

did he hear a strong voice call his name. He had eyes and ears for no one but Pettingill. As he went forward, he drew the knife from beneath his jacket and held it firmly in his hand, quickening his pace. Pettingill's careless swagger whetted his anger. The wretch! Would he come here, then, and lord it over the village?

Pettingill, hearing footsteps behind him, paused and looked around. He saw Joi Billette coming swiftly towards him, followed as swiftly by a tall, black-robed figure. Like a flash his mind recurred to the stories he had read of Roman Catholics, and now, here before his eyes, as he imagined, was an emissary of the Pope about to administer discipline.

"Run, buster! he's gainin' on you!" he called out gayly. He had no opportunity to say more. At that moment Joi Billette seized him by the arm and swung him around violently.

"Beast! devil!" the Canadian hissed through his clenched teeth. "Take that!" He made an effort to plunge the knife into the American, but a powerful hand was laid on his arm. He turned, looked into the eyes