



## You Need this Book

It is a text-book—not a catalogue. Helpful—Concise—Complete. Send for it before you undertake any kind of painting—it will show you the way, and save you from many costly mistakes.

It is full, from cover to cover, of practical, sensible hints and suggestions which will help you solve your paint problem. It has saved time, labor and money for progressive Canadian farmers and home makers everywhere.

Next to having good paint is knowing how to use it.

*Do you know* why paint protects objects to which it is applied and prevents decay?

*Do you know* what kind of brush to use for painting different surfaces?

*Do you know* why Oil Paint is preferable to Water Paint in painting a house?

*Do you know* why a gallon of the best Paint covers a much larger surface better than cheaper grades?

This book answers these questions, and hundreds of others as important.

Canada Paint Products are the best that money will buy and this book shows you how to use them for satisfactory results.

Send for your copy of free book today.

**The Canada Paint Co., Limited,**  
596 William Street, Montreal.  
"Sunspar" is the best varnish for outside use.

*Are you aware* that the cause of failure in painting is rarely with the paint, but with the conditions of the surface before the paint is applied?

*Are you aware* that lighter colors are best for the small house P—that the darker or medium shades show best on the larger house P?

*Are you aware* that high grade machine-made paints give better results and are cheaper in the end than any other kind?



## ALGONQUIN PARK Ontario A Universal Vacation Territory Grand Trunk Railway System

IDEAL CANOE TRIPS  
A PARADISE FOR CAMPERS  
AN UNSPOILED WILDERNESS  
2,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA  
FINE FISHING

First class hotel and camp accommodation. Full information and illustrated descriptive folders on application to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

Meet me at the TULLER for value, service, home comforts

## New Hotel Tuller DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Center of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Avenue.

### ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

200 Rooms, Private Bath, \$1.50 Single, \$2.00 Up Double.  
200 Rooms, Private Bath, \$2.00 Single, \$3.00 Up Double.  
100 Rooms, Private Bath, \$2.50 Single, \$4.00 Up Double.  
100 Rooms, Private Bath, \$3.50-\$5.00 Single, \$4.50 Up Double.

### TOTAL 600 OUTSIDE ROOMS

All Absolutely Quiet

Two Floors—Agents' Sample rooms. New Unique Cafes and Cabaret Excellence



# DOMINION EXPRESS

**MONEY  
ORDERS**

There is no better way to pay your out-of-town accounts.

Get them in all Dominion Express offices and Canadian Pacific Railway stations.

\$5.00 costs 3 cents.

## HER WORD OF HONOUR

(Continued from page 7.)

"That's well done," he laughed. "Right into the British Lion's jaws and out again." The voice was foreign, but the English perfect, Heather started, recognizing her bridegroom of the morrow, the great Ali Ibn Sud. Her first sensation was one of fear lest he should think that she had betrayed her trust.

"I tried to come back," she said imploringly. "I did, indeed, only they took me prisoner, but I hoped to escape."

"I know," he answered gravely. "I heard all that went on in that hut."

"You were outside all the time?" asked Heather in astonishment.

"Of course I was. Where else should I be? But," he continued in a lighter tone, "we must not waste our breath talking; there is much to be done before to-morrow."

HE looked at her as he spoke, and his eyes flashed fire. The sand whirled round them as they walked on some little way, until Ali stopped and emitted a peculiar hissing sound. In a few moments a man stood before them holding two horses. They mounted and Ali turned to Heather and said meaningly:

"Follow me. If you lose sight of me, shout. I shall trust a British woman's honour again." And he put his horse to a gallop. They rode on in silence for some two hours, and then at last Ali looked around and stopped. The sand-storm had ceased and a pale moon was struggling through the clouds.

"We shall eat," he said, and helped Heather to dismount. She threw back her draperies and gazed around her, but the country was unfamiliar and they were close to a river.

"Where are we, and what water is that?" she asked.

"We are in Mesopotamia and that is the Tigris," he answered, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"But we are going away from your camp." A cold fear crept over Heather. She had heard of the Bedouin's jealousy in regard to their women. Perhaps Ali had not understood all that had passed in the hut, but he must have seen Colin kiss her.

"Eat quickly, and remember I am Ali Ibn Sud, Chief of the Bedouins, and not the betrothed of an English lady," was all the answer vouchsafed as he laid a packet of dates and bread before her. Then he whistled twice, and instantly there glided into sight one of those strange native craft known as gouffas. Externally it had the appearance of a large, round, tarred basket, and it was propelled by men who dug in the water with spade-like paddles. One man sprang out and two remained in the boat. After a short parley, Ali embarked, motioning to Heather to follow. When they landed on the farther side of the river, a camel was waiting laden with litter such as is used by the richer pilgrims to Mecca, Kerbela, and Nejed. Ali's favourite black horse was also there, neighing and stamping as soon as he heard his master's voice. Ali signed to Heather to enter the litter, but beyond this he paid her no attention. She drew the curtains round her and presently the even rocking motion of the camel, combined with her bodily and mental fatigue, lulled her into a profound slumber of many hours. When she woke the sun was rising and just in front of her a blaze of golden domes and minarets stood out against an azure sky. Two other camels had joined them, and a party of Bedouin horsemen. They halted at one of the Inns or Khans which had been erected for the accommodation of pilgrims, and Ali hastily spoke a few words to Heather.

"That is Kerbela," he said, pointing toward the glittering domes, "one of our most sacred cities. Your greatest ambition is to enter the Mosque, but that is a privilege granted to no Christian. I promised to take you when you were my wife, but I have changed my mind. I shall take you first and marry you afterward—that is, if you still want to go, for it will mean that you must marry me or die." He looked at her closely, but her answer came unhesitatingly, "I will go."

"Then listen. There are women in those other litters. You will follow them and do what they do." Heather nodded. They rode on to the entrance of the Mosque, where they alighted. As they passed into the courtyard, Ali whispered hoarsely, "Remember, after this you are my wife, for no infidel can enter here and live."

When they emerged again, the camels were waiting, and the Bedouin guard, but Ali Ibn Sud was nowhere to be seen. Heather climbed into the litter and lay back among the cushions. She was dazzled by all she had seen, and tired with the conflicting emotions which she had undergone in the last few hours. Everything seemed strangely mixed up together. Glittering Mosque and gliding figures, blowing sand and a familiar Highland uniform, guttural Arabic and the slow drawing Scottish voice, Colin and Ali Ibn Sud—then a galloping, galloping, galloping across the moonlit desert, farther and ever farther from the days of Auld Lang Syne and from all that meant kindred and home. She was going to marry a Bedouin and to spend—how many years? She was twenty-seven now, so in all probability it would not be less than forty years in the wilderness, like the Israelites of old, and she smiled at her thought. And Colin might never know. Perhaps one day he would know; and he would sit around the big log fire and tell his grandchildren of the woman who had sacrificed herself for her Country and to save the British Army and British

honour. She did not want fame. She only wanted Colin to know—some day—

Ali's voice calling to her at last roused her, and she drew aside the curtains and looked out. They were ascending a narrow path on the edge of a steep hill, at the foot of which the Bedouin Army lay encamped. Thousands and thousands, nay, it almost seemed to Heather as though there were millions, of men and horses, down there in the plain and on the surrounding hillsides. She gazed in awe, and then Ali spoke.

"My army; and if you don't marry me, it will march against your people to-night. No more British Expeditionary Force in Mesopotamia after that, I think." He laughed a cruel laugh and added, "So, look at it well."

Then he left her. The cavalcade stopped at the top of the hill, where a tent had been erected; Heather was assisted from her camel and motioned into the tent. There was no one there but Ali.

"Well," he said cruelly, "are you going to marry me or go back to your Scottish lover?" "I am going to marry you," she answered, firmly.

"All the same I want to hear about him. Have you known him long?"

"Yes, a long time."

"And you always loved him?"

"I never loved any one else."

"Then why didn't you marry him, and what were you doing in the desert?"

"We quarrelled just before we were to be married. I wanted to spend our honeymoon in South America, and he thought he could not get away for so long." Ali smiled and murmured, "Ah, you nation of travellers! Even the women have it born in them."

"I broke off my engagement and went away alone," she continued, "and I drifted on until I met a lady in Damascus who was just starting to explore these deserts. I joined her, and we travelled together until you took us prisoners and we found that the whole world was at war. Then you sent her home—"

"Ah, yes," said Ali, reflectively. "She was too ugly. None of my captains would have her." Heather repressed a smile. Male nature was the same everywhere.

"Then you said if I would go to the British Camp and return to marry you, you would not fight against my people any more, and you would let them march to Bagdad in safety. I tried to do it."

"But you knew your lover was in the camp?" "Indeed, I did not. I had not heard of him since we parted."

"Is he worthy of you, this lover? What has he done?"

"Oh, he is far too good for me. He has done heaps of things. Once he saved a comrade's life, and another time he rescued a man from drowning, and he has a Victoria Cross and quantities of medals, and besides—she added passionately, forgetting prudence and all else—"he is the dearest man on earth, and I love him with all my heart." She stopped, appalled, for Ali's face darkened into a ferocious scowl, and his hands clenched.

"If you were free," he growled, "you would rather marry him than me?"

"Yes," answered Heather in a strange, far-away voice.

There was a moment's pause; then Ali turned to her and said quietly, "I have a fancy to marry an English bride, so please dress yourself in your own clothes. You will find them there," and he pointed to a box in the corner of the tent. "Put on your riding dress as quickly as possible, for there is not much time to spare," and he left the tent.

In ten minutes Heather was dressed once more in the clothes which she had not worn for four long months, her neat brown riding suit, her leather boots and gaiters, a shady felt hat with an Arab handkerchief draped over it and fastened by a crown of plaited camel's hair. She went to the tent door and looked out. There was no one there but Ali, who was standing patting his black horse, while a chestnut was tethered close by.

"Mount him," he said, indicating the black horse. Then he led it to the farther side of the ridge and pointed to a winding path down the hill.

"THAT is your way," he said simply. "Go! You are free!" and he loosed his hold on the bridle.

"Free!" stammered Heather.

"Yes," he said. "You are free. You must go back to your Scottish lover and marry him. Marry him and be happy. You do not love me. You never did. But at first I thought that in time I could make you, for I did not know that your heart was already given. I was mad yesterday in the camp. I could have killed that man, and I brought you away because I thought I would force you to marry me. I gave you a chance to escape from me, but you did not take it. You thought I was going to kill you or worse, but you came. Why did you come?"

"I had given you my word of honour," Heather said clearly.

"Yes, your word of honour! And a word of honour is more to you British than life or anything in the world. Oh, it is wonderful!" He spoke passionately, and then continued in a low, quick tone:

"You sacrificed yourself for your country as European women do. Oh, I know. I did not travel in vain." Then his face darkened and his voice grew tense as (Continued on page 56)