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ROBINSON, P. Q., Jan. 14th, 1915. "I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. I had frequent dizzy spells and became greatly run down. A neighbor advised me to try "Fruit-a-tives". I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve, and he advised me to go on with "Fruit-a-tives".

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The NURSE'S STORY



BY ADELE BLENEAU

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For a bitter moment I stood torn between conflicting emotions; then my eyes sought those of my poor patient. He spoke to me, but his words, curiously enough, influenced me in a way quite other than he intended. "Accept," he said in French, taking the one chance that they might understand, and his eyes told me the rest. I would be safe, and he—his didn't need to tell me—he knew how to die like a soldier.

With a despairing gesture I turned from him and faced the German general, for I could not bear to meet the eyes of the man whom I had so strangely, suddenly come to know I loved. "I will do what you say," I answered simply.

Captain Frazer started to speak, but with a voice so full of ghastly anxiety that it almost tore my heart from my body. A moment later the general waved him away.

After he had gone the general smiled in a way for which I could have strangled him with my hands if I had not a far more important and subtle part to play.

"Before I go further," he said, "perhaps it might be well to warn you that in the enemy's line there are many of our spies," then his voice became harsh. "Fall us in the smallest particular, and your lover dies like the dog he is." Springing to his feet and leaning toward me until his face almost touched mine, he stared into my eyes and thundered out, "Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand only too well," I replied. "When do I start?"

"At once!" "This morning at dawn you will be taken by one of our men to a point where, if you go straight ahead about two miles, you will find a break in the English line." In that way the German officer in command informed me that the time had come for me to make good my promise to play the spy. Continuing, he said: "It will be guarded, of course, by the patrol. When you are challenged you will call out 'Friend.' The sentry will say, 'Advance, friend, and give the countersign'—that you will, of course, not know, but he will see you are a woman, a nurse, and will not shoot. He will undoubtedly send you to the nearest headquarters, and



Here I interrupted with: "But the countersign is changed every day. It will be three days." "The one I give you will be good until the evening of the third day. It is 'Deutschland Uber Alles.'" "I think it a most hazardous task," I said, "and one in which the chances are a hundred to one I shall fail, however earnestly I try, but I accept. Before I go I want to say that I know Captain Frazer is not a spy, though appearances may be against him, but I know, too, that for less men have been shot. The falsity of the accusation can be proved, but it takes time." "And time," he broke in, "is what we none of us have just now."

I took up the orange petticoat, went to my room and twenty minutes later was en route. I begged to see Captain Frazer, but permission either to talk to or write him was denied, and I was blindfolded and led to the waiting motor. After we had gone an hour—whether in a straight line or in a circle I was unable to decide—we suddenly halted, and the officer with me, removing the bandage from my eyes, jumped down and said: "Fraulein, your way is straight ahead to where you see that windmill dimly outlined on the horizon. Goodbye and good luck!" He held out his hand. As I took it he added, "This is not to my taste, Fraulein."

had succeeded, for as I stopped for a moment to survey the place there was not a man, woman or child to be seen anywhere. Somehow I'd trusted these empty houses—one never knew what might be hidden behind their silent walls.

I was stumbling along shortly after when I suddenly saw before me gleaming in the first pure rays of sunlight a brilliantly hued shell. It was a German seventy-seven, and the deep rich blue had been scraped off until the brass, shining like dull gold, showed through. I stopped a moment to look down on it—and was thinking of the havoc the beautiful thing was capable of when sharp a voice called, "Who goes there?"

I looked up hastily to find two fixed bayonets confronting me and two highlanders frowning behind them. "Friend," I answered.

"Advance and give the countersign." I advanced, and so did they. We met, and I told them I was a military nurse escaped from the Germans.

They regarded me with mixed suspicion and interest, but after a whispered consultation I was given over to a sergeant, who sent me under escort to headquarters. As we marched along they asked me dozens of questions about the strength of the Germans, most of which I was unable to answer. It was breakfast time when I arrived at headquarters, and I had to wait an hour until I could see the commander. When I was at last ushered in I found him a typical English soldier. At the beginning of my story I told him the Germans had assured me there were spies all about him; that I would be watched, and I laughed incredulously.

"I dare say they are right," he answered. "Anyway we shall take no chances. Come out in the garden. There we can at least see who is behind us."

There was a marble seat by a pool in the center of the lovely old-fashioned garden, and there we sat while I told him the whole story. "If they suspect you of playing them false they will shoot both of you, that is certain," said General. "If you do not return they might go through with the charge against Frazer." His voice became sad as he spoke of him. After some minutes spent in deep thought, he went on: "Well, wear your yellow petticoat, dress like a peasant girl, but—you had better be seen as little as possible, and be looked at. You must be patient, my dear, and patient, and that's rather unfortunate just at this moment. You will place the guns, but only such and where I see fit. You are pledged to return the morning of the third day, are you not?"

"Yes," I answered. "You will return—your safe conduct through our lines will be arranged—manage to live," and he laughed, "until noon of that day, and I guarantee you and Frazer will be safe."

"And now to business." Down the road a quarter of a mile there is a cottage. You will recognize it by two tall trees in the front yard. An old peasant woman lives there, who would sell her soul for money. Have you any?" he asked quickly.

"Yes," I answered; "before I left the Germans returned 1,000 francs of my money, which they had taken." "Good! Well, go there, tell her you are released from nursing for a week and that you want to stay here because, well, because your lover is near here. Subsidize her and explain that you wish to dress like a peasant, to attract less attention. She will be afraid, nervous and so on, but for 10 francs a night she will be persuaded. Some of our men are billeted there, and through them you will receive the necessary instructions. Today you had better keep quiet, get your bearings and learn the directions as well as you can."

He got up to leave, first asking me to wait. In a few moments he returned with a tall bronzed officer, who eyed me narrowly. Just before they reached me, however, they stopped, took out a fieldglass and, began earnestly scrutinizing the heavens. After a few moments he said: "That is one of our liaison officers. A liaison officer is one who takes messages from one line to another. It's an exciting and dangerous job and requires men of courage and ability. I have chosen him, as he goes and comes, and no attention is paid to him; going and coming is his job. Tomorrow morning at ten—that is about the hour they will be watching—go out of your house and follow this officer, keeping as far behind him as you can and still distinguish his movements. He may take a zigzag route, but you go straight on, following the general direction of the canal south. But when he stops, takes out his fieldglass and scrutinizes the heavens, you go on past him for a distance of say 200 steps, and then at an angle of forty-five degrees 100 paces, when you will stop and occupy yourself with whatever seems feasible, for that is where you are to locate one battery for 'our friends.' The officer whom you have been following will perhaps disappear, but you had better go on a mile or so farther, as if you were

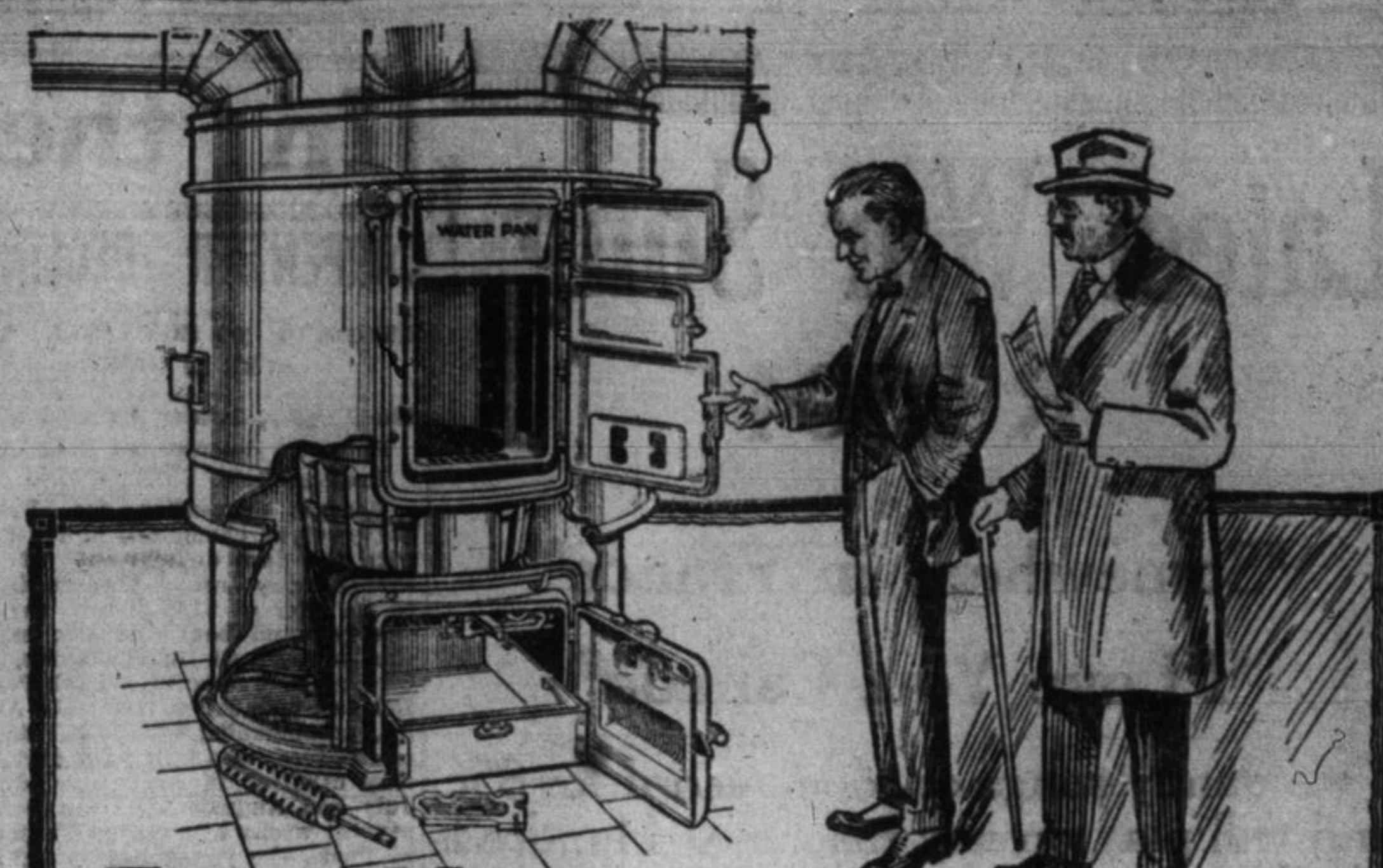
searching for other information. Whatever you do, do not stop anywhere near the big bridge across the canal, for there the French will—but never mind. You had better go now. Further instructions you will receive later."

He held out his hand and said: "Goodbye, sister"—the English always call their military nurses sister. "You are as brave as I could wish even a son to be," and the interview was ended.

As I left the garden a motor drove up, and a tall soldierly looking man jumped hurriedly out. I should not have noticed him had he not almost run into me. He bowed and apologized and I was hurrying on when some one called. I looked around. The commander himself motioned me to return. When I reached him he introduced me to the man with whom I had almost collided, saying, "Lord N. this is the nurse I told you of—the one who has been looking after Captain Frazer. I thought you might like to speak to her."

In a voice tense with emotion Lord N. said: "Captain Frazer is very dear to me. Have you good news, sister?" "He is much better and, although a prisoner, he has been treated with consideration," I answered.

(To Be Continued.) Prince as Chairman The Prince of Wales made a speech some years ago at the laying of the foundation stone of a church in South London on the property of the Duchy of Cornwall. But his appearance as chairman of the Statutory Committee for Naval and Military Pensions is a much more important stage in his career. His Royal Highness is expected to take his seat in the House of Lords some time this year, being of the same age as his grandfather, Edward VII, when he took his seat in the Lords for the first time.



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Testimonials are very often nothing more or less than extravagant use of words. There is a lot of difference between loud-mouthed talk and solid argument. Pride often makes you and I and the rest of mankind do many foolish things. The man who does not honor his mother doesn't deserve to be honored himself.

Advertisement for Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief, featuring the product name in large stylized letters and a small illustration of a person.

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PROOF "Gonorrhea Suffering," April 11, 1916, says—"Providences has given us the means to overcome Nature for our ill-treatment of her. . . . The means at hand come from natural sources, and we have them embodied in such splendid combination as Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief. We take this preparation as an example because it is so well balanced in the matter of components and so effective in every direction."