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SHAKESPEARE
"Rightly to be great is
not stir without great
argument."

Serenity comes from
sincerity of purpose;
tranquility is the result
of study and labor, but
notions of fidelity are in
hereout.

R. G. Clendening
Markham, Ontario
Funeral Director

Summer-Time
By "TANJONG"

It was the second day of my visit that I first saw him. The April sun was marred by a nagging breeze, chilling my malarial bones and filling me with hate. I sought shelter on the upper promenade, where there were plenty of seats, for it was only a few minutes past eleven, and I chose a corner protected from the wind by a jutting wall.

A few minutes later he appeared and halted abruptly on finding what was obviously his accustomed seat occupied; his placid expression changed to one of annoyance and with a muttered exclamation he turned to a neighbouring seat and slumped into it. His attitude suggested an old dog whose kennel has been invaded by the cat, and I, with all the impertinent curiosity of that cat, sat and took stock of him.

He was well beyond sixty, tall and soldierly in bearing, his pale, oval face adorned with sweeping white mustachios and imperial. His braided—and, I suspected, strapped—trousers and full-skirted "redingote" would have been fashionable in Paris fifty years ago, and the ivory-topped cane held in a gloved hand could not have been matched outside a museum. His eyes were hidden under the broad leaf of a felt hat pulled well down to a thin, high-bridged nose, redolent of breeding.

I felt abashed and after a few minutes I got up and went for a stroll; as I passed him I heard a slight movement and without looking back I knew he had taken the seat I had quitted.

On my way back to the hotel I found myself wondering who and what he was. An aristocrat undoubtedly, a vicomte, possibly a marquis of the old regime.

The man's personality so interest-

ed me that next day I returned to sit on the upper promenade; not in that seat, for he was already occupying it; I took the adjoining bench and gave myself up to watching him under half-closed lids.

He seemed to be waiting for someone, and from time to time he slipped his ungloved hand inside his coat and produced an old-fashioned gold watch. I looked at mine, and found that it was just half-past eleven. Presently he became more alert; I saw him straighten up, button his coat, resume his gloves and grasp the cane. The expected one was arriving. The direction of my gaze followed his and I saw a Bath chair containing a veritable mountain of obesity, dragged by a perspiring chairman and propelled by a prim and elderly maid.

Surely this enormity could not be the object of his eager attention! But at the sight of her he rose, glanced again at his watch, and with an audible sigh strode, not towards the approaching Bath chair, but to the steps leading to the town above.

What interest, thought I, could he have in such a misshapen creature; what possible attraction could this swollen caricature of femininity hold for a man of obvious refinement? My eyes took on rosidoscopic virtues and I could discern, under the billows of flesh and dew-lapped face raddled with rouge and mascara, the framework of a once beautiful woman. Aphrodite turned to tallow.

She at least was not poor; the material of her dress must have cost so-and-so the metre, and the value of the emerald on her banana-like finger would have paid the like's taxes. There was romance here. My nose, ever avid for story material, twitched, and I determined that the

next few days should disclose the history.

The following morning I was on the promenade at eleven o'clock, and a few minutes later the Marquis (for I was convinced that he was a marquis) appeared and took his accustomed seat. Exactly the same events happened; at half-past eleven he looked at his watch, the overburdened Bath chair appeared, he sighed and took a hurried departure up the cliff, leaving me as far as ever from my story. Very well, I would have to invent one, so here goes:—

I saw him as a young man, the cadet of a rich and noble family, handsome, a fine horseman and of unimpeachable honour. His ruling passion was music and it was at the opera that he first saw Eloise Teloutel, a new and much-acclaimed prima ballerina. Attracted by her dancing and beauty, he obtained an introduction; and from that moment he was lost. Flowers, jewels, clothes, everything that money could buy he lavished on her; and in return she gave him a few smiles, a few hours of her time, and a good deal of encouragement to go on giving. At last when his money was exhausted he offered her the only thing left to him, his name and title; and she accepted them as greedily as the rest, for there was the prospect of the family exchequer still untouched.

The news of the entanglement came to the ears of that old aristocrat his father; there was a terrible scene, which resulted in young Raoul (of course his name was Raoul) being cut off and disinherited. When the lady heard of his changed circumstances she no longer took an interest in his title; if she was cool before, she was now frozen. She fobbed him off with excuses, even refused him admission to her apartment—the apartment he had paid for and furnished.

Then came the climax. One evening in a moment of desperation he followed her to a house where he found her in the arms of a man whom he had counted as a friend. There was an altercation, insults, a blow and the inevitable challenge. To his suggestion that his representative should wait on him his rival replied, "Why waste time? We are here, the weapons are handy, we will settle this now." They fought in the room and Raoul killed his opponent, killed him without the presence of a single witness, for Eloise had fled the room in terror.

Now disgrace was added to ruin, for to kill a man in such circumstances branded him as a pariah. Bankrupt in pocket and reputation he fled to Morocco (I had the temptation to make him join the Foreign Legion, but everyone does that nowadays), where he lived under an assumed name on the wretched remains of

Premier Recovered, Off For Celebration



Premier Bennett, photographed when he passed through Montreal on his way to New York, whence he sailed for England to participate in the King's Jubilee celebrations. Looking well and happy, he is seen here with John T. Hackett, member for Stanstead, Que.

his fortune. But his infatuation for Eloise mastered his sense of caution, and he returned to France to find her married to the Baron Zeeb, a rich German. Even this did not quell his passion for her; he followed her from Paris to Berlin, to Vienna, to Budapest, Milan, London, America, everywhere.

At last when her husband died, leaving her an amazing fortune, and her health and beauty had fallen victims to her greed, she came to England, and he, the eternally faithful, followed her. And now, every day he stole down to catch a glimpse of the woman he still loved passionately, not daring to speak or risk recognition. And she? If she remembered him at all, she was not losing weight through remorse.

The following morning I was again on the promenade, and although that beastly wind was blowing colder than ever, I respected my marquis's claim to the corner seat. But eleven o'clock came, and half-past, and still no sign of him. What could have happened? Had he at last plucked up courage and should I presently see him at the Bath chair side?

My speculations were interrupted by the appearance of Yorke, one of the best-informed men in the town and whose acquaintance I had made in the hotel. "Do you happen to know the name of the old French nobleman who sits on this promenade every morning?" I asked, and gave him a description which had perhaps been slightly over-tinted by my own ideas. "Marquis, eh?" replied Yorke. "No, I haven't met him; where is he staying?"

I didn't know, but I regaled him with the romantic story of my imagining which in its mental repetitions had become almost real to me. Before I had finished the recital, the Bath chair came in sight, its burden wobbling to every unevenness of the pavement. "That is the woman I speak of," I said as she passed, "Eloise Teloutel, do you know her?"

"Of course I know her," was his reply. "Who doesn't? She was a very famous dancer, but you are hopelessly out in the name; that thing is all that remains of the notorious Lydia Carmagnole, a woman whose beauty and greed has ruined the lives and reputations of more men than you could count on your two hands. She is now reaping the wages of sin to the tune of nearly a quarter of a million pounds."

It was well past midday when the tall figure in the "redingote" appeared, walking rather quickly. He seemed puzzled and disturbed, glancing alternately at his watch, the sun, and the now thronged promenade. Instead of settling into his usual seat he came straight towards me, removed his hat in a courteous salute and said, "Pardon, monsieur, but I fear something must have happened to my watch; will you be so good as to tell me the correct time?"

"Nearly half-past twelve," I informed him. "Impossible!" he gasped. "Perhaps you've forgotten that this is the first day of Summer Time and all clocks have been advanced one hour?" suggested Yorke. The "Marquis's" mouth fell open,

"Ser'nom' Dieu!" he cried, and turning, rushed up the cliff steps at a rate which I should have thought impossible for one of his age.

"That was he," I said to Yorke, "the marquis I was telling you about. I wonder what has happened."

For answer Yorke burst into a shout of laughter. "Marquis!" he cried. "Do you know who he is, your marquis? He's old Boutard, Lydia Carmagnole's chef. He comes down here every day for a breather before lunch and skips back home when he sees Madame returning from her airing. There'll be a deuce of a row when he gets home; the old idiot must have forgotten to put his watch on an hour, and Madame loves her food and expects it served a Pheure militaire."

I shivered slightly and said, "This breeze is cold this morning, let's go back to the hotel and have an aperitif."—London "Tit-Bits"

Recompence

What you give to others
Comes back in double measure;
There is true possession,
When you share your treasure.
Money closely hoarded
Has no means of growing;
Share your life with others,
Reaping as you're sowing.
What you give to others—
Service, friendship, pleasure—
Will be true possession,
If you share your treasure.
—Grenville Kleiser.

TWO AUTOS AND TRUCK INVOLVED IN BAD SMASH
Receives Painful Hurts to Arm and Shoulder
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