

accepted his at its face value, and did not open it.

"May the memsahib never lack plenty from which to give!" he said, for there is no word for "Thank you" in all India.

"I will bless the memsahib at each mouthful!" said Sita Ram.

"Truly a bellyful of blessings!" laughed Yasmini.

Then they all went to the stair-head and watched and listened through the open door while a closed carriage was driven away in a great hurry. Three maids and six men came up-stairs one after another, at intervals, to report the road all clear; the first carriage had not been followed, and there was nobody watching; another carriage waited. Babu Sita Ram was sent down-stairs to get into the waiting carriage and stay there on the look-out.

"Now bring him better clothes!" said Ranjoor Singh.

But Yasmini had anticipated that order.

"They are in the carriage, on the seat," she said.

So the German went down-stairs and climbed in beside the babu, changing his turban at once for the better one that he found waiting there.

"This performance is worth a rajah's ransom!" grumbled babu Sita Ram. "Will sahib not put elbow in my belly, seeing same is highly sensitive?"

But the German laughed at him.

"Love is rare, non-contagious sickness!" asserted Sita Ram with conviction.

AT the head of the stairs Ranjoor Singh and Yasmini stood looking into each other's eyes. He looked into pools of laughter and mystery that told him nothing at all; she saw a man's heart glowing in his brown ones.

"It will be for you now," said Ranjoor Singh, "to act with speed and all discretion. I don't know what we are going to see, although I know it is artillery of some sort. I am sure he has a plan for destroying every trace of whatever it is, and of himself and me, if he suspects treachery. I know no more. I can only go ahead."

"And trust me!" said Yasmini.

The Sikh did not answer.

"And trust me!" repeated Yasmini.

"I will save you out of this, Ranjoor Singh sahib, that we may fight our quarrel to a finish later on. What would the world be without enemies? You will not find artillery!"

"How do you know?"

"I have known for nearly two years what you will find there, my friend! Only I have not known exactly where to find it. And yet sometimes I have thought that I have known that, too! Go, Ranjoor Singh. You will be in danger. Above all, do not try to force that German's hand too far until I come with aid. It is better to talk than fight, so long as the enemy is strongest!"

"Woman!" swore Ranjoor Singh so savagely that she laughed straight into his face. "If you suspect—if you can guess where we are going—send men to surround the place and watch!"

"Will a tiger walk into a watched lair?" she answered. "Go, talker! Go and do things!"

So, swearing and dissatisfied, Ranjoor Singh went down and climbed on to the box seat of a two-horse carriage.

"Which way?" he asked; and the German growled an answer through the shutters.

"Now straight on!" said the German,

after fifteen minutes. "Straight on out of Delhi!"

They were headed south, and driving very slowly, for to have driven fast would have been to draw attention to themselves. Ranjoor Singh scarcely troubled to look about him, and Sita Ram fell into a doze in spite of his protestations of fear. The German was the only one of the party who was at pains to keep a lookout, and he was most exercised to know whether they were being followed; over and over again he called on Ranjoor Singh to stop until a following carriage should overtake them and pass on.

So they were a very long time driving to Old Delhi, and it was dusk when the German shouted and Ranjoor Singh turned the horses in between two age-old trees, and drew rein at a shattered temple door.

Some monkeys loped away, chattering, and about a thousand parakeets flew off, shrilling for another's roost. But there was no other sign of life.

"Stable the horses in here!" said the German; and they did so, Ranjoor Singh dipping water out of a rain-pool and filling a stone trough that had once done duty as receptacle for gifts for a long-forgotten god. Then they pushed the carriage under a tangle of hanging branches.

"Look about you!" advised the German, as he emptied food for the horses on the temple floor; and babu Sita Ram made very careful note of the temple bearings, while Ranjoor Singh and the German blocked the old doorway with whatever they could find to keep night-prowlers outside and the horses in.

Then the German led the way into the dark, swinging a lantern that he had unearthed from some recess. Babu Sita Ram walked second, complaining audibly and shuddering at every shadow. Last came Ranjoor Singh, grim, silent.

For all the darkness, Ranjoor Singh made note of the fact that they were following a wagon track, into which the wheels of a native cart had sunk deep times without number. Only native ox-carts leave a track like that.

IT must have been nine o'clock, and the babu was giving signs of nearly complete exhaustion, when they passed beyond a ring of trees into a clearing. They stood at the edge of the clearing in a shadow for about ten minutes, while the German watched catwise for signs of life.

"It is now," he said, tapping Ranjoor Singh's chest, "that you begin to be at my mercy. I assure you that the least disobedience on your part will mean your instant death!"

"Lead on!" growled Ranjoor Singh.

"Do you recognize the place?"

Ranjoor Singh peered through the rain in every direction. At each corner of the clearing, north, south, east and west, he could dimly see some sort of ruined arch, and there was another ruin in the center.

"No," he said.

"This is the oldest temple ruin anywhere near Delhi. On some inscriptions it is called 'Temple of the Four Winds,' but the old Hindu who lived in it before we bribed him to go away called it the 'Winds of the World.' It is known as 'Winds of the World' on the books of the German War Office. I think it is really of Greek origin myself, but I am not an Orientalist, and the text-books all say that I am wrong."

"Lead on!" said Ranjoor Singh; and

MONARCH-KNIT HOSIERY

THE superfine yarns, careful finish and double reinforcing that go into the making of Monarch-Knit Hosiery for grown-ups enter into the composition of our little folks' hosiery as well. Though made with a view to the rough-and-tumble life of the street and the playground, its good looks qualify it no less for Sunday and similar wear when appearance becomes the first consideration.

Ask for No. 100 child's hosiery in black, white and tan.

The Monarch Knitting Co.
LIMITED
Dunnville, Ontario, Canada

Manufacturers of Sweater Coats, Hosiery and Fancy Knit Goods for men, women and children. Also "Monarch" Floss and other hand-knitting yarns suitable for soldiers' socks, etc.

MONARCH-KNIT

DEAF?

Hear clearly and distinctly with a

Little Gem
Ear Phone

You have heard of many hearing devices and most probably have tried some. Don't be discouraged, for Science has at last found a way to help you hear clearly and distinctly. You will get the comfort you are longing for when using the Little Gem Ear Phone, the smallest, simplest electrical hearing instrument.

The Little Gem Ear Phone received the GOLD MEDAL, highest award for Ear Phones at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915, in competition with the world.

Call for demonstration when in Toronto, or write for booklet which explains everything.

Tell Your Deaf Friends

THE GEM EAR PHONE CO.,
of Canada
1406B Royal Bank Bldg., TORONTO, Ont.
New York Office, 47 West 34th Street



Take Your Kodak With You

Innumerable charming and picturesque scenes along the Lines of the York Radial.

YOU can in a few hours secure an assortment of "snaps" that in years to come will recall pleasing memories of a delightful outing into York County by Trolley.

Information as to time tables and rates of fare will be gladly given if you will write or telephone

Toronto and York Radial Railway

88 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

Telephone
Adelaide 3810

Ask for the Traffic
Department

NO MORE HEADACHES IF YOU USE

"RIGA"

PURGATIVE WATER

A saline laxative which keeps the alimentary canal clean and healthy; prevents constipation, biliousness, and insures health.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE USE IT FOR HEALTH'S SAKE

25c. THE BOTTLE (except in Far West)

ANDREW PATTISON, 508 MCGREEVY BLOCK, WINNIPEG, MAN.
Sole Agent for Western Provinces