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GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

"Where's your captain?" I asked, and a man jerked his thumb over his shoulder. The others wore thick jerseys and knitted caps, but there was one man at the rear in uniform.

He was a short, broad man with a weather-beaten face and an anxious eye.

"May I have a word with you, Herr Captain?" I said, with what I hoped was a judicious blend of authority and conciliation.

He nodded to his companion, who walked on.

"Yes?" he asked rather impatiently.

I proffered him my pass. Thank Heaven he had seen the kind of thing before, for his face at once took on that curious look which one person in authority always wears when he is confronted with another. He studied it closely and then raised his eyes.

"Well, sir?" he said. "I observe your credentials. What can I do for you?"

"I take it you are bound for Constantinople?" I asked.

"The boats go as far as Rustchuk," he replied. "There the stuff is transferred to the railway."

"And you reach Rustchuk when?"

"In ten days, bar accidents. Let us say twelve to be safe."

"I want to accompany you," I said. "In my profession, Herr Captain, it is necessary sometimes to make journeys by other than the common route. That is now my desire. I have the right to call upon some other branch of my country's service to help me. Hence my request."

Very plainly he did not like it.

"I must telegraph about it. My instructions are to let no one aboard, not even a man like you. I am sorry, sir, but I must get authority first before I can fall in with your desire. Besides, my boat is ill-found. You had better wait for the next batch and ask Dreyser to take you. I lost Walter to-day. He was ill when he came aboard—a disease of the heart—but he would not be persuaded. And last night he died."

"Was that him you have been burying?" I asked.

"Even so. He was a good man and my wife's cousin, and now I have no engineer. Only a fool of a boy from Hamburg. I have just come from wiring to my owners for a fresh man, but even if he comes by the quickest train he will scarcely overtake us before Vienna or even Buda."

I saw light at last.

"We will go together," I said, "and cancel that wire. For behold, Herr Captain, I am an engineer, and will gladly keep an eye on your boilers till we get to Rustchuk."

He looked at me doubtfully.

"I am speaking truth," I said. "Before the war I was an engineer in Damaraland. Mining was my branch, but I had a good general training, and I know enough to run a river-boat. Have no fear. I promise you I will earn my passage."

His face cleared, and he looked what he was, an honest, good-humored North German seaman.

"Come then in God's name," he cried, "and we will make a bargain. I will let the telegraph sleep. I require authority from the Government to take a passenger, but I need none to engage a new engineer."

He sent one of the hands back to the village to cancel his wire. In ten minutes I found myself on board, and ten minutes later we were out in midstream and our tows were lumbering into line. Coffee was being made ready in the cabin, and while I waited for it I picked up the captain's binoculars and scanned the place I had left.

I saw some curious things. On the first road I had struck on leaving the cottage there were men on bicycles moving rapidly. They seemed to wear uniform. On the next parallel road, the one that ran through the village, I could see others. I noticed, too, that several figures appeared to be beating the intervening fields.

Stumm's cordon had got busy at last, and I thanked my stars that not one of the villagers had seen me. I had not got away much too soon, for in another half hour he would have had me.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RETURN OF THE STRAGGLER.

Before I turned in that evening I had done some good hours' work in the engine-room. The boat was oil-fired, and in very fair order, so my duties did not look as if they would be heavy. There was nobody who could be properly called an engineer; only, besides the furnace-men, a couple of lads from Hamburg who had been a year ago apprentices in a shipbuilding yard. They were civil fellows, both of them consumptive, who did what I told them and said little. By bed-time, if you had seen me in my blue jumpers, a pair of carpet slippers, and a flat cap—all the property of the deceased Walter—you would have sworn I had been bred to the firing of river-boats, whereas I had acquired most of my knowledge on one run down the Zambesi, when the proper engineer got drunk and fell overboard among the crocodiles.

The captain—they called him Schenk—was out of his bearings in the job. He was a Frisian and a first-class deep-water seaman, but, since he knew the Rhine delta, and because the German mercantile marine was laid on the ice till the end of war, they had turned him on to this show. He was bored by the business and didn't understand it very well. The river charts puzzled him, and though it was pretty plain going for hundreds of miles, yet he was in a perpetual fidget about the pilotage. You could see that he would have been far more in his element smelling his way through the shoals of the Ems mouth, or beating against a north-easter in the shallow Baltic. He had six barges in tow, but the heavy flood of the Danube made it an easy job except when it came to going slow. There were two men on each barge, who came aboard every morning to draw rations. That was a funny business, for we never lay to if we could help it. There was a dinghy belonging to each barge, and the men used to row to the next and get a lift in that barge's dinghy, and so forth. Six men would appear in the dinghy of the barge nearest us and carry off supplies for the rest. The men were mostly Frisians, slow-spoken, sandy-haired lads, very like the breed you strike on the Essex coast.

It was the fact that Schenk was really a deep-water sailor, and so a novice to the job, that made me get on with him. He was a good fellow and quite willing to take a hint, so before I had been twenty-four hours on board he was telling me all his difficulties, and I was doing my best to cheer him. And difficulties came thick, because the next night was New Year's Eve.

I knew that that night was a season of gaiety in Scotland, but Scotland wasn't in it with the Fatherland. Even Schenk, though he was in charge of valuable stores and was voyaging against time, was quite clear that the men must have permission for some kind of beano. Just before darkness we came abreast a fair-sized town, whose name I never discovered, and decided to lie to for the night. The arrangement was that one man should be left on guard in each barge, and the other get four hour's leave ashore. Then he would return and relieve his friend, who should proceed to do the same thing. I foresaw that there would be some fun when the first batch returned, but I did not dare to protest. I was desperately anxious to get past the Austrian frontier, for I had a half-notion we might be searched there, but Schenk took this *Sylversterabend* business so seriously that I would have risked a row if I had tried to argue.

The upshot was what I expected. We got the first batch aboard about midnight, blind to the world, and the others straggled in at all hours next morning. I stuck to the boat for obvious reasons, but next day it became too serious, and I had to go ashore with the captain to round up the stragglers. We got them all in but two, and I am inclined to think these two had never meant to come back. If I had a soft job like a river-boat I shouldn't be inclined to run away in the middle of Germany with the certainty that my best fate would be to be scooped up for the trenches, but your Frisian has no more imagination than a haddock. The absentees were both watchmen from the barges, and I fancy the monotony of the life had got on their nerves.

The captain was in a raging temper, for he was short-handed to begin with. He would have started a press-gang, but there was no superfluity of men in that township; nothing but boys and grandfathers. As I was helping to run the trip I was pretty annoyed also, and I sluiced down the drunkards with icy Danube water, using all the worst language I knew in Dutch and German. It was a raw morning, and as we raged through the river-side streets I remember I heard the dry cackle of wild geese going overhead, and wished I could get a shot at them. I told one fellow—he was the most troublesome—that he was a disgrace to a great Empire, and was only fit to fight with the filthy English.

"God in Heaven!" said the captain, "we can delay no longer. We must make shift the best we can. I can spare one man from the deck hands, and you must give up one from the engine-room."

That was arranged, and we were tearing back rather short in the wind when I espied a figure sitting on a bench beside the booking-office on the pier. It was a slim figure, in an old suit of khaki: some cast-off duds which had long lost the semblance of a uniform. It had a gentle face, and was smoking peacefully, looking out upon the river and the boats and us noisy fellows with meek philosophical eyes. If I had seen General French sitting there and looking like nothing on earth I couldn't have been more surprised.

The man started at me without recognition. He was waiting for his cue.

I spoke rapidly in Sesutu, for I was afraid the captain might know Dutch.

"Where have you come from?" I asked.

"They shut me up in *tronk*," said Peter, "and I ran away. I am tired, Cornelis, and want to continue the journey by boat."

"Remember you have worked for me in Africa," I said. "You are just home from Damaraland. You are a German who has lived thirty years away from home. You can tend a furnace and have worked in mines."

Then I spoke to the captain.

"Here is a fellow who used to be in my employ, Captain Schenk. It's almighty luck we've struck him. He's old, and not very strong in the head, but I'll go bail he's a good worker. He says he'll come with us and I can use him in the engine-room."

"Stand up," said the captain.

Peter stood up, light and slim and wiry as a leopard. A sailor does not judge men by girth and weight.

"He'll do," said Schenk, and the next minute he was readjusting his crews and giving the strayed revellers the rough side of his tongue. As it chanced, I couldn't keep Peter with me, but had to send him to one of the barges, and I had time for no more than five words with him, when I told him to hold his tongue and live up to his reputation as a half-wit. That accursed *Sylvesterabend* had played havoc with the whole outfit, and the captain and I were weary men before we got things straight.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

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ISSUE No. 26—'23.

Woman's Sphere

LOOKING COOL IN HOT WEATHER.

In order to appear to advantage in spite of weather conditions, one must look warm in cold weather and cool in warm weather. The latter is perhaps hardest to achieve, but a calm manner, clothing to suit the occasion, daintiness and cleanliness of person and of one's belongings will always create a favorable impression.

Toilet helps are needed, too, not only for appearance but for comfort. A bathtub with an abundance of running water is an aid to comfort, beauty and health. In the home where the fully appointed bathroom is a thing of the future, a portable bath-tub can be used, or the sponge bath will have to serve. It is sometimes possible to rig up a shower-bath in an outside shed, but a shower-bath seems to be more popular with boys than with girls.

A bath serves several purposes. Not only does it cleanse the surface of the skin, but it facilitates the removal of dead cuticle and opens the pores, allowing many impurities to escape. In order to accomplish these, I prefer the hot tub bath taken at night, when free perspiration is allowed to follow. The daytime bath, usually a hurried affair, may be followed by the use of talcum powder. Sponging the body with lukewarm water has a cooling effect and is very refreshing on a warm day. Such a bath can well become a part of the afternoon toilet and can be followed by a liberal use of talcum powder in order to check the perspiration which would be so uncomfortable an accompaniment.

The talcum powder used in summer should be delicate in scent; many people object to heavy perfumes at any time, but in very hot weather such perfumes are really unpleasant. Unfortunately, people who use perfumes constantly become so used to them that they do not realize when they are using them to excess. The well-bred woman purchases a good quality of perfume, then uses it sparingly. She also chooses perfume, talcum powder, sachet powder and toilet water having the same odor, for mixed odors sometimes clash.

If the skin chafes from heat and perspiration, use stearate of zinc for a dusting powder. This powder is very fine and smooth and will often heal and give relief when other powders fail.

While perspiration is very necessary to one's well-being, it can also be very uncomfortable and unpleasant, especially when accompanied by odors. There is an excellent soap to be used when body odors are present and mild cases are helped by rubbing a pinch of bicarbonate of soda into the armpits. When the odor is unpleasantly strong, a deodorant should be used. There are numerous deodorants on the market. They come in cream, powder or liquid form and are applied to the armpits, between the toes and to any creases in the flesh.

Excessive perspiration under the arms is very troublesome when thin waists or sleeves are worn. There are several remedies which will check this activity of the sweat glands and without harm to the person using them.

Whether one freckles or tans, long motor trips are very hard on the skin and, in either case, the ounce of prevention is better than the pound of cure. There is a healing lotion to be applied to the face, hands and arms before going out in the wind or sun and after it is absorbed by the skin, a light dusting of powder may be applied. The thinnest coating of powder will afford protection. After long exposure to sun or wind and dust, cleanse the skin thoroughly with cold cream, allowing the cream to work into the pores, then remove with absorbent cotton and an old linen towel or handkerchief. The face should not be washed until the next morning, when the inflammation, caused by sun or wind, has subsided. The face may then be well washed with warm water and a good soap, and well rinsed with cold water. This method is suggested for motorists or after unusual exposure.

A POPULAR SUIT STYLE FOR THE SMALL BOY.

4380. Linen, drill, Indian head, flannel and serge, also pongee and jersey cloth would be attractive for this style, which appeals so much to the "little seaman." The blouse may be finished in smock style or with the lower edge drawn in bloused effect.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 2⅝ yards of 40-inch material. Blue linen with white facings would be pleasing, or white drill with trimming of orange or green.

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

HELP NOT WANTED.

To hire house help on the farm is an impossibility in our section at times, and yet the canning and the churning, the sweeping and the dusting and the feeding and care of a large family goes on. It pays no mother to break herself down or to work so hard that she finds no joy in her family life, and in order to build for herself a satisfying existence she must not only put her shoulder willingly to the wheel, but she must learn how to employ the co-operation of her family.

Thrift can be exercised in many ways besides the saving of money. The farm wife can practice the thrift of simple menus; unnecessary housework and odd jobs. I figured that if one person's thrift was a valuable thing, the thrift of a whole family would prove a wonderful thing. The plan I laid before my household was adopted and now our sign (did we need to advertise it) would read "Help Not Wanted."

"First," I explained, "I am going to be thrifty on steps. Any one who can save mother a step on trips about the house and yard must do so. For instance, if some one passes the wood-pile empty-handed, he can save me steps by bringing in an armful of wood. If any one goes to the barn, he can carry out the calves' milk; if you pass the granary, bring in the corn for the chickens. Just a question of your heads saving my heels.

"Don't go anywhere empty-handed. If you go upstairs, take the laundry with you; when you come down, bring the waste-baskets and empty them. You can all, from baby Tommy to grandpa, do your share and make it possible for me to be relieved of the morning task of putting away toys, clothes, newspapers and books. I need more minutes for sewing, more time for mending, more hours for leisure, and it is in your power to make the gift."

We set our rising hour but fifteen minutes earlier and with every one helping we accomplished wonders. It meant that I was able to get through the necessary work efficiently and well and without the loss of health or patience. It meant a trip away from home because for once mother had caught up with the children's sewing and was willing to take the time that her family had been able to give her. —Marjorie Street.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

The Answer Was in the Affirmative.

The recent death of the Siamese twins, Josefa and Rosa Blazek, reminds the Argonaut of a story about the original Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, who were joined together at the hips.

It is said that when the absent-minded Duke of St. Albans went to see them in London he bent a distrait look upon them for a few seconds and then perfunctorily asked the attendant, who stood by, "Are they brothers?"

The first successful contour map of a deep sea zone has just been completed by the American Government. It shows the submerged hills, valleys, and cliffs over 34,000 square miles of the bed of the Pacific Ocean.

Lifebuoy may be safely used on the tenderest skin.

It is wonderfully cleansing for little hands, faces, and bodies.

It leaves a delightful freshness and softness.

Lifebuoy babies have beautiful healthy skins.

LB61

Knew She Would Fly.

"Dad calls the maid 'angel,' ma. Will she get wings?"

"I can't say, my dear, but I know she's going to fly."

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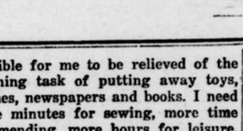

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The Prince of Wales' Business Suits

The Prince of Wales is said to have a suit for every day in the year, yet he takes less interest in dress than the average shoe clerk. "But the Prince," says an American writer, "cherishes his multiple wardrobe as a mechanic cherishes his tools or a physician his pill boxes." He needs them in his business, for the Prince of Wales is a business man. And these are his business suits.

Some of the suits are uniforms, others are for sport in which the Prince is expert, still others are costumes bearing insignia of clubs and organizations of which he is much more than an honorary member. Some of his street clothes are selected with the greatest care to appeal to sections or classes with which he expects to mix. "In fact," says the writer, "the only suits which the Prince can choose according to his private taste are his pajamas!"

The future King of England has improved on the methods of all kings and emperors, ancient and modern. He would, says the author, if it would help the British Empire, wear a different suit of clothes for every man in England.

Most Tactful of Men.

The point of this is that the Prince of Wales well deserved the tribute paid him by Sir Gilbert Parker that there never was a more naturally tactful man or one who, with a supreme gift of feeling differences of view and temperament, adapts himself more to the needs of the moment. There is probably no living Britisher who has traveled so far in so short a time. The remarkable thing is that wherever he went he made friends for himself and the British Empire. This American writer suggests that, "it might be a good thing if the United States had a fresh-faced American youth, with a fondness for baseball and fishing and pretty girls and a God-sent devotion to American ideals, traveling to the ends of the earth making us understood and liked."

The average Englishman seems to find in young Edward of Wales all that he needs as a tonic for his war worn soul. The Prince has performed many services for the British Empire; "perhaps it is not too much to say that he has, by his personality and his promise, done more to save it during these unsettled days than any other living man."

Nothing that British royalty does at home is so important to the nation as what it does abroad. Modern up-to-date royalty does not expect the world to come to it. It sends out salesmen and delivers the goods. "And the greatest salesman of them all, the royal bagman, is H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. He sells the British Empire to the world and to itself."

Poland the Sixth Nation of Europe.

The new republic of Poland, now in its fifth year, has a population of 27,160,168, and is the sixth nation in Europe, according to official information compiled by the Polish Bureau of Information.

"Its population is exceeded only by Russia, Germany, Great Britain, France and Italy," the statement says. "Poland has a population as large as Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Norway and Switzerland combined."

Warsaw's population is given as 941,001; Lodz, 451,000; Lemberg, 219,000; Cracow, 181,000; Posen, 169,000; Vilna (estimated) 146,000.

The republic has now been divided into sixteen states or administrative units, called voyvodships. The City of Warsaw, however, as capital of the republic, is distinct from any voyvodship.

After struggling with various boundary disputes on all sides, and emerging victorious from a war with Russia, Poland established her frontiers and then turned her attention to internal affairs.

The first regular Polish Parliament came into being November 27, 1922, succeeding the Constituent Assembly that had been organized as an emergency governing body early in 1919. During its life the assembly enacted more than five hundred laws, including a constitution providing for a house of representatives elected by universal equal suffrage, and a senate elected in the same manner.

Economy was another far-reaching measure instituted by the new republic. During 1922 a reduction of 25,000 civilian employees was made in the various departments. Military affairs also were subjected to sweeping changes. A standing army of 250,000 was recommended, with compulsory military service of two years for all males reaching the age of 21.

The republic demonstrated its stability in December, 1922, following the assassination of President Narutowicz, the first chief executive, after he had been in office but two days. In the absence of precedent, the leaders turned to the constitution for guidance. Four days after the assassination an election was held and a new president took office in accordance with the expressed will of the people.

Sixty Loaves a Minute.

Sixty loaves of bread are formed from dough and fed into an oven each minute with an electrically operated machine invented in England.

There are 79 specified religions in Canada, compared with 67 in 1911.

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