

PAGE SIX

**The Toronto World**

FOUNDED 1880.

A morning newspaper published every day in the year by The World Newspaper Company, of Toronto, Limited.

11 A. MACLEAN, Managing Director.

World Building, Toronto.

40 West Richmond Street.

Telephone Calls: Main 6308—Private exchange connecting all departments.

Branch Office—31 South John St., Hamilton. Telephone, Regent 1846.

Daily World—2c per copy; delivered, 20c per month, \$1.35 for 3 months; \$3.60 for 6 months; \$5.00 per year in advance; or \$4.00 per year, 40c per month, by mail in Canada (except Toronto), United Kingdom and Mexico.

Sunday World—3c per copy; 27.50 per year by mail.

To Foreign Countries, postage extra.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEB. 9.

**The South Africa Elections.**

The triumph of the Smuts government is a good thing for the empire, a good thing for South Africa and in the end will prove to be a good thing even for the extreme Nationalists among the Boers. It will be above all things a monument to the far-sighted sagacity of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in giving to South Africa self-government. The propaganda for independence is regrettable, but after all it is being carried on within constitutional lines instead of by civil war.

The comment of an average South African upon Canadian politics would not be illuminating, and we can scarcely pride ourselves upon knowing anything of value about the domestic affairs of South Africa. The issue in yesterday's election, however, was imperial, and we are quite within the bounds of propriety when we rejoice over the result. With a Boer premier we may be sure the Boers will suffer no injustice. General Smuts is a world-famous better qualified to judge what is best for South Africa than most of his fellow countrymen. They do well to follow his counsel and achieve nationhood for their nation, but nationhood under the British crown.

**What May Be the Issue?**

Friends of the government must remember that the issue in an election is made not by the politicians, but by the people. The government may say you must vote on the tariff, but the people may vote on something else. That was demonstrated in a simple manner in East Elgin and West Peterborough. We may dismiss Hon. T. A. Crerar and the Farmers' party by saying the next election will be on the issue of protection versus free trade, and that the great bulk of the Canadian people are unwavering protectionists. But will Mr. Crerar and his followers be thus lightly dismissed? There is reason to believe that the western farmers do not hold the tariff to be the only question up at the next election. Most of them regard freight rates as a bigger factor in their business than the tariff. All of them are very much down on the so-called big interests, and are zealous in their advocacy of public ownership. They have a good many planks in their platform upon which eastern as well as western people can stand, city people as well as country people.

Thus we find the Grain Growers' Guide sound a warning note against the proposed revaluation of the National Railways. It believes that if these railways are revalued low enough their former owners or other private concerns may want to take them back at this low valuation, leaving an enormous burden of debt on the hands of the government. It complains that the government of the day does not set the example of patronizing public-owned utilities, and it accuses both the old political parties of being lukewarm in their support of public ownership. It intimates that public ownership rather than free trade may be the slogan of the Farmers' party at the next election.

Be that as it may, The World strongly opposes this revaluation, and the writing down of capitalization. The writing down will be entirely imaginary, because the fixed charges will remain at the same figure. Besides, the National Railways will have all they can do to earn operating expenses without worrying themselves about fixed charges. At present they are not earning these working expenses, but we believe they will be able to do so if the government proceeds promptly and aggressively with the amalgamation of the old Grand Trunk and the many economies that must result from unifying all the roads taken over by the government. The nation must not give up railways in which it has already invested about one billion dollars. As The Guide very properly says:

**Why Tax Gold Mining Now?**

There is an impression abroad in the north country that the provincial government is about to increase the tax on the mining output. Under normal conditions mines have as much right to bear a proportion of the costs of government as any other industry. But mining, at least that of gold production, is far from normal. The Ontario gold mines are

THE TORONTO WORLD

ANOTHER CHANCE GONE

IT LOOKS AS IF I'M GOIN' TO KEEP ADDIN' TO THE COLLECTION

RENT RECEIPTS

HANDS CHIRPING HOUSE-BUILDING SCHEME KILLED BY CITY COUNCIL

THE TORONTO WORLD

just beginning to recover from the war; and there is a world-wide demand for an increased gold output. It is not the easiest kind of financing to get together money for mining enterprises, and even talk of increased taxation will frighten off would-be investors. Northern Ontario is believed by many to hold out bigger prospects for gold production than even the great Rand of South Africa. With supplies more available at reasonable prices, and the promise of the necessary labor, an active period is expected in the northern gold camps. It would be unfortunate on the eve of this essential and necessary development if any action were taken by the government that would put an obstacle in its way. The many difficulties in the way of gold production have resulted in an agitation for a bonus on the metal mined, and while we have not favored this idea we certainly feel that the gold developers are not entitled to be hampered at the present time by increased taxation. When their output equals the Rand, as we believe it will in a few years, that would be the time to make it share liberally with the province.

**The Coming Session.**

A broad smile will greet the demand of Hon. Mackenzie King that Premier Meighen hand over to him the government of the country as a result of the West Peterboro election. Like a hen with only one chicken Mr. King may be excused for clucking much over this one Liberal victory. If Mr. Meighen is foolish enough to resign, which he is not, we imagine the governor-general would naturally send for Mr. Crerar, who represents a much larger volume of sentiment than Mr. King. We are even disposed to take with a grain of salt the Ottawa despatches announcing a general election. The government has today as large a majority as the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier had after the general election of 1896, and that astute politician, instead of resigning, carried on as prime minister for 16 years. During those 16 years the Conservatives were strongly of the opinion that Sir Wilfrid should not cling to office.

The government having a sufficient majority in the house to carry on the business of the country the majority of the people will probably feel that no election should be held until after the decennial census and the redistribution of parliamentary seats. They would scarcely be satisfied to have the coming session of parliament do nothing more than pass a supply bill. There are a good many questions for parliament this coming session to consider. Profiteering has by no means disappeared, unemployment is too real, the railway problem presses for more speedy action and more satisfactory solution. The hostile American tariff represented by the Fordney bill slams and bolts the door against the export of our agricultural products to the United States while our present tariff permits the ever increasing importation into Canada of commodities grown or manufactured in the United States.

Premier Meighen would undoubtedly go to the country if he had any reason to doubt the loyalty and integrity of his supporters in the house. He may be anxious to impress them with the necessity for regular attendance and unwavering support. He is not afraid to submit his cause to the electorate, and no man in Canada would be so flabbergasted and disarmed by sudden dissolution as Mr. Mackenzie King, meaning as it would his disappearance from the public life of Canada. But country must come before party.

and Premier Meighen has important work to do; so has parliament at the coming session.

**Remark in Passing.**

Question—Is a fuel controller appointed to control the fuel trade or the fuel consumer?

At first glance the election returns from South Africa do not give the employers much cause for rejoicing.

Wouldn't it be sad if severe weather failed to appear and, in spite of Fuel Controller Harrington's plea, the dealers should be left with big stocks on hand?

Perhaps the proposed York county athletic club is the answer to the time that when they first went into the war things might have been different.

It is to be hoped that the voting of another \$50,000 for unemployment relief will not encourage the transportation commission to lay up indefinitely.

Who says Toronto is not a growling town? With an increase of 437 school children in one year it is to be hoped some home-building scheme will have got to work before they grow to marrying age.

Washington has on hand war material worth \$6,000,000,000 left over from the late war. Now if they had only had that when they first went into the war things might have been different.

President-elect Harding probably breathed freely now that congress has killed a bill that proposed to stop smoking in all department buildings in Washington, including the White House.

**OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS**

The World will gladly print under this head letters written by our readers, dealing with current topics. As space is limited they must not be longer than 200 words and written on one side of the paper only.

**NEW POLICE BUILDING.**

Editor World: In The World of Feb. 4th you have an article about the need of a new police administration building, and I would suggest that they go over to the side of the old building on remand. The old registry office and the corner of Bay and Temperance streets are too public. In taking the old building north of the armories, the city would be doing a double duty by cleaning out some of the old buildings north of the armories and commencing to make University Avenue a beauty spot instead of a slum district.

**HAPPY DAYS.**

Editor World: Close on two years have elapsed since this wonderful prohibition act was passed, and we were promised that in the passing of this act it would mean increased prosperity, empty jails, lots of work, etc. Meanwhile millions of dollars have left Ontario and now are reposing comfortably in the province of Quebec. Now to crown it all, despite the extreme distress and unrest existing, these home breakers and Lefty Louies are going to spend thousands of dollars for propaganda in uplifting (oh, joy!) besides costing the province a large amount. I would suggest that this money could be expended in assisting our distressed citizens, many of whom are in danger of being turned out of their homes for rent due. Falling this, why not send the amount to China to support the funds already sent there by these disciples of Spracklin? Yours truly, Maple Leaf.

**Leave to Your Family Your Property, Not Your Problems**

Make a Will. We act as Executors.

Write or call for our booklets.

**National Trust Company Limited**

Capital, \$2,000,000. Reserve, \$2,000,000.

18-22 King Street East, Toronto.

### THREE COUNTRIES ARE REPRESENTED

**Directors' Meeting of Advertising Agency in Toronto Has Notable Features.**

An event which is probably unique in the annals of Canadian advertising is the directors' meeting of Smith, Denne & Moore, Limited, being held in Toronto during the last two or three days.

Mr. Harold M. Reid, director in charge of the Montreal office, and Messrs. A. J. Denne and H. M. Moore, who are the local office directors, are also present.

It was not altogether to transact the company's business that this meeting was called, but in order to consider the information regarding the marketing conditions in the various countries, which vary in the different countries, form an integral part of many advertising plans.

A careful comparison of the business conditions in the various countries mentioned proves undoubtedly that business conditions are on a wobbly, unsteady basis in all countries, which is not fundamentally prosperous condition in Canada, elsewhere. It is a constant source of wonder to outsiders that so few Canadian can do so tremendous amount of business per capita as Canadian trade returns indicate. This is accounted for probably by the high cost of living, the high cost of doing business, which is reflected in the price of goods, and the high cost of advertising. Not only are the older established firms continuing in their advertising, other firms, who have watched the power of advertising in their selling plans. There are constantly appearing in the Canadian market new products which are being placed before the people through the medium of advertising in the press and elsewhere.

The advertising agency of Smith, Denne & Moore report a very successful year in 1920 and indications are very bright for 1921.

**OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS**

The World will gladly print under this head letters written by our readers, dealing with current topics. As space is limited they must not be longer than 200 words and written on one side of the paper only.

**NEW POLICE BUILDING.**

Editor World: In The World of Feb. 4th you have an article about the need of a new police administration building, and I would suggest that they go over to the side of the old building on remand. The old registry office and the corner of Bay and Temperance streets are too public. In taking the old building north of the armories, the city would be doing a double duty by cleaning out some of the old buildings north of the armories and commencing to make University Avenue a beauty spot instead of a slum district.

**HAPPY DAYS.**

Editor World: Close on two years have elapsed since this wonderful prohibition act was passed, and we were promised that in the passing of this act it would mean increased prosperity, empty jails, lots of work, etc. Meanwhile millions of dollars have left Ontario and now are reposing comfortably in the province of Quebec. Now to crown it all, despite the extreme distress and unrest existing, these home breakers and Lefty Louies are going to spend thousands of dollars for propaganda in uplifting (oh, joy!) besides costing the province a large amount. I would suggest that this money could be expended in assisting our distressed citizens, many of whom are in danger of being turned out of their homes for rent due. Falling this, why not send the amount to China to support the funds already sent there by these disciples of Spracklin? Yours truly, Maple Leaf.

**Leave to Your Family Your Property, Not Your Problems**

Make a Will. We act as Executors.

Write or call for our booklets.

**National Trust Company Limited**

Capital, \$2,000,000. Reserve, \$2,000,000.

18-22 King Street East, Toronto.

## THE TORONTO WORLD'S WEEKLY NOVEL

# THE MATING OF THE BLADES

BY AHMED ABDULLAH.

(Copyright, 1920, by the James A. McCargi Co.)

Continued From Yesterday's World

He only knew that a great, portentous voice was calling him across the distance from the north. Beyond the snow-bound Afghan mountain passes, and it came with the language of the past—and the future. With the steady, swishing sob of crossing blades. And it was, suddenly, with an almost horrid shock, that he realized an almost physical shock, that he realized how with every mile England, his old life, were slipping away from him. They—and Jane Warburton! The girl who was dearer to him than the dwellings of kings!

Hector kicked himself on the shin. "I am a silly ass!" he remarked. "Hector Wade is dead and forgotten. There is only Al Nakhla left!"

**CHAPTER XI.**

JUST about the time when Hector and his party were changing trains for the north Indian frontier at Rawalpindi junction, Sir James Rivet-Carnac, high British colonial official, sat facing Mr. Ezra W. Warburton and the latter's daughter at the Hotel Semiramis, in Calcutta.

Sir James beamed.

"Of course, my dear sir," he was saying, "there will be no trouble about passports for yourself and your daughter. No trouble either about the journey—anything my department can do to make the trip comfortable—anything at all—pray command me."

And he coughed, and was silent for a few seconds. For he was in a quandary. For, while he had received instructions from the Indian office to put him absolutely at the disposal of Mr. Warburton and to make that gentleman's trip to the north as easy and pleasant as possible, another department, closely connected with the home office in London, had asked him, quite subtly and quite delicately, to see to it that the American's journey to Tamerlanistan should be delayed at least two or three months.

Sir James did not know, could not know, that it was thru the subterranean influence of an eccentric cockney milk-maid, Mrs. Huggins, that the latter instructions had been sent him, also those requesting him to delay the American's journey. But he did know that, unless he walked a delicate tight-rope between two departments, his dearest promotion wish would not be realized at the next royal birthday honours.

James did not know, could not know, that it was thru the subterranean influence of an eccentric cockney milk-maid, Mrs. Huggins, that the latter instructions had been sent him, also those requesting him to delay the American's journey. But he did know that, unless he walked a delicate tight-rope between two departments, his dearest promotion wish would not be realized at the next royal birthday honours.

And, half an hour later, they were under way.

"Afghanistan—the north—Central Asia! With every mile of the jagged road, Hector felt that this remote northern land was claiming him, welcoming him, wiping from his brain of all memories of home, of England, of the rolling yellow Sussex downs.

All this land this far, northern land—was part of him.

He felt it, knew it.

And, in the dusty, whirling whips of their camel's padded feet drifted whisper, gossip, babble, information.

It started with a word of admiration in the servants' hall of the Tamerlanistan tradesmen.

A most proper man is Al Nakhla, the prince's cousin. There is talk of trouble and mirth in the western marches of Tamerlanistan, and Al Nakhla is a great oath on his blade that he will make the rebel governor eat seventy-seven times seventy-seven pecks of dirt!"

That night, one of the merchant's grooms repeated it to a naïf girl of his acquaintance in a shop near the Kashmir gate, adding:

"Al Nakhla has been long away from his own country. He has been in Belait—in Europe—and has become a Frank in everything, even as to his language."

The tale took wings, spanning streams and forests, until, finally overtaking the prince's cavalcade and traveling westward of it, it reached the ear of Babu Bahadur, who, just then, was on the point of leaving Tamerlanistan and going to Bokhara to meet his eccentric employer, Mr. Preserved Higgins.

Deaf winked a large wink at nothing in particular.

"Al Nakhla," he said—"The Expected." Says Deaf, "I know well."

Whereupon he sent a cabalistic telegram to a mysterious address in Bokhara—a telegram which was opened by a cockney millionaire, who turned to a young, nervous Englishman with him with the words: "There's a whole lot of blinking trouble in the wind, we got to south straight off!"

Meanwhile word was going to the prince that the situation was growing worse. The governor of the west had as his staunchest support the governor of the eastern marches, doubtless for the simple reason that the governor of the western marches was his twin brother and worst enemy.

And the prince and her party hurried.

Then, late one afternoon, the prince reined in and pointed.

"Tamerlanistan! Al Nakhla!" she said. "A noisy town. For, in the east, every one talks and talks in extremes, either in a gloomy whisper or in a raucous scream."

"Tamerlanistan! The palace of the Genghis Khan," he whispered, with an odd little catch in his throat.

Then he shook off the dim, whirling thought—"He spurred the camel's lean flanks."

On! By the side of Aziza Nurmahal who was smilingly returning the throaty salutations of the Tamerlanistan crowd, running down the streets, out of houses and mosques and bazaars, to meet her.

They continued their way, thru the main road of the city, and up a steep, stone-paved ascent that led to the chowk, the outer courtyard of the palace. There they dismounted.

For, when he saw in sight, he saw that it was not a man, but a woman. Pale, thin, hawk-like, with a lean as a panther, haggard, bony, brown, "Down! Down on thy knees, O lusty she-devil!" she addressed her camel, that gave a wicked, grunting snarl, and shot the visitor neatly out of the saddle and directly at the feet of the princess who, between laughter and tears, picked her up and suggested her to her breast.

The elder woman broke into a hectic torrent of speech: a mad mixture of extravagant terms of endearment—"Little pink-and-blue sweetmeat!" she called the princess. "And all because of that devil and bewailing that cruel, stony fate which had forced her, a woman of reason, to launch myself into the bitter, bitter waters of adventure."

"Ahee—a and ten thousand first-class devils!" she shrieked across her fist, heavy chest. "And all because of that great and most evil son of a cockroach, Abderrahman Khan, governor of the western marches!"

On she talked while the servants gave Hector a richly colored account of how the princess had raised her, her old nurse, to the rank of regent, with the honorable title of Zil-Sultana, "Shadow of the Queen," and had afterwards reduced her to her former, humble position, because she had been in favor of granting "concessions" to the sahib-log.

"Concessions!" is that the rub in Tamerlanistan?" he thought.

For he was familiar with that phrase of chronic misunderstanding between the Orient and the Occident, and he rather had always held that it was not altogether altruistic to "carry the white man's burden," with the help of one hundred per cent. yearly profits.

He was not a business man. But he was twice before he advocated the granting of "concessions."

It appeared that Wahab al-Shaitan, the negro executioner who, with the title of "Killer for the Queen," was regent during her absence, had done well, coming in from the east, and at first, everybody had obeyed him.

Then, several weeks earlier, a spy had brought the news that Abderrahman had again commenced intriguing with the supposed to keep the country in subjection.

"Tro. Najji Mian," a notorious border-irregular, and his hand were "tearing the cravens from their noses thru the on which Tamerlanistan depended for a great deal of its foreign trade, and now it appeared that the governor, instead

of using his soldiers and police against the raiders, was sharing in their enterprise, including the profits.

The regent had sent a summons to the governor to present himself immediately at the court of Tamerlanistan.

But Abderrahman, skulking, guessing, and rightly, that his arrival at court would be practically simultaneous with his heading, had decided to do nothing of the kind, and had instead sent an impelling message, which said:

"I shall remain here as a wax fat until my mistress returns. O Wahab al-Shaitan!"

Then I shall proceed to the capital in state, followed by my armed men, and shall claim Aziza Nurmahal as my bride. "For desire for her is in my nostrils. Let her be ready for my coming."

It was the calm insolence, the serene brutality of the message which brought Hector up standing.

Not that he was the least bit in love with Aziza Nurmahal; for he loved Jane Warburton.

"Desire is in his nostrils, is it?" he exclaimed. "Well—he fingered the hilt of the ancient blade—his sword which, there'll be another desire in his nostrils presently."

And he shall also long for another color!" shrieked the old nurse. "White! White! The calm white of the shroud when we stork his stinking corpse into an unhallooed grave! I like thee, Al Nakhla! I like thee! I like thee! I like thee!" she jumped up and gave Hector a noisy smacking kiss.

And Hector added: "We'll start for Tamerlanistan at once."

All this land this far, northern land—was part of him.

He felt it, knew it.

And, in the dusty, whirling whips of their camel's padded feet drifted whisper, gossip, babble, information.

It started with a word of admiration in the servants' hall of the Tamerlanistan tradesmen.

A most proper man is Al Nakhla, the prince's cousin. There is talk of trouble and mirth in the western marches of Tamerlanistan, and Al Nakhla is a great oath on his blade that he will make the rebel governor eat seventy-seven times seventy-seven pecks of dirt!"

That night, one of the merchant's grooms repeated it to a naïf girl of his acquaintance in a shop near the Kashmir gate, adding:

"Al Nakhla has been long away from his own country. He has been in Belait—in Europe—and has become a Frank in everything, even as to his language."

The tale took wings, spanning streams and forests, until, finally overtaking the prince's cavalcade and traveling westward of it, it reached the ear of Babu Bahadur, who, just then, was on the point of leaving Tamerlanistan and going to Bokhara to meet his eccentric employer, Mr. Preserved Higgins.

Deaf winked a large wink at nothing in particular.

"Al Nakhla," he said—"The Expected." Says Deaf, "I know well."

Whereupon he sent a cabalistic telegram to a mysterious address in Bokhara—a telegram which was opened by a cockney millionaire, who turned to a young, nervous Englishman with him with the words: "There's a whole lot of blinking trouble in the wind, we got to south straight off!"

Meanwhile word was going to the prince that the situation was growing worse. The governor of the west had as his staunchest support the governor of the eastern marches, doubtless for the simple reason that the governor of the western marches was his twin brother and worst enemy.

And the prince and her party hurried.

Then, late one afternoon, the prince reined in and pointed.

"Tamerlanistan! Al Nakhla!" she said. "A noisy town. For, in the east, every one talks and talks in extremes, either in a gloomy whisper or in a raucous scream."

"Tamerlanistan! The palace of the Genghis Khan," he whispered, with an odd little catch in his throat.

Then he shook off the dim, whirling thought—"He spurred the camel's lean flanks."

On! By the side of Aziza Nurmahal who was smilingly returning the throaty salutations of the Tamerlanistan crowd, running down the streets, out of houses and mosques and bazaars, to meet her.

They continued their way, thru the main road of the city, and up a steep, stone-paved ascent that led to the chowk, the outer courtyard of the palace. There they dismounted.

For, when he saw in sight, he saw that it was not a man, but a woman. Pale, thin, hawk-like, with a lean as a panther, haggard, bony, brown, "Down! Down on thy knees, O lusty she-devil!" she addressed her camel, that gave a wicked, grunting snarl, and shot the visitor neatly out of the saddle and directly at the feet of the princess who, between laughter and tears, picked her up and suggested her to her breast.

The elder woman broke into a hectic torrent of speech: a mad mixture of extravagant terms of endearment—"Little pink-and-blue sweetmeat!" she called the princess. "And all because of that devil and bewailing that cruel, stony fate which had forced her, a woman of reason, to launch myself into the bitter, bitter waters of adventure."

"Ahee—a and ten thousand first-class devils!" she shrieked across her fist, heavy chest. "And all because of that great and most evil son of a cockroach, Abderrahman Khan, governor of the western marches!"

On she talked while the servants gave Hector a richly colored account of how the princess had raised her, her old nurse, to the rank of regent, with the honorable title of Zil-Sultana, "Shadow of the Queen," and had afterwards reduced her to her former, humble position, because she had been in favor of granting "concessions" to the sahib-log.

"Concessions!" is that the rub in Tamerlanistan?" he thought.

For he was familiar with that phrase of chronic misunderstanding between the Orient and the Occident, and he rather had always held that it was not altogether altruistic to "carry the white man's burden," with the help of one hundred per cent. yearly profits.

He was not a business man. But he was twice before he advocated the granting of "concessions."

It appeared that Wahab al-Shaitan, the negro executioner who, with the title of "Killer for the Queen," was regent during her absence, had done well, coming in from the east, and at first, everybody had obeyed him.

Then, several weeks earlier, a spy had brought the news that Abderrahman had again commenced intriguing with the supposed to keep the country in subjection.

"Tro. Najji Mian," a notorious border-irregular, and his hand were "tearing the cravens from their noses thru the on which Tamerlanistan depended for a great deal of its foreign trade, and now it appeared that the governor, instead

of using his soldiers and police against the raiders, was sharing in their enterprise, including the profits.

The regent had sent a summons to the governor to present himself immediately at the court of Tamerlanistan.

But Abderrahman, skulking, guessing, and rightly, that his arrival at court would be practically simultaneous with his heading, had decided to do nothing of the kind, and had instead sent an impelling message, which said:

"I shall remain here as a wax fat until my mistress returns. O Wahab al-Shaitan!"

Then I shall proceed to the capital in state, followed by my armed men, and shall claim Aziza Nurmahal as my bride. "For desire for her is in my nostrils. Let her be ready for my coming."

It was the calm insolence, the serene brutality of the message which brought Hector up standing.

Not that he was the least bit in love with Aziza Nurmahal; for he loved Jane Warburton.

"Desire is in his nostrils, is it?" he exclaimed. "Well—he fingered the hilt of the ancient blade—his sword which, there'll be another desire in his nostrils presently."

And he shall also long for another color!" shrieked the old nurse. "White! White! The calm white of the shroud when we stork his stinking corpse into an unhallooed grave! I like thee, Al Nakhla! I like thee! I like thee! I like thee!" she jumped up and gave Hector a noisy smacking kiss.

And Hector added: "We'll start for Tamerlanistan at once."

All this land this far, northern land—was part of him.

He felt it, knew it.

And, in the dusty, whirling whips of their camel's padded feet drifted whisper, gossip, babble, information.

It started with a word of admiration in the servants' hall of the Tamerlanistan tradesmen.

A most proper man is Al Nakhla, the prince's cousin. There is talk of trouble and mirth in the western marches of Tamerlanistan, and Al Nakhla is a great oath on his blade that he will make the rebel governor eat seventy-seven times seventy-seven pecks of dirt!"

That night, one of the merchant's grooms repeated it to a naïf girl of his acquaintance in a shop near the Kashmir gate, adding:

"Al Nakhla has been long away from his own country. He has been in Belait—in Europe—and has become a Frank in everything, even as to his language."

The tale took wings, spanning streams and forests, until, finally overtaking the prince's cavalcade and traveling westward of it, it reached the ear of Babu Bahadur, who, just then, was on the point of leaving Tamerlanistan and going to Bokhara to meet his eccentric employer, Mr. Preserved Higgins.

Deaf winked a large wink at nothing in particular.

"Al Nakhla," he said—"The Expected." Says Deaf, "I know well."

Whereupon he sent a cabalistic telegram to a mysterious address in Bokhara—a telegram which was opened by a cockney millionaire, who turned to a young, nervous Englishman with him with the words: "There's a whole lot of blinking trouble in the wind, we got to south straight off!"

"Home!" the princess said, softly. And Hector passed thru the door, like a man sure of his way.

**CHAPTER XII.**

**YES!** Wahab al-Shaitan remarked. "It is Al Nakhla who rules. Yet as Al Nakhla is a man of peace is ruled in Belait and Bokhara and many other places. Strange, isn't it? He does not ask us princess' name in marriage. He does not even want money or status. Strange—as strange as the ancient prophecy of the sword!"

Quite untrammelled by the clogging traditions of Tamerlanistan's past, yet aware not to disregard over any of those traditions—the he himself, in the swing of the centuries, had become endowed with an almost religious sanctity. Hector Wade gripped the helm of the ship of state, and proceeded to navigate it.

Soberly English, he began with the department of the treasury. He raised Guadian, the treasurer's salary to such a high figure that it would not have paid him to accept bribes. Within a few weeks, the taxes were again commencing to flow in, sufficiently smoothly to keep the country out of bankruptcy.

Next, he turned his attention to the household of the palace. He attempted no changes in the household, with the single exception that he did away with the multitude of spies, telling tales about each other.

When it came to the reform of the army, he not only used the military lessons he had learned in the Dragoons and at war college, but also the sober psychology of wisdom—he he himself referred to it as horse sense—he had acquired thru his human relations with the troops in his half-squadron.

He visited Koom Khan, who was in jail, and found him in decidedly bad humor. Then he turned and added, with pauses between the words:

"Koom Khan, thou and I must either be friends—or enemies. Choose."

The other blinked his swollen eyelids and waved a negligent hand. "All right, my friend. Let us be enemies, Al Nakhla."

"Agreed," Hector rose and walked to the door. Then he turned and added, quite gently: "But we shall not be enemies for long."

"For as long as there is breath in my body," burst out Koom Khan.

"I just want to let you know that I have never trusted a living enemy—dead ones I have never feared a dead one!"

Koom Khan gave a slight start, but controlled himself almost immediately, with the utmost, arrogant nonchalance.

"Death is not such a savory mouthful that one should gulp it down whole. I have changed my mind, my lord. I shall henceforth be thy friend."

And Hector, with a disconcerting sudden swing to deep seriousness, he went on:

"Al Nakhla! Fools—such fools as I—lose their way amongst the pitfalls of ambition. It blinded my eyes to the fact that I should know well."

"What signal," asked Hector, rather embarrassed, and quite at a loss what to do, the other almost tragic earnestness of gesture and expression.

"The prophecy, my lord! I forgot that thou, my lord, art the Expected One."

And Hector suppressed an impatient exclamation as, nearly automatically, he drew a sword from his scabbard and tendered it, hilt foremost, for Koom Khan to touch with his lips and swear fealty on as others had done that morning.

And in almost every instance when Hector's sword had been lowered, to take charge of the affairs of Tamerlanistan, coming flattery and unwavering brutality brought the leaders and rulers, leaders and henchmen of the different warring factions into line with his administration. He had, with his blades and the ancient prophecy were referred to, as the final argument.

"How did this puzzle picture of twist and turn, painted, crazy Asian life dovetail into a whole?" he thought.

"For it did dovetail to everybody's satisfaction, except his own. The very kryptes and donkey boys and beggars and derelicts seemed to accept it."

He would have asked Aziza Nurmahal.

"I say, tell me what all this drive about the sword and prophecies signifies there?"

But the freedom and comradeship of the sword had ceased the moment she had set foot in the palace and Hector had never an opportunity of asking.

Continued Tomorrow Morning.

**You'll Like H. C. Witter's**

**New Novel**

**"Kid Scanlan"**

It is a dandy story, well written, full of humor, with just enough thrills to make it interesting from the initial to the last page.

Kid Scanlan, as a champion welterweight pugilist with a healthy ambition to be a real live motion picture star, is a scream. The Kid's troubles as a pugilist, however, are as nothing compared to his tribulations as a movie actor. This is one story that you should not miss.

The Daily and Sunday World for the week costs 17c. This novel is published complete during the week. Never in your life have you got so much for 17c. The first portion of the story appears in next Sunday's World. Be sure you do not miss it.

**Sunday, February 13th**

Every week The Daily and Sunday World publish a complete novel that sells regularly at from \$1.50 to \$1.90. Both papers and the novel cost you just 17c. This is better than the old Mechanics' Institute that you used to patronize when you were a kid back in the country town, for here every story is brand new and right up-to-date.

You can make sure of this novel by paying 17c to your newsdealer today. The Daily and Sunday World for a year costs \$7.50. A year's subscription carries with it 52 complete novels.

**Pathfinders**

In Boxes

The HAF

Toronto Repre

## WEDNESDAY MORNING FEBRUARY 9 1921

# ROCK FALL

**Avenue Road Te**

**Curlers Scorele**

**Third Period, T**

**Rushed in Thre**

**ed Away With**

**ment—Clever**

Cross Aurs Lee off

are out of the senior

they only went down

greatest battles on record

beat them. 3 to 1.

night. It was the last

Avenue road club and

thrilling battle. Har-

young Roach were the

into the Granite. It

held Granite scoreless

minutes of the game an

and a Conacher draw

Granite hopped the t

band and sailed away

goal, and the full

gray the other two.

Roach treated a full

an exhibition of goal-

been seen in the Arena

ones but, at last, ten

looked to have him dis-

shots latered for the

net. With Roach's goal

opposite corner.

The first

himself together each

equipped back to the

another shot. The

tending, and certainly

in the light until they

the streak in the last

them down in front.

Watson the

Watson was the other

light for the victors. H

od as a regular, and he

into the Granite attack

the ice, and he was t

back-keeping. He had

the goals were needed

front to nab two of t

counter. Watson the

Stephen and Con

for Aurs Lee. Conache

in the second period,

trying to get another g

of luck. Conacher pun

back into the goal.

caught an ordinary g

Roach slipped over

Steady as the first t

and made the Granite f

him" with solid and c

Roach was a real

good rushes and cleve

Granite had more re

in the third period,

responsible by Stevart

defence. Aurs Lee had

in the second period,

goal here and had Roa

a half dozen others. I

had had. That was

it was a rousing cont

and a lot of clever hoo

the Granite made the

much hockey in the th

checking was concern

a big opening for the

check was the bree

Victory.

Broke Fra

All thru the break.

Aurs Lee are away like

in the second period,

defence. Aurs Lee we

into the three-men stuf

Aurs Lee had one read

they had a chance at

the goal. Aurs Lee

range a lot harder

Aurs Lee.

The first