

to obedience on this occasion, and it had been nothing less than luck that put Ranjoor Singh into her hands, luck being the pet name of India's kindest god. Ranjoor Singh was needed in the instant when he came to bring the German back to earth and a due sense of proportion.

The Sikh had a rage in his heart that the German mistook for zeal and native ferocity; his manners became so brusque under the stress of it that they might almost have been Prussian, and, met with its own reflection, that kind of insolence grows limp.

Having agreed to lie, Ranjoor Singh lied with such audacity and so much skill that it would have needed Yasmini to dare disbelieve him.

The German sat in state near Yasmini's great window and received, one after another, liars by the dozen from the hills where lies are current coin. Some of them had listened to his lectures, and some had learned of them at second hand; every man of them had received his cue from Yasmini. There was too much unanimity among them; they wanted too little and agreed too readily to what the German had to say; he was growing almost suspicious toward half-past ten, when Ranjoor Singh came in.

There was no trooper behind him this time, for the man had been sent to watch for the regiment's departure, and to pounce then on Bagh, the charger, and take him away to safety. After the charger had been groomed and fed and hidden, the trooper was to do what might be done toward securing the risaldar-major's kit; but on no account was the kit to have precedence.

"Groom him until he shines! Guard him until I call for him! Keep him exercised!" was the three-fold order that sang through the trooper's head.

NOW it was the German's turn to be astonished. Ranjoor Singh strode in, dressed as a Sikh farmer, and frowned down Yasmini's instant desire to poke fun at him. The German rose to salute him, and the Sikh acknowledged the salute with a nod.

"Come!" he said curtly, and the German followed him out through the door to the stair-head where so many mirrors were. There Ranjoor Singh made quite a little play of making sure they were not overheard, while the German studied his own Mohammedan disguise from twenty different angles.

"Too much finery!" growled Ranjoor Singh. "I will attend to that. First, listen! Other than your talk, I have had no proof at all of you!"

"I am a—"
"You are a spy! All the spies I ever met were liars from the ground up! I am a patriot. I am working to save my country from a yoke that is unbearable, and I must deal in subterfuge and treachery if I would win. But you are merely one who sows trouble. You are like the little jackal—the dirty little jackal—who starts a fight between two tigers so that he may fill his mean belly! Don't speak—listen!"

The German's jaw had dropped, but not because words rushed to his lips. He seemed at a loss for them.

"You made me an offer, and I accepted it," continued Ranjoor Singh. "I accepted it on behalf of India. I shall show you in about an hour from now a native regiment—one of the very best native regiments, so mutinous that its officers must lead it out of Delhi to a camp where it will be less likely to corrupt others."

The German nodded. He had asked no more.

"Then, if you fail to fulfill your

part," said Ranjoor Singh grimly, "I shall lock you in the cellar of this house, where Yasmini keeps her cobras!"

"Vorwärts!" laughed the German, for there was conviction in every word the Sikh had said. "I will show you how a German keeps his bargain!"

"A German?" growled Ranjoor Singh. "A German—Germany is nothing to me! If Germany can pick the bones I leave, what do I care? One does not bargain with a spy, either; one pays his price, and throws him to the cobras if he fail! Come!"

The question of precedence no longer seemed to trouble Ranjoor Singh; he turned his back without apology, and as the German followed him downstairs there came a giggle from behind the curtains.

"Were we overheard?" he asked. But Ranjoor Singh did not seem to care any more, and did not answer him.

OUTSIDE the door was a bullock-cart, of the kind in which women make long journeys, with a painted, covered superstructure. The German followed Ranjoor Singh into it, and without any need for orders the Sikh driver began to twist the bullocks' tails and send them along at the pace all India loves. Then Ranjoor Singh began to pay attention to the German's dress, pulling off his expensive turban and replacing that and his clothes with cheaper, dirtier ones.

"Why?" asked the German. "I will show you why," said Ranjoor Singh.

Then they sat back, each against a side of the cart, squatting native style.

"This regiment that I will show you is mine," said Ranjoor Singh. "I command a squadron of it—or, rather, did, until I became suspected. Every man in the regiment is mine, and will follow me at a word. When I give the word they will kill their English officers."

He leaned his head out of the opening to spit; there seemed something in his mouth that tasted nasty.

"Why did they mutiny?" asked the German.

"Ordered to France!" said Ranjoor Singh, with lowered eyes.

"It is strange," said the German, after a while. "For years I have tried to get in touch with native officers. Here and there I have found a Sepoy who would talk with me, but you are the first officer." He was brown-studying, talking almost to himself. He did not see the curse in the risaldar-major's eyes.

"I have found plenty of merchants who would promise to finance revolt, and plenty of hillmen who would promise anything. But all said, 'We will do what the army does!' And I could not find in all this time, among all those people, anybody to whom I

(Continued on page 24.)

A REAL FOOD



BUY A TRIAL JAR

Bowes
TRADE MARK
PEANUT BUTTER

During the warm days, when the system demands light, nourishing foods, Bowes Peanut Butter is particularly acceptable and is greatly appreciated by all members of the family.

It Tastes Good and is Good.

Canadian National Exhibition

Aug 26—TORONTO—Sept. 7

Greatest Achievement in 40 years of Exhibition effort || Education and Recreation on a Colossal Scale

THE HEROES OF BRITAIN

1,200 brilliantly attired participants.

The militant spirit of Empire translated into flesh and blood. All the colorful paraphernalia of romance and history in the making. Simple, inspiring, dramatic, made supremely worth while by superb musical treatment.

A SPECTACLE EVERY CANADIAN SHOULD SEE

Creator's famous band; Allies exhibit of fine arts; acres of "Made-in-Canada" manufactures; Government patriotic food show occupying one entire building; gigantic live stock and agricultural display.

Putting the war hero back on the civil pay roll. Demonstration of vocational training by 50 crippled soldiers. And a world of other special attractions.

FOR FARES CONSULT YOUR LOCAL RAILROAD AGENT

Northern Ontario

A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement at 50c. an acre in some districts—in others Free.

Thousands of farmers are responding to the call. Here, right at the door of Southern Ontario, a home awaits you.

For information as to terms, regulations and railway rates to settlers, write to

G. H. FERGUSON,
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.

H. A. MACDONELL,
Director of Colonization
Parliament Buildings,
TORONTO, CANADA.

NEARING THE MILLION MARK

Canadian Government Railways

WINNIPEG / COCHRANE / QUEBEC / MONCTON / SYDNEY
FORT WILLIAM / PORT ARTHUR / MONTREAL / ST. JOHN / HALIFAX / TORONTO

THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS

WINNIPEG	TORONTO
WINNIPEG	QUEBEC
MONTREAL	HALIFAX
HALIFAX	SYDNEY
HALIFAX	ST JOHN

OVER 700,000 SOLDIER LADS HAVE TRAVELED THIS ROUTE SINCE THE WISHING

H.H. MELANSON, PASSENGER TRAFFIC MGR. MONCTON, N.B.