

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

PORT HOPE
ONTARIO

FOUNDED
1865



Trinity College School
RESIDENTIAL CHURCH SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Beautiful healthy situation, overlooking Lake Ontario. 20 acres of Playing Fields, Gymnasium, Magnificent Rink. Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Religious training. Beautiful Chapel. Also Junior School for Boys 9 to 14.
For prospectus apply to the Headmaster, REV. F. GRAHAM ORCHARD, M.A. (Camb.)
SUCCESSSES 1917: At Toronto University, 1st Mathematical and 1st Classical Entrance Scholarships. At R.M.C., Four Successes. Next Term commences Sept. 12th.

LOWER COLLEGE




Preparatory, Junior and Senior Departments, Physical Training, Manual Training, Swimming, Riding, Drawing, Music, Rinks, Tennis Courts.

SUCCESSSES 1917, 1st and 2nd Places R.M.C., Nine Passes Entrance R.M.C., and R.C.N. Four Matriculations McGill. Term commences Sept 11, 9 a.m. Head Master, C.S. Fosbery, M.A.

MONTREAL

St. Andrew's College
Toronto Canada
A Residential and Day School FOR BOYS
UPPER SCHOOL, LOWER SCHOOL
Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business.
Autumn Term commences Sept. 16th, 1918.
REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D. Headmaster
Calendar Sent on Application

Bishop's College School
Lennoxville, P.Q.



HEAD MASTER: J. TYSON WILLIAMS, B.A., EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
Well-known Boarding School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, R.M.C., Kingston, or for business life. Separate Preparatory School.
The first group of the extensive new buildings were formally opened by his Excellency the Governor-General on June 27.
For illustrated calendar and information apply to the Headmaster.



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.

The Royal Naval College is established for the purpose of imparting a complete education in Naval Science. Graduates are qualified to enter the Imperial or Canadian Services as midshipmen. A Naval career is not compulsory however. For those who do not wish to enter the Navy the course provides a thorough grounding in Applied Science and is accepted as qualifying for entry as second year students in Canadian Universities. The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honour, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development or further specialization. Candidates must be between their fourteenth and sixteenth birthdays on July 1st following the examination. Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Ottawa, January 8, 1918.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

St. Agnes School BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.
A Church School for Girls
Patron—The Lord Bishop of Ontario
Advisory Board—His Honor Judge Wills; H. F. Ketcheson, Esq., Ex-Mayor; J. Elliott, Esq., Manager Standard Bank.
Junior School and preparation for the Universities. Ernest Wheatley, A.R.C.O., Musical Director. Special A.T.C.M. Course. Handsome, well-equipped building, beautiful grounds, all outdoor sports, swimming pool and rink.
FOR CALENDAR APPLY TO MISS F. E. CARROLL, PRINCIPAL
School will re-open on Wednesday, September 11th.

OTTAWA LADIES COLLEGE FITTED WITH EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE
New Fireproof Building
Academic work up to the first year University. Music, Art and Handicraft, Household Arts, Physical Culture, etc. Ample grounds.
The Capital offers exceptional advantages
For Calendar apply to
J. W. H. MILNE, B.A., D.D., President.
JAS. W. ROBERTSON, LL.D., C.M.G., Chairman of Board.

THE WINDS of the WORLD

(Continued from page 22.)

story! Now the burra sahib may arrest everybody, and all will be well!"

"Where did Ranjoor Singh kick the Afridi?"

"Here—in my house!"

"Then he was here?"

"How else would he kick the man here? Could he send his foot by messenger?"

"Was the German here? Did he have word with the German?"

"Surely. He spoke with him alone. So the Afridi reported him to the 'Rat sahib.'"

The general frowned. However deeply the military may intrigue, they neither like nor profess to like civilians who play the same game.

"If Ranjoor Singh is under suspicion, what is the use of—"

"Oh, all men are alike!" jeered Yasmini, holding up the light and looking more impudent than the general had ever seen her—and he had seen her often, for most of his private information about the regions north of the Himalayas had come through her in one way or another, and often enough from her lips direct. "I have said that Ranjoor Singh is a buffalo! He was born a buffalo—he has been trained to be one by the British—he likes to be one—and he will die one, with a German bullet in his belly, unless this business prove too much for him and he dies of fretting before he can get away to fight!"

"I—look at me, sahib! I have tempted Ranjoor Singh, and he did not yield a hair! I stood closer to him than I am to you, and his pulse beat no faster! All he thought of was whether he could crush me and make me give up my prisoner."

"Ranjoor Singh is a buffalo of buffaloes—a Jat buffalo of no imagination and no sense. He is buffalo enough to love the British Raj and his squadron of Jat farmers with all his stupid Sikh heart! There could not be a better for the purpose than this Ranjoor Singh! He is stupid enough, and nearly blunt enough, to be an Englishman. He is just of the very calibre to fool a German! Trust me, sahib—I, who picked the man who—"

"That'll do!" said the general; and Yasmini laughed again like the tinkling of a silver bell.

THERE came then a soft rap on the door. It opened about six inches, and a maid whispered.

"Wait!" ordered Yasmini. "Come through! Wait here!" She pulled the maid through the door to the little back stair-head landing. "Did you hear?" she hissed excitedly. "She says Kirby sahib has come, and another with him!"

She was twitching with excitement. Her fingers clutched the general's sleeve, and he found himself thinking of his youth. He released her fingers gently and she spared a giggle for him.

"Bad business!" said the general again. "Kirby will ask questions and go away; but the troopers of Ranjoor Singh's squadron will come later, and they will not go away in such a hurry. You can fool Colonel Kirby sahib, but you cannot fool a hundred troopers!"

"No?" she purred. She had done thinking and was herself again, impudent and artful. "I can fool anybody, and any thousand men! I have sent Sita Ram already with a message to

the troopers of Ranjoor Singh's squadron. The message was supposed to be from him, and it was worded just as he would have worded it. Presently Sita Ram will come back, when he has helped himself to payment. Then I can send him with yet another message.

"Go and put thoughts into the buffalo's head, General sahib, and be quick! There must be a message—a written message from Ranjoor Singh to Kirby sahib—and a token—forget not the token, in proof that the writing is not forged! Forget not the token. There must surely be a token!"

SHE pushed the general down a passage, through a series of doors, and down another passage—halted him while she fitted a strange native key into a lock—opened another door, and pushed him through. Then she ran back to her maid.

"Send somebody to find Sita Ram! Bid him hurry! When he comes, put him in the small room next the cobras, and let him be shown the cobras until fear of too much talking has grown greater in him than the love of being heard! Then let me see him in a mirror, so that I may know when it is time. Have cobras in a hair-noose ready, close behind where the sahibs sit, and watch through the hangings for my signal! Both sahibs will kneel to me. Then watch for another signal, and let all lights be blown out instantly! Or, if the sahibs do not kneel (though they shall!), then watch yet more closely for a signal which I will give to extinguish lights. "So—now, go! Am I beautiful? Are my eyes bright? Twist me that jasmine in my hair—so. Now run—I will surprise them through the hangings!"

So Yasmini surprised Kirby and his adjutant, as has been told, and it need not be repeated how she humbled the pride of India's army on their knees. She would have to forego the delight of being Yasmini before she could handle any situation or plan any coup along ordinary lines, and Kirby and his adjutant were not the first Englishmen, nor likely to be the last, to feed her merriment.

The general, for his part, had—even although pushed without ceremony through a door—behaved with perfect confidence, for he knew that, whatever her whim or her sense of humor, or her impudence, Yasmini would not fail him in the pinch. Even she, whose jest it is to see men writhe under her hand, has to own somebody her master, and though she would giggle at the notion of fearing any one man, or any dozen, she does fear the representative of what she and perhaps a hundred others call "The Game." For the night, and for the place, the general was that representative, and however much he might disapprove, he had no doubt of her.

Ranjoor Singh stood aghast at sight of him, and the trooper saluted like an automaton, since nothing save obedience was any affair of his.

"Evening, Risaldar-Major!" smiled the general.

"Salaam, General sahib!"

"To save time, I will tell you that I know stage by stage how you got here."

Ranjoor Singh looked suspicious.