Always keep
BOVRIL
in the House
Bovril prevents that Sinking Feeling.

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

With a feeling of distinction we stalked out of the ordinary ruck of passengers and followed the lieutenant to the station restaurant. He plunged at once into conversation, talking the Dutch of Holland, which Peter, who had forgotten his school-days, found a bit hard to follow. He was unfit for active service, because of his eyes and a weak heart, but he was a desperate fire-eater in that stuffy restaurant. By his way of it Germany could gobble up the French and the Russians whenever she cared, but she was aiming at getting all the Middle East in her hands first, so that she could come out conqueror with the practical control of half the world.

"Your friends the English," he said grinning, "will come last. When we have starved them and destroyed their commerce with our under-sea boats we will show them what our navy can do. For a year they have been wasting their time in brag and politics, and we have been building great ships—oh, so many! My cousin at Kiel—" and he looked over his shoulder.

But we never heard about that cousin at Kiel. A short sunburnt man came in and our friend sprang up and saluted, clicking his heels like a pair of tongs.

"These are the South African Dutch, Herr Captain," he said.

The new-comer looked us over with bright intelligent eyes, and started questioning Peter in the *taal*. It was well that we had taken some pains with our story, for this man had been years in German South West, and knew every mile of the borders. Zorn was his name, and both Peter and I thought we remembered hearing him spoken of.

I am thankful to say that we both showed up pretty well. Peter told his story to perfection, not pitching it too high, and asking me now and then for a name or to verify some detail. Captain Zorn looked satisfied.

"You seem the right kind of fellows," he said. "But remember"—and he bent his brows on us—"we do not understand slimness in this land. If you are honest you will be rewarded, but if you dare to play a double game you will be shot like dogs. Your race have produced over many traitors for my taste."

"I ask no reward," I said gruffly. "We are not Germans or Germany's slaves. But so long as she fights against England we will fight for her."

"Bold words," he said; "but you must bow your stiff necks to discipline first. Discipline has been the weak point of you Boers, and you have suffered for it. You are no more a nation. In Germany we put discipline first and last, and therefore we will conquer the world. Off with you now. Your train starts in three minutes. We will see what von Stumm will make of you."

That fellow gave me the best "feel" of any German I had yet met. He was a white man and I could have worked with him. I liked his stiff chin and steady blue eyes.

My chief recollection of our journey to Berlin was its commonplaceness. The spectacled lieutenant fell asleep, and for the most part we had the carriage to ourselves. Now and again a soldier on leave would drop in, most of them tired men with heavy eyes. No wonder, poor devils, for they were coming back from the Yser or the Ypres salient. I would have liked to talk to them, but officially of course I knew no German, and the conversation I overheard did not signify much. It was mostly about regimental details, though one chap, who was in better spirits than the rest, observed that this was the last Christmas of misery, and that next year he would be holidaying at home with full pockets. The others assented, but without much conviction.

The winter days was short, and most of the journey was made in the dark. I could see from the window the lights of little villages, and now and then the blaze of ironworks and forges. We stopped at a town for dinner, where the platform was crowded with drafts waiting to go westward. We saw no signs of any scarcity of food, such as the English newspapers wrote about. We had an excellent dinner at the station restaurant, which, with a bottle of white wine, cost just three shillings apiece. The bread, to be sure, was poor, but I can put up with the absence of bread if I get a juicy fillet of beef and as good vegetables as you will see in the Savoy. I was a little afraid of our giving ourselves away in our sleep, but I need have had no fear, for our escort slumbered like a hog with his mouth wide open. As we roared through the darkness I kept pinching myself to make me feel that I was in the enemy's land on a wild mission. The rain came on, and we passed through dripping towns, with the lights shinging from the wet streets. As we went eastward the lighting seemed to grow more generous. After the murk of London it was queer to slip through garish stations with a hundred arc light glowing, and to see long lines of lamps running to the horizon. Peter dropped off early, but I kept awake till midnight, trying to focus thoughts that persistently strayed. Then I too dozed, and did not awake till about five in the morning, when we ran into a great busy terminus as bright as midday. It was the easiest and most unsuspicious journey I ever made.

The lieutenant stretched himself and smoothed his rumpled uniform. We carried our scanty luggage to a *droschke*, for there seemed to be no porters. Our escort gave the address of some hotel and we rumbled out into brightly lit empty streets.

"A mighty dorp," said Peter. "Of a truth the Germans are a great people."

The lieutenant nodded good-humoredly.

"The greatest people on earth," he said, "as their enemies will soon bear witness."

I would have given a lot for a bath, but I felt that it would be outside my part, and Peter was not of the washing persuasion. But we had a very good breakfast of coffee and eggs, and then the lieutenant started on the telephone. He began by being dictatorial, then he seemed to be switched on to higher authorities, for he grew more polite, and at the end he fairly crawled. He made some arrangements, for he informed us that in the afternoon we would see some fellow whose title he could not translate into Dutch. I judged he was a great swell, for his voice became reverential at the mention of him.

He took us for a walk that morning after Peter and I had attended to our toilets. We were an odd pair of scallywags to look at, but as South African as a wait-a-bit bush. Both of us had ready-made tweed suits, grey flannel shirts with flannel collars, and felt hats with broader brims than they like in Europe. I had strong nailed brown boots, Peter a pair of those mustard-colored abominations which the Portuguese affect and which made him hobble like a Chinese lady. He had a scarlet satin tie which you could hear a mile off. My beard had grown to quite a respectable length, and I trimmed it like General Smuts'. Peter's was the kind of loose flapping thing the *taakhaar* loves, which has scarcely ever been shaved, and is combed once in a blue moon. I must say we made a pretty solid pair. Any South African would have set us down as a Boer from the back-veld who had bought a suit of clothes in the nearest store, and his cousin from some one-horse dorp who had been to school and thought himself the devil of a fellow. We fairly reeked of the sub-continent, as the papers call it.

It was a fine morning after the rain, and we wandered about in the streets for a couple of hours. They were busy enough, and the shops looked rich and bright with their Christmas goods, and one big store where I went to buy a pocket-knife was packed with customers. One didn't see very many young men, and most of the women wore mourning. Uniforms were everywhere, but their wearers generally looked like dug-outs or office fellows. We had a glimpse of the squat building which housed the General Staff and took off our hats to it. Then we stared at the Marinamt, and I wondered what plots were hatching there behind old Tirpitz's whiskers. The capital gave one an impression of ugly cleanness and a sort of dreary effectiveness. And yet I found it depressing—more depressing than London. I don't know how to put it, but the whole big cncern seemed to have no soul in it, to be like a big factory instead of a city. You won't make a factory look like a house, though you decorate its front and plant rose-bushes all round it. The place depressed and yet cheered me. It somehow made the German people seem smaller.

At three o'clock the lieutenant took us to a plain white building in a side street with sentries at the door. A young Staff officer met us and made us wait for five minutes in an anteroom. Then we were ushered into a big room with a polished floor on which Peter nearly sat down. There was a log fire burning, and seated at a table was a little man in spectacles with his hair brushed back from his brow like a popular violinist. He was the boss, for the lieutenant saluted him and announced our names. Then he disappeared, and the man at the table motioned us to sit down in two chairs before him.

"Herr Brandt and Herr Pinaar?" he asked, looking over his glasses.

But it was the other man that caught my eye. He stood with his back to the fire leaning his elbows on the mantelpiece. He was a perfect mountain of a fellow, six and a half feet if he was an inch, with shoulders on him like a shorthorn bull. He was in uniform, and the black-and-white ribbon of the Iron Cross showed at a button hole. His tunic was all wrinkled and strained as it it could scarcely contain his huge chest, and mighty hands were clasped over his stomach. That man must have had the length of reach of a gorilla. He had a great, lazy, smiling face, with a square cleft chin which stuck out beyond the rest. His brow retreated and the stubby back of his head ran forward to meet it, while his neck below bulged out over his collar. His head was exactly the shape of a pear with the sharp end topmost.

He stared at me with his small bright eyes and I stared back. I had struck something I had been looking for for a long time, and till that moment I wasn't sure that it existed. Here was the German of caricature, the real German, the fellow we were up against. He was as hideous as a hippopotamus, but effective. Every bristle on his odd head was effective.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Woman's Sphere

SIMPLE DESIGN FOR CENTRE-PIECE.

Buttonhole around the linen centre with No. 20 white cotton thread. Then crochet the lace on with crochet cotton No. 50.

First Row—Making 1 tr under stitch of the buttonholing; 2 ch, 1 tr under next stitch. Repeat to end of round, and join to first tr.

Second Row—Dc 1 in next 2 ch, 3 ch; 4 tr in same hole, * 2 ch; 1 tr in each of next five holes with 2 ch between each; 2 ch, 5 tr in next hole. Repeat from * to end of next hole, and join.

Third Row—Make 4 sl st on the 4 tr at the beginning of the last row; 1 dc in the next hole, 3 ch; 4 tr in same hole (this occurs at the beginning of the next seven rows, so will be described as 5 tr to save space); * 2 ch, 1 tr in each of the next four holes with 2 ch between each; 2 ch, 5 tr in next hole; 2 ch, 5 tr in next hole. Repeat from * to end of row and join.

Fourth Row—* tr 5 in next hole 2 ch; I tr in second hole from tr just made, 2 ch; 5 tr in second hole from tr just made, 5 ch; I long tr in hole between the two groups of tr, 5 ch. Repeat from * and join.

Fifth Row—* tr in next hole, 2 ch; 5 tr in next hole, 5 ch; 1 dc under next 5 ch, 1 dc on the long tr; 1 dc in next hole, 5 ch. Repeat from * and join.

Sixth Row—Tr. 5, * 8 ch; 5 dc, one before, three on and one after the three dc of last row, 8 ch, 5 tr in next hole. Repeat from * and join.

Seventh Row—* tr 5 in next hole of 8 ch in last row, 5 ch; 3 dc in centre of the 5 dc, 5 ch; 5 tr in next hole of 8 ch, 4 ch. Repeat from * and join.

Eighth Row—* 5 tr, 3 ch; 1 long tr on second dc, 3 ch; 5 tr in next hole, 3 ch; 2 long tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr, 4 ch; 2 long tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr all under the next 4 ch, 3 ch. Repeat from * and join.

Ninth Row—* 5 tr in next hole, 2 ch; 5 tr in next hole, 2 ch; 2 long tr in first hole of 1 ch, 1 ch; 2 long tr in next hole, 1 ch; 2 long tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr all in middle hole of 1 ch, 1 ch; 2 long tr in next hole, 2 ch. Repeat from * and join.

Tenth Row—* 5 tr between the two groups of tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr in the first hole of 1 ch, 1 ch; 2 long tr in next hole, 1 ch; 2 long tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr, 4 ch; 2 long tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr in middle hole, 1 ch; 2 long tr in next hole, 1 ch; 2 long tr in next hole, 1 ch. Repeat from * and join.

Eleventh Row—Sl st on the first tr, 1 dc on the 3rd tr, 4 ch; * 2 long tr in first between 1 tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr in 2d hole, 1 ch; 2 long tr in 3d hole, 1 ch; 2 long tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr in middle hole, 1 ch; 2 long tr in 1st, 2d and 3d holes of 1 ch; I long tr in 3d tr of the group. Repeat from * and join to the 4 ch at beginning of the row.

Twelfth Row—* 5 ch and 1 dc in every hole. In the previous row there is a 1 tr between the points, and the dc must come on the 1 tr, so there will be 10 holes of 5 ch. Repeat from * and join.

Thirteenth Row—Sl st on the first 2 st of previous row; 1 dc under the 5 ch; * ch, 1 dc into each loop around the point; at the tenth hole of last row after 6 ch insert the hook in the 10th hole and first hole of next point, and dc, which will make 9 holes around the point. Repeat from * and join.

Fourteenth Row—Like the 13th except that you make 8 ch instead of 6 ch, and insert the hook in the 9th row and 1st holes.

Fifteenth Row—10 ch instead of 8 ch between dc.

Sixteenth Row—12 ch between each dc.

Seventeenth Row—14 ch between each dc.

Eighteenth Row—15 ch between each dc.

LOST, A PROMOTION.

Meta Carrick hung up her jaunty hat and fur coat and revaled a new gown with the latest style girdle. But oddly enough she was not thinking of the new gown; she responded absently when Myrtle Bright spoke of it. "Yes," she said, "it is good-looking, isn't it? Miss Reed in Mackenzie's gave me the tip. It's a sample—not on sale yet. Say, girls, I had a chat with Rudolph."

Martha Erskine's face did not change. Yet Meta knew that Martha disliked hearing anyone speak of a man without using the title mister. Somehow Martha irritated her, though Meta never had taken the trouble to decide just why. Now, looking straight at Martha, she repeated her statement. "Yes, sir," she continued. "Wasn't it luck? I met Rudolph on the stairs, and he called me into the office to ask something about the vouchers in the Dunlap contract. I didn't miss my chance, I'll tell the world! I just hinted that I had had three other positions offered me."

"O Meta, you didn't!" Martha exclaimed.

"O Martha, I did!" Meta mimicked angrily. "Why not, Miss Last Century? You've got to do your own pushing if you want to get anywhere. I've never discovered that anybody was standing round waiting to do it for me! It strikes me it works pretty well." Meta's glance swept from her gown with its unmistakable air to Martha's plain trim dress.

But Martha did not notice the glance. "Oh, I believe in pushing yourself," she replied, "but I think the right way to do it is to do your best possible work. To tell how many chances you have had—well, it's like telling a man that he isn't keen enough to see what good work you do. Besides, it doesn't seem—loyal—"

"Bosh!" Meta interrupted her. But for a moment the girl was uneasy; then the feeling passed. She was quite as expert as Martha Erskine, and she knew what an asset she had in her air of health and competence! She felt very sure that no man in his senses would hesitate in choosing between the two in a matter of promotion.

A week later, when a vacancy occurred, Mr. Rudolph did not hesitate. He chose Martha. Then he called Meta to his office and told her why. "You do good work, Miss Carrick," he said. "But we value very highly a quality called loyalty. To boast constantly of opportunities elsewhere seemed to us a bit inconsistent with that feeling. I am telling you this because you have so much ability that it seems a pity you should miss opportunities because of a thing so easily remedied."

Meta came from the interview with high color and angry eyes. "Resign?" she cried in answer to Myrtle Bright's question. "You bet I resigned! Anybody who would choose Martha Erskine!"

THE LEFT-HANDED CHILD.

"The child is left-handed because it is 'made that way.' Left-handedness, like right-handedness, has a definite anatomic basis. To handicap a child by training it to use a less efficient half of the brain, and thus to run also the attendant risk of developing serious speech defects, is surely not a wise educational procedure. Expert left-handedness is much less of a disadvantage, if any at all, than awkward and inefficient right-handedness and the commonly attendant imperfections of articulate speech."—Good Health.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

It is far easier to become a hero than to live up to it afterwards.

WANTED

Young ladies to take a Three Years' General Nursing Course in the Ontario Hospital, 999 Queen Street West, Toronto. $25.00 a month with board, uniform, and laundry, for the first year, with increase each year afterwards. Applicants must be healthy, and under 30 years of age. Apply to Medical Superintendent, Ontario Hospital, Toronto.

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Tact.

"You wish to marry my daughter?" she asked. He was a diplomat.

"Not so much that, madam. The keystone of my ambition is to be able to point to you one day as my mother-in-law."

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