

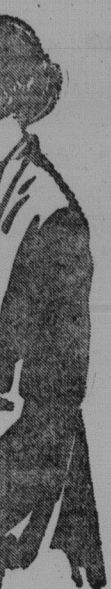
Little Pet
eds a Candy Cascaret

enguel Then hurry! Give
nasty bile, souring food and
in the little liver and bowels.
andy" Cascarets. Harmless
appoint! Cost 10 cents a box.



child is irritable, feverish, when the little
gives harmless Cascarets to thoroughly
pawls—then don't worry! Full direc-
es on each 10 cent box.

June. The eyes are rather deep and
when yielding heavily it is liable to
grow rather rough and have hollow
heart.
Then following in order of yield
we have, Langworthy with 399 bushels
a Morgan's Pink Seedling, 397, Vick's
Extra, 396; Cumming Prize, 395;
Eureka Extra Early, 385; Early
Everett, 379; Houlton Rose, 375; Wm
McGregor, 375; Piermont Seedling,
374; Empire State, 370, and Dalmeny
Beauty, 365. This last list was all
tested for six years.



Mystery

in quality?"
must," explained
wheats vary in
localities. Some
ore gluten than
ty of gluten is
ur because that is
e which helps the
bread to rise prop-
nutritious."
ur bread always to
ce my advice, fol-
tly, but use

Flour

home and returned with
was delighted. "Oh, if I
that!" she exclaimed.
er for bread. I ought to
y, I'm sure you'll be
with it. Try it, my

imited

fax, N.S.

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

WEEKLY CHAT.

Dear Boys and Girls:—
How many of you I wonder saw the
branches and twigs of the trees all
covered with ice during the past week.
It was such a pretty sight where one
could see just a few that I wondered
how many of the kiddies would see a
whole forest like that and say "I en-
joyed it little folks who did, especial-
ly when the sun was shining on them
too. If the little twigs could speak
I don't believe they would be very
pleased to have that coating of ice
over them. Even though it did look
so pretty, let us hope the trees will
not suffer from the weight they had
to carry for several days. When one
stops to think of the many years it
takes to grow a tree of some size, it
would seem cruel for the ice to come
along and injure several years of
growth. Writing about forest and
woods reminds me of the interesting
story I am publishing today in which
one of our boy heroes is catching some
rabbits. I had to smile to myself over
the bunnies escaping and kiddies
not seeing their happy captives when
they went out to get away after
probably feeling pretty blue over their
capture. Of course it is heaps of fun
to trap them and perfectly natural to
want to keep them for pets and I do
not blame any boy or girl for wanting
to do that, but from the rabbit's point
of view it isn't fun to spend one's
life in any prison no matter how pleas-
ant the life is. Nothing is better than
freedom. I never go through a park
or zoo, where there are all sorts of
birds and animals caged without feel-
ing a wee bit sorry for the poor things
and sometimes I just look at you
with that pleading expression which
seems to say: "Please let me out." Of
course you may say they are much
better off with a little home, even
though it be a prison, and plenty to eat
instead of going hungry and often
hunting in vain for a square meal
that is all very true, but somehow I
believe God provides for their comfort
as well as for ours and He helps them
out of their troubles and difficulties
just as He helps us and don't you be-
lieve the birds and animals would rather
suffer for a home or a morsel of
food than give up their freedom. Free-
dom is a wonderful word too, from the
smallest up to the biggest all want it.
Even the nations have been and
always will struggle for it. And as
for people, well you all have heard
and read the many stories about slav-
ery, when human beings were treated
tough and sold with out possessing
one item of freedom in any sense of
the term. Of course I admit there are
many animals and people who cannot
struggle with their freedom, but they
belong to the class who fail to ob-
serve the golden rule. If all obeyed
that good old saying, what a better
world this would be.
Even boys and girls would get along
much better if they did not chafe
as they would that others should do
unto them. Then there would be so
much less quarrelling, teasing and
fighting. It would be lovely rule to
try and follow for 1919 and it might
not be so very hard either. Let us
all try anyway.
With regards of love,
UNCLE DICK.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

Birthday greetings for the coming
week to the following members:
Jean Moore, Mechanics
Hazel Beckingham, Britain St.
Rosalie Goldfinger, Prince William
St.
Charlotte Winslow, Woodstock.
Gladys Everett, Queen St.
M. M. Armstrong, City.
Irene Tharber, Freeport, N. S.
Elsie Sears, Centre Village.
Mrs. Blakely, Charlottetown.
Hazel Bunker, Ruston's St. Sta.
Anna Green, Tabernacle.
Maude McKnight, Millstream.
Muriel Mouchie, Upper Kewick.
Samuel Green, Main St.
Walter Worth, Gormin St.
Helen Baldwin, St. George.
James White, St. James St.
Joseph Wheaton, Upper Sackville.
Hickie Jamieson, E. Bathurst.
Alice Knodell, 64 Pitt St.
Lawrence Love, St. Martins.
Pride Hoyt, Broad St.
Arthur Rourke, St. James St.
Ledy Dods, St. George.
Margot Beckingham, 29 Britain St.
Paul Davis, Bristol.
Margaret Grieve, Harvey St.

NEW MEMBERS

Helen Seely, Goodrich St.
Annie Moore, Ruston's St. Sta.
Catherine Randies, Kinghurst.
Edna Elizabeth Boone, McAdam.
Lillian Kilcup, Leproux, Char. Co.

WHAT A MAGNET WILL DO.

A small magnet will afford more en-
tertainment than the best toy ever
"Made in Germany." It is one, too,
which will give amusement to his
travels in any one of the new uses
which he is continually finding for it.
One of the first will be the obedient
needle which follows his hand.
Open a large book, as a school geo-
graphy, and on the cover place a needle.
In the hand under the cover
have a magnet concealed, and it is
very easy to make the needle follow
the hand. Gradually raise the cover
and still make the needle follow the
hand, though at an inclination of
thirty or forty degrees.
A handful of iron filings and is likely
to contain some iron. Dip the magnet
into it, and if this is the case, the iron
particles will cling to the magnet.
The great uses of the magnet are in
steel rails are just big electro-mag-
nets. These are made of soft iron,
and are magnets only as an electric
current passes through them. When
the crane passes over the car to pick
up a load, it is charged with electric-
ity, and at once the car is lifted and
moved; after it has been passed back
to the dumping ground the current is
cut off and the magnetic power is
lost, letting the car fall. Thus the
work of many men is performed quick-
ly and easily by the application of
a little scientific knowledge. The
magnet is no longer a plaything, but a
power in the industrial world.
What is the best way to keep a fish
from smothering?

ANSWERS TO LETTERS

MINNIE MELVILLE, Lansdowne—
It is always a good thing to hear of
young folks being so contented with
Santa Claus' gifts as you appear to be.
I tried to have a contest for draw-
ing Santa before Xmas, but could not
get a good cut of him to print in the
paper. With schools shut down in
so many places the kiddies are
going to have a lot of extra time for
skating and coasting and they are such
great fun too.
GORDON, Newcastle—Did you dis-
cover your mix up in your letters yet?
I think the aunties and uncle must
have received the letter intended for
Uncle Dick for I received the one
written to him.

ILLIAN KILCUP, Leproux—I will
be pleased to enroll you as a new mem-
ber, but must first have your age and
date of birthday.

BLANCHIE KEITH—Hope you have
received the expected prize long be-
fore this. Will be glad to use the
story or riddle you sent in, but you
probably have read of my comments
about jumbled things.
EDNA ELIZABETH BOONE, Mc-
Adam—By your letter I am not sure
whether you are a new member or not.
I said you had such a good view with
Christmas. Most little folks enjoy
these visits. You do not need to send
in the answers you get to puzzles just
keep them and see how many you get
right when the next Children's page
is printed.

JERRY CURTIS, Bristol—Such a
long time since you sent me a letter
and yet you only managed a very
short one.

LOUIS MOISE, White Head Is-
land—I wonder if you read the Chat
each week, as well as the stories, and
puzzles, if you do I wonder why you
send in the answers to the puzzles.
They are just for your amusement,
and I ask all the boys and girls to
keep them and see how many you get
right when the next Children's page
is printed.

JENNIE MOORE, Ruston's—
Am so glad you have enjoyed the
Children's Corner so much, so that
you will want to join us. We all give
you a welcome.

GRACIE, Lansdowne—With such a
large number of nice and new mem-
bers I have to be very careful to sign
your full name always when writing. Yes,
I am hoping too, that all the boys and
girls will begin the New Year with
a new friend.

MABEL VANWART—I think I envy
you the nice coasting time you en-
joy. What a big hearted Santa Claus
came to all this year, and so you were
well treated by the old fellow too.

GLADYS RANDLES, Kinghurst—
Saturday night would be very nice
for a great many I think if it wasn't
for the Children's Corner. We are
pleased to enroll you as a new mem-
ber and trust you will be interested
as well as add to the interest.

FLORA FRAZEE, Head of Mil-
stream—You write as if you were a
new member, if so you did not send
me your letter. Hope this year you
are well over the "Pit" by this time.

MAY WOODWORTH, Harrison St.
—We very recently had a jumbled
terms in Arithmetic and I know you
can make up lots of clever puzzles for
you try hard, for the present we are
going to leave jumbled names of
everything because the members are
not sending in any other kind and
they have become tiresome I believe.
Besides they are not very original.

MARY MCCORDICK, Canon St.
—You will please read my remarks to
another city member about puzzles,
and I know you will agree with me.
ANNA AIRD, Beaufort—You will see
your letter in today's Corner, and I
only wish I could have printed as
it appears. The writing is so good
and the letter so very clean and neat
that it was a great pleasure to read
it and it would be a splendid spec-
imen for some of the other members
to look at.

JOHN W. CLAIR, Your letter
reached me just in time for this
week's page and I was so glad for
it was so interesting that I felt sure
all the boys would enjoy it. You sure-
ly had hard luck but what lots of fun
and weren't those bunnies glad to es-
cape. They don't like life in a bar-
rel.

HELEN SEELY, Goodrich St.—We
are pleased to enroll you as a mem-
ber. You failed to send in the date
of your birthday, though so I will ex-
pect that very soon.

TIMELY GAMES.

A Peanut Contest.
Give each player ten peanuts. At
a given signal all start to shell the
peanuts and also remove the skin. The
one finishing first, without breaking the
kernels, is the winner.

A Peck of Peas.
These peas are not of the vege-
table variety. Select a number of
words beginning with the letter "p,"
which when the first letter is removed
will leave a word; for example, the
first word, a gem, when decapitated, is
a member of the nobility (pearl); a
few other suggestions are, pirate,
peep, pinch, pluck, please, pease,
peep, peck, pease, pease, pease.

JIGGS' CONTEST.

Because of so much illness among
the staff causing the work to be heavy
on the few who were left, the prize win-
ners were late in receiving their mon-
ey. I trust that before this all are in
receipt of the expected prize and I
am sure you will be considerably
enough to pardon the delay.

THE FLOATING NEEDLES.

To make a needle swim on the
surface of water, you take a piece of
tissue paper and place it upon the
surface of water, then lay the needle
upon it. As the thin paper becomes
soaked and sinks to the bottom of
the water, the needle is left floating
on top.

Another way to do the trick is to
suspend the needle in two strings and
lower into the water. Draw the
strings carefully away as soon as the
steel floats.



ACROSS RUSSIA

A STORY FOR BOYS

(Continued from last week.)

"Speak on," said the old softly.
"Tonight we shall rest at the guard-
house five miles hence, as is the cus-
tom. I know this route, for I have
travelled it before. The guards will
think that so near to the settlement
all the prisoners are safe. We are a
small number only, as you will have
observed, but twenty in all. The guard
will drink deeply, but one will re-
main on duty in the room with us.
I will attend to him. Bend down, Ex-
cellency, as though to fasten your
shoe. So, a man has dropped in the
snow at your side. It will serve to
save your bonds. Work silently, and
commence as soon as we enter the
guard house. I have a revolver in my
blue, and that I shall convey to you
when we arrive. Do not hesitate to
use it if the need arises, for it is
more than death to go to the settle-
ment. One can die but once in the
snow, but in the settlement a man
dies a hundred times each day. Sil-
ence, we advance."

A dozen times during the rest of
the day did Jack turn over what he
had heard in his mind. He found a
chance of communicating the intelli-
gence he had gained to Fred, who was
chained to him in the line of prison-
ers. Fred's haggard face grew desol-
ate as he heard that after the weary
waiting there was a chance of brisk
action again. Even if they failed to
escape—and neither had, was him to
the difficulties that lay in their path—
they would have made a bold bid for
freedom.

"But what about that Pole?" asked
Fred, when Jack had whispered all
his news. "We can go without
him. Let him take all the risk and get
none of the profit."

"No fear, where we go he goes,"
said Jack. "I'm not quite a beast, Fred."

"As they trudged along painfully,
Jack turned over every possibility in
his mind. He knew that even if they
escaped their guards they would have
to face a hundred perils on the re-
turning way. They knew nothing of
the country, except that it was desol-
ate and there with police-forts, and
to pass these would be a work of
great difficulty if not an actual im-
possibility. The question of food nat-
urally appealed to them also. Two
scout hounds, living in the open air,
with a tumble in the snow, could
scarcely go on indefinitely without
satisfying their hunger. But there
was a chance of escape, and the im-
mense difficulties faded into comparative
insignificance by contrast with that
glorious fact.

The succeeding miles of the day's
journey seemed never-ending, but ul-
timately the gang drew up outside the
guard-house, and were ushered within,
to the accompaniment of muttering
and oaths on the part of their guard-
ians.

"Two more days, vagabonds," cried
the officer of the party, "and you will
reach the picnic we have prepared for
you."

It was a long, bare room which re-
ceived them. The guard-house was
built of thick logs, and there was no
furniture to be seen, save for a row
of uncomfortable benches around the
walls. There was no stove in the pri-
soners' apartment, and long icicles
hung from the roof. A smoky lamp,
fed by fish oil, flared uncertainly, mak-
ing darkness barely visible.

Jack looked round upon the scene
with curious eyes, for the dust and
filth had steeped his senses for the
past week had vanished, and a brisk
desire for action had taken its place.
With the scarce exception of the big
Pole, his companions were villains of
the lowest class; murderers and
thieves, gamblers and scoundrels. He
felt no compassion in deserting them
for what they were about to obtain in
the way of imprisonment and hard
labor was no more than a change of
place. He had heard that speaking among
themselves, and had shuddered as
they gloated over their awful crime.

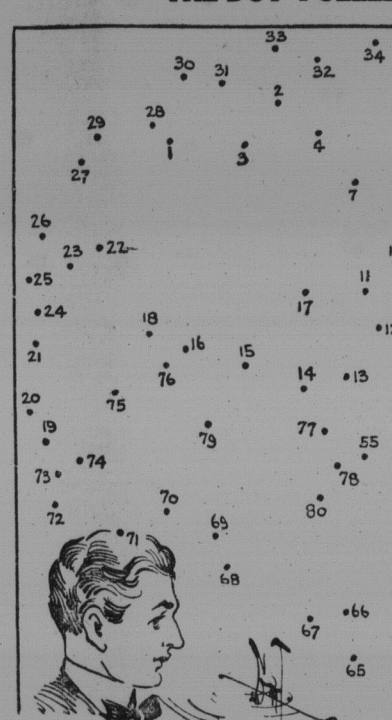
As soon as the prisoners were en-
tered, the guards removed the long
chains that had bound them together,
and substituted single handcuffs in
their place. This was in order that
the men might sleep with some small
degree of comfort, and—which was
a more important point—that the
clinking of the chains should not dis-
turb the slumbers of the officer of
the guard.

After the coarse meal of black
bread and cold water had been serv-
ed, the one man who remained on
guard in the room took his own well-
supplied haversack from between his
knees, and commenced his own meal.
He was so busily engaged that he never
noticed the big Pole cowering up to
where the two boys lay on the floor
proceeding to sleep the sleep of utter
weariness.

"I will see to the guard," whispered
the Pole. "Do you waken presently
and commence to sing. He will come
towards you and will insist that you
make less noise. Then I will seize
him from behind, and will run him
with a blow on the temple. Hark to
the others!" Jack listened and dis-
tinctly heard the sound of upturned
mercerment coming from the guard-
room.

"Soon they will sleep," went on the
Pole. "An hour after the last sound
is stifled we will see. Turn over,
Excelsior, as though dreaming and
fling out your hands. So!" Jack
yawned desperately, and thrust his
hands above his head. In a second
his fingers closed on the haft of a re-

THE DOT PUZZLE



Trace from one to eighty-two.
And you'll meet my sister Sue.
Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots beginning at
Figure 1 and taking them numerically.

A Funny Dance

Just Pull the String

Did you ever make a Jumping Jack? Try this way: put a small tack through
the upper hole in the arm (marked B)
and through the hole in the shoulder
(marked A) and fasten or turn the
point of the tack by striking it with
a hammer. Fasten both arms and
both legs to the body in the same way.

Now, look at the small picture while
I tell you how to tie the strings that
make Jack jump.
Turn Jack over on his face and tie
a string loosely between the lower
holes in the arms (those marked A).
This string extends across the shoul-
ders and one end is tied to each arm.
In the same way, fasten another
string to the legs.

Cut a very much longer piece of
string and tie it in a hard knot to the
middle of each of the shorter strings.
Now, hold Jack up high with one
hand and with the other hand, pull
the long string. There, I know your
face would wear as big a smile as
even Jack's.

There are several ways of stringing
up a Jumping Jack. Fasten the arms
and legs to the body with small dis-
posable paper fasteners or with
color buttons. If you have neither,

velvet. In another instant it was
hidden in his nose-fur-lined coat, for
so far the prisoners had been allowed
to retain their ordinary garb.
"Once outside, you will make
strange for the south, Excellency.
Keep the north star at your back,
and you cannot fall. It is a dark
night. Five miles from here as the
crow flies there is a wood. In that
wood there is a hut, where is food
and clothing. It is put there by the
owners, agency, for the escape of pris-

ers. I have another task to perform,
said the Pole sternly. "One of the

guards at the settlement slew my brother
in a drunken passion. I have an
account to settle with him. Excelsior!
There was such grim menace
in his voice that Jack, seeing the glint
of his angry eyes, shuddered.

"Well," whispered Jack, "if you
won't come you won't. But I'd much
rather you did. However, you know
your own business best. Will you
shake hands?" They gripped hands
without a word, but Jack was surpris-
ed to feel a hot tear fall on the skin
of his fingers. The stern, rough-
barked man would risk all—life and freedom
—for the sake of revenge, was crying
like a child with gratitude to the boys
who had saved her who was dearest
far than life to his stout heart.

"The handcuffs are flung through
whispered Jack, after awhile. "We
are ready when you are."

"Then in short, nervous whip-
pers the Pole told them how to find
the hut, which was carefully conceal-
ed. Further careful instructions fol-
lowed, to all of which Jack listened
intently; but when the last word was
spoken he surprised his informant.

"What about yourself?" he asked
sh. 12. "You don't think we are go-
ing to bolt and leave you, do you? We
aren't that sort."

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whispered Jack, after awhile. "We
are ready when you are."

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

SMILE KIDDIES, SMILE

In Explanation.
Mr. Bill Huggins was angry, and he
certainly appeared to have some justifi-
cation for wrath.
"Lizz," he expostulated, "don't I al-
ways tell you I won't have my boy
bringing in the coals from the shed in
my hat at 7 it ain't nice, Lizz."
"Just listen to reason, if you please,
Bill," said his wife, coldly. "You are
spoiling the shape of that hat with your
funny 'ead already; and as you're car-
rying coals all day at the wharf, won't
you take an extra coal-dust in your 'at
matter?"
"You don't see the point, Lizz," ex-
plained Mr. Huggins, with dignity; "I
only wear that 'at in the evening,
an' if, while I'm out, I take that 'at
't leaves a black band round
my forehead. Wot's the consequence?
Why, I gets accused of washin' my
face with 'my 'at on! And it ain't
nice, Lizz."

Merchant (to new boy): "Has the
bookkeeper told you what to do in
the afternoon?"
Youth: "Yes, sir; I'm to wake him
up when I see you coming."

"What do these letters stand for?"
asked a tourist of a passing youth.
"Well," responded the youth, sizing
up the air thoughtfulness of the
letters inscribed on the wall of the
ruined church. "I presume it is be-
cause they can't sit down."

Enjoined.
When Mr. Thomas Smith returned
home from Volunteer drill the other
evening there was a martial fire in
his eye and a proud swelling in the
region of his bosom.
"Alas," he said to his sister, "I
have some splendid news for you. I
am promoted—they have made me a
honor-corporal!"

With a proud look at her warrior
brother, Alice answered:
"I am so glad, Tom; but—plead-
ing—promise me this: Do not let
anybody make you proud and over-
bearing. Whatever you do, be kind
to your men."

Merely a Mistake.
He was a rather over-dressed youth,
and attracted attention when he en-
tered the tramcar. He occupied the
only vacant seat beside a rather elderly
gentleman.
When the conductor came for his
fare he fumbled for his money, and
then suddenly became very pale.
"Oh, I've been robbed!" he gasped.
"There is nothing but a bit of an old
cigar in my pocket!"

"My boy," said the deep bass voice
of the man by his side, "would you
mind taking your hand out of my pocket?"

These were the latest letters I re-
ceived this week so far, and I hope
you will all agree with me when I call
them interesting.

KIDDIES' LETTERS

Dear Uncle Dick:—
I was very sorry to see that you
were sick. I hope you are all better
by now. I missed the Children's Cor-
ner, also. Quite a lot of the girls
have joined your Corner in this place.
How did Santa use you Christmas?
I hope he did not forget you. He
must be great. We have a lot of
snow here. I don't suppose there
would be so much in St. John.
I hope you have not had the "flu" yet.
I had it about a month ago.

Papa is hauling logs now, and when
he comes back I come up from the
brook with him. I think it is great
far to ride on the top of logs.
Our school should open today but it
won't because we have not got
teachers. Teachers are so scarce. Of
course our school could not open now
anyway, as the "flu" is back in Beau-
fort, again, so we will have to wait
until some of our studies at home.

My little brother is going to school
he is in the Second Primer, grade one.
He does not like to study at home.
Wishing you a prosperous New
Year.

Your loving niece,
ANNA A. AIRD
River de Chute.

Dear Uncle Dick:—
I have not written to you for quite
a while. But I will tell you about the
two bunnies I caught to make my
letter more interesting.
One morning I went to look at my
mares and to my surprise, I had a
two rabbits. Taking them out of the
saw carefully, I carried him to the
house by the ears.

When I got a barrel and made a doo-
dy building piece of hams about an
inch apart, on two pieces of boards.
When I had it done I got the rabbit
and put him in the barrel and shut
the door. Then I got some dry chow-
der, carrots and some water to give it.
I kept the rabbit over night and he
crawled through between the slats
about noon.

About three days after that I got
another rabbit and had the same re-
sult. Pretty hard luck wasn't it?
I guess this is all this time, so I
will close.

With good wishes to Uncle Dick and
the Kiddies,
JOHN W. CLAIR
Cranberry Race.

See who can roll a cranberry around
the room with a lead pencil for a pul-
let. Anyone who can do it receives
a prize at the Thanksgiving party.

guards at the settlement slew my brother
in a drunken passion. I have an
account to settle with him. Excelsior!
There was such grim menace
in his voice that Jack, seeing the glint
of his angry eyes, shuddered.

"Well," whispered Jack, "if you
won't come you won't. But I'd much
rather you did. However, you know
your own business best. Will you
shake hands?" They gripped hands
without a word, but Jack was surpris-
ed to feel a hot tear fall on the skin
of his fingers. The stern, rough-
barked man would risk all—life and freedom
—for the sake of revenge, was crying
like a child with gratitude to the boys
who had saved her who was dearest
far than life to his stout heart.

"The handcuffs are flung through
whispered Jack, after awhile. "We
are ready when you are."

"Then in short, nervous whip-
pers the Pole told them how to find
the hut, which was carefully conceal-
ed. Further careful instructions fol-
lowed, to all of which Jack listened
intently; but when the last word was
spoken he surprised his informant.

"What about yourself?" he asked
sh. 12. "You don't think we are go-
ing to bolt and leave you, do you? We
aren't that sort."

"I have another task to perform,"
said the Pole sternly. "One of the

guards at the settlement slew my brother
in a drunken passion. I have an
account to settle with him. Excelsior!
There was such grim menace
in his voice that Jack, seeing the glint
of his angry eyes, shuddered.

"Well," whispered Jack, "if you
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