

"Keep Sweet and Keep Movin'."

By Robert J. Bardette.

Homely phrase of our Southland bright—
Keep steady step to the drum of the
drum;
Touch to the left, eyes to the right—
Sing with the soul though the lips be
dumb.
Hard to be good when the wind's in the
east;
Hard to be gay when the heart is
down;
When "they" that trouble you are in-
creased,
When you look for a smile and see a
frown.

But
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Sorrow will shade the blue sky gray—
Gray is the color our brothers wore;
Sunshine will scatter the clouds away;
Azure will gleam in the skies once more.
Colors of patience and hope are they—
Always at even in one they blend;
Tinting the heavens by night and day,
Over our hearts to the journey's end.

Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Hard to be sweet when the throng is
dense,
When elbows jostle and shoulders crowd;
Easy to give and to take offence
When the touch is rough and the voice
is loud;
"Keep to the right!" in the city's
throng;
"Divide the road" on the broad high-
way;
There's one way right when everything's
wrong;
"Easy and fair goes far in a day."
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

The Scarlet Pimpernel.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE.

By Baroness Orczy.

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Advocate.")

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(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Jew.

It took Marguerite some time to col-
lect her scattered senses; the whole of
this last short episode had taken place
in less than a minute, and Desgas and
the soldiers were still about two hundred
yards away from the "Chat Gris."

When she realized what had happened,
a curious mixture of joy and wonder
filled her heart. It all was so neat, so
ingenious. Chauvelin was still absolute-
ly helpless, far more so than he could
even have been under a blow from the
fast, for now he could neither see, nor
hear, nor speak, whilst his cunning ad-
versary had quietly slipped through his
fingers.

Blakeney was gone, obviously to try
and join the fugitives at the Pere Blan-
chard's hut. For the moment, true,
Chauvelin was helpless; for the moment
the daring Scarlet Pimpernel had not
been caught by Desgas and his men. But
all the roads and the beach were patrol-
led. Every place was watched, and every
stranger kept in sight. How far could
Percy go, thus arrayed in his gorgeous
clothes, without being sighted and fol-
lowed?

Now she blamed herself terribly for not
having gone down to him sooner, and
given him that word of warning and of
love which, perhaps, after all, he needed.
He could not know of the orders which
Chauvelin had given for his capture, and
even now, perhaps . . .

But before all these horrible thoughts
had taken concrete form in her brain, she
heard the grunting of arms outside,
close to the door, and Desgas' voice
shouting "Halt!" to his men.

Chauvelin had partially recovered, his
sneezing had become less violent, and he
had struggled to his feet. He managed to
reach the door just as Desgas' knock
was heard on the outside.

Chauvelin threw open the door, and be-

fore his secretary could say a word, he
had managed to stammer between two
sneezes—

"The tall stranger—quick!—did any of
you see him?"

"Where, citizen?" asked Desgas, in
surprise.

"Here, man! through that door! not
five minutes ago."

"We saw nothing, citizen! The moon
is not yet up, and . . ."

"And you are just five minutes too
late, my friend," said Chauvelin, with
concentrated fury.

"Citoyen . . . I . . ."

"You did what I ordered you to do,"
said Chauvelin, with impatience. "I
know that, but you were a precious long
time about it. Fortunately, there's not
much harm done, or it had fared ill with
you, Citoyen Desgas."

Desgas turned a little pale. There
was so much rage and hatred in his
superior's whole attitude.

"The tall stranger, citizen—" he stam-
mered.

"Was here, in this room, five minutes
ago, having supper at that table. Damn
his impudence! For obvious reasons, I
dared not tackle him alone. Brogard is
too big a fool, and that cursed English-
man appears to have the strength of a
bullock, and so he slipped away under
your very nose."

"He cannot go far without being
sighted, citizen."

"Ah?"

"Captain Jutley sent forty men as re-
inforcements for the patrol duty: twenty
went down to the beach. He again as-
sured me that the watch has been con-
stant all day, and that no stranger could
possibly get to the beach, or reach a
boat, without being sighted."

"That's good. Do the men know their
work?"

"They have had very clear orders,
citoyen: and I myself spoke to those who
were about to start. They are to shad-
ow—as secretly as possible—any stranger
they may see, especially if he be tall, or
stoop as if he would disguise his height."

"In no case to detain such a person,
of course," said Chauvelin, eagerly.

"That impudent Scarlet Pimpernel would
slip through clumsy fingers. We must
let him get to the Pere Blanchard's hut
now; there surround and capture him."

"The men understand that, citizen,
and also that, as soon as a tall stranger
has been sighted, he must be shadowed,
whilst one man is to turn straight back
and report to you."

"That is right," said Chauvelin, rub-
bing his hands, well pleased.

"I have further news for you, citizen."

"What is it?"

"A tall Englishman had a long conver-
sation about three-quarters of an hour
ago with a Jew, Reuben by name, who
lives not ten paces from here."

"Yes—and?" queried Chauvelin, im-
patiently.

"The conversation was all about a
horse and cart, which the tall English-
man wished to hire, and which was to
have been ready for him by eleven
o'clock."

"It is past that now. Where does
that Reuben live?"

"A few minutes' walk from this door."

"Send one of the men to find out if
the stranger has driven off in Reuben's
cart."

"Yes, citizen."

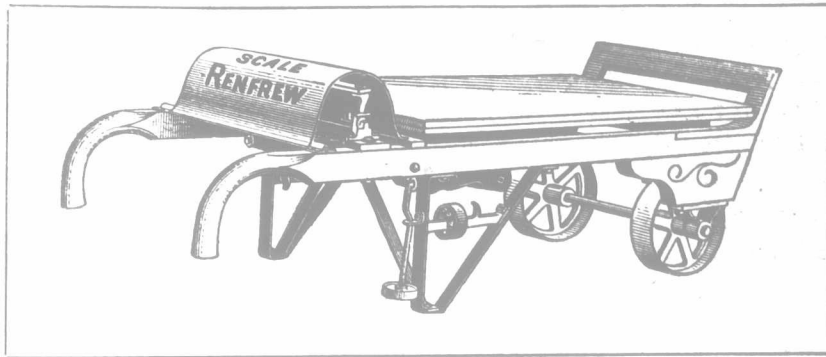
Desgas went to give the necessary
orders to one of the men. Not a word
of this conversation between him and
Chauvelin had escaped Marguerite, and
every word they had spoken seemed to
strike at her heart, with terrible hope-
lessness and dark foreboding.

She had come all this way, and with
such high hopes and firm determination
to help her husband, and so far she had
been able to do nothing, but to watch,
with a heart breaking with anguish, the
meshes of the deadly net closing round
the daring Scarlet Pimpernel.

He could not now advance many steps,
without spying eyes to track and de-
nounce him. Her own helplessness
struck her with the terrible sense of
utter disappointment. The possibility of
helping the slightest use to her husband
had become almost nil, and her only
hope rested in being allowed to share his
fate, whatever it might ultimately be.

For the moment, even her chance of
seeing the man she loved again, had
been a remote one. Still, she was de-
termined to keep a close watch over his
goings and a vague hope filled her heart.

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