

your favour as a holder of preferred stock. Unless some such clause does exist, however, you are exposed to the risk as above described. Ask about the bond-issuing powers of the company therefore, before placing your order.

Beware of the hook which is baited with a common stock bonus. That is a direct appeal to nothing but your cupidity. If you fall for it without knowing first all the ins and outs of the company making the offer, you deserve what you get. As a matter of fact cupidity lies at the bottom of most lost investments. Men and women WILL insist in getting something for nothing—they won't take the long, slow way to get rich. However that is another sermon. I have already preached it.

Take the case of Reading Preferred. There, in an established company, the privileges which go with the Preferred stock with reference to the common stock are really worth something. You

are allowed, if I remember rightly, to buy common stock in the company at a certain figure at a certain time if you own at that time Preferred stock. Well and good. The Reading Company is a tried and tested one. The value of its common stock has been more or less established. But the value of the common stock in a new concern is as likely as not to be nothing at all.

Beware.

If I appear to have knocked—remember that it is in the interests of money saved. I have tried to make it clear in this column that I don't condemn speculation WHEN YOU KNOW IT IS SPECULATION and when you can afford it and go into it with your eyes open. But be sure you don't let your desire for big returns blind you to the fact that your so-called investment IS a speculation. You'll be much more comfortable in your old age. And your children will enjoy the reading of your will—much more!



The Canadian "Buffs" (198th Battalion: Lt.-Col. Cooper, O.C.,) has at last arrived safely in England after a long period in which no one in the home city of the "Buffs"—Toronto—seemed to know just where they were. They spent a long time in St. John, and our photograph shows some of these sturdy Canadians enjoying their last "bun-fight" in a St. John's church before sailing.

KING, OF THE KHYBER RIFLES —By TALBOT MUNDY

Copyright 1916 by Bobbs-Merrill Co. Canadian rights held by Canadian Courier.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

THEY were weary, ragged, lean—seven very tatter-demalions—and the front man led them, tapping the ground with a long stick. The others clung to him in line, one behind the other. He was the only clean-shaven one, and he was the tallest. He looked as if he had not been blind so long, for his physical health was better. All seven men yelled at the utmost of their lungs, but he yelled the loudest.

"Oh, the hakim—the good hakim!" they wailed. "Where is the famous hakim? We be blind men—blind we be—blind—blind! Oh, pity us! Is any kismet worse than ours? Oh, show us to the hakim! Show us the way to him! Lead us to him! Oh, the famous, great, good hakim who can heal men's eyes!"

The mullah looked down on them like a vulture waiting to see them die, and seeing they did not die, turned his back and went into his cave. Close to the ramp they stopped, and the front man, cocking his head to one side as only birds and the newly blind do, gave voice again in nasal singsong. "Will none tell me where is the great, good, wise hakim Kurrum Khan?"

"I am he," said King, and he stepped down toward him, calling to an assistant to come and bring him water and a sponge. The blind man's face looked strangely familiar, though it was partly disguised by some gummy stuff stuck all about the eyes. Taking it in both hands he tilted the eyes to the light and opened one eye with his thumb. There was nothing whatever the matter with it. He opened the other.

"Rub me an ointment on!" the man urged him, and he stared at the face again.

"Ismail!" he said. "You?"

"Aye! Father of cleverness! Make play of healing my eyes!"

So King dipped a sponge in water and sent back for his bag and made a great show of rubbing on ointment. In a minute Ismail, looking almost like a young man without his great beard, was dancing like a lunatic with both fists in the air, and yelling as if wasps had stung him.

"Aieeee-aieeee-aieeee!" he yelled. "I see again! I see! My eyes have light in them! Allah! Oh, Allah heap riches on the great wise hakim who can heal men's eyes! Allah reward

him richly, for I am a beggar and have no goods!"

The other six blind men came struggling to be next, and while King rubbed ointment on their eyes and saw that there was nothing there he could cure the whole camp began to surge toward him to see the miracle, and his chosen body-guard rushed up to drive them back.

"Find your way down to Khyber and ask for the Wilayti dakitar. He will finish the cure."

The six blind men, half-resentful, half-believing, turned away, mainly because Ismail drove them with words and blows. And as they went a tall Afridi came striding down the camp with a letter for the mullah held out in a cleft stick in front of him.

"Her answer!" said Ismail, with a wicked grin.

"What is her word? Where is the Orakzai Pathan?"

But Ismail laughed and would not answer him. It seemed to King that he scented climax. So did his near-fifty and their thirty friends. He chose to take the arrival of the blind men as a hint from Providence and to "go it blind" on the strength of what he had hoped might happen. Also he chose in that instant to force the mullah's hand, on the principle that hurried buffaloes will blunder.

"To Khinjan!" he shouted to the nearest man. "The mullah will march on Khinjan!"

THEY murmured and wondered and backed away from him to give him room. Ismail watched him with dropped jaw and wild eye.

"Spread it through the camp that we march on Khinjan! Shout it. Bid them strike the tents!"

Somebody behind took up the shout and it went across the camp in leaps, as men toss a ball. There was a surge toward the tents, but King called to his deserters and they clustered back to him. He had to cement their allegiance now or fail altogether, and he would not be able to do it by ordinary argument or by pleading; he had to fire their imagination. And he did.

"She is on our side!" That was a sheer guess. "She has kept our man and sent another as hostage for him in token of good faith! Listen! Ye saw this man's eyes healed. Let that be a token! Be ye the men with new eyes! Give it out! Claim the title and be true to it and see me guide you down the Khyber in good time like

a regiment, many more than a hundred strong!"

They jumped at the idea. The "Hills"—the whole East, for that matter—are ever ready to form a new sect, or join a new band or a new blood-feud. Witness the Nikalseyns, who worship a long-since dead Englishman.

"We see!" yelled one of them.

"We see!" they chorused, and the idea took charge. From that minute they were a new band, with a war-cry of their own.

"To Khinjan!" they howled, scattering through the camp, and the mullah came out to glare at them and tug his beard and wonder what possessed them.

"To Khinjan!" they roared at him.

"Lead us to Khinjan!"

"To Khinjan, then!" he thundered, throwing up both arms in a sort of double apostolic blessing, and then motioning as if he threw them the

reins and leave to gallop. They roared back at him like the sea under the whip of a gaining wind. And Ismail disappeared among them, leaving King alone. Then the mullah's eyes fell on King and he beckoned him.

King went up with an effort, for he ached yet from his struggle of the night before. Up there by the ashes of the fire the mullah showed him a letter he had crumpled in his fist. There were only a few lines, written in Arabic, which all mullahs are supposed to be able to read, and they were signed with a strange scrawl that might have meant anything. But the paper smelt strongly of her perfume.

"Come, then. Bring all your men, and I will let you and them enter Khinjan Caves. We will strike a bargain in the Cavern of Earth's Drink."

That was all, but the fire in the mullah's eyes showed that he thought it was enough. He did not

Sir Squirrel Condescends to be Fed

SQUIRRELS are becoming as tame as cats. Some of our Canadian town squirrels are tamer than cats. Central Park set the pace for this some years ago, when the New York police—so 'tis said—were ordered to take a squirrel census and tied little ribbons round the necks—or was it tails?—of the squirrels, which the park gamins good-naturedly removed. Canadian squirrels as shown in these photographs are not yet quite so tame, but they cheerfully consent to pose for the camera and to go through the operation of digging up their winter's store of nuts to see if the H. C. of L. has made any difference to the value.

And in so doing the artful dodger of the camera got this busy black one.

