

"Ja!" said Ranjoor Singh. "And that is why, if you fail me, I shall give you to Yasmini's cobras!"

"You will admit," said the German, "when I have shown you, that Germany's foresight has been long and shrewd. Your great chance of success, my friend, like Germany's in this war, depends on a sudden, swift, tremendous success at first; the rest will follow as a logical corollary. It is the means of securing that first success that we have been making ready for you for two years and more."

"You should have credit for great secrecy," admitted Ranjoor Singh. "Until a little while ago I had heard nothing of any German plans."

"Russia got the blame for what little was guessed at!" laughed the German.

"Oh!" said Ranjoor Singh.

A LITTLE before midday they reached the Ajmere Gate, and the lumbering cart passed under it. At the farther side the driver stopped his oxen without orders, and Ranjoor Singh stepped out, looking quickly up and down the road. There were people about, but none whom he chose to favor with a second glance.

Close by the gate, almost under the shadow of it, and so drab and dirty as to be almost unnoticeable, there was a little cotton-tented booth, with a stock of lemonade and sweetmeats, that did interest him. He looked three times at it, and at the third look a Mohammedan wriggled out of it and walked away without a word.

"Come!" commanded Ranjoor Singh, and the German got out of the cart, looking not so very much unlike the poor Mohammedan who had gone away.

"Get in there!" The German slipped into the real owner's place. So far as appearances went, he was a very passable sweetmeat and lemonade seller, and Ranjoor Singh proved competent to guard against contingencies.

He picked a long stick out of the gutter and took his stand near by, frowning as he saw a carriage he suspected to be Yasmini's drive under the gate and come to a stand at the roadside, fifty or sixty yards away.

"If the officers should recognize me," he growled to the German, though seeming not to talk to him at all, "I should be arrested at once, and shot later. But the men will recognize me, and you shall see what you shall see!"

Three small boys came with a coin to spend, but Ranjoor Singh drove them away with his long stick; they argued shrilly from a distance, and one threw a stone at him, but finally they decided he was some new sort of plainclothes "constable," and went away.

One after another, several natives came to make small purchases, but, not being boys any longer, a gruff word was enough to send them running. And then came the clatter of hoofs of the advance-guard, and the German looked up to see a fire in Ranjoor Singh's eyes that a caged tiger could not have outdone.

All this while the bullock-cart in which they had come remained in the middle of the road, its driver dozing dreamily on his seat and the bullocks perfectly content to chew the cud. At the sound of the hoofs behind him, the driver suddenly awoke and began to belabor and kick his animals; he seemed oblivious of another cart that came toward him, and of a third that hurried after him from underneath the gate.

In less than sixty seconds all three carts were neatly interlocked, and their respective drivers were engaged in a war of words that beggared Babel.

The advance-guard halted and added words to the torrent. Colonel Kirby caught up the advance-guard and halted, too.

"Does he look like a man who commands a loyal regiment?" asked Ranjoor Singh; and the German studied the bowed head and thoughtful angle of a man who at that minute was regretting his good friend the risaldar-major.

"You will note that he looks chastened!"

The German nodded.

In his own good time Ranjoor Singh ran out and helped with that long stick of his to straighten out the mess; then in thirty seconds the wheels were unlocked again and the carts moving in a hurry to the roadside. The advance-guard moved on, and Kirby followed. Then, troop by troop, the whole of Outram's Own rode by, and the German began to wonder. It seemed to him that the rest of the officers were not demure enough, although he admitted to himself that the enigmatic Eastern faces in the ranks might mean anything at all. He noted that there was almost no talking, and he took that for a good sign for Germany.

D Squadron came last of all, and convinced him. They rode regretfully, as men who missed their squadron leader, and who, in spite of a message from him, would have better loved to see him riding on their flank.

But Ranjoor Singh stepped out into the road, and the right-end man of the front four recognized him. Not a word was said that the German could hear, but he could see the recognition run from rank to rank and troop to troop, until the squadron knew to a man; he saw them glance at Ranjoor Singh, and from him to one another, and ride on with a new stiffening and a new air of "now we'll see what comes of it!"

It was as evident, to his practised eye, that they were glad to have seen Ranjoor Singh, and looked forward to seeing him again very shortly, as that they were in a mood for trouble, and he decided to believe the whole of what the Sikh had said on the strength of the obvious truth of part of it.

"Watch now the supply train!" growled Ranjoor Singh, as the wagons began to rumble by.

The German had no means of knowing that the greater part of the regiment's war provisions had gone away by train from a Delhi station. The wagons that followed the regiment on the march were a generous allowance for a regiment going into camp, but not more than that. The spies whose duty it was to watch the railway sidings reported to somebody else and not to him.

Ranjoor Singh beckoned him after a while, and they came out into the road, to stand between two of the bullock-wagons and gaze after the regiment. The shuttered carriage that Ranjoor Singh had suspected to be Yasmini's passed them again, and the man beside the driver said something to Ranjoor Singh in an undertone, but the German did not hear it; he was watching the colonel and another officer walking together beside the road in the distance. The shuttered carriage passed on, but stopped in the shadow of the gate.

(Concluded in next issue.)

SOIREES MUSICALES

FROM September twenty-sixth on, for a week at least, the Hambourgs are to give a series of Soirees Musicales. There will be one every night for the week, held in the Louis XIV. room at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto.

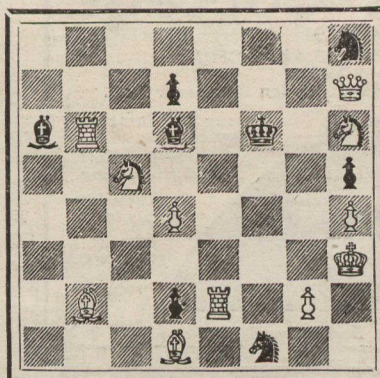
As it is desired to accomplish an atmosphere of intimacy, the programme will consist of chamber music and small songs; the artists being Jan Hambourg, who has returned to town just in time for the event; Boris Hambourg, the well-known 'cellist; and as a piece de resistance, Alberta Garcia Guerrero, of South America, a pianist who is making his Canadian debut on this occasion.

Signor Carboni will be in charge of the vocal end of the affair; and the singers are Miss Winifred Parker, Mrs. A. H. C. Proctor, Mrs. Mabel Manly Pickard, and Mrs. F. Thenton-Box. The Canadian trio will also perform, the names being those of Miss Ruth Thom, J. R. Hallman, John Detweiler. Mr. Gerald Moore will be accompanist.



PROBLEM NO. 192, by H. Rohr.
Second Prize, "Chess Monthly," 1891.
(A gem.)

Black.—Eight Pieces.



White.—Eleven Pieces.

White to play and self-mate in three.
Problem No. 193, by H. W. Sherrard.
(From "777 Miniatures in three.")

White: K at Kk6; Rs at Qk3 and Qk6; Kts at Qk5 and K4. Black: K at Q5. White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS

Problem No. 190, by P. H. Williams.

1. R—K3! and mates accordingly. The construction of this two-er is remarkably fine.

Problem No. 191, by Dr. E. Palkoska.

1. Kt—B6, KxKt (B6); 2. Kt—K4, K—Q4; 3. Q—Kt7, mate.
1. KxKt (Q6); 2. B—B8ch, K—Q4; 3. Q—KRsq, mate.
1. threat; 2. Kt—K7ch, KxKt; 3. Q—Kt4, mate.

The three mating positions echo one another, the last being chameleon to the other two.

CHESS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

The annual tournament for the Canadian North-West championship attracted ten competitors this year, and ended in a clean sweep for Mr. Pam Barry, of Winnipeg, who finished third in the 1917 congress, ex aequo with R. J. Spencer, in a field of fifteen players. The following game, contested in the tournament, was obtained in a round-about way from the British Chess Magazine. The notes are our own.

Sicilian Defence.

White.	Black.
P. Barry.	R. J. Spencer.
1. P—K4	1. P—QB4
2. Kt—KB3	2. Kt—QB3
3. P—Q4	3. PxP
4. KtxP	4. P—Q3
5. Kt—QB3	5. P—KKt3
6. P—KKt3 (a)	6. B—Kt2
7. B—K3	7. B—Q2
8. B—Kt2	8. Kt—B3
9. Q—Q2	9. Kt—KKt5 (b)
10. KtxKt	10. PxKt (c)
11. B—Q4	11. BxB (d)
12. QxB	12. Castles.
13. P—KR3	13. Kt—K4
14. P—Kt3 (e)	14. Q—Bsq
15. P—B4	15. P—QB4 (f)
16. Q—Q2	16. Kt—B3
17. P—KKt4	17. P—B5 (g)
18. Castles (KR)	18. Kt—Kt5?
19. P—R3	19. Q—B4ch



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