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over, or else the water'll get through them 'oles," he said.

He clearly heard suppressed exclamations as the water penetrated inside the van. Having emptied the can, he proceeded to drag the tarpaulin over the roof, leaving uncovered only a small portion in the centre.

The barman of The Green Lion had been watching Bindle with open-mouthed astonishment.

"What the 'ell are you up to, mate?" he whispered.

Bindle put his forefinger of the right hand to the side of his nose and winked mysteriously. Then going inside The Green Lion he, in a way that did not outrage the regulations that there should be no "treating," had Tippitt's tankard refilled, and called for another for himself.

"If you watch the papers," Bindle remarked to the barman, "I shouldn't be surprised if you was to see wot I was a-doin' on the top of that there van," and again he winked.

The barman looked from Bindle to Tippitt, then touching his forehead with a fugitive first finger, and glancing in the direction of Bindle, made it clear that another was prepared to support the diagnosis of the young woman at the oil-shop.

Bindle completed the journey on the top of the van, industriously occupied in puffing lamp-black through the holes in the roof. His method was to dip the end of the pea-puffer into the packet,