Be Sure To Say
"SALADA"
GREEN TEA T71
It is by far the most delicious. Ask for it.

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 V.

One morning in August the academy in the Rue du Hasard was invaded by Le Chapelier accompanied by a man of remarkable appearance, whose herculean stature and disfigured countenance seemed vaguely familiar to Andre-Louis.

Le Chapelier, whose manner was very grave, named him to Andre-Louis.

"This is M. Danton, a brother-lawyer, President of the Cordeliers, of whom you will have heard."

Of course Andre-Louis had heard of him. Who had not, by then?

Le Chapelier proceeded. "It is open war between the Third Estate and the Privileged."

"Was it ever anything else?"

"Perhaps not; but it has assumed a new character. You'll have heard of the duel between Lameth and the Duc de Castries?"

"A trifling affair."

"In its results. But it might have been far other. Mirabeau is challenged and insulted now at every sitting. But he goes his way, cold-bloodedly wise. Others are not so circumspect; they meet insult with insult, blow with blow, and blood is being shed in private duels. The thing is reduced by these swordsmen of nobility to a system."

Andre-Louis nodded. He was thinking of Philippe de Vilmorin. "Yes," he said, "it is an old trick of theirs. It is so simple and direct—like themselves. I wonder only that they didn't hit upon this system sooner."

"But they mean to make up for lost time—sacred name!" cried Danton. "Challenges are flying right and left between these bully swordsmen, these spadassinicides, and poor devils of the robe who have never learnt to fence anything but a quill. It's just murder."

Said Danton. "Between us we must resolve the riddle of how to extinguish M. de la Tour d'Azyr and his friends."

"Who?"

Sharp as a pistol-shot came that question, as Danton was turning away. The tone of it brought him up short. He turned again, Le Chapelier with him.

"I said M. de La Tour d'Azyr."

"And it is Ea Tour d'Azyr you desire me to kill?" asked Andre-Louis very slowly, after the manner of one whose thoughts are meanwhile pondering the subject.

"That's it," said Danton. "And not a job for a prentice hand, I can assure you."

"Ah, but this alters things," said Andre-Louis, thinking aloud. "It offers a great temptation."

Le Chapelier and Danton exchanged glances, then watched him, waiting what time he considered.

He turned to them again, and they saw that he was very pale, that his great dark eyes glowed oddly.

"There will probably be some difficulty in finding a suppleant for this poor Lagron," he said. "Our fellow-countrymen will be none so eager to offer themselves to the swords of Privilege."

"True enough," said Le Chapelier gloomily; and then, as if suddenly leaping to the thing in Andre-Louis' mind: "Andre!" he cried. "Would you . . . ?"

"It is what I was considering. It would give me a legitimate place in the Assembly. If your Tour d'Azyrs choose to seek me out then, why, their blood be upon their own heads. I shall certainly do nothing to discourage them." He smiled curiously. "I am just a rascal who tries to be honest—Scaramouche always, in fact; a creature for sophistries."

CHAPTER VI.

After an absence of rather more than a week, M. le Marquis de La Tour d'Azyr was back in his place on the Cote Droit of the National Assembly.

"M. Andre-Louis Moreau, deputy suppleant, vice Emmanuel Lagron, deceased, for Anciens in the Department of the Loire."

M. de La Tour d'Azyr shook himself out of the gloomy abstraction in which he had sat. The successor of the deputy he had slain must, in any event, be an object of grim interest to him. That interest was heightened when he heard him named, when, looking across, he recognized indeed in this Andre-Louis Moreau the young scoundrel who was continually crossing his path, continually exerting against him a deep-moving, sinister influence to make him regret that he should have spared him life that day at Gavrillac two years ago.

He looked at the young man in wonder rather than in anger, and looking at him he was filled by a vagus, almost a premonitory uneasiness.

At the very outset, the presence which in itself he conceived to be a challenge was to demonstrate itself for this in no equivocal terms.

"I come before you," Andre-Louis began, "as a deputy-suppleant to fill the place of one who was murdered some three weeks ago."

It was a challenging opening that instantly provoked an indignant outcry from the Blacks. Andre-Louis paused, and looked at them, smiling a little, a singularly self-confident young man.

"The gentlemen of the Right, M. le President, do not appear to like my words. But that is not surprising. The gentlemen of the Right notoriously do not like the truth."

This time there was uproar. The members of the Left roared with laughter, those of the Right thundered menacingly.

Above the general din came the voice of La Tour d'Azyr, who had half-risen from his seat: "Mountebank! This is not the theatre!"

"No, monsieur, it is becoming a hunting-ground for bully-swordsmen," was the answer, and the uproar grew.

Gradually the uproar wore itself out, and diminished so that at last the President could make himself heard. Leaning forward, he gravely addressed the young man in the tribune:

"Monsieur, if you wish to be heard, let me beg of you not to be provocative in your language." And then to the others: "Messieurs, if we are to proceed, I beg that you will restrain your feelings until the deputy suppleant has concluded his discourse."

"I shall endeavor to obey, M. le President, leaving provocation to the gentlemen of the Right. But it was necessary that I should refer to the distinguished deputy whose place I come so unworthily to fill; and it was unavoidable that I should refer to the event which has procured us this sad necessity. The deputy Lagron possessed what his opponents would call a dangerous gift of eloquence."

La Tour d'Azyr writhed at the well-known phrase—his own phrase—the phrase that he had used to explain his action in the matter of Philippe de Vilmorin, the phrase that from time to time had been cast in his teeth with such vindictive menace.

Solemnly he proceeded. "You all know how Lagron died. I trust, for the sake of those who might attempt it, that the means taken to impose sentence upon that eloquent voice will not be taken to impose silence upon mine."

There was a faint murmur of applause from the Left, a splutter of contemptuous laughter from the Right.

"Rhodomont!" a voice called to him.

He looked in the direction of that voice, proceeding from the group of spadassins amid the Blacks. Inaudibly his lips answered:

"No, my friend — Scaramouche; Scaramouche, the subtle dangerous fellow who goes tortuously to his ends." Aloud, he resumed: "M. le President, there are some who want, it seems, not laws, but blood; I solemnly warn them that this blood will end by choking them."

Again in that phrase there was something that stirred a memory in La Tour d'Azyr. He turned in the fresh uproar to speak to his cousin Chabrillane who sat beside him.

"A daring rogue, this bastard of Gavrillac's," said he.

Chabrillane looked at him with gleaming eyes, his face white with anger.

"Let him talk himself out. I don't think he will be heard again after to-day. Leave this to me."

Hardly could La Tour have told why but he sank back in his seat with a sense of relief.

Meanwhile, leaving now the subject of the death of Lagron, the deputy-suppleant was speaking upon the question under debate. His speech on the subject was very brief—that being the pretext and not the purpose for which he had ascended the tribune.

When later he was leaving the hall at the end of the sitting, with Le Chapelier at his side, he found himself densely surrounded by deputies as by a body-guard. Most of them were Bretons, who aimed at screening him from the provocations which his own provocative words in the Assembly could not fail to bring donw upon his head.

Emerging now into the open, under the great awning, those in front of him dispersed a little, and there was a moment as he reached the limit of the owning, when his front was entirely uncovered. Outside the rainwas falling heavily, churning the ground into thick mud.

The watchful Chabrillane had seen his chance. Rudely, violently, he thrust Andre-Louis back, as if to make room for himself under the shelter.

(To be continued.)

HE LOOKED IN THE DIRECTION OF THAT VOICE.

Where?

At a loss for something to amuse a five-year-old girl, her parents conceived the slightly rash idea of taking her to the British Museum. A visit was paid to the mummies.

"What are those things?" she demanded, with disdain.

"Those are the mummies, dear," said her mother, and was proceeding to impart further information when she was pulled up with:

"Aren't there any daddies?"

"I hear that women can bear pain better than men." "Who told you, your doctor?" "No, my shoemaker!"

The Road to Salesmanship

Think right. Acquire knowledge of your wares, talk tactfully, persevere. Be confident and sincere. Keep alert, practice system and develop personality. In these are the winning qualities of successful salesmanship. Nothing so clearly distinguishes the successful person as enthusiasm. When a man is so enthusiastic that his face lights up, his eyes shine, and his voice is virbrant, he compels attention and his words carry conviction. Learn to talk with your face. The man who never changes expression seldom amounts to much. He whose face so registers his thoughts that a deaf person would be drawn to him intensifies his impact manifold. A baseball game minus the enthusiasm would be a dead affair indeed.

Hedge-clipping.

The Soviet has now forbidden the importation of safety-razor blades into Russia. We hear that an enterprising British firm has sent a shipload of garden shears instead.—London Opinion.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Arrival of Mademoiselle Hortense Cartier, daughter of Sir George Etienne Cartier, as Canada's guest of honor at the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation.

CORNS
Quick relief from painful corns, tender toes and pressure of tight shoes.
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
At drug and shoe stores everywhere

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Fashion

A CHIC DAYTIME FROCK.

Exceedingly smart is this attractive daytime frock. The back is in one piece and the box-plaited skirt front is oined to the bodice closing in coat effect and having a notched collar, set-in pocket, long dart-fitted or loose sleeves and a trim belt. No. 1611 is for Ladies and is in sizes 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 40 requires 4 yards 39-inch, or 2⅞ yards 54-inch materials. Price 20 cents 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 10 cents the copy.

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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.

EGGS IN VARIETY

Six Delicious Ways of Serving Our Standby

Occasionally, I have heard a young woman say that the only cooking she know how to do was to boil eggs. I have thought to myself that it was quite unlikely that she really knew how even to do this, because the most delicious boiled eggs are not really boiled—they are coddled. While there is little difference in the digestibility of boiled and coddled eggs, there is great difference in the texture, as the latter are so much more tender. Perhaps the best that can be said for the process, however, is that it is easier to coddle an egg than to boil it. I have learned that by experience and have found that the simple method as given on this page, is sure to produce a result which is the same time after time.

While nothing can be better than really fresh eggs of delicate flavor cooked "plain," there are many ways in which they may be used in combination with other more highly flavored materials which add a new interest to one of the most nutritious as well as one of the most delicious foods furnished by nature.

Savory Eggs

6 hard-cooked eggs; 2 tablespoon butter or drippings; 1 cup minced dried beef; 2 tablespoons flour; pepper; 2 cups milk.

Melt butter in frying pan, ad finely minced dried beef and cook two or three minutes. Sprinkle with flour and stir until slightly brown. Add milk and pepper and stir until smooth. Heat one minute and pour over eggs which have been cut in half and placed on toast.

Coddled Eggs

Fill sauce pan with water and bring to boil. Place eggs in water, being sure that they are completely covered. Cover and set at back of stove where water can not boil and let stand just twice as long as for boiled eggs. A three-minute boiled egg will be a six-minute coddled egg.

To hard-cook eggs, place in cold water, bring to boil, let stand thirty minutes, or place in boiling water and let stand an hour.

Corn Scramble

¼ lb. bacon; 6 eggs; 1 can corn; 1 cup milk; salt; pepper.

Fry bacon and cut in pieces. Leave in pan with about two tablespoonfuls of fat. Beat eggs slightly, add milk and corn, and cook over low heat until creamy and thick, stirring all the time. Add seasoning to taste and serve on toast or on boiled noodles.

Baked Eggs With Onion Sauce

6 eggs; 3 tablespoons butter; 3 tablespoons flour; 2 cup milk; ½ teaspoon salt; pepper; 1 cup chopped boiled onions.

Melt butter, add flour, stir until smooth, add milk and seasoning, bring to boil, stirring constantly until thick, add onions. Break eggs into well-greased baking dish or into individual dishes and cover with sauce. Place in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.), and bake (about fifteen minutes) until eggs are set. The recipe for sauce may be used for Onion Soup by adding two more cups of milk and more setsoning.

Eggs In Potato Nest

1 quart mashed potatoes; 1 chopped onion; 2 tablespoons chopped parsley; 6 eggs; paprika.

Left-over potatoes may be used if enough hat milk to make them soft and creamy is added. Add parsley, onion, and more seasoning if needed. Arrange potatoes in greased baking dish and make six indentations in top. Into each drop an egg. Sprinkle with paprika and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) (about fifteen minutes) until eggs are set.

Stuffed Eggs Salad

6 hard-cooked eggs, minced; 2 sardines, minced; 1 pickle; salt, pepper, ¼ teaspoon mustard; vinegard to moisten.

Cut eggs in halves and remove yolks. Rub yolks to paste with fork and add other ingredients. Beat well and refill halved whites. Serve on cabbage or lettuce leaves and garnish with radishes or sliced beets. A spoonful of mayonnaise or boiled dressing may be served at the side or the dressing may be passed. Two slices of dried beef may be minced and used instead of sardines.

COOL DRINKS FOR HOT DAYS

By Julia Wolfe.

If you have unexpected visitors, it is sometimes a problem to provide quickly "last minute" drinks. These four recipes given here will add you at just such a time.

Currant-Cool.

Four tablespoonfuls of red or black currant jelly, one lemon, one quart of water, one ounce of loaf sugar. Rub the yellow part of the lemon rind onto the loaf sugar, and put in a pitcher. Bring the water to a boil, pour it on the loaf sugar, and stir until it has quite dissolved. Add the jelly and the strained juice of the lemon. Stand the pitcher in ice water for a few minutes before serving, or if you have no ice, let pitcher stand in cold water for a much longer time.

Lemon Syrup.

Lemon syrup is another delicious drink. Put half a pound of loaf sugar, half a pint of water, half a large tumblerful of strained lemon juice, twelve drops of essence of lemon. Put the sugar and water into a saucepan and boil gently for ten minutes. Strain the syrup into a pitcher and leave until cool, then add the strained lemon juice and the lemon essence. When quite cool, bottle, cork securely, and keep in a cool place until wanted. A dessertspoonful in a glass of water makes a refreshing drink.

Lemon Barley Water.

Two lemons, two ounces of sugar, four ounces of pearl barley, one quart of water.

Wash the barley, then put it in a saucepan, and just cover with cold water. Bring to a boil, boil for three or four minutes, then strain off the water. Put the barley in a large jug. Rub off the yellow part of the lemon rind on to the loaf sugar and add this to the barley. Pour over a quart of boiling water, stir to dissolve the sugar, and leave till cool. Stir in the juice of the lemons. Strain into glasses and add a bit of crushed ice.

Strawberry Cream Soda.

Put the fruit in a round dish, and crush with a wooden spoon. For every quarter-pound of fruit sprinkle on a dessertspoonful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Leave for one hour. Put a tablespoonful of the crushed fruit in each glass then a heaped dessertspoonful of ice cream, fill up with soda water, stir round and serve. Whipped cream may be added.

PHONE TO CANADA BEING CONSIDERED

Col. Grant Morden Asked in House as to Progress

London—Lieut.-Col. Walter Grant Morden, Conservative M.P., for Brantford and Chiswick, inquired in the House of Common recently about the absence of telephone service between Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada.

"Why," Col. Morden asked, "has telephone service between Great Britain and practically all parts of the United States, yet no provision has been made for telephone connection with Canada?"

The postmaster-general, Sir William Mitchell Thomson, replied that the question of extending the transatlantic telephone service to the Dominion was under discussion at present between the imperial and Canadian governments.

AVIATION GAIN SEEN IN PARIS

French People Also Praise Gallantry Displayed by America's Crew

Paris "Give them a rousing welcome! Conquerors to Lindbergh!" Such were the mot d'ordre which ran through Paris when it was learned that the four American airmen, led by Commander Byrd, would reach the capital on Saturday, July 2. It was a command which Parisians delighted to obey and the reception, though different in character was heartfelt and enthusiastic.

The transatlantic fliers came from the little coastal village in Normandy, where they had been checked, after their forced landing in the sea, by the lighthouse keeper and the mayor. Their adventure has deeply stirred France and it is decided that the exploit is perhaps the most thrilling in the history of aviation.

It is obvious that the weather forecast was unreliable for the airmen had to battle rain, wind and fog throughout its long course and when in spite of the adverse elements it flew within a few miles of Paris even the most powerful searchlights failed to indicate the topographical situation to the mist-shrouded and tempest-tossed voyagers.

Yet these conditions amply prove the trustworthiness of their machine. They show that nothing is too bad for aircraft to overcome. Commander Byrd, lost in absolute darkness, turned in his tracks and after four hours of searching was obliged to risk a watery descent. The crew used an inflatible rubber boat. The whole story in every detail fills the front pages of French newspapers and it is impossible to renew the feeling of marvel experienced at the first heard of the crossing of the Atlantic there is nevertheless admiration for the courage, skill and endurance of Commander Byrd and his companions.

The President, the Premier and other authorities have sent messages of congratulation. For the moment it is the exciting incidents of this prodigious Odyssey which attract chief attention, but it is not doubted that despite the untoward circumstances a rich harvest of aeronautical observations has been reaped.

A Family Co-operative

We are a family of eight children and all have a chance to share in the work of the home, for many hands make light work.

The children have their special work to do each day. Brother, aged eight, fills the woodbox each morning, also gets the potatoes from the cellar so they will be handy when time to prepare them for dinner, carries out the garbage and does many an errand to save weary steps.

Sister often helps with the dishes, also dusting, bed-making, fills the lamps and does many other duties about the home which do not overtax her strength, but gives them more of an interest in the home.

Of course, we don't get the children to help by going after them with hammer and tongs, for "you can catch flies easier with molasses than with vinegar," but if we say, "Mary, let's get our table set for dinner," then Mary is anxious to help.

But if we'd command and say, "Mary, set the table!" then Mary would shirk from her duties. Also if there are buttons from her aprons, I say, "Let's see how nice and neat you can sew them on." It then is a pleasure to her for she feels, then, she is a part of the making in the home.—Mrs. H. B.

Oui, Oui!

Englishman—"Uncle Sam's some pig, eh?"

Frenchman—"Wee-wee."

Short Cuts

What profiteth a man if he owneth a stove that stealeth his own fuel?

Don't black the cook-stove. Give it a coat of aluminum paint (except the top) about twice yearly and see how much cleaner and shinier it will be. Needs no polishing.

Save the paraffine as it is removed from the tops of jelly and preserves, remelt, and save for next season's canning operations.

A housekeeper is known by the dish-rag she keeps.

Say it with stamps. They stick. But this does not mean the stamps that go with temper and tantrums.

A small onion and a green pepper minced fine and added to the navy beans while baking imparts a delightful new flavor to this healthful dish. —G. S.

No Wonder

Eliza Jane met her mistress just before Christmas with ominous announcement. "Miss Mary, I got to leave you."

"Why Eliza, aren't you satisfied with your place?"

"Oh, yes, I'm satisfied aw right. Tain't dat, mum."

"Well, do you want more wages?"

"No'm, tain't dat. I'll tell you how it is. You recclleck you let me off a month ago to attend a funeral? Well, mum, I'm gwine to marry de corpse's husband."

Cruelty to Patriots.

"What is your opinion of aviation?"

"I don't know anything about it," answered Senator Sorghum. "But I'm afraid of it. If all the ovations are going to airmen, we statesmen may as well take off our coats and learn to fly."—Washington Star.

"Swat the fly" with GILLETT'S LYE
A teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye sprinkled in the Garbage Can prevents flies breeding
Use Gillett's Lye for all Cleaning and Disinfecting
Costs little but always effective

Novel Adventure

Found by Aviators Who Are Circling the Globe on Motor Cycle

Bombay — Captain Maitland and Lieut. Oliver, both aviation experts, who are making a tour of the globe on motorcycles, arrived at Bombay in the night. They had proposed that these two British airmen would prove the motorcycle is somewhat new means of locomotion.

But already, though the journey is only half over, they have had plenty of adventure. After travelling Europe they crossed the Mediterranean and traveled the 725 miles of the desert from the coast to Bagdad. Here they found the worst country they had encountered, they said, when interviewed in Bombay. Heavy rain alternated with heavy sand storms, so perfected they could not take off their boots for 11 days and nights, and another they took five days to travel 40 miles of loose sand, on another occasion they had to cross irrigation channels in a distance of eight miles.

In the Sinai Desert there are no roads whatever and rarely even tracks. The foothills so swift and sudden are the floods that Maitland, after saving his own machine across a torrent, returned to help his companion, only to find that within a few minutes the gully was flooded and he was washed out. They emerged triumphant from such trials and they boast that their machines withstood the ordeal as well as they themselves.

Bombay the route is to be followed by the cyclists is by way of Agra, Delhi, Simla, Cawnpore, Calcutta, Rangoon, the United States, Sumatra, Java, Australia, New Zealand, San Francisco, New York and they hope to be back in England in December.

Uses of Rose Petals

There are many uses to which we put rose leaves after they have served their ornamental purposes. Candy them, cook sugar and water to the sugar stage and carefully drop rose petals, which have been picked and spread to dry in a cool place. Let them cool on a big platter, and when they are cool and sugared lift them away between layers of waxed paper. Of course, they can not be kept indefinitely, but are delightful for candy or cakes.

Rose Flavoring.

Fill a bottle with fresh fragrant petals, packing them down well. Pour in pure alcohol to submerge the petals. Cork tightly and set in a cool place for several weeks. Strain and use as other flavorings.

Rose Syrup.

Gather fragrant roses in full bloom, early morning with the dew on them. Pull out petals and spread out to prevent mildew. Keep cutting roses and drying them in this way until there is just enough for a batch of preserves. Put in preserving kettle with just enough water to cover, and cook until leaves are tender. Add sugar, pint for pint, and cook until it forms a jelly-like syrup. Pour into jelly glasses. When ready to use, a teaspoonful gives a delicious flavor to a cake or pudding sauce.

Tunnels Wanted

Doctor Mayo declares walking is the best exercise one can take. So it is, too, so it is—if you can find any place to walk.—Milwaukee Journal.

"Would it 'urt yer feelings if I called you a liar?" "No, it would 'urt me knuckles."

WRIGLEY'S
JUICY FRUIT has the flavor of fresh, ripe fruits.
It is beneficial too, cleansing mouth and teeth, soothing the throat and helping digestion.
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After Every Meal

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