

SCARAMOUCHE

by Rafael Sabatini

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The oath, taken as he held in his arms the body of his dearest friend, Philippe de Vilmoren, sent Andre-Louis to Rennes and thence to Nantes where his fervid speeches roused to action the citizens who were chafing under the oppression of the nobility. Philippe has been tricked into a duel and brutally murdered because the great Marquis de La Tour d'Azyr feared the "dangerous gift of eloquence" which the idealistic divinity student carried on the cause of his friend and to revenge himself on the Marquis, Philippe's death and, because the profligate noble had sued for the hand of the beautiful Aline de Keracadiou, niece of the Lord of Gavrilac, who was popularly believed to be the father of Andre-Louis.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Calm, mademoiselle, calm!" the subtle friend was urging Clime. "Keep calm and trust to me. I promise you that all shall be well."
"Oh!" cried M. Leandre, limply. "Say that you will, my friend, this is the end of all our hopes. Our wits will never extricate us from this Never!"
Through the gap strode now an enormous man with an inflamed moon face and a great nose, decently dressed, after the fashion of a solid bourgeois. There was no mistaking his anger, but the expression that it found was an amazement to Andre-Louis.
"Leandre, you're an imbecile! Your words wouldn't convince a ploughboy!"
He checked abruptly, startled. Andre-Louis, suddenly realizing what was afoot, and how duped he had been had lost his laughter. The sound of it pealing and booming un-



"WE ARE HERE IN QUTST OF A SCOUNDREL NAMED ANDRE-LOUIS MOREAU."

canily, under the great roof that so immediately confined him was startling to those below.
The fat man was the first to recover, and he announced it after his own fashion in one of the ready sarcasms in which he habitually dealt.
"Hark!" he cried, "the very good laugh at you, Leandre." Then he addressed the roof of the barn and its invisible tenant. "Hi! You there! Andre-Louis revealed himself by a further protrusion of his tousled head. "Good-morning," said he, pleasantly.
"What the devil are you doing up there?"
"Precisely the same thing that you are doing down there," was the answer. "I am trespassing."
"Hi!" said Pantalon, and looked at his companions, some of the assurance beaten out of his big red face. "Whose land is this?"
Andre-Louis answered, whilst drawing on his stockings. "I believe it to be the property of the Marquis de La Tour d'Azyr."
Having donned his boots, Andre-Louis came nimbly to the ground in

his shirt-sleeves, his riding-coat over his arm.
They followed him through that gap in the hedge to the encampment on the common. There Andre-Louis perceived a young man of the company performing his morning toilet at a bucket placed upon one of the wooden steps at the tail of the house on which he stood.
"I would beg leave to imitate that very excellent young gentleman before I leave you," he said frankly to M. Pantalon.
"But, by all means, Rhodomont will provide what you require."
So Andre-Louis once more removed his neckcloth and his coat, and rolled the sleeves of his fine shirt, whilst Rhodomont procured a broken comb. This last Andre-Louis gratefully accepted, and having presently washed himself clean, stood, restoring order to his disheveled locks.
He was standing thus, when his ears caught the sound of hoofs. He looked over his shoulder carelessly, and then stood frozen, with uplifted comb and loosened mouth. Away bordered the common, on the road that he had followed a party of seven horsemen in the blue coats with red facings of the marcehausse.

When a moment later the sergeant pulled up his horse alongside of this half-dressed young man, Andre-Louis combed his hair what time he looked up with a half smile, intended to be friendly, ingenious, and disarming.
"My pleasure is to tell you that you are very likely to be goaled for this, all the pack of you."
"But how so, my captain? This is communal land—free to all."
"It is nothing of the kind. This is terre censive."
"Technically, I suppose you are right," sighed Andre-Louis, still looking up into the sergeant's face. "We are grateful to you for the warning." He passed the comb into his left hand, and with his right fumbled in his breeches pocket, whence there came a faint jingle of coins.
"Well, well, said he, gruffly. "But you must decamp, you understand."

While you are enjoying Wrigley's, you are getting benefit as well.

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"We are," Pantalon informed him, one of those few remaining staunch bands of real players, who uphold the traditions of the old Italian Commedia dell'Arte. Each of us is his own author as he develops the part assigned to him. We are improvisers—improvisers of the old and noble Italian school."

And he proceeded to introduction in detail. He pointed out the long and amiable Rhodomont, whom Andre-Louis already knew.

"Then here we have Scaramouche, whom also you already know. Sometimes he is Scapin and sometimes Covello, but in the main Scaramouche, to which let me tell you he is best suited—sometimes too well suited, I think. For he is Scaramouche not only on the stage, but also in the world. He has a gift of sly intrigue, an art of setting folk by the ears, combined with an impudent aggressiveness upon occasion when he considers himself safe from reprisals. He is Scaramouche, the little skinner, to the very life. I could say more. But I am by disposition charitable and loving to all mankind."

"As the priest said when he kissed the serving-wench," snarled Scaramouche, and went on eating.
"His humor, like your own, you will observe, is acrid," said Pantalon.

"Then we have Pasquariel here, who is sometimes an apothecary, sometimes a notary, an amiable, accommodating fellow. And finally you have myself, who as the father of the company very properly play as Pantalon the roles of father. For the rest, I am the only one who has a name—it is Binet."

"And now for the ladies. First we have Madame there. She is our Columbine. Then we have this pert Clime, an amorous of talents not to be matched outside the Comedie Francaise, of which she has the bad taste to aspire to become a member."
(To be continued.)

Rainbow.

First the flaming red
Sprang vivid forth; the tawny orange
next,
And next delicious yellow; by whose
side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing
green.
Then the pure blue that swells autumn
naikies;
Ethereal play; and then, of sadder
hue
Emerged the deeper indigo (as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops
with frost),
While the last gleamings of refracted
light
Died in the fainting violet away.
—James Thomson.

Alaska's Flag Designed by 13-Year-Old Boy.

Alaska is to have an official flag, designed by a 13-year-old boy.
The Territorial House of Representatives has given its approval and voted \$2,000 for sending Benny Benson, of Seward, the schoolboy whose design was accepted, to Paris. The flag has eight gold stars set in a field of blue. Seven of the stars form the constellation of Ursa, or the great bear, the most conspicuous constellation in the northern skies.

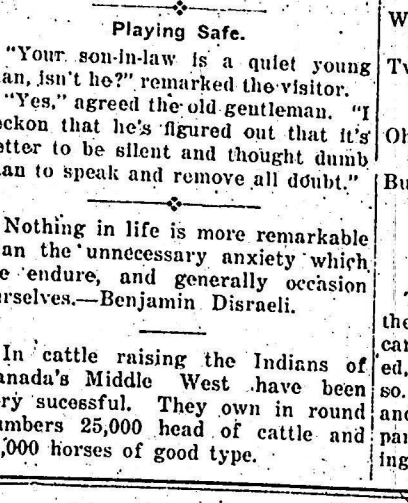
Playing Safe.

"Your son-in-law is a quiet young man, isn't he?" remarked the visitor.
"Yes," agreed the old gentleman. "I reckon that he's figured out that it's better to be silent and thought dumb than to speak and remove all doubt."

Nothing in life is more remarkable than the unnecessary anxiety which we endure, and generally occasion ourselves.—Benjamin Disraeli.

In cattle raising the Indians of Canada's Middle West have been very successful. They own in round numbers 25,000 head of cattle and 35,000 horses of good type.

Press Convention at Bigwin Inn



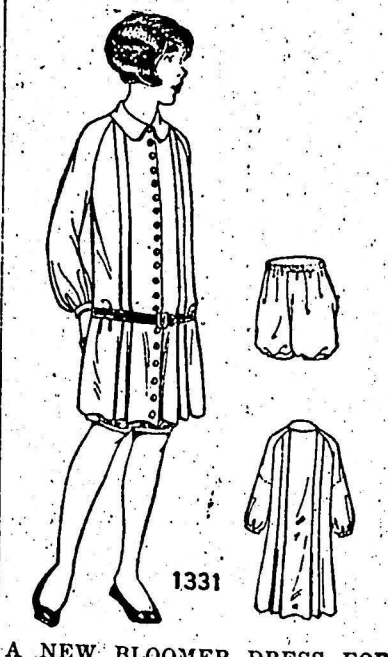
In the choice of a convention centre there are many questions to be considered. The accommodations for the lodging of the delegates are of great importance, but also there are the factors of entertainment to be considered from every angle. In choosing the site the convention is to be successful. Canadian Weekly Newspapers' Association, which brings together the publishers of weekly newspapers in every section of Canada, the executive of the association considered all angles of the matter before deciding that this year's convention would be held at Bigwin Inn, in the Lake of Bays district of the Highlands of Ontario.

Here, not only will the delegates be provided with splendid hotel accommodations for themselves and their wives, but they will also find splendid facilities in the way of convention hall and committee rooms for transacting visitors.

their business. From the entertainment side of the question, Bigwin Inn, located on the shore of Lake of Bays, offers to visitors every variety of land and water sports. Located in a beautiful region of lake and forest, it is an ideal holiday centre and one which is growing in popularity with each season. Every form of aquatic sport such as boating, bathing and fishing may be enjoyed, and in addition there is golf, tennis, bowling and other pursuits for those who seek those forms of diversion.

Bigwin Inn is one of the charming summer hotels of Eastern Canada and is conveniently located near Huntsville, on the Toronto-North Bay line of the National System. From Huntsville the visitor is taken by well-appointed steaming cars to the Inn, and special sleeping cars operate to and from Huntsville for the convenience of and committee rooms for transacting visitors.

Wilson Publishing Company
Fashion



A NEW BLOOMER DRESS FOR THE YOUNG MISS.
This delightful little bloomer dress, having plaits at both sides of front and back, would be charming if made of flannel with contrasting material for the trim collar and wristbands finishing the fashionable long centre front closing and a belt fastening in front completes this chic frock. Bloomers made of the same material as the dress have elastic run through a casing at the top and sun-knobs bands finish the lower edge. No. 1831 is in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch plain material, and 3/4 yard contrasting, 20 cents.

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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 address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

A Sussex Daisy.

Where the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
And the barbell shakes on the windy
hill—
O the breath of the distant surf!

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry Red for the gatherer springs.

Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.
Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day!
—Francis Thompson.

Avoid Scraping Carrots.

The task of scraping carrots and the consequent staining of the hands can be avoided if the carrots are washed, and then boiled for 15 minutes or so. The skin will then slip off easily, and the carrots may be sliced or prepared as one wishes for further cooking.

THE WHISTLE

Billy leaned back in the old carriage seat, and surveyed the ground below him, and he heard the brood of chicks beneath his lofty seat, and scratched dustily on the soft earth around the roots of the willow tree. The carriage seat, fastened in the fork of the tree, creaked as Billy moved, and the hen moved away hurriedly, with one eye on the tree as she clucked and called to the family that trailed along behind her.

It was great, up there in the willow tree, Billy decided, as he decided every day all summer long, up there in the willow tree in the exact centre of the great round bowl of the sky, with the rim of the horizon the same distance away on every side. He closed his eyes, and the sound of the wind in leaves and grass was like a level, whispering plain of even sounds, with the bird-calls rising in sharp peaks of music, and the far-off lowing of cattle like the hazy rounded hills of sound. The gate clicked sharply, an upstart jagged pinnacle, sudden and sharp. Billy's eyes flew open, and he sat bolt upright.

Treasures Galore.

A man was coming up the short lane from the front gate. The sunshine, filtering through the row of trees bordering the lane, dappled his black coat with light and shadow. He was an odd-looking man, with a great pack on his back, and the dust of the road on his coat. He was wearing a pair of down boots, the kitchen door and moved his hat, and Billy saw the gleam of earrings against the darkness of his skin.

When Billy's mother opened the door the stranger poked up his bundle, and entered the house.
Billy ailed down out of the tree, went around back of the house, and through the bushes to the kitchen. He saw the stranger's mother spread out his wares; bright-colored cottons and flannels spread on the white-scoured top of the kitchen table; strange trinkets like glittered and shone; mirrors and lace; bright-laced combs, and handkerchiefs spread out on the kitchen table. Billy's eyes grew round as he looked upon the extent of the treasures that came out of the pack, and he watched the glint of gold earrings and the shining of teeth as the stranger talked, and the quick flitting of hands that brought out treasures endlessly. Billy lifted himself on tiptoe, and gazed into the depths of the pack.

An Election by Jury.

Mr. Clarence Day, Jun., is responsible for an amusing election suggestion in Harper's Monthly. He writes: "The jury system is only a makeshift way of deciding a murder case, but as a method of settling elections it is simply ideal. Every year, instead of putting millions and millions of ears at the mercy of orators, twelve men would be chosen by lot to listen for all the electioneering of the campaign, and there throughout the campaign, and every candidate would be given a key so that he could go in and make speeches to them. He wouldn't have to wear out his throat either, as he does now, making the same old speech over and over unless he himself wished to. If he did, he should, of course, have that privilege. Give him plenty of rope. As a compensation for the jury for their hardships, they could be pensioned for life. Even with this expense added, a campaign would cost far less than at present."

Solving the Mystery.

Recently, the widow of a farmer, striving to keep the farm going, had some difficulty with her hens, and wrote the following letter to the Department of Agriculture:
"Something is wrong with my chickens. Every morning when I come out I find two or three lying on the ground, cold and stiff, with their feet in the air. Can you tell me what is the matter?"
After a little while she received the following letter from the department:
"Dear Madam: Your chickens are dead."

What United States Still Owes Britain.

"The report for 1926 of the Council of Foreign Bondholders, which has just appeared, is most interesting, perhaps, for its reference to the defaulting Southern States of the great American Republic, says' London Truth."
"A little calculation shows that the amount owing by Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and the two Carolinas, is about \$25,000,000, taking the average duration of default at 70 years and the rate of interest at 6 per cent. This sum is nearly sufficient to pay two years' instalments on our debt to America (interest and repayment of principal), and if we could have saved that amount it might have been very useful in tiding over the period of misfortune caused by the coal dispute."
"To indicate the character of the debts of these Southern States of America, the Council of Foreign Bondholders take the case of Mississippi. The debt of that State was contracted between 1831 and 1838, and default began in 1841, or some twenty years before the Civil War broke out. The money borrowed by Mississippi was applied to the establishment of two banks, and when these banks ceased to be remunerative investments, the State promptly repudiated its obligations to the bondholders. And that is the position now."

Any work that betters the condition of mankind in any respect whatsoever is divine in its nature.

Very Fine Quality
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This Will Please the Vegetables.

Dogs are usually thought of as carnivorous or flesh-eating animals; but according to reports from London, a British veterinary surgeon named Kennard has made some interesting experiments that seem to indicate that puppies will thrive on a diet of fruit even better than on the food that they are supposed to require. His first experiment was performed on a litter of four. He fed half of them the customary foods given to dogs, the other half were given a diet of oranges, apples and bananas. "At the end of three months," asserts Kennard, "those fed on fruit were noticeably in advance physically, of their brothers, and the eventual result of the experiment was that the fruit-salad pups all became first-class hounds, whereas only three of those fed on meat, fish and biscuit grew into good dogs. One of them gleam of earrings against the darkness of his skin."

Industry.

I am the sport and passion of young minds;
I call to men bare-armed and fresh of soul,
Ready to sweat and fight and risk and dare,
To master, to excel, and to control.

Useful Wood Products.

Wood products enter into the manufacture of commodities which touch every phase of human existence, and 75 per cent. of Canada's manufacturing industries depend on wood as a raw material. The capital invested in our forest industries is \$666,000,000. It includes lumbering plants, sawmills, etc., and practically all the industries in the pulp and paper business.

Was It Worth It?

Five-year-old William was standing in the kitchen with his eyes upon a dish of cakes when his mother said to him, "What are you doing here, William?"
"I was just thinking, mother," replied the youngster.
"Thinking? Well, I hope you haven't touched those cakes."
"That's what I was thinking about," came the ready answer. "I was wondering whether they were good enough to be whipped for."

Spring Tints

Gaily colored frocks this Spring, advertising in soft shades to match them in ordinary water. Dip them in the dye. Dipping will do the work. Dry cold water, but you must use hot dye to get a smooth, glossy finish. Diamond dye powder is first-class. Buy any drugstore; so why do they sell something not half so good? When you want the tint to last, dip in the hot water.

Diamond Dyes

Dip to TINT—Boil to DYE

Who Are These Men?



Do not Delay Your Answer

Who Are These Men?
You can easily guess the names of these 10 men if you are a regular reader of the United Hosiery Co. Ltd. You are asked to identify the men in the pictures above. Who is No. 1? Who is No. 2? Who is No. 3? Who is No. 4? Who is No. 5? Who is No. 6? Who is No. 7? Who is No. 8? Who is No. 9? Who is No. 10? The names of these men are listed in the following order: 1. LEVITL DABICHARL, CADAMLOND, 2. CATHE, 3. ROWND, 4. OLAT, 5. WATON, 6. TERPUP CAL, 7. MOLOUD, 8. GEMEG.

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