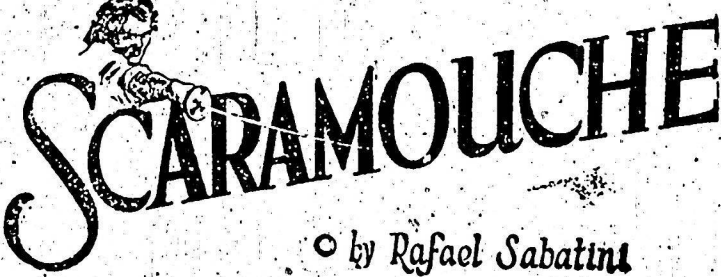


# Only Fresh Tea Good

## "SALADA" TEA

Sealed air-tight. Fresh and delicious.



by Rafael Sabatini

BEGIN HERE, TO-DAY.

The oath, taken as he held in his arms the body of his dearest friend, Philippe de Volnay, sent Andre-Louis Moreau, young lawyer of Gavrilac, to Rennes and thence to Nantes, where his feverish speeches roused to action the citizens who were chafing under the oppression of the nobility. Philippe had been tried, sentenced to a duel and brutally murdered because the great...

Lord of Gavrilac, who was popularly believed to be the father of Andre-Louis. Returining from Nantes, Andre-Louis is met on the outskirts of Gavrilac by Aline, who warns him that soldiers are waiting in the town to take him for retribution. He flees and takes refuge in a barn where he is awakened by the voices of two lovers, Clime and Leandre, who are participating in the impending discovery by the girl's father.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Now, my friend," said M. Binet, "will you be M. Parvisimus and play Scaramouche to-morrow, or will you be Andre-Louis Moreau of Gavrilac and go to Rennes to satisfy the King's Lieutenant?"

"I yield to your most eloquent and seductive persuasions," M. Binet, said Andre-Louis sweetly.

Dressed in the close-fitting suit of a bygone age, all black, from flat velvet cap to ruffled shoes, his face whitened and a slight up-curved nose glared at his upper lip, a small sword at his side and a guitar slung behind him, Scaramouche surveyed himself in a mirror, and was disposed to be arrogant, which was the proper mood for the part.

"He bowed to his reflection in the mirror." "Buffoon!" he apostrophized it. "At last you have found yourself."

Ten minutes later the three knocks sounded, and the curtains were drawn aside.

Andre-Louis was assailed with nausea in that dark moment. He attempted to take a refreshing mental review of the first act of the scenario of which he was himself the author, in-chief; but found his mind a complete blank. The arm, was clutched, and he was pulled violently toward the wings. He had a glimpse of Pantaloon's grotesque face, his eyes blazing, and he caught a furious glare.

"Name of a name," M. Binet growled, "what will happen when they discover that he isn't acting?"

But they never did discover it. Scaramouche's bewildered paralysis lasted but a few seconds. He realized that he was being laughed at, and remembered that his Scaramouche was a creature to be laughed with, and not at.

A ripple of laughter from the audience had been steadily enheartening him. It was clear they found him comical.

When at last the curtain fell for the last time, it was Scaramouche who shared with Clime the honors of the evening, his name that was coup-

One day she threw herself in his way as he was leaving the theatre. "Will you tell me what I have done to you?" she asked him, point-blank. "Done to me, mademoiselle?" He did not understand.

"Hate you, mademoiselle? I consider you a great personage. I envy Leandre every day of his life. I have seriously thought of getting him to play Scaramouche, and playing lovers myself."

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"The inspiration that I given Leandre, it is possible that I might be convincing."

"The inspiration of playing to so adorable a Clime."

Her lazy eyes were now alert to search that lean face of his.

"You are laughing at me," said she, and swept past him into the theatre on her pretended quest. There was nothing to be done without such a feeling. He was utterly without feeling. He was not a man at all.

Yet when she came forth again at the end of some five minutes, she found him still lingering at the door. "Not gone yet?" she asked him, superciliously.

"I was waiting for you, mademoiselle. You will be walking to the inn. If I might escort you."

"But what gallantry! What condescension!"

"It amuses you to be cruel," said Scaramouche. "No matter. Shall we walk?"

They set out together, stepping briskly to warm their blood against the wintry evening air. As they went in silence, yet each furtively observing the other.

"(To be continued.)"

Wilson Publishing Company

PLAYTIME TOGETHER.

## THE PRIZE WINNING ESSAY



The Winner and Her Sisters

Dear Sir:— I did not dream when I sent in my effort for the Canada Essay Contest that I would be lucky enough to win a prize, such a splendid one at that, and I can hardly realize my good fortune even yet, but I have the evidence of my own eyes and must believe it.

"I am sorry I have no photograph of myself alone and only the enclosed snapshot taken with my two sisters last summer. I am standing on the left, my elder sister in the middle and the younger on the right. I wish it were better but this is the best I can do and I hope this will prove satisfactory. I have no brothers.

"I attend regularly the local United Church for services and Sunday School and I find my lessons in English literature are a great help to me in understanding what I hear there."

"I have a strong desire to become a Public School teacher though I have my doubts sometimes as to whether I am clever enough but I am doing my best."

"I am sorry I have no photograph of myself alone and only the enclosed snapshot taken with my two sisters last summer. I am standing on the left, my elder sister in the middle and the younger on the right. I wish it were better but this is the best I can do and I hope this will prove satisfactory. I have no brothers.

Again thanking you for considering my Essay worthy of your splendid prize.

I am,  
Yours faithfully,  
Margaret Hobson.

## "THE JOHN CANUCK DEPARTMENTAL STORE"

Margaret Hobson, of Burford, in Original and Delightful Style, Tells of Our Country.

Years ago in Old London it was the custom of apprentices, among their other duties, to stand outside their master's place of business and cry his wares to the passers by. They usually began by crying "What d'yer sell?" "What d'yer lack?"

## BAKE YOUR OWN BREAD

# ROYAL YEAST CAKES

STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 50 YEARS.  
HOME BAKED BREAD IS BEST OF ALL

## OUR LAUNDRY.

Monday Morning's Trial for the City Bachelor.

There's laundry. On Monday morning when the alarm clock sounds its busy matin and wakes me to find the sun or the rain streaming through my windows my thoughts turn automatically to laundry.

I assemble it with care. The dress shirt from behind the bureau and the one hanging in the closet. Yesterday socks from in front of the fireplace in the living-room. I go through my pockets for handkerchiefs. The procedure forms a catalogue of the week's events. The dress shirt conjures up memories of an evening with a young person who had theories of every subject within range of my depreciable versatile conversation.

Often it results in damage. When I recall, was the undoing of four shirts in a single washing. I put of my best in raiment and manner and called upon Mr. Lee. "You have," I said sternly, "ruined four shirts. You must reimburse me for them."

Again, you may get somebody else's laundry. And somebody else's laundry constitutes one of the best indoor sports with which I am familiar. You untie the package. First there are wash ties. You giggle. Then there are silk shirts. You chortle. Striped night gowns. You guffaw. Red woolen underwear gives you game and rober.

There is no reproach, I mean, except when there is accompanying hostility on the part of both recipients. Last week I received among my habiliments a chemise, and a very nice one, too. But that is another adventure. P.G.W.

War on Rats

The war on rats and mice is generally carried on with traps and poisons. Forces and small rat-catching torries have been very effective. Nature has also provided some natural enemies among which snakes are most active.

Good Settlers

Mennonites have bought 2,500 acres of land in the Vulcan district, paying \$125,000 to the vendors, Messrs. M. & R. Lyman. The Mennonites have acquired 12 sections this spring in Southern Alberta.

Giles—"So you've got a post in the bank, eh? I suppose it was partly because you knew the manager." Harris—"Partly that, and partly because he didn't know me."

A man at a restaurant ordered some sausages. After a delay of a considerable time he asked the waiter how long they would be. "About four inches," the waiter replied.

"You have a new maid, I see, Mrs. Muston." "Yes, I got her about a week ago." "How do you like her?" "Very much, indeed. She lets me do almost what I like about the house."

Suitor—"Tommy, does a young man come here in the evening to see your sister?" Tommy—"Not exactly here, because there's no light in the room when he's there."

Wife (in back seat)—"Henry, don't you mustn't drive so fast!" "Why not?" "The motor car who has been following us won't like it."

## Sunday

Reciprocity with Canada

A U.S. Opinion Sees Success for Canada Under Present Plan.

Many at times seem a regrettable fact that many economic questions assume a political significance. A year prior to a presidential campaign, that, apparently, is behind the obvious endeavor of many persons in Washington to have little said about the suggestion of Premier Macdonald King of Canada for a reciprocity agreement between his country and the United States.

Despite the assurance that it will not be a party of the advocates of the public law, it is a party of the advocates of a reciprocity plan.

In the present instance, it is clear that Canada will not propose an interchange of agricultural law products in which Canada is interested, but confidently anticipates the products of agriculture in which the United States is interested.

The Canadian also, it is said, are ready to offer to the United States to overcome the difficulties of the grain-growing industry.

There is an issue which is of great importance to Canada, and which is being benefited by a closer union with the United States.

Uncle—"And you like science?" Jimmy—"Oh, yes, I do." "Like Sunday school best?" "I am very pleased to hear that, Uncle. Tell me why?" "Jimmy, you only go to Sunday school on one day."

The mistress was somewhat impatient for the post of the morning. For several questions as to the day's work, she said, "I don't know." "What about reference?" "Oh, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know."

## Time-Saving Way of Dyeing

For perfect tinting of delicate wash-dresses, etc., the easiest and best by far the best way is to use Diamond Dyes. It tints in cold water, and you just dip the garment and it takes whatever time you wish to wait.

Best dyes will not get such smooth and even tones as those obtained by the Diamond Dyes. It is in original powder form, is easy to open cents at the drugstore, but only open diluting. Then dip to tint, and you'll have an effect that's beautiful. And if you want the tint permanent, just use boiling water!

## Diamond Dyes

Dip to TINT - Boil to DYE

For Real Lasting Refreshment Get Nips - delicious Peppermint flavored gum in sugar-coated form.

WRIGLEY'S MINTS

A beneficial treat - cleanses mouth and teeth - aids digestion.

"After Every Meal"

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PLAYTIME TOGETHER.

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Diamond dyes do a perfect "professional" job of dyeing, too! The drugist's sample shades and simple directions. For a book of endless suggestions in full color, request a free copy of Color Chart of DIAMOND DYES, Dept. N32, Windsor, Ontario.

Diamond Dyes  
Dip to TINT - Boil to DYE