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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.

"And so you find me cruel?" Climene challenged him at length.

Andre-Louis looked at her with a half-smile.

"You have grown weary of your part of cruel madam—a dull part, believe me, and unworthy of your talents. Were I a woman and had I your loveliness and your grace, Climene, I should disdain to use them as weapons of offence."

"Loveliness and grace!" she echoed, feigning amused surprise. But the vain baggage was mollified. "When was it that you discovered this beauty and this grace, M. Scaramouche?"

"One morning when I beheld you rehearsing a love-scene with Leandre."

"Why, that was the first time you saw me."

"I had no earlier occasion to remark your charms."

"You ask me to believe too much," said she, but her tone was softer than he had ever known it yet.

"Then you'll refuse to believe me if I confess that it was this grace and beauty that determined my destiny that day by urging me to join your father's troupe."

At that she became a little out of breath. There was no longer any question of finding an outlet for resentment. Resentment was all forgotten.

"But why? With what object?"

"With the object of asking you oneday to be my wife."

"You go very fast, don't you?" she asked him, with heat.

"I do. Haven't you observed it? I am a man of sudden impulses. I have curbed and repressed myself not to scare you by precipitancy. I have waited—oh! so patiently—until you should tire of that mood of cruelty."

Mechanically, and as if my tacit consent, they resumed their walk.

"And I ask you to observe," he said, "when you complain that I go very fast, that, after all, I have so far asked you for nothing."

"How?" quoth she, frowning.

"I have merely told you of my hopes."

It was his self-possession that exasperated her; for after that she walked the short remainder of the way in silence, and so, for the moment, the matter was left just there.

But that night, after they had supped, it chanced that when Climene was about to retire, he and she were alone together in the room abovestairs that her father kept exclusively for his company.

As Climene now rose to withdraw for the night, Scaramouche rose with her to light her candle. Holding it in her left hand, she offered him her right, a long, tapering, white hand at the end of a softly rounded arm that was bare to the elbow.

Thus a moment, when he took the tips of her fingers in his grasp, and bowing over the hand, pressed his lips upon it. Then he looked at her again. The intense femininity of her lured him on, invited him, surrendered to him.

By the hand he continued to hold, he drew her toward him. She came unresisting. He took the candle from her, and set it down on the sideboard by which she stood. The next moment her slight, lithe body was in his arms, and he was kissing her, murmuring her name as if it were a prayer.

"Am I cruel now?" she asked him, panting. He kissed her again, for only answer. "You made me cruel because you would not see," she told him next in a whisper.

And then the door opened, and M. Binet came in to have his paternal eyes regaled by this highly indecorous behavior of his daughter.

"And what may be the meaning of this?" demanded M. Binet, bewildered and profoundly shocked.

"Does it require explaining?" asked Scaramouche. "It means that Climene and I have taken it into our heads to be married."

"And doesn't it matter what I may take into my head?"

"Of course. But you could have neither the bad taste nor the bad heart to offer any obstacle."

"You take that for granted? Aye, that is your way, to be sure—to take thing for granted. You have done an unworthy thing, Scaramouche. You have betrayed my trust in you. I am very angry with you."

He rolled forward with his ponderous yet curiously noiseless gait. Scaramouche turned to Climene, smiling, and handed her the candle.

"If you will leave us, Climene, I will ask your hand of your father in proper form."

She vanished, a little fluttered, lovelier than ever in her mixture of confusion and timidity. Scaramouche closer the door and faced the enraged M. Binet, who had flung himself into an armchair.

"Father-in-law," said he, "I congratulate you. This will certainly mean the Comedie Francaise for Climene, and that before long, and you shall shine in the glory she will reflect. As the father of Madame Scaramouche you may yet be famous."

"You're a damned corsair," he cried, thickly, banging his ham-like fist upon the table. "A corsair! First you sail in and plunder me of half my legitimate gains; and now you want to carry off my daughter. But I'll be damned if I'll give her to a graceless, nameless scoundrel like you, for whom the gallows are waiting already."

Scaramouche pulled the bell-rope, not at all discomposed. He smiled. There was a flush on his cheeks and a gleam in his eyes. He was very pleased with the world that night. He really owed a great debt to M. de Lesdiguieres.

"Binet," said he, "forget for once that you are Pantaloon, and behave as a nice, amiable father-in-law should, behave when he has secured a son-in-law of exceptionable merits."

CHAPTER VII.

The Binet Troupe opened in Nantes—as you may riscover in surviving copies of the "Courier Nantais"—on the Feast of the Purification with "Les Fourberies de Scaramouche."

For Scaramouche himself the opening success was not confined to the public. At the end of the play a great reception awaited him from his companions assembled in the greenroom of the theatre.

On the following night they played "They Shy Lover" to a full house, the fame of their debut having gone abroad, and the success of Monday was confirmed.

After breakfast the following morning, Andre-Louis and Climene sallied forth to take the air upon the quays. Columbine tactlessly joined them as they were setting out, though matter were improved a little when Harlequin came running after them and attached himself to Columbine.

Through the bustle of traffic on the quay a cabriolet, the upper half of which was almost entirely made of glass, had approached them. It was drawn by two magnificent bay horses and driven by a superbly liveried coachman.

In the cabriolet sat a slight young girl wrapped in a lynx-fur pelisse, her face of a delicate loveliness. She was leaning forward, her lips parted, her eyes devouring Scaramouche until they drew his gaze. When that happened, the shock of it brought him abruptly to a dumbfounded halt.

"What is it, Scaramouche?"

But he made no attempt to answer her, and at that moment the coachman, to whom the little lady had already signalled, brought the carriage to a standstill beside them. Seen in the gorgeous setting of that coach with its escutcheoned panels, its portly coachman and its white-stocked footman—who swung instantly to earth as the vehicle stopped—its dainty occupant seemed to Climene a princess out of a fairy-tale. And this princess leaned forward, with eyes aglow and cheeks aflush, stretching out a choicely gloved hand to Scaramouche.

"Andre-Louis!" she called him.

"Aline!"

(To be continued.)

ISSUE. No. 22—'27.

World's Poultry Congress.

Ottawa. — There was considerable elation at headquarters of World's Poultry Congress when notification was received that Roumania had named an official delegate to Congress and would be represented by Honorable George A. Simard, Consul General for Canada. The entry of Roumania trings the number of countles taking part in the Congress to two score. When Canada invited the World's Poultry Congress to hold its 1927 meeting in the capital of the Dominion there was some skepticism expressed that forty nations, the objective set, would be achieved. Honorable W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture, who is Honorary Chairman of Congress, expressed the keenest gratification that the mark had been reached. He said that although he had planned a trip to Great Britain and the continent this year in connection with important business connected with his department and the marketing problem, he had decided to forego this and "see the Congress through." It is the intention of the Minister to accompany those foreign delegates who will tour Canada from coast to coast in a special "See Canada" train.

Suzanne's Tour Takes "Flop."

Nice, France (A.P.)—Suzanne Lenglen's professional tennis tour of Europe has blown up, and the big salary bubbles that fascinated amateur tennis players likewise have burst.

Mlle Lenglen in a statement, said: "My tour is announced has been abandoned, although I 'expect to fill my English engagement as arranged.'"

She was unwilling to say, however why the tour had been called off, and while she asserted that nothing definite had yet been decided as to her future plans, there is much talk of her opening a tennis school at Cannes next year.

It was the dreamy idea of amateurs regarding the size of salaries, it was said in tennis circles, that caused Baldwin to abandon the European tour.

Tennis circles declared that press reports of Mlle. Lenglen's earnings in the United States caused European amateur players to consider themselves as potential millionaires.

Worn Elbows.

Hubby—"Wonder why I'm always out at the elbows?"

Wife (meaningly)—"Maybe it's because you've always got something up your sleeves."

Of the 123 leading electric light and power systems in North America (those with an annual output of 100,000,000 kilowatt hours or more) the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario takes first place and the Shawinigan Water and Power Co., Quebec, fourth place.

"AM I CRUEL NOW?" SHE ASKED HIM, PANTING.

WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

£2,000 for One Leg.

Visions of wealth in all of us are conjured up by a recent High Court action. For the loss of a leg a golf club groundsman was awarded £2,000 compensation. But all sorts of values are put on the human frame, as a whole or in sections.

A London corner remarked not long ago that it paye bus companies better to kill people outright than to injure them, and this holds good generally. Under the old law of workmen's compensation, the maximum amount payabe to the dependents of a dead man was £300; now it is £600, in addition to any weekly compensation between the accident and the date of his death. On the other hand, a man who is totally incapacitated may draw 35c. a week for life.

Divorce Court practice shows that the part may be greater than the whole. A few weeks ago the Lord chief Justice assessed the value of a woman, as a wife, at half a crown, though her husband claimed £200; and juries, while they have put the worth of a faithless wife at as much as £10,000, have often declared it to be as low as a farthing. Lord Birkenhead, on the first brief he held in the Divorce Court after becoming a K.C., obtained for a husband £10,000 for the loss of his wife.

A man of sixty-five who was deprived of a leg in a motor smash recovered £1,000, and through a railway accident a passenger lost both arms and gained £6,000. This accident, though nobody was killed in it, cost the company £20,000 in compensation.

Owing to another railway accident, a professional man had one eye destroyed and lost the sight of the other. He was awarded £8,000 compensation, or £3,000 more than the value put upon his eyes by Professor Huxley, the first man in this country who insured his sight.

Comparatively, too, the law puts a still higher value on those parts of us that constitute "good looks." In consequence, it was alleged, of an accident, a young man's neck was awry, his head resting on his left shoulder. After two trials, a jury awarded him £1,500, part of which, no doubt, was intended to solace him for his unsightliness to the fair sex. Within twelve months his counsel met him at Bow County Court, and his head was then perpendicular.

"Why, this is a miracle!" gasped the amazed barrister.

"Yes, sir," he answered with twinkling eyes; "the damages had a wonderful effect!"

A Scar Worth Having!

A boy who was thrown from a van, and whose lower lip was disfigured in consequence, was awarded £150, and damages for a scar on the forehead of a girl four years old were assessed at a similar amount.

A curious case came into court at Geneva. It was an action by the father of a pretty girl of fifteen, whose cheek was, owing to a dog bite, disfigured by a scar. Counsel for the defence contended that in a short period the scar would develop into a "fascinating dimple," which would enhance the beauty of the girl. But the court took a different view and ordered the owner of the dog to pay £8 for medical expenses, £40 for the suffering undergone, and £500 for "matrimonial depreciation" of the girl.

How "Briefs" Were Named.

Laymen have often wondered why in the legal profession briefs are so called, when as a rule owing to the more or less elaborate legal phraseology, they are anything but brief. A lawyer explains that this name was given because such documents "are supposed to cover the necessary subject matter in as brief a space as possible." It is also pointed out that many of the "whereases," the "aforesaids" and the "to wits" are really essential.

Although the uninitiated may still flounder in the mazes of law technicalities, modern briefs are very much less encumbered with cerbiage than were the briefs of earlier days. The modern tendency is to simplify.

Writing long legal documents used to be profitable, because, to begin with, they were prepared by scriveners who were paid by the word. An amusing story is told of a certain ancient scrivener in England who has lived through the ages because he perpetrated the most columinous brief ever evolved in the profession. It was so prodigiously long that the authorities thought the time or reform had come. They decided to make of him an example. The wordy manuscript was affixed to a placard board, and as punishment the scrivener was forced to parade with it all about the town.

Moving Scene at French Execution.

Paris.—A moving scene between a condemned man about to be led to the guillotine and his wife took place at Bordeaux.

The man, whose name was Geantry, and his wife had been sentenced to death for the murder by poisoning of his brother. The death sentence passed upon the woman was commuted to penal servitude for life, and before Geantry was pinioned and led to the guillotine he was allowed to see the Protestant pastor and to write two letters to his children, after which he asked that his wife should be brought face to face with him for the last time.

"This is what you have brought me to," said Geantry to his wife. "Now you can get along alone as best you can."

The wife burst into tears. Geantry kissed her and then walked firmly to the guillotine and a minute afterwards was executed.

Canada's national parks exist to preserve, for the benefit and enjoyment of Canadians, some of the most beautiful examples of her natural scenery. They also include animal and bird sanctuaries and places associated with her history.

THE SECOND PRIZE ESSAY

Bessie E. Griffin, of Fenelon Falls, Wins Second Place With Well Written Essay.

Dear Editor:

Complying with your request that I write you a letter, it was with much pleasure I received the information that I had won second prize in Canada Essay Contest. I fully realize and appreciate the honor you have bestowed upon me, and I hope that the essay may be of benefit to other young Canadians in making them realize what a really glorious country it is our privilege to own.

As regards myself, I have not much to tell. I was born in Vernlam Township, on the farm, for which I am very glad, for in the country one is in direct touch with nature. Later I attended Red Rock Public School, where I received my foundation in composition. I am now sixteen and attend the Fenelon Falls Continuation School. Composing stories has ever been my pet subject. My favorite pastime is reading, especially the works of Charles Dickens; also some of the modern authors. I belong to the United Church.

That is all. As for wanting a career, perhaps I do and perhaps not. Lives there a young Canadian, where there is such a wide range of openings, who has not ambitions for the future, indeed for a career?

With three cheers for the success of our beautiful country, I am,

Very sincerely,

BESSIE E. GRIFFIN.

MISS BESSIE E. GRIFFIN.

"CANADA"

Canada, our home and native land. Let us pause for a moment to let those old well-worn words sink down into our minds. A great thrill of pride passes through our beings as we realize their full meaning. Canada, this beautiful, bountiful land, stretching from ocean to ocean and ranking high in the great nations of the world, is ours. We are Canadians. We were born in Canada and are proud of it, for what after all is better than to be a Canadian, free and unpampered as the waves of the ocean, living amid all the grandeur and beauty which our country provides for its people.

And indeed we are not vainly, unduly proud of our Dominion. She is naturally both rich and beautiful. Many and varied are the lyrics penned in her praise by admiring Canadians who have been fired with enthusiasm by her magnificent scenery. Her thriving cities speak more than words can tell of her prosperity. A brief sketch gives an idea of her vast natural resources. To the north is her great timber area. Thes splendid forests standing so silent and powerful against the sky contain millions of dollars worth of lumber. The broad sweeping rivers in their rush to the ocean provide waterpower unequalled anywhere else in the world. Her rolling plains are lovely and productive. Her fertile prairies with their fields of waving wheat, the silent growth of the food of millions contains a stirring romance as well as a great dividend in dollars and cents. The Rockies, the fame of whose grandeur has spread all over the world, hidden embedded within their layers of ageless wealth untold. Such is our Dominion. Why should we not be proud of her?

Viewing the Past.

But it is only when we look back into the past that we fully realize how Canada has advanced. A few hundred years ago our now peaceful and highly civilized country was almost a jungle in whose depths wild animals prowled, and uninhabited by humans save by the different tribes of savage Redmen who painted their bodies with red ochre and warred on one another, hunted, fished, and did a little primitive farming. Then came the paleface explorers and their advent marked a new day in the history of Canada and the Indian. Gone forever was their free, unquestioned sovereignty and in its place they found their right usurped by the white men, who laid their hands on everything, claiming it for themselves and their country. It was inevitable the Indian must go, but not without a struggle. Desperately they fought for their old time supremacy. Horrible massacres ensued, chilling the hearts of the surviving settlers, but at last the degrading firewater of the fur-traders and the oppression of the white men had their effect. They wandered further afield and the settlers came in and took their places. Still their presence left its mark. Many of the large cities of to-day have Indian names and it was from the Indian name Kannata, meaning a collection of huts, that the beautiful name Canada was derived.

Under British Rule.

But the real change did not come until 1763, with the capture of Quebec, when Canada changed from French to British rule, and to these brave soldiers and their leader, Wolfe, we owe a great deal. If it had not been for them perhaps we would never have had a Dominion of Canada. They opened the door for those who were to follow.

With the war in the United States came the United Empire Loyalists, brave, loyal British subjects who endured untold hardships that they might remain true to the British flag. How heroically they battled the perils of a new country. We who live in this day of comfort know very little. Were they not worthy ancestors of the great warriors, statesmen and philosophers who were to follow and guide our country safely through the troubled waters of racial bitterness, inevitable in the history of any prosperous nation.

A Period of Progress.

We will this year be celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of our Dominion; sixty years since one of the greatest feats in history in the minds of Canadians was accomplished by the Fathers of Confederation, far sighted men, who caught visions of that which we have lived to realize, a great, thriving, united nation, and staked their all to attain it. But while we rejoice, let us not forget the struggles, and disappointments, the worry, toil and discouragements involved and be proud and thankful that we can boast of such noble men, who through their wisdom and devotion brought about that which will remain, in Canadian history, immortal throughout all the ages.

Glorious Our Future.

And now that we have reviewed the past, let us look into the future. What is to be the crowning destiny of Canada, hall the noble efforts of our predecessors be in vain. She has tremendous possibilities, and in our hands lies the making of her future. Shall it be undying, worthy to be cherished by the generations to come. Canada has had a great past, is having a great present, and will have what promises to be a greater future. She is young and has accomplished much, and how much more she will accomplish is not for us, who can neither foresee nor foretell the future, to say. We must leave it to the guidance of the Great Father, who so far has been with us, and who, we humbly pray, will continue to be through the ensuing years.

STILL DANGEROUS

Crown Prince William Appears to Retain Ambitions for Crown.

Last week the "Schlesische Tagepost," reactionary organ of Silesian Nationalists, paid homage to Friedrich Wilhelm, sometime Crown Prince, on the occasion of his 45th birthday. He was born to the late Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, at the Marble Palace, Potsdam.

"His eyes are those of Frederick the Great. . . . For millions, he is still the rightful heir of the crowns of Prussia and the German Empire. Many millions knowing that the republic will be a failure, hope that he will assume leadership. His Imperial Highness is the eldest son of one of the noblest of women and is a true German man.

"He is the ideal of a large part of the population, which to-day expresses the fervent hope that he will some day mount the throne and receive his reward for the bitterness which he has undeservedly suffered."

Unusual Mix-up Caused by Twins.

London.—When the twin brothers, Fred and Cecil Harris, met in final of the billiards championship at the Shepperton ex-Service Men's Club, the marker got confused, and once made a mistake in crediting a score to the wrong player.

Congratulations were tendered to the loser.

The president, at the conclusion, asked one of the players to remove his coat, so that no mistake should be made in the destination of the trophy.

The brothers are so alike that even friends often mistake one for the other. Their sporting activities include running and boxing.

A Hard Worker.

"He never works, but borrows money."

"Wrong—he works harder borrowing it than any man I know."

British Columbia Wage Law.

Victoria, B.C.—To keep its regulations intact and free from leg loopholes, the board administering British Columbia's new universal minimum wage act has decided to contest an immediate appeal against a court decision by which a large class of lumber industry workers would be excluded from the scope of the statute. Instead of leaving the case to the workers affected, the board itself will sponsor the appeal in the courts here. If it fails in this way the board will pass new regulations to make sure that no workers are deprived of the benefits of the wage law.

"We didn't understand some of the things you said in that speech of yours," remarked a constituent to the Member of the Legislature. "Then," replied the member gently, "you should not find fault with me. What you do not thoroughly understand you cannot intelligently disapprove of."

HUMAN TOUCHES

Interest Aroused by Side Lights on Flood Situation.

Millions of words have been written about the floods; most of them endlessly reiterating news of thousands homeless, of counties and parts inundated, left readers with a complete but vague impression of the great disaster. Had a reporter explored the flood area with an eye to spicy highlights, notes for his story might have read somewhat as follows:

Near the Bayou des Glaises, La., a plantation owner had secured a circus tent, into which he herded all on his plantation and neighboring refugees.

At the Forest City, Ark., refugee camp two babies were born, christened Overflow Johnson and Highwater Jones. Several other babies born in similar circumstances have been christened "Refugee."

At Poydras, La., one Ted Hale, a deep sea diver, dived into the Mississippi, set off more dynamite near Poydras Cut. The current pinned the diver's helmet over his head and drowned him. Diving a second time, he discarded the helmet, and, as he had no other diving equipment handy, like a South Sea Islander. Strangely enough, Diver Herbert said that if his picture be taken, a crocodile would follow.

At Pineville, La., water reached ward the grammar school. Eight or 11, waded in them, stepped into a hole, drowned.

Along Macon Ridge, La., a wild turkey fought for food with deer and fawns, frightened by, entered refugee camps, were made pets by children.

At Vicksburg, Miss., Stanley Harris Clifford landed a boat of refugees; nursed a deep fever where an insane Negress bit and bitten him in the head.

In the valley of the Arkansas river, flowing through the state of Louisiana, hinds of cattle forced forward to starvation or death. Houseboats guarded the cattle from flood, but food grew scarce and scarced. Rescue meant prison.

Near Memphis, Tenn., bootleggers built stills in the flood waters, peddled their wares in boats. Officials seized 42 giant stills, with capacities of 750 gallons; 40 mash vats each holding 1,000 gallons of mash.

Around Richland and Mendenhall the flood swept through the hunting grounds on the occasion Here Theodore Roosevelt and Relief Director John M. Parker together to hunt quail, deer and wild turkey.

At Peoria, Ill., High School Boys Al Landers and Frank Pickens, over, let themselves be lowered in a stout paddle at 5c per head, collected $4 (50 blows), gave the flood relief fund; [illegible]

At New Philadelphia, Ohio, the Philadelphia Ministerial Association denounced Sunday theatrical performances for Flood Fund by [illegible] ful sophistry of doing evil that good may result, the vanquishment of good."

At Dayton, Ohio, a flood mark on a boat which had been a [illegible] 1913 Dayton flood was painted in red with a sign:

"THEY HELPED US IN 1913
HELP THEM NOW."

At Rayville, La., [illegible] waters, inhabitants [illegible] in dirogues (similar to [illegible]) without disembarking [illegible] from clerks mounted on [illegible] mouth which the flood waters [illegible]

At Belzoni, Miss., [illegible] lodged in the Chief's Jail [illegible] out bond. They were charged with looting in the flood [illegible] looting reports came from [illegible] ing farms.

At Waterproof, La., water [illegible] deep swirled through streets [illegible] ants for the most part left [illegible] phone women, their switchboards mounted on scaffolding, [illegible] posts, kept service continuous.

Poor water swamped Mer[illegible] La., scene of famed 1924 Ku Klux Klan Captain Skipworth trial. Bastrop, also scene of Klan [illegible] threatened by advancing water. The flood also menaced St. Mary [illegible] La., whither traveled Longfellow's Evangeline, where stands the [illegible] Evangeline Oak.

At Vicksburg, Miss., where more than 15,000 refugees were [illegible] hords of cattle bellowed through the main streets.

Ontario Forestry Department to Have Four New Airplanes.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.—Word has been received in the forestry office here that the ice is now out of the lakes west of Port Arthur and the planes allotted for that district and additional machines for Sioux Lookout will proceed to their stations at the first available flying weather.

The machines of the provincial air service will be stationed as follows: two at Sudbury; one at Remy Lake; one at Biscotasing; one at Metagama Post; two at Oba Lake; two at Orient Bay; two at Long lac; one at Shebandowan Lake; one at Fort Frances; one at Kenora; three at Sioux Lookout; and two at Pine Ridge in the Red Lake District.

The above mentioned machines include four new moth planes which should arrive on June 25.

Even if your job is soft that is no excuse to lie down on it.