



—Photo by Leathersdale

Carolyn Heyes Shop

Greetings:

The new fall silhouette requires careful corseting. In the latest Lady Klac Models we note especially the well controlled hips, the approved indication of a waist line, and a suggestion of a feminine curve of the bust. It will be very of pleasure to show these to you.

Cordially,
Mrs. C. S. McMichael

TELEPHONE MAIN 4322

18 TEMPERANCE STREET
TORONTO

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support the tottering structure.

I decided to do the Campo-Santa some other time, paid my companion and asked him a simple direction.

"To reach the hotel," he answered, in effect, "go straight down this street to the Square, then turn to the right and you are there. *Comprennez?*"

I set off under an ardent sun, tipping on cobbles that grew sharper and hotter as I progressed. Straight as a die I walked until a stone wall confronted me. Following it to the right, I was amazed to find nothing that looked like a Square. I know it was not there, for I completely circled the enclosure.

Watching my opportunity, I chose the nicest-looking of the streets that opened from this circle and followed it as straightly as it would allow. Finally, it ended in a mere shadow of its former self, leaving me standing before a half-opened door.

I knocked. A surprised woman answered the summons.

"*Parlez-vous Français ou Anglais, madame?*" I enquired.

"*Sì, signora,*" she returned, with a bright smile.

"*Alors,*" I continued, in the tongue of Moliere, "tell me, please, how to reach the Hotel Netturmo."

She said nothing. Her expression was one of alert expectancy, as though hoping I would produce a dish of ravioli from my sleeve or perhaps offer to reveal the future.

"Hotel Netturmo?" I persisted, "which direction?"

And the astounding creature, backed quietly into the house and closed the door!

I was utterly lost. Long since, the Tower which should have been a beacon, had evaporated into the scorching, golden mist. I had no idea whether I was walking towards the north, south, east or west. There might as well have been no river. As for the streets, they seemed singularly free of pedestrians, and the occasional carriage that passed me was invariably occupied.

In a sort of commons, paved with blistering cinders and furnished with iron benches on which several masculine antiquities stewed, I found a group of women to whom I put my catechism as above. In chorus, they assured me that they spoke French-or-English. In chorus, they stared at me when I mentioned the Netturmo. I grew uncomfortable. What was the matter with the place that caused everyone to treat it so secretively?

In close formation the women backed away from me, and disappeared down a narrow alley. I walked into the first opening that looked wide enough to be a street and approached two men who might have been librarians, or something equally respectable.

"Pardon, messieurs," I began, "*est-ce que vous parlez?*" . . . etc.

As is usual in Italy, the men regarded

me with a sly expression, suggesting that they were not easily captured—bond slaves. They exchanged glances of amused satisfaction. But the word Netturmo, their expression changed and in which the word *destra* seemed to predominate. I thanked them and escaped. Ah, the volatile temperament!

A postman, who also spoke French-or-English, gesticulating frantically and shouting so that quite a crowd gathered to see what it was all about, commanded me to *destra* still farther. Some intelligent-looking school children, repeated the phrase, waving their hands always towards the rising sun. Begging my way, I am convinced that I walked several times 'round Pisa, determined to find that will-o-the-wisp of a Netturmo. I couldn't even find the river!

Finally, in a poor and unimpressive street, I approached a magnificent young *Bersaglieri*—member of the crack military organization, a courteous, grave fellow who admitted a modest knowledge of the French language.

"Albergo Netturmo?" he repeated. "But it is quite near, madame. Come with me, if you please . . . Regard this long arcade, here? Proceed a *directo* (straight, I gather) for two squares, then *destra*—"

Firmly, I interrupted. "No, mon-sieur," I told him, "you ask the impossible. For nearly two and a half hours have I *destra-d* through Pisa, and that is enough. *Bien!* I will go *à gauche*, if you like . . . but don't, *je vous en prie*, ask that I *destra!*"

He seemed hurt. The situation was, evidently, not one for flippancy. Playing with the glinting coq feathers that cascaded from his helmet, he demanded what, then, did I propose?

I proposed to humiliate myself and engage a voiture. Yes, even for that so small distance . . . at the corner two blocks a *director* . . . I feared the magic of the turnings . . .

With a pitying smile, he signalled a carriage whose driver reminded me of a brigand in a long black night gown and who grinned widely while receiving from the officer his instructions. We jolted down the arcade, turned right at the corner and there stood the Albergo Netturmo! I paid the outrageous price my driver demanded and tottered thankfully inside.

Dejeuner, said the *maître*, was long passed. If I cared to eat, he would direct me to a most pleasing restaurant . . .

"Yes," said I. "I am tired and hungry. Where is the place?"

"Proceed along this street," said he, in a piquant mixture of French and Italian, "then at the third corner, *destra* . . ."

"Never!" I cut in. "Give me a box of cigarettes. I will smoke and sleep until dinner time."

Is everything always right in Pisa?

