

SCARAMOUCHE

by Rafael Sabatini

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

There were two burning motives in the heart of ANDRE-LOUIS MOREAU, which drove him to seek vengeance on the great noble of Brittany, the MARQUIS DE LA TOUR D'AZUR. The profligate noble was suing for the hand of the young and beautiful ALINE DE KERCADIOU, niece of the Lord of Gavillac. QUENTIN DE KERCADIOU, who was popularly believed to be Andre-Louis' father, but more burning hatred of the Marquis had been caused by his brutal murder of Andre-Louis' dearest friend, the young and idealistic PHILIPPE DE VILMORIN, a divinity student. The Marquis, believing that Philippe had a dangerous gift of eloquence and fearing that the rumblings of discontent which were making way for the French Revolution would bring danger to his class, deliberately provoked a duel and killed the young student.

"I have informed you, monsieur, that a duel—so-called—has been fought, and a man killed. It seems that I must remind you, the administrator of the King's justice, that duels are against the law, and that it is your duty to hold an inquiry." The door behind Andre-Louis opened softly. M. de Lesdigueres, pale with anger, contained himself with difficulty. "You seek to compel us, do you, you impudent rascal?" he growled. "But I give you a last warning, master lawyer: keep a closer guard over that insolent tongue of yours, or you will have cause very bitterly to regret its gibberish." He waved a jeweled, contemptuous hand. "To the door!"

CHAPTER VII. HE had broken his futile lance with the windmill—the image suggested by M. de Kercadiou persisted in his mind—and it was, he perceived, by sheer good fortune that he had escaped without hurt. There remained the wind itself—the whirlwind. And the events in Ren-

An artisan who stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the press enlightened Andre-Louis on the score of the increased excitement. "They've shot him dead. His body is lying there where it fell at the foot of the statue. And there was another student killed not an hour ago by the cathedral works. Pardi! If they can't prevail in one way they'll prevail in another." Andre-Louis left him still talking, and clove a way through that human press. At the statue's base he came upon a little cluster of students about the body of the murdered lad, all stricken with fear and helplessness. "You here, Moreau?" said a voice. He looked round to find himself confronted by Le Chapelier, a lawyer of Rennes, a prominent member of the Literary Chamber of that city. "Ah, it is you, Chapelier! Why don't you tell them what to do? Up with you, man!" And he pointed to the plinth.

Le Chapelier's dark restless eyes searched the other's impassive face for some trace of irony he suspected. "Your notions and mine on that score can hardly coincide," said he. Andre-Louis looked at him without surprise. How should Le Chapelier suspect his present intentions? "If you won't tell them what is to be done, I will," said he. "Non, de Dieu! If you want to invite a bullet from the other side, I shall not hinder you."

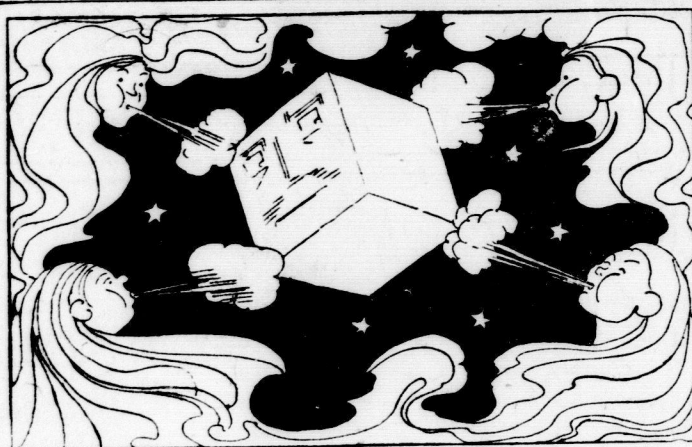
Scarcely were the words out than he repented them: for as if in answer to that challenge Andre-Louis sprang up on to the plinth. Alarmed now, for he could only suppose it to be Andre-Louis' intention to speak on behalf of Privilege, Le Chapelier clutched him by the legs to pull him down again. "Ah, that, no!" he was shouting. "Come down, you fool. Come down!" Andre-Louis maintaining his position by clutching one of the legs of the bronze horse, flung his voice like a bugle-note over the head of that seething mob.

"Citizens of Rennes, the motherland is in danger!" The effect was electric. A stir ran like a ripple over water, across that froth of upturned human faces, and complete silence followed. "Shuddering in horror of the vile deed here perpetrated, my voice demands to be heard by you. You have seen murder done under your eyes—the murder of one who nobly, without any thought of self, gave voice to the wrongs by which we are all oppressed. Fearing that voice, shunning the light, our oppressors sent their agents to silence him in death." Le Chapelier released at last his hold of Andre-Louis' ankle, staring up at him while in sheer amazement. What had come to him? "If assassins what shall you look for but assassination? I have a tale to tell which will show that this is no new thing that you have witnessed here today; it will reveal to you the forces with which you have to deal. Yesterday . . .

There was an interruption. A voice in the crowd, some twenty paces, perhaps, was raised to shout: "Yet another of them!" Immediately after the voice came a pistol-shot, and a bullet flattened itself against the bronze figure just behind Andre-Louis. (Continued in Our Next Issue.)

How the Moon Was Blown Round

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



THE Twins were riding up to the Moon on Mr. Sprinkle-Blow's umbrella. He had been telling them about Comet-Lee, the wicked fairy, who had turned the Moon square. Mr. Peerabout, the Man-in-the-Moon, was lost, you know, and they couldn't find him. "How did you make the Moon round again, Mr. Sprinkle-Blow?" asked Nick. "Well, I'll tell you," answered the

STRAWBERRY PIE

(This recipe has been tested and proved right in laboratories).

1 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup milk
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups flour
2 tablespoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

CREAM butter, add sugar, and beat thoroughly. Then add well beaten eggs and the milk alternately with the flour, which has been sifted with the baking powder. Beat well, add vanilla and bake in two-layer cake pans 20 minutes in a moderately hot oven. When cool, remove from pans and put between layers and on the top the following sauce:

1/2 cup butter
1 cup confectioner's sugar
1 cup strawberries

Work butter and sugar together until creamy, add strawberries, slightly mashed, and beat until light and foamy.

Weatherman, guiding the umbrella. "Perhaps down on the earth it hasn't been noticed. North Wind, you go there, and East Wind, you go there, and South Wind, you go to the other corner. I'll stay here. And when I say, one, two, three, ready, go! All blow at once!" Mr. Sprinkle-Blow waved his hand. "See for yourself, my dear. If that old Moon isn't as round as a winter-apple, I'm losing my eyesight." And so it was. "But that's not all," said the Weatherman. "Comet-Lee heard

what they said, so he stuck out his legs and got the curves blown back into them again. "We'll have to watch out for him now. I tell you. "He'll be able to straddle his star now and away he'll go."

(To Be Continued.)

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SORE THROAT

IS A COMMON AILMENT WHICH UNLESS CHECKED IN TIME MAY LEAD TO A SERIOUS CONDITION. SIMILARLY A COUGH OR COLD MAY DEVELOP AND REQUIRE SUBSTANTIAL TREATMENT BEFORE IT IS OVERCOME. BUT IF TREATED AT ONCE MUCH INCONVENIENCE AND SUFFERING MAY BE AVOIDED. AN OLD AND RELIABLE REMEDY IS FOUND IN

DR THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL

Beecham's Pills
Keep you fit



Washing only makes them prettier



Whoever thought that the time would come when silks, satins, chiffons and laces could actually be washed in soap and water!

And that this washing not only wouldn't harm them but would renew them, keeping both color and fabric as fresh and attractive as the day they came from the shop.

Because modern manufacturing science has perfected special soap for washing dainty materials.

Introducing Princess Flakes

This superfine soap is as pure and mild as the finest toilet soap.

It is snowy white soap, flaked into crisp wafers.

It is de luxe soap with a dash of perfume as the final refining touch.

It dissolves like magic into the richest and thickest of creamy lather.

These soft suds in turn gently dissolve all soil from fragile georgette frocks and blouses, delicate crepe and silk underwear and all the laces and chiffons of your wardrobe.

Sheer voiles and batistes, frail in fabric, delicate in color, need as careful handling as silk.

Brilliant ginghams, dazzling cretonnes—everything that is in the least likely to fade—wash all these fancy cottons with Princess Flakes and protect their beauty.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

PRINCESS SOAP FLAKES

MADE IN CANADA

1306

For everything of wool

Princess Flakes are the ideal soap for washing all woolen things. It doesn't shrink them, it keeps them soft. No danger of boardlike sweaters or underwear, or little caps and leggings stiff and hard.

The dirt just falls out of blankets washed with Princess Flakes. And how soft and warm they seem!

Cheaper than buying new clothes

If you used Princess Flakes for all laundry work you would be practising real economy. First, because they are all soap and go much farther. Next, because it is cheaper to buy pure fine soap than it is to be continually replacing worn-out clothes.

For you mustn't blame broken threads and thin places which dissolve into holes to poor material. This is due to the rotting of the fabric by the destructive ingredients of average laundry soap.

Princess Flakes give splendid satisfaction in washing machines.

For economy

The way to make the use of Princess Flakes, as great an economy as it is a convenience, is to buy them in large packages.

They are packed for the dealer in one pound cartons. Many users buy them in this quantity to take advantage of the big saving. We recommend it to you.



If You'd Possess Charm—Pick the Right Setting!



WHETHER you're a demure little home girl anxious to please the "one man" who calls every Sunday afternoon—

Or a wife eager that the charm which originally drew your husband to you shall not fade— You can learn some things of interest from Mademoiselle Lisette Gaucy. She's the queen of Paris mannequins, or style models. She was selected by Paul Poiret, famous artist-designer, to exploit his latest fashion sensations.

She wears Poiret's creations in surroundings of wealth and splendor that would make the court of Louis XIV. tawdry by comparison. The rooms are hung with silken fabrics. In one room furniture is entirely of dull gold. In another there are no chairs, only floor cushions of priceless materials.

And says Mademoiselle Lisette: The background is as important as the gown. A woman without lovely surroundings is an unsatisfied jewel.

And Mademoiselle Lisette is right. But a woman does not need the luxurious surroundings she enjoys to show herself at best advantage. Good taste, judiciously used, will enable you or any other woman to attain the same end.

To look beautiful on the street, against bricks and commercial buildings, a woman must be lovely indeed, but one who cannot be beautiful in a garden, against soft foliage and blossoming flowers, must be hopelessly ugly.

The point is, that most women are neither raving beauties nor hopeless frumps. They simply need a favor-

able environment to bring out their charm.

The only place a woman can really create her own setting is in her home.

Drab surroundings mean a drab, uninteresting personality. Color means imagination and a viewpoint.

A woman need not spend a fortune on her home, she should spend what she has, intelligently.

A rigid color scheme is a mistake, for it is completely upset when a person wearing an inharmonious color enters it. But one can combine almost any colors in the same room if they are properly handled, and are sufficiently subdued and well-mixed.

A light, sunny room brings out the beauty of the blond. Blue and gold tints can always be introduced to advantage in her setting. The dull reds and purples are more effective in bringing out the deeper tints of the brunet.

A large woman makes herself look ridiculous and out of scale if she fills her home with trinkets and small objects. She should aim for dignity and unbroken spaces.

Dull green is an excellent background for most types, and so is tan or certain tones of brown or gray. Rose-colored lampshades always cast a flattering glow, while blue or green ones are staid.

Very colorful, extreme of exotic backgrounds should never be attempted unless one has an unerring color sense or a highly-developed artistic ability.

The knowing woman selects her background as carefully as her clothes, and makes one serve the other.

"AND WHO, SIR, IS THE MAN YOU CHARGE WITH THIS?"

Andre-Louis decides to set out for Rennes and lay the case before the King's Lieutenant.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was on a horse hired from the Breton Arme that Andre-Louis set out next morning; and an hour's brisk ride brought him to the city of Rennes.

He rode into the upper and principal part of that important city of some thirty thousand souls and came at last to the Place Royale, where he found the crowd to be most dense. From the plinth of the equestrian statue of Louis XV a white-faced young man was excitedly addressing the multitude. His youth and dress proclaimed the students, and a group of his fellows acting as a guard of honor to him kept the immediate precincts of the statue.

Over the heads of the crowd Andre-Louis caught a few of the phrases flung forth by that eager voice.

"It was the promise of the King . . . It is the King's authority they flout . . . They arrogate to themselves the whole sovereignty in Brittany. The King has dissolved them. These insolent nobles defying their sovereign and the people . . ."

Had he not known already of the events which had brought the Third Estate to the point of active revolt, those few phrases would fully have informed him. The popular display of temper was most opportune to his mood, he thought. He put up his hired horse at the Corne de Cerf, and set out to the Palais de Justice.

That the King's lieutenant condescended to see him at all was probably due to the grave complexion of the hour. At last he was ushered into a fine, well-lighted room furnished with enough gilt and satin to have supplied the boudoir of a lady of fashion.

It was a trivial setting for a King's lieutenant, but about the King's lieutenant there was—at least to ordinary eyes—nothing trivial. At the far end of the chamber, before a four-legged writing-table with Watteau panels, sat that excited being, above a scarlet coat with an order flaming on its breast, and a billow of lace in which diamonds sparkled like drops of water, sprouted the massive powdered head of M. de Lesdigueres. It was thrown back to reveal with expectant arrogance.

M. de Lesdigueres considered him very sternly.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Andre-Louis Moreau."

"Well, Andre-Louis Moreau, if you can state your case briefly, I will hear you."

"You shall be the judge of that, monsieur," said Andre-Louis, and he proceeded at once to state his case, beginning with the shooting of Mahey, and passing thence to the killing of M. de Vilmorin. But he withheld until the end the name of the great gentleman against whom he demanded justice.

"And who, sir, is the man you charge with this?"

"The Marquis de La Tour d'Azur."

"Who?" he shouted, and without waiting for an answer, "Why, here's a piece of justice for you. To come before me with such a charge against a gentleman of M. de La Tour d'Azur's eminence! How dare you speak of him as a murderer?"

The young man corrected. "And I demand justice against him."

"You demand it, do you? My God, next?"