You Should Try "SALADA" GREEN TEA

T74

when you want a change. It's delicious.

SCARAMOUCHE

© by Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

M. de La Tour d'Azyr stood there by the table very erect and dignified, ready to perish as he lived—without fear and without deception.

Andre-Louis came slowly forward until he reached the table on the other side, and then at last the muscles of his set face relaxed, and he laughed.

"You laugh?" said M. de La Tour d'Azyr, frowning, offended.

"You have surprised me into it. I give you three minutes, monsieur, in which to leave this house, and to take your own measures for your safety."

"Wait! Listen!" Madame was panting. She flung away from Andre-Louis, as if moved by some premonition of what was coming. "Gervais! This is terrible!"

"Horrible, perhaps, but inevitable. I am a man in despair, the fugitive of a lost cause. That man holds the keys of escape. Besides, between him and me there is a reckoning to be paid."

His hand came from beneath his coat, and it came armed with a pistol.

Mme. de Plougastel screamed, and flung herself upon him. On her knees now, she clung to his arm with all her strength and might.

Vainly he sought to shake himself free of that desperate clutch.

But Andre-Louis had taken advantage of that moment of M. de La Tour d'Azyr's impotence to draw a pistol in his turn. "Stand away, madame."

For from obeying that imperious command, Mme. de Plougastel rose to her feet to cover the Marquis with her body. But she still clung to his arm, clung to it with unsuspected strength then continued to prevent him from attempting to use the pistol.

"He is your father, Andre! Gervais—he is your son—our son! The letter there . . . on the table . . . O my God!" And she slipped nervously to the ground, and crouched there sobbing at the feet of M. de La Tour d'Azyr.

CHAPTER XIII.

Across the body of that convulsively sobbing woman the mother of one and the mistress of the other, the eyes of those mortal enemies met, instant with a startled, appalled interest that admitted of no words.

M. de La Tour d'Azyr was the first to stir. Into his bewildered mind came the memory of something that Mme. de Plougastel had said of a letter that was on the table. He came forward, unhindered. He walked unsteadily past this new-found son of him, and took up the sheet that lay beside the candle-branch. A long moment he stood reading it, none heeding him.

M. de La Tour d'Azyr read the letter slowly through. Then very quietly he replaced it. Then he stepped back to Mme. de Plougastel's side and stooped to raise her.

"Why was I never told? Why did you tell me that this child had died a few days after birth?"

"I was afraid. I . . . I thought it better so that nobody, nobody, not even you, should know. There was Plougastel; there was my family."

Through the windows open to the garden came from the distance the faint throbbing of a drum to remind them of what was happening around them. At last Andre-Louis began to speak, his voice level and unutterably cold.

"M. de La Tour d'Azyr," he said, "I trust that you'll agree that this disclosure alters nothing since it effaces nothing of all that lies between us. And yet . . . Oh, but what can it avail to talk! Here, monsieur, take this safe-conduct which is made out for Mme. de Plougastels footman, and with it make your escape as best you can. In return I will beg of you the favor never to allow me to see you or hear of you again."

The Marquis rose slowly to his feet again. He came slowly forward, his smouldering eyes scanning his son's face.

"You are hard," he said grimly. "But I recognize the hardness. It derives from the blood you bear."

"Spare me that," said Andre-Louis.

M. de La Tour considered him gravely, sadly, in silence for a moment.

He turned to Mme. de Plougastel. "Good-bye, Therese!" His voice broke. He had reached the end of his iron self-control.

He held her face between his hands an instant; then very gently kissed her and put her from him. Standing erect, and outwardly calm again, he looked across at Andre-Louis, who was proffering him a sheet of paper.

"It is the safe-conduct. Take it, monsieur. It is my first and last gift to you, and certainly the last gift I should ever have thought of making you—the gift of life. In a sense it makes us quits. The irony, sir, is not mine, but Fate's. Take it, monsieur, and go in peace."

M. de La Tour d'Azyr took it. His eyes looked hungrily into the lean confronting him, so sternly set. He thrust the paper in his bosom, and then abruptly, convulsively, held out his hand. His son's eyes asked a question.

"Let there be peace between us, in God's name," said the Marquis thickly.

Pity stirred at last in Andre-Louis. Some of the sternness left his face. He sighed. "Good-bye, monsieur," he said.

He loosed his son's hand and stepped back. They bowed formally to each other. And then M. de La Tour d'Azyr bowed to Mlle. de Kercadiou in utter silence, a bow that contained something of utter renunciation, of finality.

That done he turned and walked stiffly out of the room, and so out of all their lives. Months later they were to hear of him in the service of the Emperor of Austria.

CHAPTER XIV.

Andre-Louis took the air next morning on the terrace at Meudon. The hour was very early, and the newly risen sun was transmuting into diamonds the dewdrops that still lingered on the lawn.

To Andre-Louis, sauntering there with hands clasped behind him and head hunched between his shoulders—for life had never been richer in material for reflection—came presently Aline through one of the glass doors from the library.

"Have you decided what you are going to do?" she asked him.

"Oh, something. Consider that in four years I have been lawyer, politician, swordsman, actor, buffoon—especially the latter. There is always a place in the world for Scaramouche."

"Don't Andre!" she begged him. "You are insincere, you know."

"Of course I am. Do you expect sincerity in man, when hypocrisy is the very keynote of human nature? For two years I have persecuted by every means in my power . . . M. de La Tour d'Azyr."

He paused before uttering the name, paused as if hesitating how to speak of him.

"And in these two years I have deceived myself as to the motive that was spurring me. That even had he not killed Philippe de Vilmorin, things would still have been the same."

"But why, Andre?"

He stood still and looked at her. "Because he sought you, Aline.

"I fought him—a rat fighting a lion—fought him relentlessly until I saw that love had come to take in your heart the place of ambition. Then I desisted."

"Until you saw that love had taken the place of ambition!" Tears had been gathering in her eyes whilst he was speaking. Now amazement eliminated her emotion. "But when did you see that? When?"

"Surely, Aline, that morning when you came to beg me not to keep my engagement with him in the Bois, you were moved by concern for him?"

"For him! It was concern for you," she cried, without thinking what she said.

He saw light, dazzling, blinding, and it scared him. "And that was why you fainted?" he asked, incredulously.

She looked at him without answering. As she began to realize how much she had been swept into saying by her eagerness to make him realize his error, a sudden fear came creeping into her eyes.

He held out both hands to her.

"Aline! Aline!" His voice broke on the name.

M. de Kercadiou, emerging a moment later from the library window, beheld them holding hands and staring each at the other, beatifically, as if each saw Paradise in the other's face.

(The End.)

HOLDING HANDS AND STARING EACH AT THE OTHER.

Sir Harry Johnson

The British Empire has lost one of its most eminent servants by the death of Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. His record as consul, commissioner and administrator in various parts of British Africa is a record of great achievement accomplished with modesty and with a thoroughness that set a new high water mark in colonial service. He equipped himself for his life's task by penetrating alone into the heart of the Dark Continent. He was of the type born to command. His skill in conciliating natives and in adjusting grievances became proverbial on both the East and West Coasts. The crowning success of his active career was perhaps the consolidation of the British Central Africa Protectorate.

In addition to his labors in the colonial field, he was also a most active author, and his range was remarkable. He made many valuable contributions to the literature of Africa; he wrote extensively upon problems of administration; he added largely to the authentic history of the African peoples; and he was also the author of an entirely new type of novel, in which plots of famous novels by bygone authors were developed and carried up to the present time. It was an experiment, but it succeeded beyond his expectations. His official life was a model of what can be done among hostile peoples by the exercise of firmness, courage and humanitarian principles. He enhanced, wherever he served, the reputation of the Empire as a symbol of justice, conciliation and peace.

Simple Addition.

"I gave my wife some money the other day to purchase a dress and she came home with two."

"How did that happen?"

"Well, she bought one, and the other she had on when she went out."—Life.

Solicitor, at Grantham County Court—"Are you a teetotaller or otherwise?" Man—"Otherwise."

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Wilson Publishing Company

A SMART BLAZER FOR THE JUNIOR MISS.

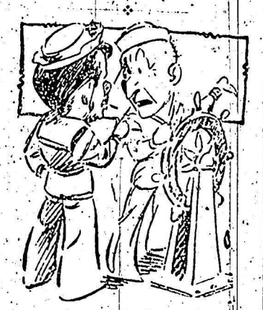
The blazer is decidedly smart this season and is shown here in two views worn over a chic one-piece frock. View A is fashioned of striped flannel and has a notched collar, patch-pockets, and long two-piece sleeves, while View B is of plain and contrasting material and has rounded lower front edges. No. 1627 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 36-inch, or 1⅜ yards 54-inch material; ¼ yard additional 36-inch contrasting for View B. Price 20c the pattern.

The frock has plaits and a yoke at front and back, a high neck with shaped collar, or square neck, long sleeves with cuffs, and a belt. No. 1542 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch, or 2 yards 54-inch material. Price 20 cents the pattern.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Price of the book 10 cents 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.



Unkind of Him.

"Guess you've forgotten you owe me five bucks, eh, Bunkie?"

"Now, there you go! I had almost forgotten it and now you had to up and remind me of it again."

"Everybody is somebody's horse."—Edith Sitwell.

Prof. W. S. Holdsworth, K.C., D.C.L., Vinerian Professor of English Law at All Souls College, Oxford, returning with Mrs. Holdsworth, from a lecture tour of the United States on the Cunard liner Ausonia, to England. He received two honorary degrees and the Ames Prize of Harvard during his American visit.

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Scientist Defends Using White Bread

Prince of Wales' Physician Says it is More Nourishing Than Whole Wheat

CITES EASY ASSIMILATION

London.—The question whether brown bread is more beneficial than white has once more become the subject of a heated controversy.

Sir Thomas Horder, physician in ordinary to the Prince of Wales, in a lecture before the London Clinical Society, has attacked the "food cranks" who advocate whole-wheat bread and their ill-formed enthusiasm.

Sir Thomas says that, bulk for bulk, white bread possesses more actual calories than brown, so that even at the same price the consumer buys more nourishment for his money in white bread than in brown. He admits that white flour contains less vitamin B than whole-wheat flour. But this does not mean that the bread baked of white flour does not contain vitamin B, for yeast is extremely rich in this vitamin, and yeast is used in the baking of all bread.

But even if by chemical analysis whole-wheat bread proved to be more nutritious than white (which according to Sir Thomas it does not), there would be no guarantee that the person eating it actually got the additional nourishment. The most effective nourishment depends not only on the chemical composition of the food, but also on the "form of its presentation" to the digestive organs.

CITES DRAWBACK TO WHOLE WHEAT.

"Whole-wheat flour contains more cellulose than white flour, and more than a certain amount of this substance is actually a deterrent to digestion and assimilation," says Sir Thomas. "It is not what you eat that nourishes you, but what you assimilate.

"It is clear, therefore, that the whole question of the relative values of white and whole-meal bread is much more complicated than the public is led to suppose by reading recent propaganda."

In the press discussion which followed this lecture, Sir Thomas was supported by some other eminent authorities, notably Dr. A. Bostock Hill, emeritus professor of hygiene and public health at the University of Birmingham, and Prof. Barton Scammell.

ADMITS SOME PERSONS BENEFIT.

Prof. Hill, while admitting that some individuals are benefitted by whole-wheat bread, calls it "absurd" to demand the substitution of whole-wheat bread for a world product like white bread in order to attain what is called a modern standard of health.

Other prominent physicians, however, have rallied to the support of the whole-wheat enthusiasts. One of them, Dr. M. J. Rowlands, ridicules the idea of the vitamins in a tablespoonful of yeast being a sufficient substitute for the vitamins in a whole batch of loaves. Dr. Rowland has recently carried out a comparative experiment with wheat germs and with yeast. "The yeast-fed animals," he says, "suffered from an advanced condition of dilated stomach, as well as having other pathological conditions which are depending on a vitamin deficiency."

The pro-whole wheat argument is further re-enforced by the testimony of stock breeders, who say that white flour has a "deadly" effect on both poultry and cattle. "Most farmers and cattle breeders," says one of these authorities, "would as readily feed their herds on dynamite."

Super-Socialists Kill Rich Members of the Community

London Super-socialists who kill over-wealthy members of their community instead of making speeches to them, and cultured cannibals who have an alphabet and write books, were found by Mrs. Verdi Clifton, well-known explorer, in a tour of the Dutch East Indies.

"In the little islands of North Pagoh, off Sumatra," Mrs. Clifton said, in an interview, "the Mentawi tribe exacts death as the price of too much material success.

"A prosperous man may be going watching his pigs, when he will be seized from behind, bound, carried off, and hanged. He stays there until his executioners think his soul has had time to become a hostile spirit. Then they begin offering sacrifices to pacify the new ghost—one of a large number.

"I found literary cannibals in North Sumatra. They not only possess a wealth of tribal history, but have a civilized alphabet of 19 letters. And they write books in a new language resembling Sanskrit.

"They eat other people because they believe that the qualities of dead people enter into those who devour them; but also, they confess, they like that sort of diet, particularly relishing the hands of their victims."

"Why did the boys present Alice with that loving cup?"

"You'd know if you ever had a date with her."

An American tourist recently stopped three hours to admire some beautiful scenery in a lonely part of England. Meanwhile, his driver put the engine trouble right.

Camping Styles Are Elaborate

What the Hardy Citizen Should Take With Him When He Goes Into Woods for a Holiday —His New Devices

Gone are the days when getting ready for camping meant digging out one's oldest clothes and blankets, borrowing the most battered of the kitchen utensils and investing in a piece of mosquito netting. Such simple preparations are thought inadequate today. Since camping evolved from the sport of hardy spirits into a fashion for all, camp styles have come to the fore. They speak in such a tone of authority that only the hardiest heed them not, and these, too, are likely to come eventually to conveniences of the standardized type.

Camp fashion shows are features of Summer sales events, and he who attends them learns once for all that camping is no longer a strictly rustic affair. Take the item of clothing alone. What the well-dressed man or woman needs for camp, in the opinion of dictators of such styles, might cause the old flannel shirt to blush with shame. There must be shirts and knickers and blouses for morning, afternoon and night, with kerchiefs and hose and sweaters to match, slickers and jackets and coats, boots and shoes and gloves. Campers, it is said, like these dictates seriously.

"The camping class on the whole has changed a great deal in the last few years," one salesman explained. "Many persons who used to spend their vacations at Summer resorts now go to camp instead. The same interest they used to devote in getting together a lot of fancy clothes for the resorts they now put on camping equipment. It makes a great deal of difference to them how they look. Besides, they're not really roughing it. They're as comfortable in camp as they would be in a hotel and they have the same urge to dress up, though fashion calls for a different sort of dress."

"Roughing It" is Ended

Roughing it, in any real sense, is an experience modern ingenuity is doing its best to rule out, even among those who pitch their tent in a different place each night. Where is the camper now who splits his own wood and blows his own fire? Not many of his kind are left. The camper usually has a stove with oven and steamer and hinged wire grate, which folds up into a suitcase. His fuel he borrows from the automobile gasoline tank. Electric lights are plugged into outlets in the car. Even a hot bath may be had comfortably in the heart of a virgin forest, since the portable folding bathtub of rubber-coated duck appeared.

The market is flooded with portable ice boxes and ireless refrigerators, kept cool by water evaporating through a covering of duck, and thermal food containers come in all sizes. There is the portable fireless cooker, too, with its promise of hot lunches served up without delay, the lunch having been started on the stove during breakfast and finished in the cooker while the party was taking its ride. For the camper of to-day the solitude of the wilderness is banished by the portable radio set and the silence is dispelled by the voice of the portable phonograph.

Tents Like Bungalows

Tents, guaranteed mosquito-proof, are made like little bungalows, with windows and doors and maybe a front porch. Or if one prefers a cabin one may have it in an automobile body that claims to provide all the comforts without the ungainly lines of the "house car," and to offer the appointments of a small apartment without the upkeep of housekeeping on the road. At stops the driver's cab becomes a kitchen, with stove, ice box and sink; and when the meal has been prepared a table in the stateroom is dropped from a partition panel. The divan in the stateroom becomes a full-size bed at night, the bedclothes coming from an attic in the roof, and a third passenger is accommodated on a couch in the front compartment.

Everything Folds

Automobile camping has brought in folding gear. The steel frame of canvas wash basins and water buckets have joints that enable them, flattened out, to be carried under the cushion of the automobile seat. There are folding baskets, folding lanterns with mica sides, folding hatchet and knives, and a spade that comes in two. There is a folding toaster that washes flat and a frying pan with a handle that tucks under its bottom. A folding cupboard with wire cables and metal shelves and a fork with a telescoping handle. There are folding tables and chairs, and beds fold, of course, to the size of a small golf bag, whether it be an ordinary camp cot, an adjustable frame made to fit over the seat cushions of an touring car or merely a mattress inflated with air.

The last word in folding conveniences is spoken by the campers' kitchenette, with "a place for everything and everything kept in its place." It is a cabinet of steel with a table folding out from the front and compartments for ice and all kitchen supplies. Inside its dimpan fits a nest of dishes and cooking utensils, and the whole fits snugly on the running board of the car.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Summer Schedule

Summer housekeeping and cooking should be reduced to a minimum. To save time and effort, plan each week's schedule and stick to it.

Invalid's Catch-All

To keep an invalid's belongings, such as handkerchief, glasses, notebook, etc., from getting lost, pin a stiff, chintz envelope bag to the underside of her pillow.

Mattress Handles

All difficulties in turning mattresses

GILLEX

FOR ALL CLEANING

SOFTENS WATER

Jane Gillex

Everywoman's Maid of all work

be overcome if you [illegible] handles on all four corners [illegible] ead.

Flower Stems

ear crystal vases give [illegible] ety from a bouquet if you [illegible] stems under the water [illegible] as you do the blooms [illegible]

Chicken Grill

icken legs and wings [illegible] ed appetizingly by [illegible] sausages and bacon and [illegible] fried pineapple slice

Stuffed Tomatoes

matoes stuffed with [illegible] ed with boiled dressing [illegible] an unusually delicious [illegible] tasting luncheon [illegible]

Picture Prints

fashioned tinted [illegible] ks and magazines make [illegible] illions for smart [illegible] s or even wall [illegible]

Cheese Salad

small balls of [illegible] ble with paprika, [illegible] e leaf and place [illegible] cheese over top. Serve [illegible] dressing.

New Dressing

fruit salads a delightful [illegible] ty from whipping [illegible] s of fruit jam [illegible] a little heavy cream [illegible]

Mint Mousse

[illegible]en make your own [illegible] delightful dessert can be made [illegible] ording your regular recipe [illegible] with mint.

Crisp Rolls

[illegible] crisp rolls in damp [illegible] weather, sprinkle lightly [illegible] and insert in hot grill [illegible] minutes.

Summer Treats

Bavarian Raspberry

2 tb. gelatin, [illegible] cup cold water, crushed red raspberries, [illegible] water, 1 cup whipping cream, [illegible] tb. lemon juice.

Soak gelatin in cold water, dissolve in boiling water. [illegible] crushed fruit mixed with lemon juice. As soon as it starts to jell, fold in the cream and pour into moulds.

Cooked Salad Dressing

1 tsp. mustard, 1 tsp. cayenne, 1½ tb. flour, 2 egg yolks, ½ cup milk, ½ tb. butter, ½ cup vinegar, 1 tb. sugar.

Mix dry ingredients in top of double boiler. Gradually add yolks, fat and milk, stirring constantly to keep smooth. Cook over hot water for ten minutes. Remove, cool, and add the vinegar.

Peach Salad

6 large peaches, [illegible] cup cream, whipped, [illegible] dressing, ½ cup [illegible] strips about 1½ [illegible] green pepper, and [illegible] milk.

Pare and cut peaches. Place on a bed of lettuce and sprinkle with paprika and pepper and combine with mayonnaise into a pretty salad. Fill hollows of peaches with [illegible] top, or fill carefully with a spoon. Serve plain or with dressing as preferred.

Summer Drinks

I think our husband is [illegible] and the help, too, [illegible] the summer a charge [illegible] or milk. There are a [illegible] that are delightfully [illegible] quenching which I use [illegible] weather is hot.

Orangeade—Peel [illegible] four oranges and [illegible] Add an ounce of sugar [illegible] and pour over them a [illegible] ing water. Let stand [illegible] add the juice of the [illegible] juice of one lemon, [illegible] portions may be desired.

Temperance Tea—[illegible] strong tea, half a cupful [illegible] one wineful of sugar, [illegible] orange juice half a cupful [illegible] juice and one cupful [illegible] Mix and chill.

Pineapple Lemonade—[illegible] of two lemons with [illegible] shredded pineapple, three [illegible] fuls of sugar, and one [illegible] ing water. When cool [illegible] of cold water. Strain [illegible]

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.