

# SCARAMOUCHE

by Rafael Sabatini

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

Andre-Louis stepped back. His eyes gleamed a moment; the next they were smiling up into the face of his tall enemy.

"No better than the others, after all! Well, well! Remark, I beg you, how history repeats itself—with certain differences. Because poor Vilmoren could not bear a vile lie with which you goaded him, he struck you. Because you cannot bear an equally vile truth which I have uttered, you strike me. But always is the villainous yours. And now as then for the striker there is . . ."

He broke off. "But there, I will meet you if you desire it, monsieur."

"What else do you suppose that I desire? To talk?"

Andre-Louis turned to his friends and sighed. "So that I am to go another jaunt to the Bois. Isaac, perhaps you will kindly have a word with one of these friends of M. de Marquis, and arrange for a 9 o'clock tomorrow, as usual."

CHAPTER VIII.  
MONDAY morning, at a quarter past eight, as with Le Chapelier, Andre-Louis was rising from table to set out for the Bois, his housekeeper started him by announcing Mademoiselle de Keradieu.

He looked at his watch. Although his cabriolet was already at the door he had a few minutes to spare. He excused himself from Le Chapelier, and went briskly out to the ante-room.

She advanced to meet him, her manner eager, almost feverish. "I will not attempt ignorance of why you have come," he said quickly, to make short work. "But time presses, and I warn you that only the most solid of reasons can be worth stating."

"But . . . Oh, Andre, this meeting must not take place!" She came close up to him, to set her hands upon his shoulders, and stood so, her face within a foot of his own.

"You know, of course, of some good reason why it should not?" said he.

"You may be killed," she answered him, and her eyes dilated as she spoke.

It was far from anything that he had expected that for a moment he could only stare at her. Then he thought he had understood. He laughed as he removed her hands from his shoulders, and stepped back. This was a shallow device, childish and unworthy in her.

"Come, now," said he. "There is too much between La Tour d'Azyr and me. There is an oath I swore on the dead hand of Philippe de Vilmoren. I could never have hoped that God would afford me so great an opportunity of keeping it."

"You have not kept it yet," she warned him.

He smiled at her. "True!" he said. "But nine o'clock will soon be here. Tell me," he asked her suddenly, "why did you not carry this request of yours to M. de La Tour d'Azyr?"

"I did," she answered him and flushed as she remembered her yesterday's rejection. He interpreted the flush quite otherwise.

"And he?" he asked.

"M. de La Tour d'Azyr's obligations . . ." she was beginning; then she broke off to answer shortly: "Oh he refused."

CHAPTER IX.  
BY fast driving Andre-Louis had reached the ground some minutes ahead of time. There he found M. de La Tour d'Azyr already waiting, a starchy young gentleman in the blue uniform of a captain in the

Le Chapelier put his head in at the door.

"Forgive the intrusion. But we shall be late, Andre, unless you . . ."

"Coming," Andre answered him. "If you will await my return, Alaine, you will oblige me deeply."

She did not answer him. She was numbed. He took her silence for assent, and, bowing, left her.

Standing there, half-frenzied by her helplessness, she caught again a sound of vehicles and boots at the cobbles of the street below. A carriage was approaching.

She sped to the door of the ante-room, and pulling it wide stood breathlessly to listen. It was a woman's voice asking in urgent tones for M. Andre-Louis—a voice at first vaguely familiar, then clearly recognized, the voice of Mme. de Ploungastel.

Excited, she ran to the head of the narrow staircase in time to hear Mme. de Ploungastel exclaim in agitation:

"He is gone already! Oh, but how long since? Which way did he take?"

Alaine ran down that steep staircase, calling:

"Madame! Madame!"

The portly, comely housekeeper drew aside, and the two ladies faced each other on that threshold. Mme. de Ploungastel looked white and haggard, a nameless dread staring from her eyes.

"The assignation is for nine o'clock in the Bois de Boulogne," Alaine informed her. "Could we follow? Could we prevail if he did?"

"In the Bois!" Madame was flung into a frenzy. "The Bois is nearly half as large as Paris! But she swept breathlessly on. "Come on, Alaine! get in, get in!"

Then to her coachman. "To the Bois de Boulogne," she commanded, "as fast as you can drive. There are ten pistoles for you if we are in time. Whip up, man!"

She thrust Alaine into the carriage, and sprang after her with the energy of a girl.

They were speeding through the open country now, following the road that continued to hug the river.

Mademoiselle broke at last the silence of hopelessness that had reigned between them.

"But it is long past nine, madame! Andre would be punctual, and these affairs do not take long. It will be all over by now."

Madame shivered. Then she put her head from the window. "A carriage is approaching," she announced, and her tone conveyed the thing she feared.

In a cloud of dust an open caleche was speeding towards them, coming from the Bois. They watched it, both pale, neither venturing to speak. Alaine, indeed, without breath to do so.

On the near side sat a swarthy young gentleman unknown to either of the ladies. He was smiling as he spoke to his companion. A moment later, and the man sitting beyond came into view. He was not smiling. His face was white and set, and it was the face of the Marquis de La Tour d'Azyr.

For a long moment, in speechless horror, both women stared at him, until, perceiving them, blankest surprise invaded his stern face.

In that moment, with a long shuddering sigh, Alaine sank swooning to the carriage floor behind Mme. de Ploungastel.

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ATTEND to your beach makeup and your bathroom complexion will take care of itself.

That's how the modern summer girl figures it out.

The old way of introducing your face, neck and shoulders to the sun, unprotected, and expecting the sun to do the honorable thing, now is discredited.

Now the girls at the beaches take as good care of their skins as their grandmothers who used to swathe themselves in veils.

They can put on bathing suits of pale pink or blue satin, trimmed in lace, roses or fringes, and look enchantingly pink and white.

Their real complexion is hidden under a coating of cosmetics.

The cosmetics are a means, not an end. They make a coating that keeps off the sun's ravages as effectively as veils or parasols.

Beauty specialists now say it is imperative to preserve the complexion, that the sunburn and tan dry the oils from the skin and bring on wrinkles and signs of old age.

Many shops now put up regular vacation beauty kits, a special assortment for the girl who is to spend her vacation at the beach, and others for the girl who will be motoring or in the mountains.

The important features are a cleansing cream, which removes all the traces of soil and grime, a foundation cream upon which to put the heavy coating of powder, an eye-wash to relieve the burning and irritation that comes from bright light reflected on water, and soothing lotions and astringents.

Also specialists recommend some sort of a head covering that will protect the hair which becomes faded by the sun.

Fashion experts are co-operating with beauty doctors. They are making most attractive bathing togs, with much more covering than formerly, equipped with capes to protect the shoulders and arms.

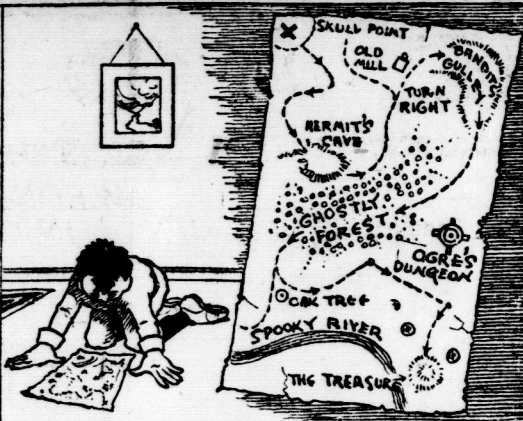
The most charming of these are effective only on well groomed women because they come in delicate colors.

So your summer duty to your complexion is plain.

## JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



A LONG LONG TIME AGO IN THE FAR OFF LAND OF SUPPOCO, THERE LIVED A POOR LITTLE BOY CALLED JACK. HE WAS AN ONLY CHILD AND THE SOLE SUPPORT OF HIS MOTHER.



BUT JACK'S FATHER HAD LEFT A MAP SHOWING WHERE THE FAMOUS PIRATE, CAPTAIN CRUISE, BURIED HIS GOLD. JACK STUDIED THE MAP VERY CAREFULLY AND A GREAT IDEA CAME TO HIM.



JACK EXPLAINED THE IDEAS TO HIS MOTHER AND FINALLY COAXED HER TO LET HIM HUNT FOR THE HIDDEN TREASURE. HIS MOTHER PACKED HIM LOTS OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT.



THE NEXT MORNING JACK, BID HIS MOTHER GOODBYE AND SET OUT ON HIS JOURNEY. OF COURSE FLIP, HIS FAITHFUL DOG, TRAILED ALONG. TOMORROW JACK HAS HIS FIRST ADVENTURE.

## Scamper Squirrel Has Greedyitis

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



"Madam," said Dr. Snuffles gravely, "your son is troubled with a disease called greedyitis."

ONE day Mrs. Samantha Squirrel called at the office of Dr. Snuffles. "Morning, Mrs. Squirrel," said that kindly fairy doctor. "Nancy, set a chair for Mrs. Squirrel, please. Nick, stand her umbrella in the corner."

"You're all most kind," said Mrs. Squirrel. "And, dear knows, I'm that worried a little kindness does me good."

"Worried," said Dr. Snuffles, putting on his glasses and looking her over. "That's a sign of nervousness. You need some honest tea."

"Nervous!" exclaimed Mrs. Squirrel. "Yes, I'm nervous, but it's not I that's needing medicine. It's Scamper, my son. He's ailing dreadfully."

"He won't eat a single bite. I've tried him with everything from acorn soup to birch-bud pudding, but all he does is sniffle his nose and turn away."

"M. h'm," said Dr. Snuffles. "A very serious case, indeed! I'll have to see the young gentleman."

"Oh, doctor!" cried Mrs. Squirrel. "Pray don't. He's so upset whenever Gardes du Corps."

Their preparations were made quickly and in silence, yet without undue haste or other sign of nervousness on either side.

The slender, wickedly delicate blades clashed together, and after a momentary glint, were whirling, swift and bright as lightning, and almost as impossible to follow with the eye.

"Allez, messieurs!" he bade him sharply. "Am I to run my blade through an uncovered man? Deliberately he fell back, whilst his shaken opponent recovered himself at last."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

## MAKE PORCH A DINING ROOM



HE coming weeks will offer plenty of opportunities for serving on the piazza or porch, either the family meals or refreshments to friends who call.

Make the porch as attractive as possible with comfortable chairs, rugs, flowers, and a good table for serving.

The other necessary things are tall glasses for iced tea or cocoa, punch glasses for punch, light but serviceable trays, and any other of the many additional things which make porch serving attractive.

It is quite possible to serve a variety of cold drinks at home instead of allowing the family to purchase them at soda fountains. Sugar and water boiled five minutes to make a syrup may be kept bottled and always ready for sweetening beverages.

There are many bottled fruit juices, as grape juice, loganberry and pineapple, but lemon and orange juices are always better when fresh from the fruit.

Charged waters add greatly to punches and fruit juices. A syphon of soda is a great addition to punches and will give it the necessary sparkle and effervescence.

A small amount of ice cream, fruit juices or chocolate and sugar charged from a syphon will make an ice cream soda equal to that which one buys.

An easy and an excellent drink is made by mixing equal parts of ginger ale and grape juice. Serve from a pitcher.

Small cakes and cookies may be kept on hand and sandwiches made at a moment's notice. Thus prepared, one may offer porch hospitality any time.

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VITAMINE TABLETS  
79c

65c  
HYDROGEN  
PEROXIDE  
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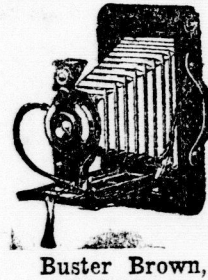
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PETROFOL  
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GOLD SOAP  
(for laundry)  
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HORLICK'S  
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NUXATED IRON,  
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Both for 79c

## FIRSTAID REQUISITES

Here's what every summer cottage and tourist should have. There are many people who go away without one first aid article.

Firstaid Absorbent Gauze  
Firstaid Gauze Bandages  
Firstaid Absorbent Cotton  
Firstaid Safety Pins  
Rexall Healing Ointment  
Aspirin Tablets

Puretest Tr. Iodine—Cuts and  
bruises.  
Puretest Aromatic Spirits of  
Ammonia—For fainting.  
Puretest Oil of Citronella — For  
mosquitoes.

Rexall Mentholine Balm—For sunburn.

35c  
WRITING PADS  
(Good linen)  
27c

WELCH'S GRAPE  
JUICE

20c size 13c  
60c size 39c  
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## Montserrat Lime Juice

50c size 45c  
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## FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil—Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength.

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of

## OTHINE

(DOUBLE STRENGTH)  
and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask your druggist or at the toilet counter of any department store for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee—Advt.

Your body is asking payment for the work it does

WINGERS  
with its Iron and Manganese and Glycero-phosphates of Calcium Sodium Potassium with a specially selected wine of remarkable tonic properties will restore the shortage of these essential mineral elements to your body.

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