

National Directory of Standard Products

THIS directory includes the names of leading Canadian firms making and handling the various classes of goods, indicated.

Buyers unable to find the desired information in this directory are invited to write to this office for information, which will be furnished free of charge.

- APPLES, (Evaporated):**
Graham Co. Limited, Belleville, Ont.
- BABBITT AND SOLDER.**
Hoyt Metal Co., Toronto.
- BRICKS AND TERRA COTTA.**
Don Valley Brick Works, Toronto.
- CARPETS AND RUGS.**
Toronto Carpet Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto.
- CAR WHEELS AND CASTINGS.**
Dominion Wheel & Foundries, Limited, Toronto.
- CIGARS.**
Andrew Wilson & Co., "Bachelor" Cigars, Toronto.
- ELEVATORS.**
Otis-Fenson Elevator Co., Toronto.
- GLOVES AND MITTS.**
The Craig-Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto.
- HARDWARE.**
Hardware Company of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.
- PAINTS AND VARNISHES.**
International Varnish Co., Limited, Toronto.
- PIANOS & PLAYER PIANOS.**
Heintzman & Co., "Ye Olde Firm," Toronto.
- PRINTING INKS.**
Sinclair Valentine Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.
- REFRIGERATORS:**
Eureka Refrigerator Co., Limited, Toronto.
- SCRAP IRON, STEEL & METALS.**
Frankel Bros., Toronto.
- TINWARE & SHEET METAL WORK.**
Soren Bros., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.
- UNIFORMS.**
Beauchamp & How, Limited, Toronto.
- VEGETABLES, (Desiccated):**
Graham Co., Limited, Belleville, Ont.
- WATCH CASES.**
American Watch Case Co., Limited, Toronto.

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\$20.00 WEEKLY, showing samples for Large Grocery Corporation, all goods sold at factory prices to consumers, granulated sugar 6½c. Pure lard 5-pound pail \$1.00, Sunlight, Gold or Surprise Soap 7 for 25c. Everything at cut-rates. Men wanted everywhere. Sample case free. The Consumers' Association, Windsor, Ontario

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Head Office, Georgetown, Ont.

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GRAND STOCK AND DAIRY FARM

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Head Office, Dept. 153, Georgetown, Ontario

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PACKAGES free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

turned to her favorite maid.

"Them—those cattle—I understand!" she said. "But it does not suit me that a Sikh, a Jat, a buffalo, should come here making mysteries of his own without consulting me! And what does not suit me I do not tolerate! Go, get that Afridi whom the soldier kicked—I told him to wait outside in the street until I sent for him."

The Afridi came, nearly as helpless as the man who had drunk sherbet, though less tearful and almost infinitely more resentful. What clothing had not been torn from him was soaked in blood, and there was no inch of him that was not bruised.

"Krishna!" said Yasmini impiously. "Allah!" swore the Afridi. "Who did it? What has happened?"

"Outside in the street I said to some men who waited that Ranjoor Singh the Sikh is a bastard. From then until now they beat me, only leaving off to follow him hence when he came out through the door!"

Yasmini laughed, peal upon peal of silver laughter—of sheer merriment.

"The gods love Yasmini!" she chuckled. "Aye, the gods love me! The Jat spoke of a squadron; it is evident that he spoke truth. So his squadron watched him here! Go, jungli! Go wash the blood away. Thou shalt have revenge! Come again to-morrow. Nay, go now, I would sleep when I have finished laughing. Aye—the gods love Yasmini!"

CHAPTER III.

THE colonel of Outram's Own dropped into a club where he was only one, and not the greatest, of many men entitled to respect. There were three men talking by a window, their voices drowned by the din of rain on the veranda roof, each of whom nodded to him. He chose, however, a solitary chair, for, though subalterns do not believe it, a colonel has exactly that diffidence about approaching senior civilians which a subaltern ought to feel.

In a moment all that was visible of him from the door was a pair of brown riding-boots, very much foreshortened, resting on the long arm of a cane chair, and two sets of wonderfully modeled fingers that held up a newspaper. From the window where the three men talked he could be seen in profile.

"Wears well—doesn't he?" said one of them.

"Swears well, too, confound him!"

"Hah! Been trying to pump him, eh?"

"Yes. He's like a big bird catching flies—picks off your questions one at a time, with one eye on you and the other one cocked for the next question. Get nothing out of him but yes or no. Good fellow, though, when you're not drawing him."

"You mean trying to draw him. He's the best that come. Wish they were all like Kirby."

The man who had not spoken yet—he looked younger, was some years older, and watched the faces of the other two while seeming to listen to something in the distance—looked at a cheap watch nervously.

"Wish the Sikhs were all like Kirby!" he said. "If this business comes to a head, we're going to wish

we had a million Kirbys. What did he say? Temper of his men excellent, I suppose?"

"Used that one word."

"Um-m-m! No suspicions, eh?"

"Said, 'No, no suspicions!'"

"Uh! I'll have a word with him."

He waddled off, shaking his drab silk suit into shape and twisting a leather watch-guard around his finger.

"Believe it will come to anything?" asked one of the two men he had left behind.

"Dunno. Hope not. Awful business if it does."

"Remember how we were promised a world-war two years ago, just before the Balkans took fire?"

"Yes. That was a near thing, too. But they weren't quite ready then. Now they are ready, and they think we're not. If I were asked, I'd say we ought to let them know we're ready for 'em. They want to fight because they think they can catch us napping; they'd think twice if they knew they couldn't do it."

"Are they blind and deaf? Can't they see and hear?"

"Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat," Ponsoby, my boy."

The man in drab silk slipped into a chair next to Kirby's as a wolf slips into his lair, very circumspectly, and without noise; then he rutched the chair sidewise toward Kirby with about as much noise as a company of infantry would make.

"Had a drink?" he asked, as Kirby looked up from his paper. "Have one?"

"Ginger ale, please," said Kirby, putting the paper down.

A turbaned waiter brought long glasses in which ice tinkled, and the two sipped slowly, not looking at each other.

"Know Yasmini?" asked the man in drab silk suddenly.

"Heard of her, of course."

"Ever see her?"

"No."

"Ah! Most extraordinary woman. Wonderful!"

Kirby looked puzzled, and held his peace.

"Any of your officers ever visit her?"

"Not when they're supposed to be on duty."

"But at other times?"

"None of my affair if they do. Don't know, I'm sure."

"Um-m-m!"

"Yes," said Kirby, without vehemence.

"Look at his beak!" said one of the two men by the window. "Never see a big bird act that way? Look at his bright eye!"

"Wish mine were as bright, and my beak as aquiline; means directness—soldierly directness, that does!"

"Who is your best native officer, supposing you've any choice?" asked the man in the drab silk suit, speaking to the ceiling apparently.

"Ranjoor Singh," said Kirby promptly.

IT was quite clear there was no doubt in his mind.

"How is he best? In what way?"

"Best man I've got. Fit to command the regiment."

"Um-m-m!"

"Yes," said Kirby.

The man in drab sat sidewise and caught Kirby's eye, which was not dif-

ficult. There was nothing furtive about him.

"With a censorship that isn't admitted, but which has been rather obvious for more than a month; with all forces undergoing field training during the worst of the rains—it's fair to suppose your men smell something?"

"They've been sweating, certainly."

"Do they smell a rat?"

"Yes."

"Ask questions?"

"Yes."

"What do you tell them?"

"That I don't know, and they must wait until I do."

"Any recent efforts been made to tamper with them?"

"Not more than I reported. You know, of course, of the translations from Canadian papers, discussing the rejection of Sikh immigrants? Each man received a copy through the mail."

"Yes. We caught the crowd who printed that. Couldn't discover, though, how it got into the regiment's mail bags without being postmarked. Let's see—wasn't Ranjoor Singh officer-of-the-day?"

"Yes."

"Um-m-m! Would it surprise you to know that Ranjoor Singh visits Yasmini?"

"Wouldn't interest me."

"What follows is in strict confidence, please."

"I'm listening."

"I want you to hear reason. India, the whole of India, mind, has its ear to the ground. All up and down the length of the land—in every bazaar—in the ranks of every native regiment—it's known that people representing some other European Power are trying to sow discontent with our rule; and it's obvious to any native that we're on the watch for something big that we expect to break any minute. Is that clear?"

"Yes."

"Our strongest card is the loyalty of the native troops."

"Yes."

EVERYBODY knows that. Also, this thing we're looking for is most damnably real—might burst today, to-morrow—any time. So, even with the censorship in working order, it wouldn't be wise to arrest a native officer merely on suspicion.

"I'd arrest one of mine," said Kirby, "if I had any reason to suspect him for a second."

"Wouldn't be wise! You mustn't!"

The man in drab silk shook his head. "Now, suppose you were to arrest Ranjoor Singh—"

Kirby laughed outright.

"Suppose the Chandni Chowk were Regent Street!" he jeered.

"Last night," said the man in drab silk, "Risaldar-Major Ranjoor Singh visited Yasmini, leaving six or more of the men of his squadron waiting for him in the street outside. In Yasmini's room he listened for hours to a lecture on Germany, delivered by a German who has British naturalization papers, whether forged or not is not yet clear."

"After the lecture he had a private conversation lasting some minutes with the German who says he is an Englishman, and who, by the way, speaks Hindustani like a native. And,

(Continued on page 28.)