



BY RAFAEL SABATINI. RELEASED BY MSA SERVICES, INC.

(Continued)

She railed on. Disturbed out of the very moment at Whitehall, her self-centered existence into a consideration of the world's his now that she found herself menaced by them, she displayed a prodigious volubility upon topics that hitherto she had completely ignored.

And the substance of her news was true enough. The Lord Mayor was at that very moment at Whitehall urging immediate and drastic measures for combating the spread of the pestilence, and one of these measures was the instant closing of the playhouses. Whitehall's mind at the moment was over-full of other matters; there were these rumors that the Dutch fleet was out, and that was quite sufficient to engage such time and attention as could be spared from pleasure by the nation's elect, following in the footsteps of their pleasure-loving King. Also a good many of the nation's elect were exercised in connection with the fleet and the war of these perhaps the most disgruntled was His Grace of Buckingham.

He had requested the command of a ship, a position to which his rank and his talents fully entitled him, in his own view. That such a request would be refused had never entered his calculations. But it was. There were two factors working against him. The first was that the Duke of York cordially disliked him and neglected no chance of mortifying him; the second was that the Duke of York, being Lord Admiral of the Fleet, desired to take no risks. There were many good positions from which capable naval men could be excluded to make way for sprigs of the nobility. But the command of a man-of-war was not one of these. Buckingham was offered a gun-brig. Considering that the offer came from the King's brother, he could not resent it in the terms his hot blood prompted. But what he could do to mark his scorn, he did. He refused the gun-brig, and enlisted as a volunteer aboard a flagship. But here at once a fresh complication arose. As a Privy Councillor he claimed the right of seat and voice in all councils of war, in which capacity it is probable he might have done even more damage than in command of one of the great ships. Again the Duke of York's opposition foiled him, where upon in a rage he posted from Portsmouth to Whitehall to lay his plaint before his crony the King. The Merry Monarch may have wavered; it may have vexed him not to be able to satisfy the handsomest rake who understood so well

the arts of loosening laughter; but between his own brother and Buckingham there can have been no choice. And so Charles could not help him.

Buckingham had remained, therefore, at Court, to nurse his chagrin, and to find his way circuitously into the strange history of Colonel Randal Holles.

His friend George Etheredge, that other gilded rake who had leapt into sudden fame a year ago with his comedy, "The Comic Revenge," had been detesting his ears with praises of the beauty and talent of that widely admired and comparatively newly discovered actress, Sylvia Farquharson. At first Buckingham had scoffed at his friend's enthusiasm.

"Such heat of rhetoric to describe a playhouse baggage," he had yawned. "For a man of your parts George, I protest you're nauseatingly calow."

"You flatter me in seeking to reprove," Etheredge laughed. "To be calow despite the years is to bear the mark of greatness. Whom the gods love are calow always; for whom the gods love die young, whatever be their age."

"You aim at paradox, I suppose. God help me!"

"No paradox at all. Whom the gods love never grow old," Etheredge explained himself. "They never come to suffer as do you from jaded appetites."

"You may be right," his grace admitted gloomily. "Prescribe me a tonic."

"That is what I was doing: Sylvia Farquharson, at the Duke's house."

"Bah! A play actress! A painted doll on wires! Twenty years ago your prescription might have served."

"You admit that you grow old. Superfluous admission! But this, let me perish, is no painted doll. This is an incarnation of beauty and talent."

"So I've heard of others that had neither."

"And let me add that she is virtuous."

Buckingham stared at him, opening his lazy eyes. "What may that be?" he asked.

"The chief drug in my prescription."

"But does it exist, or is your calowness deeper than I thought?" quoth Buckingham.

"Come and see," Mr. Etheredge invited him.

"Virtue," Buckingham objected, "is not visible."

"Like beauty, it dwells in the beholder's eye. That's why you've never seen it, Bucks."

To the Duke's playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields his disgruntled grace suffered himself, in the end to be conducted. He went to scoff. He remained to worship. You already know—having overheard the garrulous Mr. Peppys—how from his box, addressing his companion in particular and the whole house in general, the ducal author loudly announced that he would give his muse no rest until he should have produced a play with a part worthy of the superb talents of Miss Farquharson.

His words were reported to her. They bore with them a certain flattery to which it was impossible that she should be impervious.

It prepared her for the ducal visit to the green room, which followed presently. She was presented by Mr. Etheredge with whom she was already acquainted, and she stood shyly before the tall, supremely elegant duke, under the gaze of his bold eyes.

In his golden periwig he looked at this date not a year more than thirty, despite the hard life he had lived from boyhood. In shape and carriage he was of an extraordinary grace that drew all eyes upon him. Yet at sight, instinctively, Miss Farquharson disliked him. Reason and ambition argued her out of that instinctive shrinking. Here was one whose approval carried weight and would set the seal upon her fame, one whose good graces could maintain her firmly on the eminence to which she had so laboriously climbed.

His race bowed, low, the curls of his wig swinging forward like the ears of a water-spaniel.

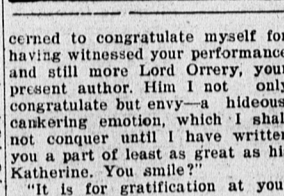
"Madam," he said, "I would congratulate you were I not more con-

Mrs. J. W. Sampson Tells How Cuticura Healed Her Scalp

"I was troubled for years with a dry scalp and dandruff. There were small scales on my scalp and it itched and burned a great deal. My hair was very dry and lifeless, and fell out when I combed it. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after a few applications could see an improvement. I continued using them and in three months was healed." (Signed) Mrs. J. W. Sampson, 4705-32nd Ave. S., Seattle, Wash.

Keep your skin clear by using Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for every-day toilet purposes. Touch pimples and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment; bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry and dust lightly with Cuticura Talcum, a powder of fascinating fragrance.

Sample Mail Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura, Ltd., 244 St. Paul St., W., Montreal." Sold everywhere. Soap, Ointment and Talcum. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



cerned to congratulate myself for having witnessed your performance and still more Lord Orrey, your present author. Him I not only congratulate but envy—a hideous, cackling emotion, which I shall not conquer until I have written you a part of at least as great as his Katherine. You smile?"

"It is for gratification at your grace's promise."

"I wonder now," said he, his eyes narrowing, his lips smiling a little. "I wonder is that the truth, or is it that you think I boasted? That such an achievement is not within my compass? I'll confess frankly that until I saw you it was not. But you have made it so, my dear."

"If I have done that, I shall, indeed, have deserved well of my audience," she answered, but lightly, laughing a little, as if to discount the high-flown compliment.

"As well, I trust, as I shall have deserved of you," said he.

"The author must always deserve the best of his puppeteers."

"Deserve," eyes. But how rarely does he get his deserts! "Surely you, Bucks, have little reason to complain," glibbed Etheredge. "In my case, now, it is entirely different."

"It is, George—entirely," his grace agreed, resenting the interruption. "You are the rarity. You have always found better than you deserved. I have never found it until this moment." And his eyes upon Miss Farquharson gave point to his meaning.

When at length they left her, her sense of exaltation was all gone. She could not have told you why, but the Duke of Buckingham's approval uplifted no longer. Almost did she wish that she might have gone without it. And when Betterton came smiling good-naturedly, to offer his congratulations upon this conquest, he found her bemused and troubled.

Bemused, too, did Etheredge find the Duke as they drove back together to Wallingford House.

"Almost, I think," said he, smiling, "that already you find my despised prescription to your taste. Persevered with it may even restore you your lost youth."

"What I ask myself," said Buckingham, "is why you should have prescribed her for me instead of for yourself."

"I am like that," said Etheredge. "The embodiment of self-sacrifice. Besides, she will have none of me though I am ten years younger than you are, fully as handsome and almost as unscrupulous. The girl's a prude, and I never learnt the way to handle prudes. Faith, it's an education in itself."

"Is it?" said Buckingham. "I must undertake it, then."

And undertake it he did with all the zeal of one who loved learning and study of unusual subjects.

Daily now he was to be seen in a box at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and daily he sent her, in token of his respectful homage, gifts of flowers and comfits. He would have added jewels, but that wiser Etheredge restrained him.

"Ne brusquez pas l'affaire," was the younger man's advice. "You'll scare her by precipitancy, and so spoil all. Such a conquest as this requires infinite patience."

His grace suffered himself to be advised, and set a restraint upon his ardour, using the greatest circumspection in the visits, which he paid her almost daily after the performance. He confined the expressions of admiration to her historical art, and, if he touched upon her personal beauty and grace, it was ever in association with her playing, so that its consideration seemed justified by the part that he told her he was conceiving for her.

Thus subtly did he seek to lull her caution and intoxicate her senses with the sweet poison of flattery, whilst discussing with her the play he was to write—which, in his own phrase, was to immortalise himself and her, thereby eternally uniting them. There was in this more than a suggestion of a spiritual bond, a marriage of their respective arts to give life to his dramatic conception, so aloof from material and personal considerations congratulated but envy—a hideous, cackling emotion, which I shall not conquer until I have written you a part of at least as great as his Katherine. You smile?"

"It is for gratification at your grace's promise."

"I wonder now," said he, his eyes narrowing, his lips smiling a little. "I wonder is that the truth, or is it that you think I boasted? That such an achievement is not within my compass? I'll confess frankly that until I saw you it was not. But you have made it so, my dear."

"If I have done that, I shall, indeed, have deserved well of my audience," she answered, but lightly, laughing a little, as if to discount the high-flown compliment.

"As well, I trust, as I shall have deserved of you," said he.

"The author must always deserve the best of his puppeteers."

"Deserve," eyes. But how rarely does he get his deserts! "Surely you, Bucks, have little reason to complain," glibbed Etheredge. "In my case, now, it is entirely different."

"It is, George—entirely," his grace agreed, resenting the interruption. "You are the rarity. You have always found better than you deserved. I have never found it until this moment." And his eyes upon Miss Farquharson gave point to his meaning.

When at length they left her, her sense of exaltation was all gone. She could not have told you why, but the Duke of Buckingham's approval uplifted no longer. Almost did she wish that she might have gone without it. And when Betterton came smiling good-naturedly, to offer his congratulations upon this conquest, he found her bemused and troubled.

Bemused, too, did Etheredge find the Duke as they drove back together to Wallingford House.

"Almost, I think," said he, smiling, "that already you find my despised prescription to your taste. Persevered with it may even restore you your lost youth."

"What I ask myself," said Buckingham, "is why you should have prescribed her for me instead of for yourself."

"I am like that," said Etheredge. "The embodiment of self-sacrifice. Besides, she will have none of me though I am ten years younger than you are, fully as handsome and almost as unscrupulous. The girl's a prude, and I never learnt the way to handle prudes. Faith, it's an education in itself."

"Is it?" said Buckingham. "I must undertake it, then."

cerned to congratulate myself for having witnessed your performance and still more Lord Orrey, your present author. Him I not only congratulate but envy—a hideous, cackling emotion, which I shall not conquer until I have written you a part of at least as great as his Katherine. You smile?"

"It is for gratification at your grace's promise."

"I wonder now," said he, his eyes narrowing, his lips smiling a little. "I wonder is that the truth, or is it that you think I boasted? That such an achievement is not within my compass? I'll confess frankly that until I saw you it was not. But you have made it so, my dear."

"If I have done that, I shall, indeed, have deserved well of my audience," she answered, but lightly, laughing a little, as if to discount the high-flown compliment.

"As well, I trust, as I shall have deserved of you," said he.

"The author must always deserve the best of his puppeteers."

"Deserve," eyes. But how rarely does he get his deserts! "Surely you, Bucks, have little reason to complain," glibbed Etheredge. "In my case, now, it is entirely different."

"It is, George—entirely," his grace agreed, resenting the interruption. "You are the rarity. You have always found better than you deserved. I have never found it until this moment." And his eyes upon Miss Farquharson gave point to his meaning.

When at length they left her, her sense of exaltation was all gone. She could not have told you why, but the Duke of Buckingham's approval uplifted no longer. Almost did she wish that she might have gone without it. And when Betterton came smiling good-naturedly, to offer his congratulations upon this conquest, he found her bemused and troubled.

Bemused, too, did Etheredge find the Duke as they drove back together to Wallingford House.

"Almost, I think," said he, smiling, "that already you find my despised prescription to your taste. Persevered with it may even restore you your lost youth."

"What I ask myself," said Buckingham, "is why you should have prescribed her for me instead of for yourself."

"I am like that," said Etheredge. "The embodiment of self-sacrifice. Besides, she will have none of me though I am ten years younger than you are, fully as handsome and almost as unscrupulous. The girl's a prude, and I never learnt the way to handle prudes. Faith, it's an education in itself."

"Is it?" said Buckingham. "I must undertake it, then."

cerned to congratulate myself for having witnessed your performance and still more Lord Orrey, your present author. Him I not only congratulate but envy—a hideous, cackling emotion, which I shall not conquer until I have written you a part of at least as great as his Katherine. You smile?"

"It is for gratification at your grace's promise."

"I wonder now," said he, his eyes narrowing, his lips smiling a little. "I wonder is that the truth, or is it that you think I boasted? That such an achievement is not within my compass? I'll confess frankly that until I saw you it was not. But you have made it so, my dear."

"If I have done that, I shall, indeed, have deserved well of my audience," she answered, but lightly, laughing a little, as if to discount the high-flown compliment.

"As well, I trust, as I shall have deserved of you," said he.

"The author must always deserve the best of his puppeteers."

"Deserve," eyes. But how rarely does he get his deserts! "Surely you, Bucks, have little reason to complain," glibbed Etheredge. "In my case, now, it is entirely different."

"It is, George—entirely," his grace agreed, resenting the interruption. "You are the rarity. You have always found better than you deserved. I have never found it until this moment." And his eyes upon Miss Farquharson gave point to his meaning.

When at length they left her, her sense of exaltation was all gone. She could not have told you why, but the Duke of Buckingham's approval uplifted no longer. Almost did she wish that she might have gone without it. And when Betterton came smiling good-naturedly, to offer his congratulations upon this conquest, he found her bemused and troubled.

Bemused, too, did Etheredge find the Duke as they drove back together to Wallingford House.

"Almost, I think," said he, smiling, "that already you find my despised prescription to your taste. Persevered with it may even restore you your lost youth."

"What I ask myself," said Buckingham, "is why you should have prescribed her for me instead of for yourself."

"I am like that," said Etheredge. "The embodiment of self-sacrifice. Besides, she will have none of me though I am ten years younger than you are, fully as handsome and almost as unscrupulous. The girl's a prude, and I never learnt the way to handle prudes. Faith, it's an education in itself."

"Is it?" said Buckingham. "I must undertake it, then."



grace should first complete the work?" she asked him.

He was taken aback, almost horror-stricken, to judge by his expression.

"Complete it!" he cried, "without knowing whether it takes the shape that you desire?"

"But it is not what I desire, your grace . . ."

"Where else, then? Is it not something that I am doing specially for you, moved to it by yourself? And shall I complete it tormented the while by doubts as to whether you will consider it worthy of your talents when it is done? Would you let a dressmaker complete your gown without ever a fitting to see how it becomes you? And is a play, then less important than a garment?"

Is not a part, indeed, a sort of garment for the soul? Nay, now, I am to continue I must have your assistance as I say. I must know how far my Laura does justice to your powers and I must discuss with you the lines which the remainder of the play shall follow. Therefore again I ask you—and in the sacred cause of art I defy you to deny me—when will you hear to deny me—when will you hear what have written?"

"Why, since your grace does me so much honor, when you will."

It was intoxicating, this homage to her talent from one of his gifts and station, the intimate of princes, the close associate of kings, and it stifled, temporarily at least, the last quail of her intuitions which

Pure White Cleanliness

Fairy Soap cleanliness is pore-deep cleanliness, real cleanliness, white cleanliness. The use of Fairy Soap marks the difference between really clean and nearly clean.

FAIRY SOAP

had warned her against this radiant gentleman. They had become so friendly and intimate in this week, and yet his conduct had been so respectful and circumspect throughout, that clearly her instincts had misled her at that first meeting.

"When I will," said he. "That is to honor me, indeed. Shall it be tomorrow, then?"

"If your grace pleases, and you will bring the act . . ."

"Bring it?" He raised his eyebrows. His lip curled a little as he looked round the dingy green room. "You do not propose, child, that I should read it here?" He laughed in dismissal of the notion.

"But where else, then?" she asked, a little bewildered.

"Where else but in my own house? What other place were proper?"

"But . . . at your house . . . Why, what would be said of me, your grace? To come there alone . . ."

"Child! Child!" he interrupted her, his tone laden with gentle reproach.

"Can you think that I should so lightly expose you to the lewd tongues of the Town? Alone? Give your mind peace. I shall have some friends to keep you in countenance and to join you as audience to hear what I have written. There shall be one or two ladies from the King's House; perhaps Miss Seymour from the Duke's here will join us; there is a small part for her in the play; and there shall be some friends of my own; maybe even His Majesty will honor us. We shall make a merry party at supper, and after supper you shall pronounce upon my Laura whom you are to incarnate. Is your hesitancy conquered?"

It was, indeed. Her mind was in a whirl. A supper party at Wallingford House, at which in a sense she

Continued on Page Four

WEAK, RUNDOWN AND AILING

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Brought Relief When Other Medicines Failed

Port Mann, B.C. — "I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I was tired and run-down. I had headaches and no appetite and was troubled for two years with sleeplessness. I tried many medicines, but nothing did me any real good. While I was living in Washington I was recommended by a stranger to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am stronger and feel fine since then and am able to do my housework. I am willing for you to use these facts as a testimonial." — Mrs. J. C. GREAVES, Port Mann, B.C.

Feels New Life and Strength

Keene, N.H. — "I was weak and run-down and had backache and all sorts of troubles which women have. I found great relief when taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I am able to do my work and feel new life and strength from the Vegetable Compound. I am doing all I can to advertise it." — Mrs. A. F. HAMMOND, 72 Carpenter Street, Keene, N.H.

Teething Troubles

Baby's teething time is a time of worry and anxiety to most mothers. The little ones become cross, peevish; their little stomach becomes deranged and constipation and colic sets in. To make the teething period easy must be kept stomach and bowels regular. This can be done by the use of Baby's Own Tablets—the ideal laxative for little ones. The Tablets are a sure relief for all the minor ailments of childhood such as constipation, colic, indigestion, colds and simple fevers. They always do good—never harm. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



Get Two Trial Boxes

PAZO OINTMENT is a Guaranteed Remedy for all forms of Piles.

Pay your druggist \$1.20 for two boxes of PAZO OINTMENT. When you have used the two boxes, if you are not satisfied with the results obtained, we will send \$1.20 to your druggist and request him to hand it to you.

We prefer to handle this through the druggist because his customers are usually his friends and will be honest with him.

PARIS MEDICINE COMPANY, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada