. I grew up two miles to school every day to S. S. No. 5, Miss M. L. Pappelet's my teacher and I like her fine. I am in the Junior Third book at school. I go to the Londesboro United Church, formerly the Methodist Church. I belong to Mrs. Macintosh's Sunday School class of girls.

I am one of a family of six, three sisters and two brothers, all older than I, except my youngest sister, My, and two brothers intend to be farmers. I do not know what I am going to be yet. I like reading books the best but I always have to wipe the dishes before I can read my book. My eldest sister goes to Clinton College, so every week she brings a book home for me, unless she forgets it.

I like stories such as Grandfather Frog, Jimmy Skunk, The Outdoor Girls, The Bobbsey Twins, Hunny Brown and His Sister Sue and Black



MARIAN SNELL The Nine Year Old Winner MARIAN'S LETTER

Canada in Pioneer Days

When the early settlers came out from Old Canada, mostly from England, Ireland and Scotland, they sailed in small vessels, and took six or seven weeks to come. It was so stormy, the ships were nearly wrecked. They had scarce money and not much clothing. By the time they got their way to the coast they had only a spade, axe and shovel left so they had to work.

First they cut down some trees for a log cabin, and filled the cracks with mud. They made the place with stone, the children helped with this. The floor was made of mud. The mothers white-washed the walls inside with blue clay. Some of them had chimneys made of mud and leaves. These often caught on fire.

The pioneers had windows with little pieces of glass. If there was a carpenter near they got him to make the sash, and fit the pane in, and they would repay by helping to make a clearing for his home. If there were no carpenters they did it themselves. They used to sleep on straw ticks with no pillows. The settlers would take the ticks up to the straw stack once a year and get it filled with fresh straw.

The women who did very hard work and many of them had only one dress apiece. One little girl thought she would wash her only dress which was made of too skin. One day when her mother was away she washed it, and put it on to dry. This ruined it, so she had to borrow a dress till her mother could get her another. They had no clotheslines so they spread the clothes on the grass to dry.

The men who did very hard work and took it to weavers to get it made into homespun cloth, and yarn for dresses and stockings. They made plaited hats from straw. In order to make things go, they had to rise very early sometimes four o'clock in the morning. They went to bed at nine o'clock or later.

When breakfast was ready the father got the Bible and read a chapter, and then they all knelt down and prayed. When breakfast was over the mother washed the good dishes. The method the pioneers had for getting the fatted front goose or other fowl was to catch them, and pluck the feathers while still alive. They used them for making pillows. Sometimes plucking them four times a year.

When the pioneers came out there were no apple trees. One farmer found some little trees growing in a small clearing, likely the seeds of some of the Indians left. There was about twenty in all but in a year or two all died but one, and the apples from that tree are now known as the famous McIntosh apples.

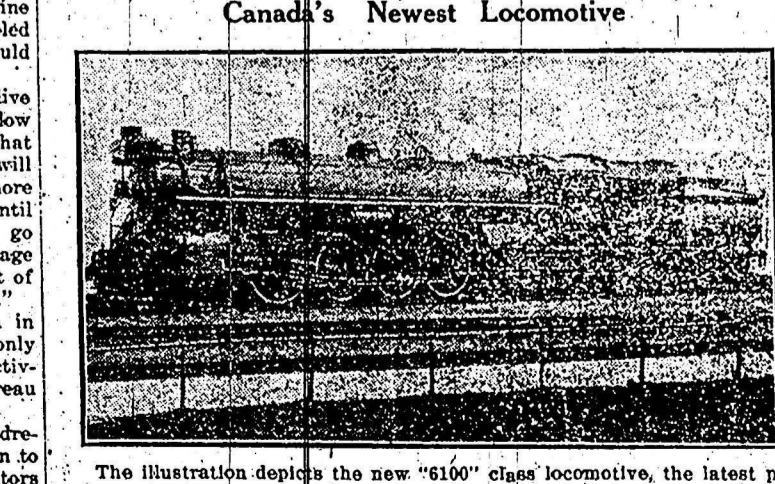
When there were no matches one boy, when his father was away, had to put the fire on a piece of hemlock knot to keep fire all night. But when he came to do it, he forgot to get the hemlock knot, and of course when he got up next morning the fire was out. He had to go over to the nearest neighbor, which was a mile away on a cold frosty morning, to get a coal to light the fire.

One day in spring when the Indians were deep in the forest, they could not find any water to cook their venison. They thought they would tap the trees, to see if they had any water. They got some sap, and boiled the venison in it, and thought it was the sweetest venison they had ever tasted. This they found out that sap from the maple tree was sweet.

Many interesting things occurred in those early days. One night, as my



AN OLD AGE INDUSTRY AT ST. ANDREWS



Canada's Newest Locomotive

The illustration depicts the new "6100" class locomotive, the latest production of the mechanical department of the Canadian National Railway. Forty of these "Northern Type" engines have been manufactured in "Canadian plants for use of main line fast passenger and manifest freight service. They are 93 feet 10 1/2 inches over all. The tender has a capacity of 11,300 imperial gallons of water and 29 tons of coal. In working order the total weight of engine and tender is 638,000 pounds. Note the new position of the whistle, located on the left hand of the smoke box near the stack. This is to save the driver's ears. These engines are designed for power at speed and it is estimated that they can make 90 miles an hour with a heavy train.

FEMININE MODE IS COMING BACK FOR PARIS SUMMER

Gayly Printed Frocks, Short Sleeves and Various Draped Effects Prove Popularity of Idea

Paris—A feminine mode, so long awaited, is hourly striving for by many of the greatest of the Parisian couturiers, seems more imminent than would have been thought possible three months ago.

Tiny prints, short sleeves, full skirts, all made their appearance in the February collections of the dress-makers of Paris.

Whether or not the women would adapt them remained an open question for some time. The tremendous vogue for the tailored suit, the simplicity of the first street clothes which appeared in Paris, made it unlikely. In contrast to the light prints which were shown, black became the only color which was seen on the smartest women. All this was, apparently, merely a timely feminine reaction against the inevitable.

Gray has replaced black in the favor of the well-dressed woman. It is now the shade which stands out above all others as the smartest of all.

It is not the most popular color. In a well-dressed gathering the underlying note is navy blue, but it is the curtain against which stand out the best-dressed women, those who are governed in gray. The lighter shades which were at first worn have given way to a darker tone. It is a deep slate gray which is now used to make these costumes.

Straight lines, great simplicity, with an accompanying absence of all trimming save that which is made by the fine tucks or pleats which are an integral part of the line of the dress, are the things which mark the smart street and afternoon dress.

Here little is to be seen of feminine influence, save in the choice of the color, gray, which is charming, refined, womanly to the last degree.

With an instinctive sense of prescience, the best to make multiples. My sister and I have great fun playing house with our telephones and dishes.

Thanking you very much for the prize you are giving me.

Yours truly,

MARIAN SNELL, P.S.—I am enclosing a picture of myself.

Grandfather was coming home with his dog from a neighbors' thrashing, a hungry bear attacked him. He climbed a nearby tree, and the hour followed him, but the dog sniped his heels. Then the bear ran after the dog. The dog led the bear away from the tree, thus saving Grandfather's life.

Once in pioneer days there was a year of poor crops. When winter set in people had no food. Fishing and game were no good. They boiled beef bones over and over again. Those that had beef bones left them around the neighborhood. Some died having eaten poisonous roots. At last came spring so the hungry year was over. We are very proud of our grandfathers and what they have done for us and we hope that we will not misuse the wonderful heritage they have handed down to us.

MARIA SNELL, Londesboro, Ont., S.S. No. 5, Hullet.

Sundial Antiphony

(Written for The Christian Science Monitor.)

My dial is a lovely thing; It stands serenely summoning The shy, swift sun engers awing.

Its story is of hours that pass Not counted off with boom and brass But unencircled on the grass.

It stands unwatched by velvet mist, By the first flush of sunrise kissed With topaz, rose and amethyst.

Its ancient shape is cracked and rude, But comeliness is in its crude, Gray face a stone scalded.

I know a call the pedlar knew— A ritual of morning, slow, Antiphonal, tossed to and fro.

Between us, with a manifold Sweet, secret mouthing, told and told— Its cooing as friendship and as aid.

Upon the weather-beaten face Of the old dial now I placed A votive bowl of seed, a grace.

Of faith! Seen on the dial rests A tip of wings, a flame of crests, Of coral beaks, of ruby breasts.

And so they go the way they came, I know their tongue, I speak their name.

The dial glows an altar flame, My dial is a lovely thing, It stands serenely summoning The shy, swift sun engers awing.

Sally B. Cave.

The Flag in South Africa

Three Rivers, Nuylliste (Cons.). Prime Minister Hertzog has just achieved a personal triumph, over General Smuts, and those who are opposed to a too categorical assertion of South Africa's autonomy. By a majority of 15 the Legislative Assembly of the Union has ratified his proposal for a national flag which excludes the Union Jack. This proposal has aroused violent controversy in South Africa. Naturally enough it has met with opposition from the jingoists, imperialists of all shades, and from the "saviors of Empire." It has revived the old British prejudice against the Boers. What adds piquancy to the struggle against Hertzog's proposal is the fact that General Smuts has himself taken a strong stand against the idea of excluding the Union Jack. The brilliant nationalist politician Hertzog stood up to the tempest and refused to withdraw. To-day he is "carrying away the bacon." This is an example by which other Prime Ministers might conceivably profit.

Husband—"I have just been seeing poor Mrs. Blackdogged. How captivated she looks in widow's weeds!"

Wife—"It is unfortunate, my dear, that we can't all be widows."



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of Jake's still something into he committed

"Is that double in college, trying to his head?"

"Now, get any satellite later will"

A North American negro was getting the worse of a fight with another North American. The negro looked out of the fight and approached the "brudder," one who was good at right," said the other. "We gotta stick together."

A Pebble was the Cause Man's Candy!

It kept the mouth moist and fresh on the hot, rocky road. Calling on the sweetie, he took her a smooth, white stone!

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