It Will Delight You

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

T31

Perfectly balanced—superb in flavour.

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 Keradion, whom, he thinks, will marry the Marquis. Climene treats him with coldness.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Uncle," Aline said, leaving Andre and crossing to M. de Keradiou, "you make me ashamed of you. To allow a feeling of peevishness to overwhelm all your affection for Andre!"

"I have no affection for him. I had once. He chose to extinguish it. He can go to the devil; and please observe that I don't permit you to interfere."

Andre-Louis shrugged his shoulders and hung his head. He had come there so joyfully, in such yearning, merely to receive a final dismissal. He looked at Aline. Her face was pale and troubled; but her wit failed to show her how she could come to his assistance. His excessive honesty had burnt all his boats.

She answered his look by a glance of her furious uncle, a faint shrug, and a lift of the eyebrows, dejection the while in her countenance.

It was as if she said: "You see his mood. There is nothing to be done."

He bowed with the singular grace the foining coxcomb had given him and went out by the door.

"Oh, it is cruel!" cried Aline in a stifled voice, her hands clenched, and she sprang to the window.

"Aline!" her uncle's voice arrested her. "Where are you going?"

He called after her, imperiously commanding her return. But Aline—dutiful child—closed her ears lest she must disobey him, and sped light-footed across the lawn to the avenue, there to intercept the departing Andre-Louis.

As he came forth wrapped in gloom, she stepped from the bordering trees into his path.

"Aline!" he cried, joyously almost.

"I did not want you to go like this," she explained herself. "I know that his great soft heart will presently melt. He will send for you, and he will not know where to send."

"You think that?"

"Oh, I know it! You arrive in a bad moment. He is peevish and cross-grained, poor man, since he came here. He wearies himself away from his beloved Gavrillac. Brittany, you know, was becoming too unsafe. The chateau of La Tour d'Azyr was burnt to the ground some months ago. And for this and his present discomfort he blames you and your friends. But he will come round presently. And then we shall want to know where to find you."

"At number 13, Rue du Hasard."

"Tell me, Andre." She paused, as if in some difficulty, and then went on, her eyes upon the ground: "Tell me—the truth of that event at the Feydau."

The request fetched a frown to his brow. He suspected at once the thought that prompted it. Quite simply and briefly he gave her his version of the affair.

"That is much what I was told," she said. "But it was added that M. de La Tour d'Azyr had gone to the theatre expressly for the purpose of breaking finally with La Binet. Do you know if that was so?"

"I don't; nor of any reason why it should be so. La Binet provided him the sort of amusement that he and his kind are forever craving . . ."

"Oh, there was a reason," she interrupted him. "I was the reason. I spoke to Mme. de Sautron. I told her that I would not continue to receive one who came to me contaminated in that fashion." She spoke of it with obvious difficulty, her color rising as he watched her half-averted face.

"M. de Sauntron conveyed my decision to him, and afterwards represented him to me as a man in despair, repentant, ready to give proofs—any proofs—of his sincerity and devotion to me. He told me that M. de La Tour d'Azyr had sworn to him that he would cut short that affair, that he would see La Binet no more. And then, on the vrey next day I heard of his having all but lost his life in that riot at the theatre."

"Oh, if M. de La Tour d'Azyr has sworn . . ." Andre-Louis was laughing on a bitter note of sarcasm.

Either she did not hear or did not heed him.

"You do not of your own knowledge know that it was not as M. de La Tour d'Azyr asserts—that he went to the Feydau that night?"

"I don't," he admitted. "It is, of course, possible. But does it matter?"

"It might matter. Tell me; what became of La Binet after all?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?" She turned to consider him. "And you can say it with that indifference! I thought . . . I thought you loved her, Andre."

"So did I, for a little while. I was mistaken. It required a La Tour d'Azyr to disclose the truth to me. They have their uses, these gentlemen. They help stupid fellows like myself to perceive important truths."

They had reached the wrought-iron gates at the end of the avenue. Through these they beheld the waiting yellow chaise which had brought Andre-Louis. From near at hand came the creak of other wheels, the beat of other hoofs, and now another vehicle came in sight, and drew to a standstill. The lady who occupied the carriage, perceiving Aline, waved to her and issued a command.

CHAPTER IV.

The footman opened the door, letting down the steps and proffering his arm to his mistress to assist her to alight. She was a woman of something more than forty, who once must have been very lovely, who was very lovely still with the refining quality that age brings to some women. Her dress and carriage alike advertised great rank.

"I take my leave here, since you have a visitor," said Andre-Louis.

"But it is an old acquaintance of your own, Andre. You remember Mme. la Comtesse de Plougastel?"

He looked at the approaching lady and because she was named to him he recognized her. He must, he thought, have recognized her without prompting anywhere at any time, and this although it was some sixteen years since last he had seen her. The sight of her brought it all back to him—a treasured memory that had never permitted itself to be entirely overlaid by subsequent events.

When he was a boy of ten, on the eve of being sent to school at Rennes, she had come on a visit to his godfather, who was her cousin. The great lady, in all the glory then of her youthful beauty, with her gentle, cultured voice—and her majestic air of the great world, had scared him a little at first. Very gently had she allayed those fears of his, and by some mysterious enchantment she had completely enslaved his regard.

For three days while she had been at Gavrillac, he had gone daily to the manor, and so had spent hours in her company. A childless woman with the maternal instinct strong within her, she had taken this preciously intelligent, wide-eyed lad to her heart.

"Give him to me, Cousin Quintin," he remembered her saying on the last of those days to his godfather. "Let me take him back with me to Versailles as my adopted child."

But the Seigneur had gravely shaken his head in silent refusal, and there had been no further question of such a thing. And then, when she said goodbye to him—the thing flooding back to him now—there had been tears in her eyes.

"Think of me sometimes, Andre-Louis," had been her last words.

But all was vividly remembered now upon beholding her again, after sixteen years, profoundly changed and matured, the girl sunk in this worldly woman with the air of calm dignity and complete self-possession. Yet, he insisted, he must have known her anywhere again.

Aline embraced her affectionately, and then answering the questioning glance with faintly raised eyebrows that madame was directing toward Aline's companion,

"This is Andre-Louis," she said. "You remember Andre-Louis, madame?"

Madame checked. Andre-Louis saw the surprise ripple over her face, taking with it some of her color, leaving her for a moment breathless.

And then the voice—the well-remembered rich, musical voice—richer and deeper now than of yore, repeated his name:

"Andre-Louis!"

Her manner of uttering it suggested that it awakened memories, memories perhaps of the departed youth with which it was associated.

"But of course I remember him," she said at last, and came toward him, putting out her hand. He kissed it dutifully, submissively, instinctively. "And this is what you have grown into?" She appraised him, and he flushed with pride at the satisfaction in her tone. He seemed to have gone back sixteen years, and to be again the little Breton lad at Gavrillac. She turned to Aline. "How mistaken Quintin was in his assumptions. He was pleased to see him again, was he not?"

"So pleased, madame, that he has shown me the door," said Andre-Louis.

"Ah!" She frowned, conning him still with those dark, wistful eyes of hers. "We must change that, Aline. I will plead for you, Andre-Louis. I am a good advocate."

(To be continued.)

"SO PLEASED, MADAME, THAT HE HAS SHOWN ME THE DOOR," SAID ANDRE-LOUIS.

Lindbergh Again Shows Modesty

Garden City, N.Y.—Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh endorsed the project to make Roosevelt Field, from which he started his flight from Paris, a permanent airport, but opposes changing its name to Lindbergh Field, he told the Lindbergh Flight Memorial Committee in a letter received here.

"I sincerely trust the memory of Quentin Roosevelt's supreme sacrifice will never be forgotten and that this field will always carry that name as a token of our appreciation of his courage and bravery," the latter said.

Quentin Roosevelt, an army aviator, was killed in France during the World War.

Life's Little Trials.

"Pa, what's the difference between a hill and a pill?"

"I don't know, my son, unless it's that a hill is high and a pill is round—is that it?"

"Naw! A hill is hard to get up and a pill is hard to get down."—Boston Transcript.

Quebec and Canada

Quebec Soliel (Lib.): At the moment when every province is preparing to celebrate Confederation and to recapitulate the progress achieved during the last sixty years, it is in order to point out that the present development of Canada was above all and before all made possible by the French-Canadian element established on the shores of the St. Lawrence one hundred and fifty years before everybody else. They were a hundred and fifty years of rough toil and sacrifice, of war, famine, fatigue and sometimes abandonment. Then was formed the real nucleus of what we call to-day the Canadian nation.

Celebrity: "Well, my dear, anything else you want besides my autograph?" Girl: "Er—yes, my fountain pen back."

TRAIN SHEDS AT OLD UNION STATION VANISH

Wrecking outfits armed with high-pressure acetylene torches for cutting steel girders made a new record in wrecking the train sheds at the old Union Station to make way for new tracks and new platforms for the opening of the new Union Station during the Toronto Exhibition. The above picture shows what is left of sheds three and four, where the girders of the old sheds were cut with torches, the sheds opened like an orange and the old girders piled in cars and taken away.

Callouses

Quick, safe, sure relief from painful callouses on the feet.

At all drug and shoe stores

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

ICE-BOX CAKES AND PUDDINGS

BUTTERSCOTCH ICE BOX PUDDING.

Cream 1 cupful of brown sugar with 1-3 of a cupful of butter, then add slowly 3-4 of a cupful of hot milk; the mixture will curdle if this is added too fast. Beat in 3 egg yolks and cook over hot water until the custard is thick. Line a mold with part of 24 lady fingers, rounded side down, and fill with alternate layers of cream and lady fingers. Chill at least 12 hours. Serve unmolded and garnished with sweetened whipped cream.

TAPIOCA ICE BOX PUDDING.

Cook for 15 minutes in the double boiler ½ of a cupful of minute tapioca in 2 cupfuls of hot grape juice, stirring often. Beat in 1 cupful of sugar and remove from the fire. Add 1 small bottle of candied cherries, juice and all, the fruit being cut into wafer-thin slices, and ¼ of a cupful of orange juice. When the mixture is cool, pour it into a mold prepared by a slight oiling and strips of sponge cake or split lady fingers arranged on the bottom and sides. Cover with the rest of the cake or lady fingers and leave in the refrigerator at least 12 hours to thicken. Serve unmolded, garnished with whipped cream, and cut in slices at the table. This recipe won for its originator a $500 prize.

CHOCOLATE ICE-BOX CAKE

Line the bottom and sides of an oiled mold with lady fingers, separated, rounded sides down and close together. In the double boiler cook ½ of a cupful of granulated sugar with ¼ of a cupful of hot water and 2 squares (ounces) of chocolate, until melted and smooth. Add gradually the beaten yolks of 4 eggs and cook, stirring constantly, until smooth. Cream well 1 cupful of butter with 2 cupfuls of confectioner's sugar and add to the chocolate mixture when it is cool, then stir in the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs. Pour the cream into the decorated mold and set in the ice box for 24 hours.

Unmold and cover with whipped cream, using 1 cupful of cream sweetened with ¼ cupful of sugar. If liked, this may be garnished with chopped nuts and candied cherries, and a layer of sponge cake used for the bottom of the pudding when it is unmolded for serving.

A special pan for these new ice box dishes, with a removable rim, is obtainable at kitchen furnishing stores and is a great convenience.

ALMOND ICE-BOX CAKE

Beat to a cream ¾ of a cupful of fresh butter and work in 1½ cupfuls of sifted confectioner's sugar, ½ teaspoonful of almond extract and the well-beaten yolks of 3 eggs. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, then ½ pint of whipping cream. Into the sugar mixture beat the egg-whites, 1 cupful of finely chopped toasted almonds, and the cream.

Line a 3-pint mold with waxed paper and put a layer of macaroons on the bottom, interspersing them, if liked, with toasted almonds to form a design; line the sides of the mold with lady fingers, arranging them vertically. About 12 macaroons will be required and 1½ dozen lady fingers. Put half the cream mixture into the mold, and a layer formed by the remaining macaroons, then the rest of the cream. Leave in the refrigerator for 24 hours and serve unmolded with whipped cream.

COCOA ICE BOX CAKE

Mix together well ½ cupful of brown sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, a small pinch of salt and 2 tablespoonfuls of cocoa. Stir in slowly ¼ of a cupful of cold water to form a smooth paste, then turn into the mixture 1 cupful of hot milk. Cook slowly in the double boiler, stirring frequently, until smooth and thick, then add the well-beaten yolks of 3 eggs and 1 teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour the hot mixture over the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs.

Have ready a mold lined with sponge cake cut into strips or with lady fingers, or previously described, and pour in the custard, alternating with layers of cake until all is used. Chill in the ice box at least 8 hours and serve unmolded, with sweetened whipped cream poured over all.

CLAY SOILS

These Productive Soils Require Intellient Handling

DRAINAGE ESSENTIAL

In the proper handling of clay soils adequate drainage must be provided, late summer or fall plowing should be practiced and the land must be worked only when it is dry enough not to puddle. For maintaining the fertility of clay, the liberal use of manure, the inclusion of legume crops in the farm rotation and, in some cases, the application of dressings of superphosphate (acid phosphate) are desirable practices. Cereals and hay crops are especially well adapted to these fine-textured soils.

While the ability to determine the optimum moisture content for plowing and other working of clay soil is largely a matter of experience, some farmers follow the rule of plowing when the soil is still moist enough to be moulded in the hand, but sufficiently free from excess moisture to crumble easily when the moulded ball is struck. For the control of weeds, summer plowing of clay soil is advisable, followed by frequent working until late fall. Narrow lands with open well-cleaned furrows 30 to 40 feet apart, will provide surface drainage where underdrainage is unwarranted. Many clay farms, however, have wet areas where tile-drainage would be profitable. Clay soils are often deficient in organic matter and if manure is not available in liberal amounts, the plowing under occasionally of a second crop of clover will increase their organic matter content. A broadcast dressing of 200 to 300 pounds of superphosphate per acre just before sowing cereal crops usually results in a profitable increase in the yields of the cereals and of the clover crops which follow. The fine roots of such crops as grasses, clovers and cereals are able to make their way into the most dense clays and take advantage of the large water-holding capacity of these soils. Alfalfa is also a very desirable crop for clay soil which has good natural or artificial drainage.

Further information on the management of clay soils, as well as soils of other types, may be obtained by writing to the Publications Branch, Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, for a copy of Bulletin 72, New Series, on "Crop Rotations and Soil Management for Eastern Canada."

The Great Year of Aviation

Philadelphia Inquirer: The number of major flying expeditions undertaken or in course of preparation which have a claim on public attention is reaching the point of bewilderment for the average citizen. One great achievement seems to merge into another with a rapidity that is well-nigh astounding. Since the beginning of the spring we have had De Pinedo's, Beire's and DeBarros's flights across the South Atlantic, the tragic effort of Saint Romain and Mouneyres on the same course, the United States Army's "good-will" flight to South America, Nungesser and Coli, Lindbergh, Chamberlin and an impressive series of flights from Europe to the Far East which had its latest example in the effort of Costes and Rignot, the French aviators, to reach Tokyo in two long hops. On the Pacific Coast the next few months hold the certainty of a number of efforts to span the ocean gap to the Hawaiian Islands, after which the crossing of the island chain to Asia should be a relatively simple matter. Another American project for the circumnavigation of the earth has been launched. Up at Point Barrow, Alaska, Captain Wilkins and the members of his polar exploration expedition are still fighting to strip the northern ice pack of its secrets by means of airplane exploration. Commander Byrd, who flew to the North Pole and back from Spitzbergen, is quietly hiding his time for a new and possibly epochal flight in the big Fokker plane, America, with its complete equipment for air travel under any conditions that may be met. The British are preparing a fleet of their new flying boats for an expedition from London to Australia, which will be watched closely as a military enterprise of first importance by all the world powers.

With little more than five months passed, the year 1927 already seems the greatest in the history of aviation achievement. A glance at the immediate future shows so many enterprises which hold promise of still greater success that the prospect is almost beyond imagination.

Timely Alibi.

A reviewer says Roosevelt's humor was not typically American, if exaggeration is the American type of humor. It was not English, either, if understatement is the English type. It consisted largely in whimsically stating a thing so evidently true that it left the other fellow without a comeback. Chief Justice Taft recalled how Roosevelt invited Elihu Root to a White House luncheon. As Root began framing an excuse, the President agrebably said: "I understand you, Elihu; what you mean is that you will come if you have no subsequent engagement." — Christian Register.

Wanted Them Taken Outside.

Goof (seeing lady of house angry)—"I—I guess you want me to take my gum shoes outside?"

L. O. H.—"Yes—and without removing them, please."

Wilson Publishing Company

Fashion

1586

A SMART ONE-PIECE FROCK.

This chic one-piece frock will be found suitable for all day-time wear. There is an inverted plait in each side seam, long sleeves extending into the neck and gathered to bands at the wrist. The smart vestee has a shaped collar and the trim belt fastens with a buckle in front. No. 1586 is for Misses and Small Women, and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 3½ yards 39-inch material, or 2¾ yards 54-inch, and ⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting. Price 25c the pattern.

The secret of distinctive dress lies in good taste rather than a lavish expenditure of money. Every woman should want to make her own clothes, and the home dressmaker will find the designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book to be practical and simple, yet maintaining the spirit of the mode of the moment. Price of the book 10c 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., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Everyone Works in Canada

Ottawa, Canada.—More persons are employed in agriculture in Canada than in any other industry, according to a report on "Occupations" recently issued by the Canadian Government Bureau of Statistics. The report, which is based on the 1921 Census, discloses that the greatest number of Canadian workers were engaged in agriculture, which gave employment to 1,041,61 persons. Manufacturing came next with 516,657.

There were 3,173,165 persons over 10 years of age gainfully employed in Canada in 1921. Of this number 2,683,019 were men and 490,156 women. These figures show that 47.5 per cent. of the total population was engaged in some gainful occupation.

Of the male population over 10 years of age 77.5 per cent. were employed in some trade or occupation. Making allowance for boys still at school and students in the colleges, practically every able-bodied male in Canada was either at work or available for employment.

Employment in Canada in 1921 was divided into three groups roughly equal in size. The primary industries, agriculture, logging, fishing and trapping, and mining and quarrying—gave employment to 1,161,788 persons. The secondary industries—manufacturing, transportation and construction—employed 999,951 persons. The third group—trade, finance, professional, clerical and domestic service—gave employment to 1,011,439 persons.

The report makes it clear that in Canada no one cares to be idle. Practically every individual is making some direct contribution to the nation's productive and constructive effort.

The Steel Barn

Houston Post-Dispatch: Three years ago a Michigan farmer devoted thought to the problem of building a large new barn. He wanted a structure that would be rat-proof, wind-proof, fire-proof and capable of bearing enormous loads of grain and hay without sagging or buckling. After casting about for suitable materials he decided that he would use steel. Contractors in his vicinity refused to figure on the structure, so he went to an eastern fabricating plant. He outlined his plans in the rough and by way of an experiment they fabricated steel to suit his needs. The barn is believed to be the first one of its type in America. Experts say that if it is kept properly painted it will last for generations. It is being hailed as the pioneer in a new extension in the steel maker's art. Enthusiasts in the building trade declare that the country may witness another extension of steel, to the building of homes. This development is not immediately in sight, but the depletion of the nation's forests and the threatened scarcity of lumber make it important as a possible future development.

Novel Position

Mother: "I don't see Miss Jones here. Can you see her, Bobby?"

Bobby: "Why, Mother, your back is facing her!"

Monopolist

A little fellow left in charge of his tiny brother called out: "Mother, won't you please speak to baby? He's sitting on the flypaper, and there's a lot of flies waiting to get on."

DEVELOPE WILL

Desire Necessary for Cure Says Expert

T[illegible] drunkard, the dope fiend, the dege[illegible] even such relatively har[illegible] habits as the pessimist and the [illegible] can be cured if the desire [illegible] can be sufficiently awakened, [illegible] out Dr. Henry Knight Mil[illegible] in the July issue of "Psychology [illegible]." "Desire," he says, "is [illegible] factor in determining behav[illegible]

"[illegible] drunkard," Dr. Miller con[illegible] he decides that he will brea[illegible] drink habit. He makes a rule[illegible] to stop drinking. He de[illegible] 'I will never drink again.' But, [illegible] while he is thinking, I do cra[illegible] stuff. I do not know how I can [illegible] without it. I am afraid I shall [illegible]—and he does fall. His imag[illegible] in rumps over his will." Dr. [illegible] points out that the powerful [illegible] of imagination should be [illegible] desire and will. The drunkard should have forcibly and [illegible] thought, 'It will be easy for [illegible] to stop drinking, for I detest the [illegible] it tastes bad. It is detrimental [illegible] to my health, wastes my money, destroys my prospects, and I have no desire to ever taste, see or even smell it again.'"

Dr. Miller stresses the point that what the character of your life may be [illegible] depends upon the nature and value of your habits. He says, "Reform consists largely in building up wholesome and concerning habits. Self-improvement is [illegible] a matter of replacing wasteful and harmful habits with those that are fruitful and helpful.

"[illegible] step in habit conquest is [illegible] Know your objective [illegible] plan your campaign [illegible] There can be no [illegible] personality until one becomes fully aware of the faults which need to be corrected. The next step in the procedure is to rationalize [illegible] consider the evil habit from every point of view. Formulate the ways in which it is [illegible] every reason for break[illegible] upon you. This will [illegible] your desire to get rid of it [illegible] resolve that the next [illegible] block arise which [illegible] the mind [illegible] will react [illegible] the continuity of the reflex [illegible] Each time you [illegible] breaking the power of [illegible] over you. At the [illegible] fact, Rejoice [illegible] congratulating. You [illegible] me. You are [illegible] shoot of magic."

[illegible] the view-[illegible]

[illegible] A gorge [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]es of the Sticks.

[illegible] Mereland (Kans.) Mod[illegible] been criticized quite a [illegible] of the town "smart [illegible]ng poor grammar. Now I have good reasons for this. In the [illegible], I don't know any better, [illegible] half of you wouldn't understand [illegible] I did use it. Third, if I did [illegible] and write correctly, I [illegible] making some big New York [illegible] a large salary and you [illegible] lose the best editor in Grant [illegible]."

[illegible]

[illegible]t to Teacher

Teacher: "Oh, Johnny, how dirty your hands are! What would you say if I came to school with hands like that?"

Johnny: "Nothing. It wouldn't be polite."