## SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY By NELLIE L. McCLUNG

Author of "The Next of Kin," "Three Times and Out," etc.

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Mrs. J. Burton Francis, a woman with high ideals and more than the edinary measure of the milk of samma kindness coursing through her cins, notices that her washwoman frs. Watson, is performing her labors a stuggish manner, inquires about the health and about her numerous wildren, subjects her to some uplifting wildren, subjects her to some uplifting all on motherhood, suggests books for ar husband to read, and interests werelf in the welfare of the family.

AST NIGHT she asked me if I would take a parcel to Danny with would take a parcel to Danny with Mr. Motherwell raised the lantern of love. I was giad to go, for I was with sudden interest. ust dying to see how she had got along. When I held them up before Mrs.

Vatson the poor woman gasped. "Save us all!" she cried. "Them'll Englishman asked, without turning around. "No. I do not drink."

in none of us. We're poor, out, thank jed, we're not deformed!"

I'll never forget the look of those sants. They haunt me still.

May 15.—Pearl Watson is the sweetst and best little girl I know Her ratitude for even the smallest kindness makes me want to cry. She told me

liby do you know you haven't got a sizzard? How would you like to be sipped clean up the back? and where does your lap go to when you stand up? by the said, "Ma and us all have hopes of the back? Mrs. Francis has a new role, that of Mrs. Francis has a matchmaker, though I don't suppose she knows it. She had Mary Barner and young minister for tea tonight.

fruit salad on him though, for I know he didn't know what he was eating. Excelsior would taste like ambrosia to him if Mary sat opposite—all of which is very much as its should be, I know. I thought for a while Mary liked Dr. Clay seetty well, but I know it is not serious. is very grateful to him for helping her so often with her father. But those gray-eyed Scotch people never talk of what is nearest the heart. So I think the minister has the best chance. I wender if he knows that Mary Barner is a queen among women. I don't like Scotchmen. They take too much for granted.

Millford. Nobody had taken the trouble to show Arthur how it was done. "Any fool ought to know." Mr. Arthur came running from the barn with his hat in his band. He grasped the horse firmly by the bridle and led him toward the barn. As there are the water to be a state of the water t

CHAPTER XIII The Fifth Son

Reverend Alfred Austin Wemyss, rector of St. Agnes, Tilbury road, county of Kent. England, had but recently crossed the ocean. He and 600 other fifth sons of rectors and earls and dakes had crossed the ocean in the same ship and had been scattered abroad over, Manitoba and the northwest territories to be instructed in agricultural integrals by the state of the county of the cou ARTHUR WEMYSS, fifth son of the tories to be instructed in agricultural pursuits by the honest granger, and in eldentally to furnish nutriment for the ever-ready mosquito or wash. parded all old country men as their law-

The bonest granger was paid a sum varying between fifty and one hundred and fifty dollars for instructing one of these young fellows in familiary and fifty dollars for instructing one of these yours fellows in farming for one year, and although having an Englishman was known to be a pretty good investment the farmers usually spoke of them as they would of the French weed or the rust in the wheat. Sam Motherwell referred to his quite often as "that blamed Englishman" and often said, usjustly, that he was losing morey on the stood still in astonishment. Then

him every day.
Arthur—the Motherwells could not have told his other name—had learned something since he came. He could pull something since he came. He could pull pig weed for the pigs and throw it into the pen; he had learned to detect French weed in the grain; he could milk; he could turn the cream separator; he could wash dishes and churn, and he did it all with a willingness, a cheerfulness that would have appealed favorably to almost any other farmer in the neighborhood, but the lines had fallen to Arthur in a stony place, and

vorably to almost any other farmer in the neighborhood, but the lines had fallen to Arthur in a stony place, and his employer did not notice him at all unless to find fault with him. Yet he bore it all with good humor. He had come to Canada to learn to farm.

The only grievance he had was that he could not get his "tub." The night he arrived, dusty and travel-stained after his long journey, he had asked for his "tub." but Mr. Motherwell had fold him in language he had never heard before that there was no tub of his around the establishment that he knew of, and that he could go down and have a dip in the river on Sunday if he warted to.

Then he conducted him with the lanter to farm and the sunday if he warted to.

The Englishman cried delightfully. "Thanks awfully, it is monstrously clever of you to know how to do everything. I wish I could go and live with you. I believe I could learn to farm if I were with you."

Jim looked at his cager face so cruelly bitten by mosquitoes.

"I'll tell you, Arthur," he said smiling. "I haven't any need for a man to work, but I suppose I might hire you to keep the mosquitoes off the horses. They wouldn't look at Chiniquy, I am sure, if they could get a nip at you."

The Englishman looked perplexed.

Then be conducted him with the lan-terh to his bed in the loft of the granThe Englishman looked perplexed. A rickety ladder led up to the bed.

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Which was upon a temporary floor laid about half way across the width of the granary. Bags of musty smelling wheat stood at one end of this little room. Evidently Mr. Motherwell wished to discourage sleep-walking in his hired aman kindness coursing through her aman kindness coursing through her cash comman in a sluggish manner, inquires about health and about her numerous health and about her numerous

The young Englishman recled un-steadily going up the ladder. He could still feel the chug-chug-chug of the ocean liner's engines, and had to hold tight to the ladder's splintered rungs to preserve his equilibrium.

"Say." he said, more cheerfully than he had yet spoken, "you haven't been drinking, have you?"

In what seemed to him but a few minutes, he was awakened by a loud knocking on the door below, voices shouted, a dog barked, cowbells jingled; he could hear doors banging everywhere, a faint streak of sunight lay war, and pale on the much less than the young minister for tea tonight. Many grows dearer and sweeter every day. People say it is not often one girl praises another; but Mary is a dear little gray-eyed saint with the most little gray-eyed saint with the most shapely hands I ever saw. Reverend Hugh thinks so, too, I have no doubt. It was really too bad to waste a good fruit salad on him though, for I know hat he was eating.

knocking on the door below, voices shouted, a dog barked, cowbells jingled; he could hear doors banging everywhere, a faint streak of sunlight lay wan and pale on the mud-plastered walls.

"By Jove." he said, yawning, "I know now what Kipling meant when he said 'the dawn comes up like thunder.'

der.' '.'
A few weeks after Arthur's arrival.

Mrs. Motherwell called him from the barn, where he sat industriously mending bags, to unhitch her horse from the buggy. She had just driven home from Millford. Nobody had taken the trouble

the trough, but the horse tossed his head and was unable to get it near the water on account of the check.

Arthur watched him a few moments

pursuits by the honest granger, and in-cidentally to furnish nutriment for the ever-ready mosquito or wasp, who re-ever-ready mosquito or wasp, who re-lift the water-vessel yet, though it is hardly fit to lift, it is so wet and nasty. Arthur spoke with a deliciously soft Kentish accent, guiltless of r's and with a softening of the h's that was irre-sistible.

He stood still in astonishment. Then the meaning of it came to him and he niquy's back, shaking with silent laughter.

"Come, come, Arthur." he said as soon as he could speak. "Stop trying to see how strong you are. Don't you see the horse wants a drink?"

With a perfectly serious face Jim unfastened the check, whereupon the horse's head was lowered at once, and he drank in long guing the water.

he drank in long gulps the water that had so long mocked him with its near-

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

tered the floor below.

don't you write witnesting things tell the Reynting on crook a joke tor a change? There is ench

Didney Quitte

Ray Old -Coverytime you got a little short of

Material - you write a lot of dry not about the

Is by the diskens

veiled face.

THE GUMPS-Come on, Watson, the Needle AVE PATIENCE GENTLE READER -ND POOR LITTLE CHESTER-A MYSTERY HE HASH'T SLEPT ALONE A MYSTERY REMAINS A MYSTERY UNTIL IT IS SOLVED. SINCE THE FACE APPEARED WE CAN'T FORCE WE HAVE RECEIVED THESE THINGS-THOUSANDS OF LETTERS DON'T BLAME ME-

I'D LIKE TO KNOW . STATES GUESSING AT THE WHAT IT IS MYSELF SOLUTION-I OFFERED A PRIZE TO ANY BODY THAT WOULD TELL ME -HAS BEEN RUN DOWN BUT THEY ALL LEAD AND DIDN'T ANDY GUMP STAY OUT ALL NIGHT DRESSED UP AS A DETECTIVE

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FROM ALLOVER THE UNITED ONE CLUE AFTER ANOTHER TO THE STARTING PLACE O

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F YOU THINK WE'RE NOT TRYING -LOOK AT THIS BLOOD HOUND WE'VE HAD BUNNING DOMN HE USED TO HAVE A ROMAN NOSE AND NOW HE'S A PUG DOG -HE WORE HIS NOSE OFF FOLLOWING THE SCENT

.:-

AND TO SHOW STILL FARTHER THAT WE HAVEN'T LOAFED ON THE JOB -GUMP HAS THIS DAY HIRED DETECTIVE OUT HE HASA RECORD OF BEING SO SHREWD THAT

EVERY BODY THAT MASA PAIR OF RUBBER SHOES AND A STAR -COME ON AND GET TO WORK SHINE UP YOUR STAR BOYS

By Sidney Smith

By C. A. Voight

ON A FOX AND CAUGHT IT THE HOUNDLOST HIS SCENT AND HALF TO BE SINGLE HE DON'T DARE EAT MEAT TILL A
NORMAL DOG SMELLS IT TO SEE IF
IT'S GOOD- HE HAS TO TAKE A
HEALTHY DOG AROUND WITH HIM. - GAUNITHOS SIBNEY SMITH -

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TRYING TO SOLVE

HE LIKE TO KNOW?

> PETEY DEAR- I SAW A GIRL TODAY WITH A SKIRT YEAH? THAT ALMOST REACHED HER KHEES.

• • •

CAVAGA - I ALWAYS SAID THAT, SOONER OF-LATER THEY'D COME BACK TO LONG SKIRTS

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says money may be tight and hard to get for some, but her father's company is going to pay 8 per cent on its new bonds.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY By Fontaine Fox . THE SKIPPER WAS SWINGING THE TROLLEY POLE AROUND LAST SUNDAY WHEN THE ROPE SLIPPING KNOCKED OFF PART OF THE STOVE PIPE RIGHT ON TO THE SKIPPER'S HEAD AND VERNON

BY DWIG SCHOOL DAYS GREAT SCOT. ROSIE, CANT YOU SEE THAT BLOOM? THERE IT GOES , JUST THIS SIDE O THE BAPTIST CHURCH STEEPLE -OH BOY! LOOKIT IT GO! DAUL HE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Knocking 'Em Dead Is Heroic

WE'RE KNOCKIN' EM DEAD, CAM !

THANKS PAUL, I SURE DID ENJOY THE EASTER PARADE : [

MENUTT ASKED HIM HOW HE LIKED

HIS "EASTER SOOT."





THE GIRL IN THE ATTIC By DADDY

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

In this story Peggy gets another ride on Roppity-Hop, the rabbit, and the and Billy have an adventure in the crowded city.)

CHAPTER 1 Johnny Bull Wins a Race WOOF! Woof! Barked a dog out-

woof! Woof! Barked a dog outside Peggy's window. "Woof! Woof!"

"It is some dog barking at the moon." thought Peggy, and she turned over in bed for another snooze. But the barking kept her awake. "Woof! Woof!" words and now the barks turned into words. "Woof!" Wake up, Princess Peggy. I want to run a race with you."

That caused Peggy to tumble out of bed in a hurry and run to the window. There on the lawn was Johnny Bull barking away for dear life, but he wasn't barking at the moon—he was barking at Peggy.

"Woof! Woof! Woof! I told you I could beat you!" barked Johnny Bull. Peggy and Hoppity-Hop were much puzzled, for they didn't think that skyrocket thing could have been Johnny Bull and Billy.

Hoppity-Hop raced on, and after a while he came to Johnny Bull, who was sitting by the road waiting for him.

"I'll give you a big start and beat

Hoppity-Hop raced on, and after a wasn't barking at the moon—he was barking at Peggy.

"Woof! Get your rabbit and race with me." barked Johnny Bull when he saw Peggy.

"Yes, hurry up, Peggy!" called Billy's voice, and a second look showed Peggy that Billy was riding on Johnny Bull's back. Some kind of imagic had made him as small as a doll.

"I'd love to race, but I don't know where Hoppity-Hop, the rabbit, is." asswered Peggy, who was eager for a was sure Hoppity-Hop, the rabbit. Shouny Bull as he had done before.

No sooner had she spoken Hoppity-Hop same than there came a pitter-patter from the garden, and out hopped the rabbit. He had been having a midnight lunch on rhubarb plants, and he was all ready for, a race with Johnny Bull ready for, a race with Johnny Bull and Hoppity-Hop.

"Just blow in my left ear and hop Peggy slipped on a frock, and ran Bull and Hoppity-Hop were waiting. Peggy remembered the strange things that had happened when she blew into tave, a big puff. Instantly she grew as Hoppity-Hop sheef. As for Peggy, she thought that Rilly was very shrewd indeed, to think of putting wings on Johnny Bull. "You'll have a lot of fun flying around," she sgid to Billy. "So will you," promptly replied bush. From behind the buah Billy and he halted Johnny Bull beside a bush. From behind the buah Billy in far, far away and have wonderful adventures."

(Tomorrew will be told how they so flying far, far away on their won-first, two there are wings for Hoppity-Hop, "he said, "We will all go diventures."

(Tomorrew will be told how they so flying far, far away and have wonderful adventures."

shouted Billy, and Hoppity-Hop set off as fast as a motorcycle, leaving Johnny Bull far behind. Peggy laughed and chuckled. It was fun to beat Johnny

Bull and Billy that way. But all of a sudden Peggy's chuckles stopped short. Something had whizzed past like a skyrocket. It was some-

"CAP" STUBBS—Tippie Made a Dreadful Mistake





