# should surely try

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GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER VIII .- (Cont'd.) pulled the ropes. But if I stayed I It was clear to me that I must could do nothing, and I could not leave as soon as possible. I had to stay. I must go on and I didn't see get on with my business, and besides, how I could go on. Every course it was not fair to the woman. Any seemed shut to me, and I was in as

moment I might be found here, and pretty a tangle as any man ever with costume blouse and two-piece servations, very few of them stayed and observations are correst, it simply ing me. I asked her if she knew where Stumm would not let the thing drop sleeve may be finished with a writer late of the first drop sleeve may be finished with a writer late of the first drop sleeve may be finished with a writer late of the first drop late of the late of the first drop late of th the Danube was, and her answer sur- Stumm would not let the thing drop. sleeve may be finished with a wrist ed near the road in a clump of cherry- order will accumulate in lived-in

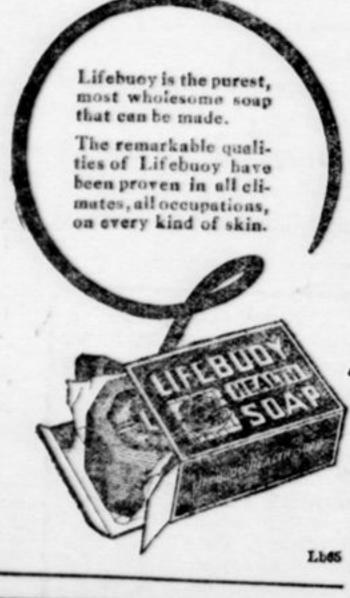
the gold is good, and if you go to any town they will change it for you. But I advise you to put it in your stockling-foot and use it only if all else fails. You must keep your home going, for some day there will be peace of Bohemia. But these places were a long way off, and there were a long way off, and the way there will be seen that they had no villagers below the way the way there way are about 9 feet long. They way are about 9 feet long ways are about 9 feet long ways are about 9 feet long. They way are about 9 feet long ways are about 9 feet long

I kissed the children, shook the wo- would be caught on the road. man's hand, and went off down the This was Thursday, the 30th day Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

ground was like a full sponge, and a seemed as distant as the moon.

I might get a chance to lie snug on cold rain drifted in my eyes. After Eut that big sullen river in front one of the barges. They would not half an hour's steady trudge the trees of me led to it. And as I looked my break bulk till they got to their jourthinned, and presently I came out on attention was caught by a curious ney's end. a knuckle of open ground cloaked in sight. On the far eastern horizon, Suddenly I noticed that the steam-

discovery the day before had gone, boats in view. Therefore there must stood about a quarter of a mile from an improvement I had stumbled on a worthless piece of be a long train of barges, with a tug the stream, and between them was a But wore all t Hilda von Einem, if such a person I looked to the west and saw anSoon there could be no doubt about tions without virtue? There is the existed and possessed the great secret other such procession coming into it. The procession was coming to a time-honored parlor. What unnumwas probably living in some big house sight. First went a big river steamer standstill. The big tug nosed her way bered jokes have been dedicated to its in Berlin, and I was about as likely —it can't have been much less than in and lay up alongside the pier, memory. And how progressive we to get anything out of her as to be 1,000 tons—and after came a string where in that season of flood there felt ourselves to be while we snatched was appointed to less than six was arough depth of water. She sigasked to dine with the Kaiser. Blenk- of barges. I counted no less than six was enough depth of water. She signal and brought and their draught must have also and brought in the workbasket, the on earth was Blenkiron? I dared say loaded and their draught must have started to drop anchors, which showed shildren's tore and fother's cota-Sir Walter would value the informa- been considerable, but there was that there must be at least two men children's toys and father's cata-







hour's walk," she said. "The track outraged his pride. He would beat through the wood runs straight to the undoubtedly would get me if I waited with band of black crepe embroidered not bring back my fever, for I was these other things have to go.

Then it is that the old-fashioned Next morning after breakfast I much longer. But how was I to get took my departure. It was drizzling over the border? My passport would weather, and I was feeling very lean. be no good, for the number of that the old-fashioned stook my fever, for I was for linen and pongee.

The Pott of the pass would be no good, for the number of that the old-fashioned parlor is an anchor to windward— Before going I presented my hostess pass would long ere this have been and the children with two sovereigns wired to every police station in Ger
The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, of the three cakes of chocolate I still parlor is an anchor to windward.—

Alice Margaret Ashton. and the children with two sovereigns and to produce it would be to measure. A 38-inch size will require At last, well after midday, I could Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds "for I have to travel among our ene- ask for trouble. Without it I could 6½ yards of 36-inch material for the see the ship's party returning. They "for I have to travel among our enemies, without it I could mies and use our enemies, money. But not cross the borders by any railway. the gold is good, and if you go to any My studies of the Tourists, Guide had in full length. In shorter sleeve and the blouse marched two by two, and I was thank-with them. I walked to the road.

The sleepers used on British railways are about 9 feet long. They are

elearing. They had cried "Auf wied- of December, the second last day of erschen," but it wasn't likely I-would the year. I was due in Constantinople place was so bad that I hoped travelon the 17th of January. Constantinlers might be few. And as I trudged, The snow had all gone, except in ople! I had thought myself a long my thoughts were busy with my prospatches in the deep hollows. The way from it in Berlin, but now it pects as a stowaway. If I bought food

dwarf junipers. And there before me where the water slipped round a corer, which was now abreast me, began

Of late years we country houselay the plain, and a mile off a broad ner of hill, there was a trail of smoke. to move towards the shore, and as I wives have been rather priding our-

Serbia at the first go, and it was up to them to get through guns and shells body. Some one of the crew must to the old Turk, who was running have died, and this halt was to bury pretty short in his first supply. Sandy him. I watched the procession move said that they wanted the railway, but towards the village and I reckoned they wanted still more the river, and they would take some time there, they could make certain of that in a though they might have wired ahead week. He told us how endless strings for a grave to be dug. Anyhow, they of barges, loaded up at the big fac-would be long enough to give me a tories of Westphalia, were moving chance. through the canals from the Rhine or For I had decided upon the brazen the Elbe to the Danube. Once the course. Blenkiron had said you

was the proof of it before my eyes.

It was a wonderful sight, and 1 good enough to impress a ship's capthose loads of munitions going snugly off to the enemy. I calculated they would give our poor chaps hell in Gallipoli. And then, as I looked, an dea came into my head, and with it an eighth part of a hope.

There was only one way for me to get out of Germany, and that was to leave in such good company that I would be asked no questions. That was plain enough. If I travelled to Turkey, for instance, in the Kaiser's suite, I would be as safe as the mail; but if I went on my own I was done. had, so to speak, to get my passport inside Germany, to join some caravan which had free marching powers. And there was the kind of caravan before me-the Essen barges.

It sounded lunacy, for I guessed that munitions of war would be as jealously guarded as old Hindenburg's health. All the safer, I replied to myself, once I get there. If you are look-ing for a deserter you don't seek him at the favorite regimental public-house. If you're after a thief, among the places you'd be apt to leave unsearched would be Scotland Yard.

It was sound reasoning, but how was I to get on board? Probably the beastly things did not stop once in a hundred miles, and Stumm would get me long before I struck a haltingplace. And even if I did get a chance like that, how was I to get permission

to travel? One step was clearly indicated-to get down to the river bank at once. So I set off at a sharp walk across squelchy fields, till I struck a road where the ditches had overflowed so as almost to meet in the middle. The Minard's Liftiment for Corne and Warts



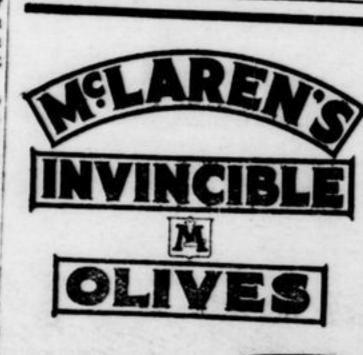
ONE OF THE SEASON'S SMARTEST FASHIONS.

thousand chances each day that I receipt of 15c in silver or stamps. Write the Wilson Publishing Co., 73

I sat down and looked dismally at ed to come from some boat well round the corner, but I could see at least two and a small landing-stage. The houses the prospect. The exhilaration of my the corner, but I could see at least two and a small landing-stage. The houses

tion, but I could not get to Sir Walter. plenty of depth in the flooded river. aboard each. Some of them dragged logues. "Now," we said, "it is a liv-I was to go on to Constantinople, run- A moment's reflection told me what a bit and it was rather a cock-eyed ing room. It looks lived-in." ning away from the people who really I was looking at. Once Sandy, in one train that lay in midstream. The tug Alas, it does! Particularly if there of the discussions you have in hospital, had told us just how the Germans I lay I saw half a dozen men leave munitioned their Balkan campaign it corrying something on their shouls.

first reached Turkey, there would be regular delivery, you see—as quick as the Turks could handle the stuff. And they didn't return empty, Sandy said, but came back full of Turkish cotton and Bulgarian beef and Rumanian corn. I don't know where Sandy got the knowledge, but there Stumm had given me. If that was Sandy got the knowledge, but there Stumm had given me. If that was



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Or the captain might have been warn- shabbiness, when callers arrived in ed and got the number of my pass, in which case Stumm would have his hands on me pretty soon. Or the captain might be an ignorant fellow who she was a busy woman with a big family. She knew what and did not know what it meant, and the best parlor. The children kept would refuse me transport by the let- out because it was uninteresting and ter of his instructions. In that case more or less unsafe. Flies kept out

the cottage. It was my cue to wait cause it was closed against them. for the men when they left the church, What a haven of quiet and rest and wait on that quarter-mile of straight preparedness! highway. I judged the captain must It is all very well to talk about be in the party. The village, I was ideals and methods and modern labor. If parsley is washed with hot water glad to observe, seemed very empty. I savers, but what busy, ambitious farm instead of cold it retains its flavor varians as fighting men, but I am strength to keep an ideal home during

hour's walk," she said. "The track outraged his pride. He would beat newest "short" length. As here shown mud and water, till I felt chilled to fowls, garden preserving and clean the bone. I proved to God it would station and

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ties those innumerable ones that most farm women assume sewing, can-

Ideas in decoration change. We needn't have wax flowers and pampas Of course there were a thousand grass in a best parlor to-day. But risks. They might have heard of me who hasn't longed for a half-hour rest in the village and told the ship's party in this dim, cool, quiet room on a the story. For that reason I resolved bustling, blistering summer afternot to go there but to meet the sailors noon? Who hasn't longed for its freewhen they were returning to the boat. dom from dust and disorder, flies and

had never seen a Secret Service pass she was about when she instituted might wait on another convoy.

I had shaved and made myself a clean. Dust and heat kept out befairly respectable figure before I left cause it was closed against them.

have my own notions about the Ba- woman has sufficient time and and is easier to chop. prised me. "You will reach it in an I knew too much, and besides I had length "peasant" portion, or in the trees, with my feet in two inches of rooms. Crying needs such as food,



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ard aids digestion and helps to assimilate the meats. It is a good habit to acquire. Mix it freshly for every meal.

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# It's not just custom that makes people take mustard with their meals. Must-

## The Utter Englishness of Kipling's Home. In the village of Burwash, in English

Bear," says H. I. Brock in the New York Times. "It stands in a long street of low cottages with tiled or thatched roofs, and you come to it after you have passed the old stone ohurch with an ancient square tower and a solid red brick mansion of rich Georgian flavor. Out of the back door of the inn and down hill across green fields a foot-path winds, surmounting here and there a stile. Beyond the last stile is a white ribbon of road between hedges, and down that road a little way an unpretentious iron gate. "This gate opens upon a stone-flag-

ged walk leading across a wide grass plot to a low door in a graystone house with gables and many clustered chimneys. About the house and beyond it lie gardens, and to the right two odd, conical-topped towers that have in their time been hop houses. One of them has been transformed into a gar-

"The date carved above the low door of the house is 1634, a year that happened when Queen Elizabeth had been dead only some thirty years. And this is the 'new' part of the pile.

"Bateman's it is named. For the utter Englishness of it Rudyard Kipling chose it for his dwelling place—like a ship with never a straight line in it," he says, not without pride. In the garden are more flagged walks and a yew tree venerable with accumulated centuries growing where it properly shouldn't, slantingly, out of the bank of the little river which washes the foot of the garden. "For a sign of this faith he has dug

himself in here hard by the highway from Pevensey where the Conqueror rode in and the Black Prince rode out -where lies through the centuries the beaten track of the armies of England going to and fro to immemorial wars in

Good for Pains. for your pains?" Motorist-"L.:- Iment."

HALF-LOAVES

From the London Times

It is a common experience for a man to find himself faced with the neces sity of choosing whether he shall take at once what he can get, or, at the risk of missing even that, shall go on striving for all that he would like to get. The dilemma is sometimes seen on an almost national scale. At one time people "want eight" and "won't wait"; at another they sniff at sixpence off the income tax because they are bent on getting a shilling. The choice confronts the business man daily, and is said to cause great searchings of heart on the Stock Exchange. No man, indeed, can hope to escape it.

Popular philosophy, with a worldly wisdom which some find sordid, declares unhesitatingly for the half-loaf, fearful of the breadless alternative. But men will always be found who, 'egardless of the probabilities of acquisition and digestion, would rather chase the whole hog than eat the half-loaf. Some do so because, though they would hate to be called gready, they like a lot; others because they are born camblers, and cannot resist the temptation to risk all on the hance of winning

The out-and-out idealis as in the same care. He will not take less than the whole; even to rest in the half way house is to him to in against the . Tht. His picture of life is "a design in snow and ink," and he is di comfitted by the reality, which knows no absolute, but is an affair of every gradation of shading Starting from widely separat 1 points, the gambler and the fanatic thus have a : trange tendency to meet in a common fate. Bota play double or quits with the lor is of life, and both, aiming at all, hit nothing. The "naught at all" of Ibsen's Brand may have results as disastrous materially as the last throw of the most reckless dicer. Happy in Striving to Attain.

But that is not to say that there is no place for the ideal. It is needed to keep aspiration alive and to spur men through the heavy coing of a benumbing tendency to acquiescence. It is only a question of recognizing that, like all else in nature, even the ideal is not attained per saltum. It cannot of itself bridge the gulf between starting point and goal.

Plain living is wanted to eke out high thinking. Ends without means are barren. It is well that it should be so. Effortless mastery is not good for the morals of any man. In this sense the half is immediately greater than the whole; it is an indispensable and preliminary step. The wise man, therefore, eats his half-loaf in humble thankfulness. It serves as the very least to keep body and soul together and fits him to take up again the broken quest. Nor need he forfeit his vision of the larger whole; he only sees it in its true perspective, as "the slow, uncertain fruit of an enhancing toil." Even if, in this imperfect world, he never arrives at the far side of complete attainment, he is, nevertheless, always attaining, happy in the thought

"A man's reach must exceed his grasp, Or what's a heaven for?"

Sussex, is an inn with the sign of The

Motorist-"Yes, it took me about six weeks' hard work to learn to drive my Pedestrian-"And what did "ou get

One of the joys of I

Domi

on the farm is the pic the whole family has lo all through the busy a The picnic basket ma the gala atmosphere whether packed for a hood gathering or for a

dinner at a nearby lake

A red-white-and-blue is quite as possible at home. Paper napkins the day take first place idea. Sandwiches wra paper and tied with no bon have the two-fold keeping fresh and ber all add the red of our fl

ing cardboard strips partments to hold the n serves and the more in a place for a vacuum holds piping hot coffe If a real picnic is not

not pack the basket my the First of July dinne big shade tree in the j corate the dining table appropriate to the day special feast?

PICNIC SANDWB 12 slices brent Butter to spres 1 small head le 6 slices crisp by Salt and popps Cut bread in slices or thick, spread with butte with buttered sides togel in oiled paper or a map the lettuce leaves, washi

keep it fresh and crisp. to spread lunch, the sa made up with a lettu slice of tomato, slice o slices of battered bread. This sandwich adds j

a fruit jar, sprinkle wi

and screw on the lie of

1/2 c. chopped hant 1 hard-boiled egg 3 thsp. lemon juice 1/4 tsp. prepared r 4 thsp. melted butt tered bread. If more light

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