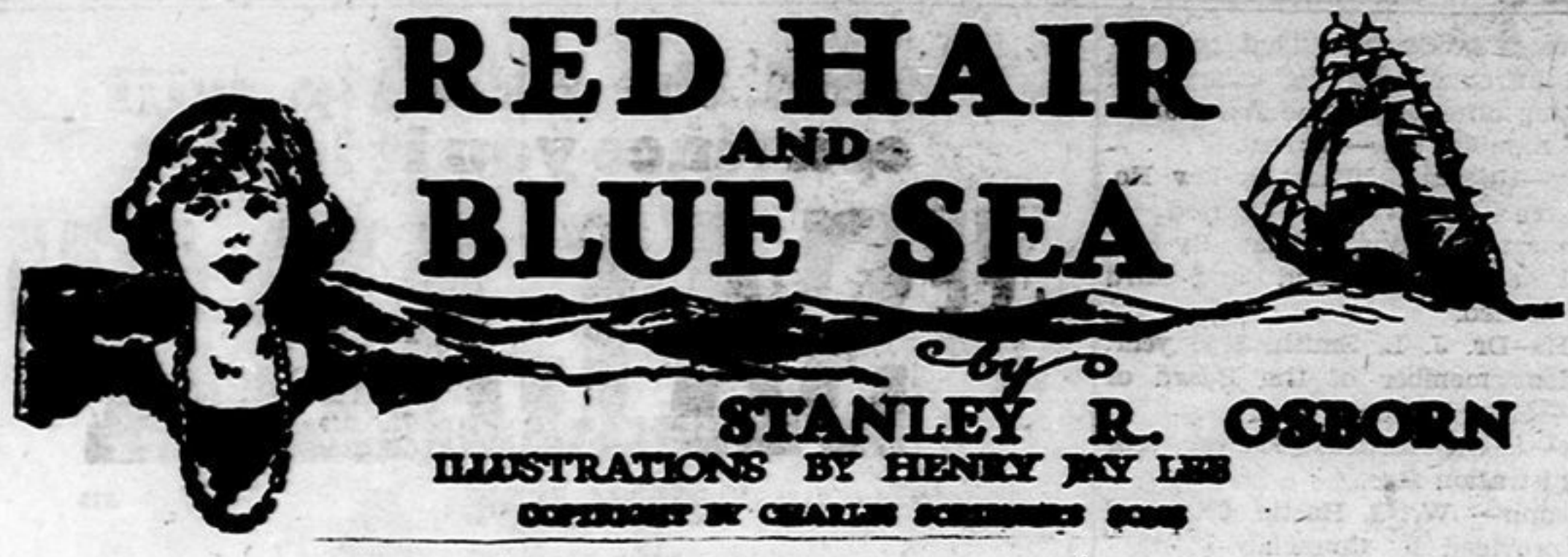


**RED HAIR AND BLUE SEA**  
 by **STANLEY R. OSBORN**  
 ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY JAY LEE  
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**WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE**

Palmyra Tree, aboard the yacht Rainbow, discovers a stowaway. She is disappointed in his mild appearance and tells him so. Obeying his command to glance at the door, she sees a huge, fierce, copper-bred man with a ten-inch knife between his lips. The stowaway, Burke, and the brown man, Olive, go up on deck and tell stories of adventure which are not believed. Palmyra decides she loves Van. The night the engagement is announced the Rainbow hits a reef. John Thurston rescues both Van and Palmyra—but Palmyra thinks Van saved her. A sail is sighted after three days on an island. It is Ponape Burke, the stowaway! Burke abducts Palmyra. Olive has to put her ashore on the island, as a Japanese man-of-war is sighted and it would be dangerous to have her aboard. Olive swims to the island and joins Palmyra. She is in fear of the brown man. Olive and Palmyra swim to another island, from which Palmyra secretly sends a note for aid. Burke's ship approaches the island. Now read on:— Palmyra and Olive sail in a canoe, evading both Ponape's ship and the Japanese gunboat Okyama, which has her friends on it. Olive risks his life to get water for Palmyra. CHAPTER X He divined her meaning, grimaced back reassuringly. A moment later he was once more crouched, holding to the lava floor. For an interval the bubbles came flying up. Then the man followed. He placed the shell in the canoe, lifted himself aboard, scarcely listed the frail craft from an even keel. The girl, still dizzy with shock, sat and stared at the coccoanut bottle that had brought tragedy so near. Olive, amused, presently picked it up and offered it. When she did not respond, he raised the shell above his mouth, tilted it until the contents splurted out—and drank. Palmyra laughed hysterically. He had filled the thing at the bottom of the ocean not a hundred feet from land. Yet now he drank. She took the sphere when he offered it again and tasted experimentally: sweet, fresh water; clear, cold as from a spring. The girl drank deeply. Then, holding the shell upon her knees, she sat for a long time, looking covertly at

And scarcely the unworthy thought, than the brown man's hand shot up, seized the outrigger, gave one twist. The next second Palmyra was floundering in the water, the canoe capsized. With a stroke, the savage reached out and caught her by the hair. As a kitten held in its mother's teeth, she ceased to struggle. With another stroke he recaptured the canoe, bottom up. He put his foot on the outrigger, tilted the hull so the imprisoned air escaped. With one arm he bore down upon the canoe, their combined weight to sink it and control its motion. The other hand held the girl, submerged, so that she choked and fought for breath. On, on the Lupe-a-Noa indeed had come, nearer and nearer—but not too near. Careening under its spread of sail it had been unbelievably close and then, all unknowing, had flown away. Ponape Burke, with his binoculars, had glared straight over them in his scrutiny of the more distant sea. He placed the girl's hands on the now buoyant canoe, returned its gear tilted himself up and in. He had stooped for the more difficult feat of hauling Palmyra aboard when, startlingly, he let go his hold with a guttural cry. She turned frightened eyes over her shoulder, then screamed. For there, cutting the surface, a little jet of spray rising from its edge, was another sail—the dreadful later of a shark! The man-eater was almost upon her. Frantic, she turned her eyes to Olive. There he stood, for the first time at fault. His hand, with lightning instinct, had flown to the sheath of his belt, found it empty. The girl saw that, in throwing his knife away, she had made her own death certain. But, instantly now, the savage rallied. Only for a second did paralyzing discovery unnerve him. The shark had all but seized its victim. A moment and action would be too late. But in that flash of time the man leaped, landed with his feet upon the shark's back. The impact threw the monster into brief panic. She tore at her dress; thrust out the knife. He snatched it; dived. Just as the man-eater made to



With a stroke the savage reached out and caught her by the hair . . .

this brown being. He had all but given life itself that she might have the water she craved. And he would have given life itself had she taken his knife and not granted her own. He would be—dead! The brown man pointed to the sand in the canoe—an island. Then he extended his arm: the island was located; there ahead and somewhere, unseen, to starboard. Then he flattened out his palm horizontally, laid his cheek upon it, attempted an expression of relaxed comfort, closed his eyes and began to snore. Soon would this nightmare of wind and sea be ended. Soon would she be liberated from this rack of torture. She could throw herself down in never-waking slumber. Her hand stole toward the opening of her dress and her fingers closed, caressingly, over the handle of the knife hidden there. For Olive had given it back. The topmasts of the Pigeon of Noah appeared. Olive snatched down sail and mast. He lashed them flat. With a glance he assured himself everything aboard was secure. Then, paddle in hand, he kept their craft to the hollow of the seas. But on, on came the topmasts, the topsails rising against the sky. The girl gasped in terror. On came the sails, on and on, nearer and nearer, taller and more definite—more greatly to be dreaded. And then, in this awful moment, without word of warning, Olive sprang overboard. Palmyra uttered a wail. After all he had braved, to forsake her now? To seek his own safety in flight? No! It was unthinkable. seize its prey, Olive dropped below the surface. The heavy fish had no chance to stop. As it swept over his head the savage thrust upward with the knife in a lunge that reached the heart. Olive did not waste time over the adventure of the shark. He had killed a shark: before. Throwing the canoe into its course, he sailed on for the island. For an interval they went on, before it became evident that Ponape Burke had made them out. Presently the schooner was so close Palmyra could make out Ponape Burke on its deck, covering them with his glasses. The reef wall was now so immediately at hand she could see that this rim, by reason of the coral broken off and packed down by the trample of the surf, was higher than the rest of the reef behind, the surface of the reef-table, which outstretched inland to the beach. The barrier was armored in brown knobs of living coral, with their toothed faces like a giant nutmeg grater against which the sea could grind the canoe into splinters. And now, as the girl looked, Olive dug his paddle in, put all his weight upon it. The craft veered and took a new course—straight for the reef. Palmyra sat stunned. She had hoped against hope that she was wrong, that he still saw a way. But here was surrender. Even for such a one there could be no further shift. Scarcely had the canoe changed course than the Pigeon of Noah swung in toward the reef. Palmyra could see Ponape Burke waving his arms, shouting orders. She gave one shuddering glance at the cauldron ahead, then back to the white man, them above the sliding water. The canoe sucked back over the brink, but Olive held. The moment the downrush ended, he raced with his burden, bounding over the rough coral, until he had reached another knob rising above the level, perhaps fifty feet in from the edge. Here they weathered the next sea and its subsequent retreat. Another dash across the shallows and they were safe from the ocean. But not as yet from Ponape Burke. As the brown man carried Palmyra, her face, over his shoulder, was turned toward the Lupe-a-Noa. The girl saw that the schooner, beaten at last, had gone about and was working back out of danger. She saw that the white man had clambered part way up the rigging. And then she gave a warning cry as, from the shrouds, there flashed out a spurt of flame. Instantly, Olive, understanding, threw himself into the three-foot water. A bullet came cutting along the surface almost where they had stood. Olive, leaping up, sprang with the girl behind another boulder in time to escape a second bullet. Several shots Ponape Burke fired in his jealous rage, though now he had no target. Then, the Pigeon of Noah, gaining way, drew off, and the pursuit, in this phase at any rate, was ended. (Continued Next Week.) Mrs. Peck—You embezzler! You needn't look so innocent! Oh, I know what you did!" Peck—"But, my dear, I don't." Mrs. Peck—"Don't you, you sneak? Well, then, I'll tell you—you bought a cigar with the car fare that I gave you this morning and walked to work."

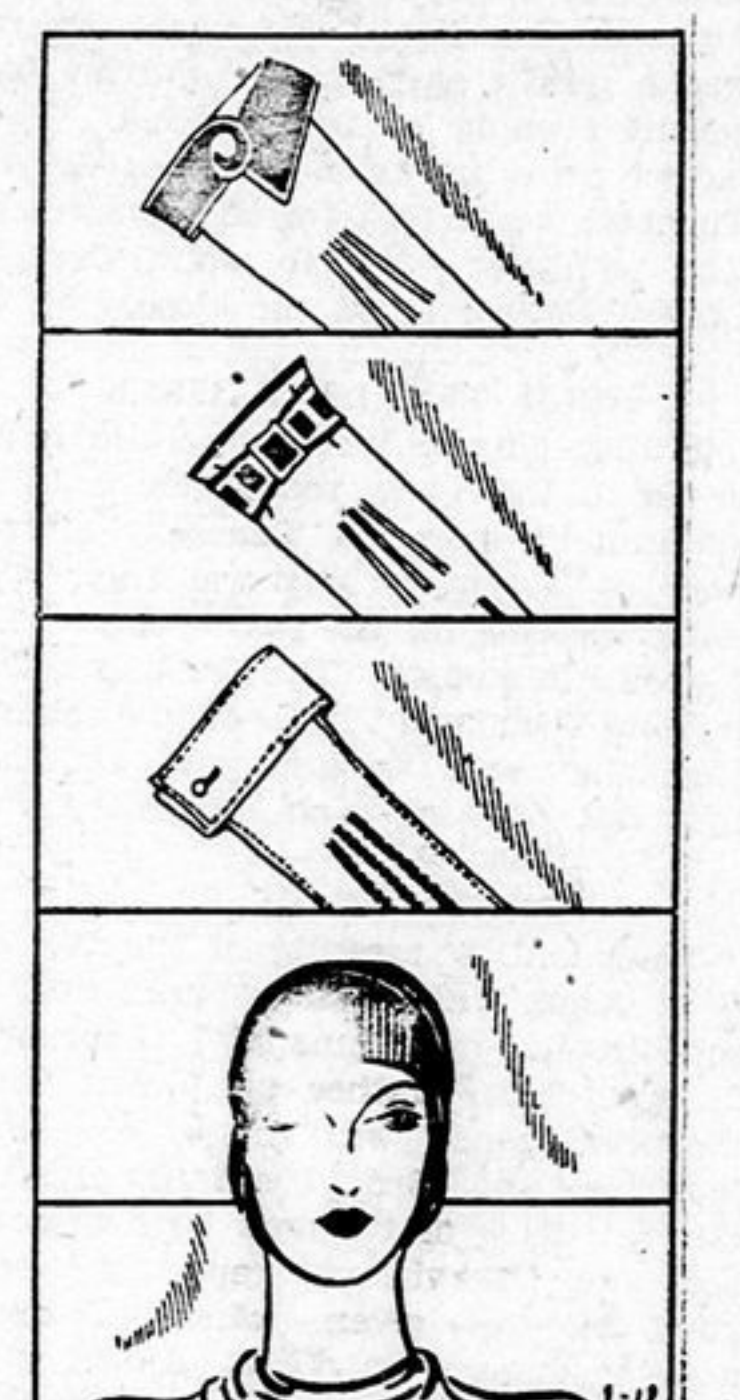
**Fashion Fancies**



Three Smart Blouses for your Best Suit

Now is the time for you to plan accessories for that Spring suit. In a spirit of helpfulness we offer these three chic blouses.

In the centre is one of white crepe with bows, which look so provocative waving their way out of your fronts. Lower left is a canary yellow crepe blouse with a small hemstitched jabot set under a band. To be worn with the sports jackets. And lower right is an eggshell satin adaptation of the Viennet blouse. A flattering yoke is fastened on.



Gloves for Spring: Boast Many Distinctions

Intricately belted cuff treatments add distinction to the new glove models. Short pull-ons with fitted wrists are the most prominent, however, and we present three examples here. A novel wrist cuff, slightly modernistic, in two tones of tan fabric, characterizes the first; the second is a fabric glove using two shades, and affecting a belted cuff with pearl buckle; the third is a suede glove in the new burnum shade, cuffed and stitched in brown. Note for turban-fans: The new Patou version of the draped tric; turban hat: a brow-band and a down-in-back line.

**The Dominion Parliament**

By A. C. Macphail, M.P.

A typical February snow storm ushered in the third session of the 16th Parliament. Snow had fallen steadily all night. The morning of February 7th found the snow piled high everywhere. The Capital City was in festive robes of white.

Everything went off well—the nineteen guns included. Reviving an ancient custom, His Excellency, The Governor-General, drove from Rideau Hall to Parliament Hill in an open sleigh, accompanied by a company of Governor-General Foot Guards.

Inside the Senate Chamber—on the floor—sat the mighty of this and other lands. The seats were occupied by ladies in elaborate evening dress, ambassadors and consuls of other countries, leading men of church and state, industry and commerce. I did not see any outstanding farmers or laborers. The Judges of the Supreme Court, in scarlet and ermine robes, sat with their backs to each other. I was hoping their differences would be reconciled, and this year would find them side by side. The Court dresses the Privy Council, with gold braid and gleaming satin, lent glitter to the scene.

With His Excellency on the Throne, his Gracious Lady at his left, the Prime Minister, in Windsor Uniform, at his right, the members of Parliament standing in disorder at the back of the long room, and with the crowded galleries straining and intent, the stage is set for—what? For the reading of the Speech from the Throne. The speech that has been prepared by the Cabinet, and more likely still, by the Prime Minister, but which is read by the King's Representative. It is supposed to be a forecast of the Government programme for the session. If it is, this will be a short session, or there will be much ado about nothing. After a fitting word of thanksgiving for the King's progress to health, the Speech said a good deal about the good and abundant crops. They are always good crops the next February, to people who did not grow them, and who live comfortably. Prosperity was given much space. We are very prosperous; if you do not feel it, just take the Government's word for it. The Speech did not make it quite clear whether our thanks for the prosperity was due to Providence or the Government, but the impression was left that the Government bulked large in the cause. Mention was made of the expansion in mining; the re-organization of Marine and Fisheries Department; the inauguration of the Canadian Steamship service; the restoration of penny postage in the British Empire; the progress of the Hudson Bay Railway; now only thirty-eight miles from Churchill; also further branch lines were foreshadowed; legislation to give the Board of Railway Commissioners power to investigate "affairs in relation to subsidiary concerns", will be sought, which, being interpreted, may mean taking the lid off the Bell Telephone Company, and having a good look inside. With a paragraph devoted to immigration, and another to that hardy annual, the return of the natural resources to Western Provinces, a word about the new legislation, a mention of the outlawry of war pact, the Speech concluded with a wish for the guidance of Divine Providence on the deliberation.

Usually several weeks are taken up by what is called the Address to His Excellency in reply to the Speech from the Throne. This year only seven members took part. In five hours it was over. The unexpected speed left me breathless. It was as though the

thrashing tractor went tearing up the road like the new Chevrolet Six. The proposal of Mr. Cahoon of Montreal, to name a Committee to look into the whole business of titles caused a lively, interesting and humorous debate. Mr. Bennett and Mr. King looked with favor on the proposal, but for once the private members of all parties carried the day, and would have none of it. Mr. Bourassa, in his finished, subtle style, made light of the whole title business. He confirmed what we already suspected, that not only titles but senatorships go to the fat purses—when funds are low. Tommy Church made the speech of his life—the House rocked with enjoyment. He said in part: "This question was closed some ten years ago and I think the country expects it shall stay closed. There is no demand for this resolution or any change in the present regulation. There was such an agitation against titles during the days of the Union Government that the country rose against the principle of granting them. They were granting titles to law professors, hog kings, bacon kings, brewery owners, distillery owners, tobacco manufacturers, cigarette millionaires, and all the rest of them, and the result was the country got sick and tired of it. The returned men working for \$1.10 a day did not like the idea of raising a class distinction in this country. . . . The Country has deprived itself of the luxury of titles for ten years and it has struggled along very well without them—very well indeed. . . . After all titles do not make the man. Yesterday in United States they celebrated the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. The people of the United States honor Abraham Lincoln for what he did for humanity through the love he had for his brother men; for what he did for the working classes to make it a far happier country to live in. Another great man, Thomas Edison, celebrated his birthday last Monday. He is well up in the eighties and is working night and day for the betterment of man kind, yet he has no title. . . . Canada a nation of titles with no navy except a few small craft such as row boats, now locked up in a garage at Halifax! This is the country that wants to restore titles!" Brown of Lisgar most effectively quoted Burns: "Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord, Wha struts, and stares, an' a' that; Tho' hundreds worship at his word, He's but a coo' for a' that; For a' that and a' that, His riband, star, an' a' that; The man o' independent mind He looks an' laughs at a' that. A prince can make a belted knight, A marquis, duke, an' a' that; But an honest man's aboon his might, Gude faith, he maunna fa' that. For a' that and a' that, Their dignities an' a' that; The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth, Are higher rank than a' that."

Spotton of North Huron beat the air, but said some splendid things, for instance: "There has been some labored argument about foreign kings and potentates granting titles to Canadians. I think that matter was fairly dealt with in 1919, and if the Sultan of Turkey wishes to bestow any little decoration on any member of this house he can have his sounding brass and his tinkling cymbal, pleased with the rattle, and tickled with the straw. If they wish to wear their little past master's jewels about their necks: I have no objection, but in my constituency "Jack is as good as his master." Bird of Nelson, in his thoughtful, scholarly style, clinched the argument thus: "I sometimes think prefixes and suffixes are just like an appendix; they

(Continued on Page 7.)



Members of the German Royalist Military Society carrying the casket of Baron Von Huefeldt to the cemetery in Berlin in final tribute to their brave companion who crossed the Atlantic Ocean in the memorable "Bremen" flight

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