His heart seemed to beat high up Then he rapped again.

Author of "King Spruce," "The Rem-

rodders," "The Skipper and the

Skipped," etc.

buttons.

THE RED LANE By HOLMAN DAY A Romance of the Border

READ THIS FIRST

The Acadian peasant squatters who have opened farms on the Maine-Canadian border are stirred to rewillion against the American govrnment drive the titled owners. the filled owners, drive m from their homes. Attegat, chief village of the parish, is home of Ambrose Clifford, rep-ative in the Legislature, and Louis Blais, an unscrupulous at-torney, who is intriguing to win Clifford's seat by making false promises to the peasants to secure promises to the peasants to seedre their votes. Father Leclair, the parish priest, warns his simple peo-ple against Blais, who brings the priest's political activities to the at-tention of the bishop. The bishop removes Father Leclair, and as pun-ishment sends him to a distant lumber camp. The parish people, under the guidance of Clifford and Norman Aldrich, a "Yankee" customs officer. the bishop to send Father petition the bishop to send Fat Leclair back to them. They che an old fiddler, Anaxagoras Bille-deau, to go to the bishop to plead their cause

THEN READ THIS

HE SHOWED the paper on which Representative Clifford had written, and another man was kind. He must walt many hours at the city--most of the night; his train would leave in the early morning.

Once more he found a corner and opened his bucket. He ate, but the food might as well have been sawdust. for his wonder and his excitement dulled all taste.

He sat at a window of the railroad station as he ate. Electric cars went rocking past, and there were weird flashes of blue and green lights. snappy, sparkly lights, at the end of the long pole above them. He had beard of such cars; he had never thought he would behold them. The lights of the city about him blazed in his eyes, flared up, and spread upon the skies in banner-like rays. Hustle and bustle and hurry! It was all very wonderful to Anaxagoras Billedeau as he sat stiffy upright and munched his Acadian barley-bread.

Sleep came upon him-sleep that his astonishment, his apprehensiveness regarding his treasures, his thrills when he remembered that he must see and speak with the great bishop. could not drive away. The seats in the station were not made to lie down upon. But he curved his short legs around the arm-irons as best he could and dozed fitfully. In the dawn he heard a man bawl the name of the

little; he would remember the women he had come on behalf of the people, raised, his eyes on the cross. The heave under his feet. But away from and the girls, wistful and waiting for because the people had been so good early bustlers in the street made way that dim corner in the great cathedral news from this wonderful errand; to him. and, most urgent spur of all, he would A guileless nature must not be have before him the kind, generous. A guileless nature must not be charged with too much toll of dissimuhumble little priest who had been sent lation. So Clifford had reflected when cross! To his religious nature there that shrouded the bishop's door and away into the wilderness, away from the stone house and the big barn and of this "psychological instrument." was something of an omen in those worlds of the big man of t's brass was a bell, but he knew nothing of all he had worked so long for. 'It was Billedeau had nothing on his mind strange that he, Anaxagoras Billedeau, had been chosen from all the others except his direct duty, and now he and chokingly in his throat. Under

he had the old spirit of Acadia! That duty: yet he subvect and we when had been his boast about the others he reflected that duty was leading him him. The massive visage of the cather for the early mass. drai's facade awed him, but he was "The bishop," gasped the old fiddler feit it stir now, when he thought of to the mighty bishop of the diocese!



his errand. He passed under the arch-DREAMLAND ADVENTURES -- By Daddy way into the diocesan grounds. An lvy-covered porte cochere marked the entrance to the great bishop's house For one moment, as he looked that way, the earth seemed to sway and

(When a revolt breaks out in Birdland a mysterious knight comes to help Peggy settle if.) for him, for his nose was in the air he had carried that which had armored his spirit and panoplied his resolve

THE REVOLTERS ARE BANISHED THE leader of the Hawks held Gen-L enral Swallow in his talons. "Cree! Cree! Everybody for him-self!" he shouted, alighting on a dead worlds of the big man of t' 2 brass was a bell, but he knew nothing of self:" bells. He waited, but no one came. tree. The knight set down the sack of wheat

and, reaching into a saddle pocket, brought out two large chestnuts tied had been chosen from all the others walked the long street with martyr's that cross he would find the bishop! At last the door was opened by a brought out two large chestnuts tied that cross he would find the bishop! for this journey; well, he must show walked the long street with nation that underneath that old coat of his he had the old spirit of Acadia! That had been his boast about the others were dimmed by black shadows when had been his boast about the others. The dimmed by black shadows when him. The massive visage of the cather with a string of the trial of his fortitude was upon him. The massive visage of the cather with a string of the trial of his fortitude was upon him. The massive visage of the cather who had been assigned to do the fightly around his neck. "The bishop," gasped the old fiddler "I have to see the great bishop." "It is much too early to see the hand sof the knight." With a choking squawk, the Hawk dropped General Swallow hand fell from the tree right into the hands of the knight. comforted also. This was his church, -"I have to see the great bishop."

bishop, my good man. And it is not easy to see him at any time. Where do you come from?" The priest was surveying this peculiar visitor with interest. bishop, my good man. And it is not Interest.

"From the parish of Attegat, father." The priest lifted his eyebrows.

back his excitement. "It is sad in Attegat, and I have come, for I know all the poor folks. I am their friend." "But what have you in that bucket?" Inquired the priest suspiciously.

"I bring what I eat, for I am the **BRUNO DUKE**

poor man. 1 do not know where to buy. I am not used to the world outside." "But you cannot see the histon now.

This is all very strange, my man. I do not know whether you can see him at all. It is not for me to say. You THE PROBLEM OF THE LAVENDER who had rooms directly over ours, of at present, unfitted for anything other must ask others. .Come again-come at 9 o'clock. Ask at the door for Father Callahan."

stretched a lawn, broken with shrub-bery. He trudged gingerly across the velvet grass and sat down on his buck-et behind some little trees. He could disconsolately at the closed portal. velvet grass and sat down on his buck-et behind some little trees. He could see the face of a tower clock over the roofs. He fixed his gaze on the slowly moving hands and waited for the hour of nine. The early clatter of the street settled into the dull roar the locked his the the dull roar. The locked his the street settled into the streame the hour of nine. The early clatter of the street settled into the streame the locked his the street settled into the streame the hour of nine. The early clatter of the street settled into the streame the locked his how you remay Mrs Bockof traffic. He could hear the strange "So this is how you repay Mrs. Rock-cries of hucksters beyond the wall of wood's kindness. You let your criminal for him. cries of hucksters beyond the wall of woods kindness. For her you roub in to rob her, it's lucky for him, for him, in the garden--meaningless jargon; and friend get in to rob her. It's lucky for her we caught you. We must get rid her we caught you. We must get rid of you now; you're too dangerous to have around the house."

came aware of a tap, tap, tapping on a tree near by. It sounded like Reddy Woodpecker at work. And sure enough, when Peggy went to see, she found when Peggy went to see, she found that it was Reddy Woodpecker, but in-stead of being outside the tree boring a hole in he was inside the tree boring a hole out.

"Any old time you can keep a Wood-

"Any old time you can keep a Wood-pecker shut up in a hollow tree I'd like to know it." he scolded. Going around to the other side of the tree Peggy found the large hole which had been filled up when Reddy Woodpecker, Judge Owi and Blue Jay were shut in the trees. She quickly opened up this hole and her three friends hopped out, safe and sound. "Fair Princess, the realm of Birdiand is at peace again," said the knight, bow-ing grandly before Peggy. "I bid you farewell."

"Brave knight, I thank you." answered

the

The priest lifted his eyebrows. "I come with names —with the names of the poor people—for the sake of the good Pere Leclair they have signed." He beat his hand upon the thick packet in his breast. He choked

Persy. "But your name-"" "Call me Sir Good Friend," answered knight, mounting his steed. "I go

me I shall come again. Ki yi! Away,



the knight "Away with Jack Sparrow and all his leaders." shricked the revolters." have a shall come again. Ki yi! Away

"THE MYSTERIOUS KNICHT"

er themselves. And while they were earing at him the knight reached out ulckly and made them all prisoners. "Kill 'em!" klill 'em!" shrieked the evolters. "So be it," declared the knight, "And "s for you, Hawks, it would be easy the the gallant steed. before break-ing into a gallop, turned its head and winked at Peggy in that oddly familiar

Solver of Business Problems **By HAROLD WHITEHEAD**

Author of "The Business Carser of Peter Flint," etc.

course had a lot to say. He's a retired than scrubbing and such like. Lank examiner and, like many other people who allow themselves to rust chance. It will be a hard and long job BLOSSOMS A Deception for a Good Purpose Ather Callahan." Anaxagoras stood for a time staring isconsolately at the closed portal. Tom the front of the bishop's house Tom the front of the bishop's

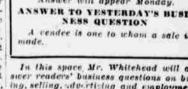
velvet grass and sat down on his buck-et behind some little trees. He could work wid de old man. Den't look at Duke I followed him to his rooms. He

She's too bright and intelligent to be In this space Mr. Whitehead will an-

the sloping hills and the blue bosom of . "No," screamed Manie: then she thrown to such beasts as Six Able, but sucer readers' business questions on bug-the fair St. John. looked scared as her cry schoed around her ignorance and early life make her, ing, setting, advertising and employment.

What is an auction realizer? Answer will appear Monday. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSI-NESS QUESTION A vendee is one to whom a sale is

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

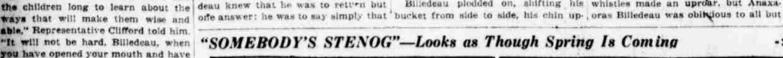


He must send in the report on the 'lavender

able." Representative Clifford told him. "It will not be hard, Billedeau, when you have opened your mouth and have tarted to talk. You know it all. You know all the people. You know what Pere Leclair has done for them. The words will come, for you love your friends. It will not be hard."

He sat there gasping, and wondered if he would be able even to open his mouth.

To be sure, he had the packet to rive the great bishop. He would kneel and give him the packet. The bishop would look at it; he would read the names and the wonderful writing at the head of the names to see what it was about. And he, Billedeau, id wet his lips and open his mouth nd be ready to answer the questions. hen he would fill his thoughts with all the children of the broad parish, the little children who looked forward to the future with hope; he would be aking at the bishop's feet, and he ald shut his eyes and behold all the n of the narrow farms, the men worked so hard and earned so



bow the men and women work and had chosen him? Anaxagoras Bille- keep your eyes on the cross." somewhere clanged six, and bells and the children long to learn about the deau knew that he was to return but Billedeau plodded on, shifting his whistles made an uproar, but Anaxa-

seem to understand. (TO BE CONTINUED)

By HAYWARD

The Journey

The Journey A little work a little sweating a few brief, flying years; a little joy, a little fretting, some smiles, and then some trars; a little resting in the sinadow, a struggle to the height a fu-tile search for El Dorado, and then we say good-night. Some toilting in the strife and clangor, some years of doubt and debt, some words we spoke in fool-leb anger that we would fail forget; some cheery words we frail unthink-ing, that made a sad beart light; the banquet with its feast and drinking, and then we say goodnight.—Stray Shots.

The Last Curtain

Aged prisoner (who has got a life sentence)—Oh, yer honor, I shall never live to do it. Judge (soothingly)—Never mind, do as much of it as you can.—Stray Shots.

The Children's Mite

The pennics, little children, which you so giadly gave. The nickels and the quarters which you have neighed to save. They sent our vallant soldiers far, far across the sea-Our, gallant, fearless laddles, who fought for liberty.

And now the war is over, what will that money do For our soldier-boys in khaki, and our saliorboys in blue? It will help them to return to us, tall, straight, and dauntless men. You have helped to send them over, and to bring them back again? —Catherine Parmenter, in St. Nicholas.

·:--1-Convergent, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

