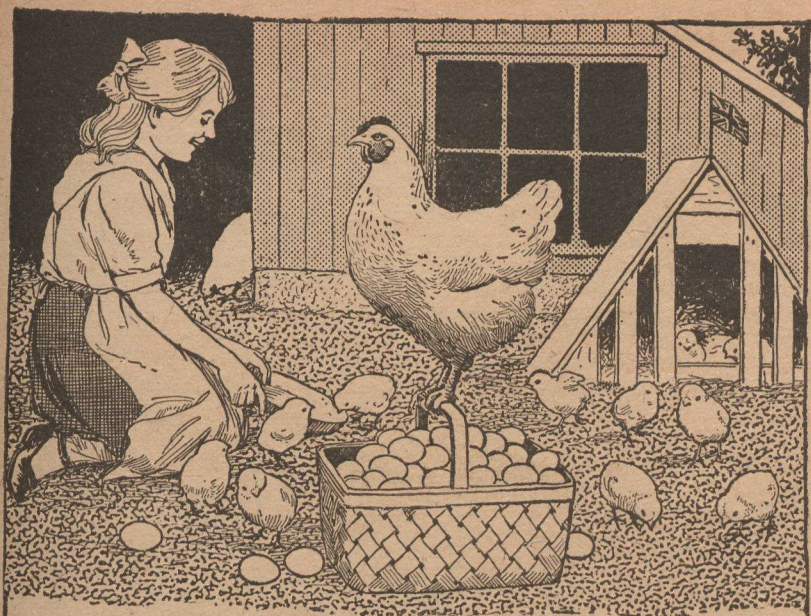




To City, Town and Village Dwellers in Ontario.

Keep hens this year

EGG and poultry prices, the like of which have seldom or never been experienced, certainly make it worth anyone's while to start keeping hens. By doing so you have fresh eggs at the most trifling cost. At the same time you have the splendid satisfaction of knowing that you are doing something towards helping Britain, Canada and the Allies achieve victory this year.

Increased production of food helps not only to lower the high cost of living, but it helps to increase the urgently needed surplus of Canada's food for export. It saves money otherwise spent for eggs and poultry at high prices, and saves the labor of others whose effort is needed for more vital war work.

The Ontario Department of Agriculture will give every possible assistance by affording information about poultry keeping. Write for free bulletin which tells how to keep hens (address below).

"A vegetable garden for every home"

Nothing should be overlooked in this vital year of the war. The Department earnestly invites everyone to help increase production by growing vegetables. Even the smallest plot of ground, when properly cultivated, produces a surprising amount of vegetables. Experience is not essential.

On request the Department of Agriculture will send valuable literature, free of charge, giving complete directions for preparing soil, planting, cultivation, etc. A plan of a vegetable garden, indicating suitable crop to grow, best varieties, and their arrangement in the garden, will be sent free to any address.

Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign,"
Department of Agriculture, Parliament
Buildings, Toronto.

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture

Parliament Buildings

Toronto 11



EGGS Will be a high price next Fall and Winter, prices will be higher than ever. DEAN'S LEGHORNS solves the high priced egg question. They are TRAPNESTED and bred exclusively for prolific egg production. BUY DAY-OLD CHICKS, which will live and mature to Laying within five to six months. Write for free catalogue and price list, describing the STRAIN that DO LAY. W. R. DEAN Box E WEST HILL, ONT.

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Many people are sending their Couriers to the Boys at the Front. The Courier is a good "letter from home." Send more Couriers and still more.

from the Mir Khan Palace jail, and nodded to them as they set the things down under the maid's direction. When they had done the woman chased them out and came and stood behind Yasmini with a fan, for though it was not too hot, she liked to have her golden hair blown into movement.

"My cook was a viceroy's," she said, beginning to eat. "He killed an officer who said the curry had pig's fat in it. That made him free of Khinjan but of not many other places! I have promised him a swim in Earth's Drink when he ever forgets his art!"

King ate, because a man can not talk and eat at once. It was true that he was hungry, that hunger is a piquant sauce, and that artist was an adjective too mild to apply to the cook. But the other reason was his chief one. Yasmini ate daintily, as if only to keep him company.

"You would rather have wine?" she asked suddenly. "All sahibs drink wine. Bring wine!" she ordered.

But King shook his head, and she looked pleased. He had thought she would be disappointed. When he had finished eating she drove the maid away with a sharp word; and when King jumped to his feet she led him toward the gold-and-ivory thrones, taking her seat on one of them and bidding him adjust the footstool.

"Would I might offer you the other!" she said, merrily enough, "but you must sit at my feet until our hearts are one!"

It was clear that she took no delight in easy victories, for she laughed aloud at the quizzical expression on his face. He guessed that if she could have conquered him at the first attempt a day would have found her weary of him; there was deliberate wisdom in his plan for the present to seem to let her win by little inches at a time. He reasoned that so she would tell him more than if he defied her outright.

HE got an ivory footstool and set it about a yard away from her waxen toes. And she, watching him with burning eyes, wound tresses of her hair around the golden dagger handle, making her jewels glitter with each movement.

"You pleased me by refusing wine," she said. "You please me—oh, you please me! Christians drink wine and eat beef and pig-meat. Ugh! Hindu and Muslim both despise them, having each a little understanding of his own. The gods of India, who are the only real gods, what do they think of it all! They have been good to the English, but they have had no thanks. They will stand aside now and watch a greater jihad than the world has ever seen! And the Hindu, who holds the cow sacred, will not support Christians who hold nothing sacred, against Muhammadans who loathe the pig! Christianity has failed! The English must go down with it—just as Rome went down when she dabbled in Christianity. Oh, I know all about Rome!"

"And the gods of India?" he asked, to keep her to the point now that she seemed well started.

He was there to learn, not to teach.

"I know them, too! I know them as nobody else does! They are neither Hindu, nor Muhammadan, but are older by a thousand ages than either foolishness! I love them, and they love me—as you shall love me, too! If they did not love both of us, we would not both be here! We must obey them!"

None of the East's amazing ways of courtship are ever tedious. Love springs into being on an instant and lives a thousand years inside an hour. She left no doubt as to her meaning. She and King were to love, as the East knows love, and then the world might have just what they two did not care to take from it.

His only possible course as yet was the defensive, and there is no defence like silence. He was still.

"The sarkar," she went on, "the silly sarkar fears that perhaps Turkey may enter the war. Perhaps a jihad may be proclaimed. So much for fear! I know! I have known for a very long time! And I have not let fear trouble me at all!"

Her eyes were on his steadily, and she read no fear in his, either, for none was there. In hers he saw ambition—triumph already—excitement—the gambler's love of all the hugest risks. Behind them burned genius and the



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