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"Most Tea-Drinkers Think It Is."

GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

In one way it turned out well. That afternoon we passed the frontier and I never knew it till I saw a man in a strange uniform come aboard, who copied some figures on a schedule, and brought us a mail. With my dirty face and general air of absorption in duty, I must have been an unsuspicious figure. He took down the names of the men in the barges, and Peter's name was given as it appeared on the ship's roll—Anton Blum.

"You must feel it strange, Herr Brandt," said the captain, "to be scrutinized by a policeman, you who give orders, I doubt not, to many policemen."

I shrugged my shoulders. "It is my profession. It is my business to go unrecognized often by my own servants." I could see that I was becoming rather a figure in the captain's eyes. He liked the way I kept the men up to their work, for I hadn't been a nigger-driver for nothing.

Late on that Sunday night we passed through a great city which the captain told me was Vienna. It seemed to last for miles and miles, and to be as brightly lit as a circus. After that, we were in big plains and the air grew perishing cold. Peter had come aboard once for his rations, but usually he left it to his partner, for he was lying very low. But one morning—I think it was the 5th of January, when we had passed Buda and were moving through great sodden flats just sprinkled with snow—the captain took it into his head to get me to overhaul the barge loads. Armed with a mighty typewritten list, I made a tour of the barges, beginning with the hindmost. There was a fine old stock of deadly weapons—mostly machine-guns and some field-pieces, and enough shells to blow up the Gallipoli peninsula. All kinds of shell were there, from the big 14-inch crumps to rifle grenades and trench mortars. It made me fairly sick to see all these good things preparing for our own fellows, and I wondered whether I would not be doing my best service if I engineered a big explosion. Happily I had the common sense to remember my job and my duty to stick to it.

Peter was in the middle of the convoy and I found him pretty unhappy, principally through not being allowed to smoke. His companion was an ox-eyed lad, whom I ordered to the look-out while Peter and I went over the lists.

"Cornelis, my old friend," he said, "there are some pretty toys here. With a spanner and a couple of clear hours I could make these maxims about as deadly as bicycles. What do you say to a try?"

"I've considered that," I said, "but it won't do. We're on a bigger business than wrecking munition convoys. I want to know how you got here."

He smiled with that extraordinary Sunday-school docility of his.

"It was very simple, Cornelis. I was foolish in the cafe—but they have told you of that. You see I was angry, and did not reflect. They had separated us, and I could see would treat me as dirt. Therefore my bad temper came out, for, as I have told you, I do not like Germans."

Peter gazed lovingly at the little bleak farms which dotted the Hungarian plain.

"All night I lay in *tronk* with no food. In the morning they fed me, and took me hundreds of miles in a train to a place which I think is called Neuburg. It was a great prison, full of English officers . . . I asked myself many times on the journey what was the reason of this treatment, for I could see no sense in it. If they wanted to punish me for insulting them they had the chance to send me off to the trenches. No one could have objected. If they thought me useless they could have turned be back to Holland. I could not have stopped them. But they treated me as if I were a dangerous man, whereas all their conduct hitherto had shown that they thought me a fool. I could not understand it.

"But I had not been one night in that Neuburg place before I thought of the reason. They wanted to keep me under observation as a check upon you, Cornelis. I figured it out this way. They had given you some very important work which required them to let you into some big secret. So far, good. They evidently thought much of you, even yon Stumm man, though he was as rude as a buffalo. But they did not know you fully, and they wanted a check on you. That check they found in Peter Pienaar. Peter was a fool, and if there was anything to blab, sooner or later Peter would blab it. Then they would stretch out a long arm and nip you short, wherever you were. Therefore they must keep old Peter under their eye."

"That sounds likely enough," I said.

"It was God's truth," said Peter. "And when it was all clear to me I settled that I must escape. Partly because I am a free man and do not like to be in prison, but mostly because I was not sure of myself. Some day my temper would go again, and I might say foolish things for which Cornelis would suffer. So it was very certain that I must escape.

"Now, Cornelis, I noticed pretty soon that there were two kinds among the prisoners. There were the real prisoners, mostly English and French, and there were humbugs. The humbugs were treated apparently like the others, but not really, as I soon perceived. There was one man who passed as an English officer, another as a French Canadian, and the others called themselves Russians. None of the honest men suspected them, but they were there as spies to hatch plots for escape and get the poor devils caught in the act, and to worm out confidences which might be of value. That is the German notion of good business. I am not a British soldier to think all men are gentlemen. I know that amongst men there are desperate *skellums*, so I soon picked up this game. It made me very angry, but it was a good thing for my plan. I made my resolution to escape the day I arrived at Neuburg, and on Christmas Day I had a plan made."

"Peter, you're an old marvel. Do you mean to say you were quite certain of getting away whenever you wanted?"

"Quite certain, Cornelis. You see, I have been wicked in my time and know something about the inside of prisons. You may build them like great castles, or they may be like a backveld *tronk*, only mud and corrugated iron, but there is always a key and a man who keeps it, and that man can be bested. I knew I could get away, but I did not think it would be so easy. That was due to the bogus prisoners, my friends the spies.

"I made great pals with them. On Christmas night we were very jolly together. I think I spotted every one of them the first day. I bragged about my past and all I had done, and I told them I was going to escape. They backed me up and promised to help. Next morning I had a plan. In the afternoon, just after dinner, I had to go to the commandant's room. They treated me a little differently from the others, for I was not a prisoner of war, and I went there to be asked questions and to be cursed as a stupid Dutchman. There was no strict guard kept there, for the place was on the second floor, and distant by many yards from any staircase. In the corridor outside the commandant's room there was a window which had no bars, and four feet from the window the limb of a great tree. A man might reach that limb, and if he were active as a monkey might descend to the ground. Beyond that I knew nothing, but I am a good climber, Cornelis.

"I told the others of my plan. They said it as good, but no one offered to come with me. They were very noble; they declared that the scheme was mine and I should have the fruit of it, for if more than one tried detection was certain. I agreed and thanked them—thanked them with tears in my eyes. Then one of them very secretly produced a map. We planned out my road, for I was going straight to Holland. It was a long road, and I had no money, for they had taken all my sovereigns when I was arrested, but they promised to get a subscription up among themselves to start me. Again I wept tears of gratitude. This was on Sunday, the day after Christmas. I settled to make the attempt on the Wednesday afternoon.

"Now, Cornelius, when the lieutenant took us to see the British prisoners, you remember, he told us many things about the ways of prisons. He told us how they loved to catch a man in the act of escape, so that they could use him harshly with a clear conscience. I thought of that, and calculated that now my friends would have told everything to the commandant, and that they would be waiting to bottle me on the Wednesday. Till then I reckoned I would be slackly guarded, for they would look on me as safe in the net. . . . .

"So I went out of the window next day. It was the Monday afternoon. . . . ."

"That was a bold stroke," I said admiringly.

"The plan was bold, but it was not skilful," said Peter modestly. "I had no money beyond seven marks, and I had but one stick of chocolate. I had no overcoat, and it was snowing hard. Further, I could not get down the tree, which had a trunk as smooth and branchless as a blue gum. For a little I thought I should be compelled to give in, and I was not happy.

"But I had leisure, for I did not think I would be missed before nightfall, and given time a man can do most things. By and by I found a branch which led beyond the outer wall of the yard and hung above the river. This I followed, and then dropped from it into the stream. It was a drop of some yards, and the water was very swift, so that I nearly drowned. I would rather swim the Limpopo, Cornelis, among all the crocodiles than that icy river. Yet I managed to reach the shore and get my breath lying in the bushes.

"After that it was plain going, though I was very cold. I knew that I would be sought on the northern roads, as I had told my friends, for no one would dream of an ignorant Dutchman going south away from his kinsfolk. But I had learned enough from the map to know that our road lay south-east, and I had marked this big river."

"Did you hope to pick me up?" I asked.

"No, Cornelis. I thought you would be travelling in first-class carriages while I should be plodding on foot. But I was set on getting to the place you spoke of (how do you call it? Constant Nople), where our big business lay. I thought I might be in time for that."

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

DO YOU WANT A BOY?

Homes required for Babies to be adopted. Infants' Home, 68 St. Nicholas St., Toronto.

Woman's Sphere

DAUGHTER'S ACHIEVEMENTS SURPRISE MOTHER.

"Oh, Mother, we just had the most fun, and I am so glad that I really am a Happy Hustler now," sang Mary as she returned at four o'clock in the afternoon from attending her second meeting of the Happy Hustlers' Club. She had been invited to attend the meeting of the previous week by her little friend, Doris, that she might learn something of their summer project of canning. Her interest and enthusiasm had developed to such a degree that she had accepted an invitation to become an active club member.

It was from this initiation meeting that Mary was returning as she romped into the kitchen where her mother was canning the first surplus strawberries of the season. All ecstasy with her own accomplishment, for she was carrying in her basket three pints of canned strawberries which she had canned herself, she began to tell Mother of the wonderful things she had learned that afternoon.

Removing the jars from her basket to the kitchen shelf, she placed them beside those her Mother was just finishing. Immediately they both noticed the direct contrast between the jars of strawberries. Those that Mother had just finished canning by the open-kettle method were of a dark red, tending toward a brownish color. Already most of the berries were floating at the top of the jar, while the rich syrup was all at the bottom. The ones Mary had just brought back from the canning club were of a much brighter red, retaining most of their original hue, with the berries evenly distributed through the syrup.

It was with pain in her heart that Mother noted the failure of her long, hot afternoon's work. But this pain was somewhat tempered by the pride in her daughter's accomplishment.

"Mary, I had thought you girls were going to your club meeting to play, and perhaps talk a little about canning, but to have you come home with all this display of your afternoon's work surprises me. Do tell me how you did it? How did you make these strawberries look so red? I have canned strawberries for twenty years, but they never looked like that. What did you put in them?" asked Mary's mother.

"We did have a jolly time together, and we found it lots more fun to can strawberries than to just play games and talk. We never put a thing in the berries to make them red, though. It is all in the way you do it. Doris picked the berries yesterday, and after washing and hulling them, put them in a large pan with a cup of sugar to each quart of berries and let them stand over night.

"Just as soon as we girls got there, we sterilized and tested the jars, rubbers and tops. They were all put into boiling water for ten minutes, and then taken out with the funniest scissor-shaped forks and left to drain. We didn't dry them as we always do, for Miss Brown, our leader, said they wouldn't be sterilized then. Some germs that might cause spoilage would be on the dish towel and would cling to the cans.

"Then we tested all our jars and tops to see if they were perfect. With the screw-top jars we placed the top on the jar without the rubber and sealed it tight. Then if we could insert our thumb-nail between the top and the jar, the top was defective. Sometimes we fixed this by rimming them around with the back of a steel case knife. With the glass-top jars, we placed the top on the jar without the rubber and tapped the outer edge of the top. If the top rocked, Miss Brown would not let us use it, for it was imperfect and would likely cause the berries to spoil.

"Then we tested each rubber by folding it over half and then folding it back on itself at the same point. If it did not crack, it was safe to use. A good rubber will also spring back into shape when you stretch it.

"After we had adjusted rubbers on each jar, we filled them with the berries, adding the juice of the berries to fill the jars instead of water. We screwed the tops on only half way and placed these filled jars in the wash-boiler on the stove with only enough water to come within an inch of the top of the jars. After counting fifteen minutes from the time the water started to boil, the jars were taken out and sealed tightly. Miss Brown called this processing. And that is all, only I am to wrap them in paper before I put them down cellar so that the light won't bleach them."

With the evidence of her daughter's achievement and the proof of the method used, Mother spoke to Mary, saying, "I am proud of you, daughter, and I hope you will stick to the Happy Hustlers." But to herself she said, "Lost is the day in which we do not add to our fund of knowledge, but I have certainly learned a lesson from my daughter to-day. I think it is about time I woke myself up, jumped out of the rut and became aware of what other folks are doing around me."

A SIMPLE FROCK FOR SERVICE OR PORCH WEAR.

4364. Percale in a pretty pattern is here combined with white linene to make a pleasing version of a popular style. This is a good model also for gingham, damask, or crepe.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4⅝ yards of 32-inch material. For facings and belt of contrasting material ⅝ yard 36 inches wide is required. The width at the foot is 2⅝ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

A Garden Song.

Here in this sequester'd close,
Bloom the hyacinth and rose,
Here beside the modest stock
Flaunts the flaring hollyhock;
Here, without a pang, one sees
Ranks, conditions and degrees.

All the seasons run their race
In this quiet resting-place,
Peach and apricot and fig
Here will ripen and grow big;
Here is store and overplus—
More had not Alcinous!

Here in alleys cool and green,
For ahead the thrush is seen;
Here along the southern wall
Keeps the bee his festival;
All is quiet else—afar
Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

Here be shadows large and long;
Here be spaces meet for song;
Grant, O garden-god, that I,
Now that none profane is nigh—
Now that mood and moment please—
Find the fair Pierides!

—Austin Dobson.

Water freezes every night of the year in Alto Crucero, Bolivia, while at noonday the sun is hot enough to blister the flesh.

Lifebuoy is the purest, most wholesome soap that can be made.

The remarkable qualities of Lifebuoy have been proven in all climates, all occupations, on every kind of skin.

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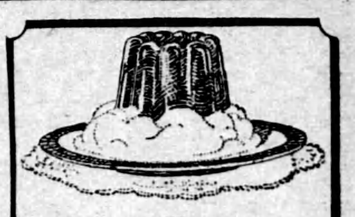
The word "pharmacist," which is of French origin, seems likely to supplant in America the word "druggist" and in England the term "chemist" as applied to a purveyor of drugs. American druggists think the word "drugs" has fallen into disfavor and is altogether too narrow a word for modern ideas of medicine. British chemists on the other hand are protesting the right of the pharmacist to use the term "chemist" and propose that pharmacists shall call themselves by their own name hereafter.



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A universal custom that benefits everybody.

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2 IN 1 Shoe Polish

Saves You Money

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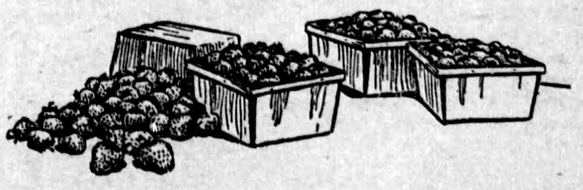
BROCKVILLE ONT.

Mix Mustard this way

Mix Keen's Mustard with water to the consistency of a thick paste. Add water until the desired thickness is obtained. If a milder flavor is desired mix with milk. Mix mustard freshly for every meal.

but it must be Keen's 231



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