



MAGIC BAKING POWDER

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devilry that would stop at nothing. As the general had told him in Peshawur, she would dare open Hell's gate and ride the devil down the Khyber for the fun of it.

"Au diable, diable et demie!" the

French say; and like most French proverbs it is a wise one. But whence the devil and a half should come to thwart her was not obvious.

"I must be a devil and a half," he told himself, and very nearly laughed

aloud at the idea. She mistook the sudden humour in his eyes for admiration of herself, being used to that from men.

"Listen, while I tell you all from the beginning! The sarkar sent me to discover what may be this 'Heart of the Hills' men talk about. I found these caves—and this! I told the sarkar a little about the Caves, and nothing at all about the Sleepers. But even at that they only believed the third of what I said. And I—back in Delhi I bought books—borrowed books—sent to Europe for more books—and hired babu Sita Ram to read them to me, until his tongue grew dry and swollen and he used to fall asleep in a corner. I know all about Rome! Days I spent—weeks!—months!—listening to the history of their great Caesar, and their little Caesars—of

their conquests and their games! It was good, and I understood it all! Rome should have been true to the old gods and they would have been true to her! She fell when she fooled with Christianity!"

She was speaking dreamily now, with her chin resting on a hand and an elbow on the ivory arm of the throne, remembering as she told her story. And it meant so much to her, she was so in earnest, that her voice conjured up pictures for King to see.

"When I had read enough I came back here to think. I know enough now to be sure that the Sleeper is a Roman, and the 'Heart of the Hills' a Grecian maid. She is like me. That is why I know she drove him to make an empire, choosing for a beginning these 'Hills' where Rome had never penetrated. He found her in Greece. He plunged through Persia to build a throne for her! I have seen it all in dreams, and again in the crystal! And because I was all alone, I saw that I would need all the skill I could learn, and much patience. So I began to learn to dance as she danced, using those pictures of her as a model. I have surpassed her! I can dance better than she ever did!"

"Between times I would go to Delhi and dance there a little, and a little in other places—once indeed before a viceroy, and once for the king of England—and all men—the king, too!—told me that none in the world can dance as I can! And all the while I kept looking for the man—the man who should be like the Sleeper, even as I am like her whom he loved!"

"Many a man—many and many a man I have tried and found wanting! For I was impatient in spite of resolutions. I burned to find him at once, and begin! But you are the first of all the men I have tested who answered all the tests! Languages—he must speak the native tongues. Brave he must be—and clever—resembling the Sleeper in appearance. I began to think long ago that I must forego that last test, for there was none like the Sleeper until you came. And when this world war broke—for it is a world war, a world war I tell you!—I thought at last that I must manage all alone. And then you came!"

"But there were many I tried—many—especially after I abandoned the thought that the man must resemble the Sleeper. There was a Prince of Germany who came to India on a hunting trip. You remember?"

(To be Continued.)

A Small Drawback.

Mrs. McLean and Mrs. McKay met at the grocery counter and fell into conversation. Said Mrs. McLean: "And so your Jeannie has got married?"

"She has that," answered Jeannie's mother.

"An' how is she gettin' on?"

"Oh, not so bad," said Mrs. McKay. "There's only one thing the matter, she can't abide her man, but then there's always something."

* * *

Efficacious.

AN Irishman out of work applied to the boss of a repair shop in Detroit. When the Celt had stated his qualifications for a "job," the superintendent began quizzing him a bit. Starting quite at random, he asked:

"Do you know anything about carpentry?"

"Sure."

"Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"

"Sure, I'd poke me finger in his eye."

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