find old friends involved.)

siding place in her breast.

stretched hands.

CHAPTER IV-(Continued) TETAL stepped back, his face hard-

formed Roi. "It's that Yankeewhat ails you. You got your s on him when he was sneaking nd spying around St. Basil. You've en thinking of him while I've been waiting for you-waiting for you to come and keep the promise that our milles struck hands on. I've waited tke an honest man. I could have had the best between the Temiscouata and the St. Croix. And you're loving ne one else. I tell you I can talk you, even if your father doesn't know how to do it."

He should have taken warning from her face. It was not the face of one who would deign to appeal or deny. She was now another being. She had come from her door pale, grave, wist fully grieving. Now she was suddenly on fire-lithe, tense, cheeks flaming. eyes blazing. She bent and twisted her arms from his rude clutch with a movement so sudden that she freed erself before his fingers could take fresh hold on her. She struck him once across the face with all her rength. She did not retreat. She plood before him so fearlessly furious, so desperate in her rage, that he

The coward in him recognized something that thrust him back. He might have fought mere brute strength; frink had made him dizzy and reckcas. But the soul of this slight girl

The bold spirit of the Acadian neers glowed in her,

Even Vetal sullenly admired her hery courage, though rancor, because of her contemptuous obstinacy, swelled within his breast and revealed itself through his mutterings. There was misunderstanding the girl's mood at that moment. She proposed to dictate her terms.

"I will never marry this man,

"You have make this trouble yourself," insisted Vetal. "If you have act better toward him he would have take you and love you very much and make the nice home for you."

"Make a home for me because have no home of my own, you mean! Where is my home, father?" "This where I live," he said, dog-

"Have you thought over what I said last night?"

"I sat here all the night and do sleep because I think of it-and 1-sail you what I think," he shouted, the wicked money of your poor old women better-and the resoluteness of But the horse had seen a girl who pricked by the presence of Roj at this father," he sneered. scene of rebellion to authority, stung by thoughts of what the gossip of the "I want to remember that I said border country-side would be if his conditions of the border country-side would be in the border country side would be in the conditions of the border country side would be in the border country side would be i

take not another cent of this

She went out of the big door and was ort of money." She flung a gesture which embraced the loaded truck. "I begged of you on my knees last night. Tather, I tried to talk to you as a loving daughter should talk. I want you to be a good man."

"Meaning that priests and customs hounds are the only decent people in the world, I suppose," sneered Rol. But she kept her face turned resolutely from the man.

"I will be your obedient and true daughter—I will work, father, so that you and I may eat honest bread. But this home—this cheating of the laws—this business which takes money for poison—Til not endure. I will not stay here."

She went out of the big door and and work of the big door and and did not turn her head to look be which embraced the loaded truck. "I the did not know the girl. But as one who had viewed all the border beauties over the bridge of his fiddle about the rate of speed observed by the second hand of a respectable clock.

Ahaxagoras Billedeau sat on the second hand of a respectable clock.

Ahaxagoras Billedeau sat on the was fiddling industriously.

The reins were loose on the dash;

The herse slouched along the did not turn her head to look back to Beaulieu's Place.

Ahaxagoras Billedeau sat on the second hand of a respectable clock.

Ahaxagoras Billedeau sat on the second hand of a respectable clock.

Ahaxagoras Billedeau sat on the was fiddling industriously.

The reins were loose on the dash;

The herse flood forward—and he was fiddling industriously.

The head in the whole day and the port of the place of the did not turn her head to look back to Beaulieu's Place.

Ahaxagoras Billedeau sat on the station of the was fiddle for over the bridge of his fiddle about the rate of speed observed by the second hand of a respectable clock.

Ahaxagoras Jones and seven, and herefore posses, the short legs cross-elock.

Ahaxagoras Billedeau sat on the did not turn her head to look the was fiddle and revolved at about the rate of speed observed by the second hand of a respectable clock.

The did not turn h will not stay here."

"You say, then, like you say last night, that I must break my bottles, come back pretty soon—mebbe this of the will come back pretty s

living-and wait until you become and clattered away. what a good Acadian ought to be." He did not rave at her any more. His passion had exhausted itself. His d was that of stubborn anger now. That secret fear of her made him reect the idea of holding her against

tossed his hand at the door. She ed at him a few moments, but his deyes did not soften under their ed brows. She went away into

Let her strike out," advised Rot. won't get very far or stay very And when she has had her les angeline, in her room, gathered St. Basil, tied her hat over her ark curls, and came back into the room where her father and Roi waited in surly silence.

"I shall pray to the Good Mother

of that black and dirty money made here, working hard for this room," he suggested. "Per-It's the very bad money." flushed. In her distress that a cruel, a childish revenge. By HOLMAN DAY A Romance of the Border

them, a tiny chamols bag from its that no one could enter without wak- who came fiddling through the drowsy sad trouble between us." ing him. "It's what I have saved from my

allowance," she explained, her voice now in the flare of the high sun, now there was a roof on the border he knew steady. "I changed the money into treading the checkerings of shade and that shelter waited for him-shelter, THE DAILY NOVELETTE gold pieces and saved them." She laid light under the wayside trees, trudged food and a bed, and baiting for his them and the silver coins in his out- the Evangeline of a newer Acadia, little horse. self-expatriated.

your fine, high friends tell you about so soundly if he had understood hurry,

Author of "King Spruce," "The Ram rodders," "The Skipper and the Skipped," etc.

reason outside of the desire to humili- It was very still. The sun was hot For a supper and a bottle of that white ways gesture.

Faring along the Monarda turnpike, mattered not to him. For, wherever

The horse stopped, and Billedeau did "It's the wicked money-I suppose Vetal Beaulieu would not have slept not open his eyes. There was no

quivered. "Vetal Beaulieu of the border store." He opened round eyes. He clucked

softly. He jerked his head with side-

reason outside of the desire to humiliate her. It had suddenly occurred to
him that a penniless girl would not
be able to go far in the world. The
suggestion of Roi was bearing fruit.
After her lesson she would be an
Acadian daughter, meek and obedient.
She produced a few coins from a
purse and, turning modestly from
purse and, turning modestly from
that no one could enter without wak.

It was very till. The sun was hot more of the birds. The
supper and a boltie of that more on the
Monarda Pike?"

"You are the girl of Vetal of the
North St. John.
Ho, hi, ho!
Rosum on the bow,
We like a lot of music, oh, M'ger Billedeau!
Ho, hi ho!
Caper heel and toe—
You shall fiddle for my wedding, good
M'ser Billedeau!
This was the Anaxagoras Billedeau
stay with my father. There has been
that no one could enter without wak.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

SHAMS By Louise Hoffman

"I thought as long as the house was indergoing such a radical change for the spare room," replied Mrs. Brown, as her head emerged from the muffled

depths of a huge cedar chest. "Why, mother!" exclaimed the daugh- kidnapped." ter, in evident distress. "You don't seriously think of using these shams? They have gone out of style, ages ago." Mrs. Brown thoughtfully brushed a stray lock of slightly gray hair from of place than the rest of the shame you are preparing for Millicent," she quiet-

n our way of living.
"We can't stick permanently to such we can't stick permanently to huch changes as Annie's uniform, cap and apron, dear. Annie is our maid of all work and not a parior maid. And, although she will try hard, for your sake, to do her best, it is a difficult role for her to play, and a little forgetfulness on her to play. her part may cause you some embar-rassment. People like Millicent read-ily see through these little pretenses. You forget Millicent is coming to visit you and share the personality of our

ity see through these little pretenses. You forget Millicent is coming to visit yes chrowing the coming to visit yes chrowed. "Why, mother, I thought you said it was right and proper to always put your best toot forward." Mrs. Brown smiled. "You are going Justified in trying to make a sincere impression. You are planning to change our home and standard of living to such an extent that if Millicent should visit unexpectedly she would not know us. And, you know, we never know when to expect friends. And wouldn't it be better to have them find us as we are aften save ourselves needless embarrass, me have never know when the save ourselves needless embarrass, and save ourselves needless embarrass, we have, but what we are, that counts. And we never know what far-reaching effects new friends will have in our lives." "Perhaps you are right," unwillingly admitted Anita. "Anything else?" "The menu, promptly replied Mrs. Brown. "We must keep to our simple, wholesome dinners—meat, vegetables wholesome dinners—meat, vegetables of soups, sailed, entrees, etc., are correct in Millicent's home, where they employ a staff of servants and money is no object. Simpler meals will give me more time to get acquainted with Millicent," she finished wistfully. It was hard for Anita to relinquish her cherished plans to create an atmosphere of so the anital to relinquish her cherished plans to create an atmosphere of a bland and wistfully it was a sensitive, and the means of the same that the same that the same that the same that the same through the country and the same that the same that the same that a same that a wealthy aunt was paying her expense, she failed to would appear to Millicent and delighted with millicent and the same that a wealthy and was paying her expense, she failed to would appear to Millicent and delighted with a same that the same that

He did not know the girl. But as "Bob is on his way home from camp

give my dollars to loafers of priests?"

"I say you must be an honest man."

"You have your chance to marry and have a nice home; you have your might so along far behind and the fatuously comfort his misgivings.

"You may take one or the other. I don't let my girl make the fool of me among all the people," he declared.

"No, I have one more chance, "The marked for the wagging ears of the patient beast—the shaggy little horse sey cows and Norman horses have patient beast—the shaggy little horse sey cows and Norman horses have found from the times of the patient beast—the shaggy little horse sey cows and Norman horses have found from the times of the patient beast—the shaggy little horse sey cows and Norman horses have found from the times of the patient beast—the shaggy little horse sey cows and Norman horses have found from the times of the patient beast—the shaggy little horse sey cows and Norman horses have found from the times of the patient beast—the shaggy little horse sey cows and Norman horses have found from the times of the patient beast—the shaggy little horse sey cows and Norman horses have found from the times of the patient beast—the shaggy little horse sey cows and Norman horses have found from the times of the sey comport his misgrings.

"You might she will come back, for she's only a girl." Thus out of his ignor, ance of woman's deep nature did he fatuously comfort his misgrings.

"You might she will come back, for she's only a girl." Thus out of his ignor, ance of woman's deep nature did he down the broad valley of the St. John.

No one along the border thereabouts who did not know Billedeau!

"I'm taking no chance across that he was very much of a public charding in the very well-known man, actor in the Acadian country—the morth country at St. Basil."

"Ah, I am the very well-known man, and few to that memoration who do not know Billedeau!

"The taking no chance across that he was very much of a public charding in the very well-known man, are the very day leading.

"Ah, I am the very well-know

resented the life she had craved as a girl.

"Hello, wifey;"
Anita jumped. "Ob, Bob! I've just been finding out what you thought of us."

Bob laughed, then sighed as he glanced at the tell-tale book. "I tell you, Kitten, it was no joke. That day was a turning point in my life. I had about become disgusted with the shams of life. And it was such a relief to find genuine people in a genuine home that I all but kidnapped you, and I've been glad, glad ever since."

"If my girl would only think so good of him as he think of himself." said Vetal Beaulieu aloud, listening to the flying hoofs, "it would make a fine marriage. But she don't pat his face like she think much good of Dave Rol." .

"If you've been on Madawaska, I guess "Then the young men have been very sad all these years." he declared, with a flourish of old-time gallantry. "You are a Beaulieu, eh? A Beaulieu of Ste. Agathe? A Beaulieu of the like she think much good of Dave Rol." .

"If you've been on Madawaska, I guess "Then the young men have been very sad all these years." he declared, with a flourish of old-time gallantry. "You are a Beaulieu, eh? A Beaulieu of Ste. Agathe? A Beaulieu of the like she think much good of Dave Rol." .

"I am Vetal Beaulieu's girl," she (The next complete novelette-"A Sudden Shower.")

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

(In this story Peppy and Billy solve

The Kidnapping

a kidnapping mystery in which they

SHRILL cries, coming from the house next door, halted Peggy and Billy in their evening play.

"Help! Police! Send for a detective!" shricked various toices.

"What an awful row! The Boy Who Howls must be having a terrible tantrum!" exclaimed Peggy.

"He ought to be spanked!" declared Billy Belgium. Then he listened intently to the confusion. "But I don't hear WHAT in the world do you want his howl in all that noise. Something with those pillow shams?" laughed must be really wrong this time." Just then a servant rushed from the

Millicent's coming, I'd get these out for man who was running up to see what not play with him and he howled when the racket was about,

That news startled Peggy and Billy, garded him as a howling pest. Reginald Jones-Brown was the right And now the Howler was kidnapped. name of the Boy Who Howls. But only

one else knew him as the "Howler." They named him that because Regi- "But think how badly his mother will tives at once," said Billy. called in the morning; he howled when "They'll let him go quick enough try to find who the members of the

house, nearly knocking over a police- howled when the other children would they did; he howled if his father smiled "Oh, Mr. Policeman, come quickly," and he howled if his father frowned; he cried the servant. "Reginald has been howled in the day and he howled in the oats, thirty cabbages, thirteen plump night. Altogether the neighborhood re-

"Good!" exclaimed Billy at first his family called him Reginald. Every thought. "The neighbors can sleep in peace tonight."

nald was always howling over something feel," replied Peggy. "And how awful

he had to take his bath and he howled if when he gets to howling!" answered Black Hoof are." his hands were dirty; he howled when Billy. But even though he talked in his mother served strawberry shortcake that unsympathetic way about the Howlwhen he wanted ice cream and he er, he was prompt to give his help in search for the kidnoppers.)

spreading the alarm and helping to organize searching parties.

All through the evening the neighbors and the detectives searched for Reginald Jones-Brown. He could not be found. He had vanished-where, when, and how, no one knew. He had gone howling toward the alley in the morning, and

that had been the last of him. "Maybe he howled on a strange fence and somebody threw a shoe at him, thinking him a howling cat," suggested

"Whoo! Whoo!" said a voice and down swooped Judge Owl. In his claws he held a dirty paper. "Is there a Howler lives around here?" asked the Judge. "He does, but he is lost," answered

Peggy. "Then this is the place, and you can deliver my message," hooted Judge Owl. flying quickly away into the darkness. Billy held the paper up to a street light and this is what he found scrawled upon it: "If you want the Howler brought back, put twenty bushels of mice, and five julcy beefsteaks behind Farmer Dalton's barn before daylight." It was signed, "The Black Hoof," and at the bottom was the print of a black

Hoof gang. We must tell the detec-

Anita winced. "Ugh! Sham is such or other. He howled when he had to ugly word, mother. "But," she dended after a moment's reflection, "No," cried Peggy. "This looks very

Business Career of Peter Flint

A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

WHEN Bruno Duke said those words, a single interview. Others take months, work with me on Monday week? You

coffee and waited. "You know something of my work,

don't you?"

"In a general way, yes, Mr. Duke." "I'll make it clear. I act as sales or business counselor to any business man or corporation desiring my services. The only stipulation I make is that they possess moral business ideals.

THE MOTHER In the days when love was youth-

Babe of mine, And the heart that laughed was

truthful. Babe of mine. Long before I hid my grieving With a smile of fond deceiving.

Wondrous tales, your eyes have told

You told stories worth believing,

Babe of mine;

Babe of mine.

Babe of mine.

Rabe of mine.

Wordless tales to grip and hold me Babe of mine. In the future's reek and smother Battling for the right, no other Tale so sweet for me, your mother,

Babe of mine. Death came hunting for a treasure.

Babe of mine. Death found you. I hugged you to But your eyes no longer knew me

And the world was sad and gloomy

After years of grieving, praying, · Babe of mine.

Babes around my knees were play Babe of mine.

Thus my prayers were answere For I loved them, oh, so dearly; Love like that for you-or nearly, Babe of mine.

Years have flown; and while I tar ried.

Babe of mine, All my babes grew up and married Babe of mine. Thus the scythe of time has

Of my babies has bereft me,-You're the only one that's left me.

Babe of mine! So while in my chair I'm rocking,

Babe of mine,

Loving memories come flocking. Loving tendernesses linking

Earth to where the stars are wink For it is of you I'm thinking,

Babe of mine! GRIF ALEXANDER.

"Friend Peter, here's my sugges- | Some need general advice; others need | will, of course, be busy next week helption for you." I put down my cup of careful investigation. Some are humor- ing your friend Francis to get married." ous; others are tragedies. Some are again that amused smile of his, the result of ignorance; others the outcome of crime.

> "All of them are intensely interesting. and no two are alike. It means a never- let your actions do that. Just a little

> I'd intended to say nothing until he was through. "Mr. Duke, how can you me. You must quickly develop a big For instance, one man may be in the furniture business, the next a ship owner, then a wool broker, then a grocer or an undertaker or a hotel proprietor. the week if you have time." I took Isn't that so?"

He nodded, smiling.

"Are you really able to know all the that bum?" ins and outs of all these mixed busi-

Peter. Business is governed by definite and your willingness to learn." those principles, all we have to do is success and happiness." to use our ingenuity and imagination We shook hands, and as his long to see how they should be applied to hervous fingers grapped my hand, I felt the particular business under considera- that that handclasp put the seal of

clear as anything, but I'd never thought anticipation of the splendid and fasci-

of it that way before. happen to own two very successful Duke and his work and of my share in businesses in quite different lines—but it, but first I must make good.

come, let us get back to you."

my interest in Duke's remarks. has got to the place where I need an care. understudy. I need some one to be I'm going to Farmdale tomorrow, but always with me, to be a confidential I must write to Mary and tell her of my worker in all my cases and to do such wonderful future.

actual work as I require. "It is the position I offer to you, to have won her dear love. Please God, I'll tell you why I offered it to you.

an excellent selling sense, the ability to doing right. mix easily with other people. You are I'll make Mary proud of me and give optimistic and not afraid to work. You her, besides all my love, the satisfaction come from a splendid home where you of having a husband wno is an honorhave absorbed good moral ideals.

"In addition to that your varied experience with its mixture of failure and success has shown you have versatility. The actual experience has naturally given you a worth-while fund of in-

"Will you join me in my work and be prepared to work hard, study much and learn to think a lot and say but ly has "Oh, Mr. Duke," was all I could gasp, tracts attention—when he shores. little?"

"what a jim-dandy job !" "Then you would like to accept?" "I sure would, believe me. That's

"Then, suppose you arrange to start

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"That'll be fine, Mr. Duke, and I don't know how to thank you." "Don't try to, in words, friend Peter:

ending variety of experience-an ever- more now. You will, of course, live changing procession of pursuit and personalities. Some cases are simple and quarters for you. It is necessary for triffing, while others are complicated." You to be here, for we never know I couldn't help breaking in, although when an urgent call for help may come and I believe in prompt action.

> man's way of thinking, acting and talking, for you and I are going to do big-"Take this book and read it during

> it and read the title, "How to Talk." "Say, Mr. Duke, do I really talk all "There is room for improvement-two

things I admire in you, friend Peter, are "Til put your mind at rest, friend the splendid way you accept criticism, principles. It matters not what the par- He stood up and, of course, so did I. ticular business may be-it may be any "Then, it's understood, Peter, that

of those you've mentioned—it is con- you will be here on Monday week ready trolled by the same basic principles of to help me to help others out of their business. Therefore, once we master troubles and place them on the road to

tion. Do you follow my meaning?" friendship on our acquaintanceship. I did, of course; I could see it as I left him feeling a glow of wondrous

nating work ahead for me. "My business, then, is applying these principles of business to the particular gles must be given to measuring up to business of my clients. Let me add, the responsibilities of my opportunity. friend Peter, for your comfort, that I Later on I'll perhaps tell of Bruno

What a satisfaction there is in know-I'd almost forgotten my problem in ing that in spite of all my stupid blundering and pig-headed ignorance I have "My business has grown most satis- come through with the good wishes and factorily in the last few years, and it congratulations of all those for whom I

Dear, dear Mary! How thankful I am

friend Peter. Before you say anything I will make myself a real man-a man whom people will be glad to know. I'll "You have imagination, good nature, build my success on knowing how and

able, successful business man.

Men are born, but husbands are made. If a woman's face is a poem it should e a lincless one.

Misery loves company—and she usual-ly has plenty of it.

The more a woman has in her head, the less she thinks about what is on it.

A man may lead a woman to the altar after which he becomes a follower.

His first love and his first shave are

two episodes in every young man's career that he never forgets.—Pearson's Weekly. "You know, to me, this automobile is

like a woman
"How do you mean?"
"I'm afraid I'm never going to understand it and I never know what it's going to do next."—Detroit Free Press.

"Darling, do you think you could be happy with a man like me?"
"Well, perhaps—If he wasn't too mucif like you!"—Pearson's Weekiy.

"SOMEBODY'S STENOG"—Quite Right—Ten Minutes Is Ten Minutes!

The first verse goes:

He hurried out, mounted his horse brates the fame of Fiddler Billedeau. have been in the convent school ever

one woman in particular.

His pudgy little horse slouched along



















since I was a very little girl."