

TRADE MARK  
**YALE**

## Two things to do today--

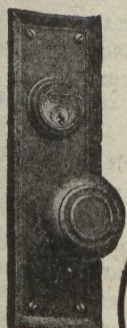
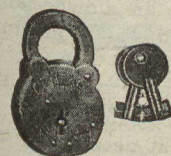
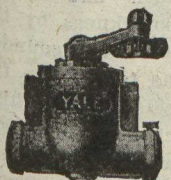
**Y**OU have meant to do them for a long time. Look at those doubtful locks on your house doors and out-buildings—locks that you likely have lost confidence in. They do not protect or secure.

Then drop in at your hardware dealer's. Let him show you Canadian made Yale Cylinder Night Latches and Yale Padlocks and Builders' Hardware. And while you are there see the Canadian made Yale Door Closer. See the trade-mark "Yale" on the ones you are buying—just to make sure. Then have them wrapped up.

That is all there is to do—but you will be more than certain as the months go by that you have done the only right thing.

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this babu out into the street!"

"Good night, sahib!" said the babu. "Kindlee present my serious respects to the colonel sahib. Salaam, sahib!"

But Warrington had gone into the darkness.

### CHAPTER VIII.

**S**O in a darkness that grew blacker every minute, Warrington swung his lantern and found his way towards D Squadron's quarters. He felt rather pleased with himself. From his own point of view he would have rather enjoyed to have a story anent himself and Yasmini go the round of barracks—with modifications, of course, and the kneeling part left out—but he realized that it would not do at all to have Colonel Kirby's name involved in anything of the sort, and he rather flattered himself on his tact in bribing the babu or being blackmailed by him.

"Got to admit that babu's quite a huntsman!" he told himself, beginning to hum. "One day, if the war doesn't account for me, I'll come back and take a fall out of that babu. Hallo—what's that? Who in thunder—who's waking up the horses at this unearthly hour? Sick horse, I suppose. Why don't they get him out and let the others sleep?"

He began to hurry. A light in stables close to midnight was not to be accounted for on any other supposition than an accident or serious emergency, and if there were either it was his affair as adjutant to know all the facts at once.

"What's going on in there?" he shouted in a voice of authority while he was yet twenty yards away.

But there was no answer. He could hear a horse plunge, but nothing more.

"Um-m-m! Horse cast himself!" he straightway decided.

But there was no cast horse, as he was aware the moment he had looked down both long lines of sleepy brutes that whickered their protest against interrupted sleep. At the far end he could see that two men labored, and a big horse fiercely resented their unseasonable attentions to himself. He walked down the length of the stable, and presently recognized Bagh, Ranjoor Singh's charger.

"What are you grooming him for at this hour?" he demanded.

"It is an order, sahib."

"Whose order?"

"Ranjoor Singh sahib's order."

"The deuce it is! When did the order come?"

"But now."

"Who brought it?"

"A babu, with a leather apron."

Warrington walked away ten paces in order to get command of himself, and pinch himself, and make quite sure he was awake.

"A fat babu?" he asked, walking back again.

"Very fat," said one of the troopers, continuing to brush the resentful charger.

"So he delivered his message first, and then went to hunt for his loin-cloth!" mused Warrington. "And he had enough intuition, and guts enough, to look for it first in the shay! I'm beginning to admire that man!" Aloud he asked the trooper: "What was the wording of the risaldar-major sahib's message?"

"Let Bagh be well groomed and held ready against all contingencies!" said the trooper.

"Then take him outside!" ordered Warrington. "Groom him where you

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