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"I have used 'Fruit-a-tives' for
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excellent results, and they continue to
be my only medicine. I saw 'Fruit-a-
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highly, so I tried them. The results were
more than satisfactory, and I have no
hesitation in recommending 'Fruit-a-
tives'."
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The Leopard of Hafia

A Story of Man and
Beast

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The African desert was bathed in
sunset glow. Mile on mile of flat yel-
low sand took on a palpitating crim-
son, and with the dropping sun came
a tiny breeze that rustled the fronds
of the palm trees and made the oasis
cool and inviting.

Among the palms was a white tent,
and stretched on a bit of oriental car-
pet before it were two men, Ameri-
cans. The younger one refilled his pipe
and looked up into his companion's
grave, lined face.

"Do you know, Howland," he said
with boyish enthusiasm, "I wouldn't
have missed this trip with you for a
year's income! It's great!"
"Glad you like it," mumbled How-
land.

Pearson went on, speaking rapidly:
"I was mighty glad that you invited
me to come along and make the pho-
tographs for your book. It's taking me
out of the amateur class into profes-
sional photography."

"And that's not all—Howland. If
you hadn't invited me along I would
be grubbing away in Wall street to-
night instead of seeing the fire of the
sunset on the sand, the breeze in the
palms and all there smoking his wa-
ter pipe."

Howland laughed oddly.
"I hope the remainder of the trip
suits you as well," he said carelessly.
"We reach the edge of the jungle to-
morrow at sunset."

"Good!"
The desert was dark now, and above
the far horizon the rim of a blood red
moon lifted slowly.

Silence brooded over the place. The
camels, mere brown lumps of shadow,
slept. All and his fellow servants had
withdrawn to a distance, where they
squatted in the sand, silent, meditat-
ing.

Pearson shook the ashes out of his
pipe and yawned.
"I believe I'll turn in for awhile," he
apologized. "You'll want to start by
midnight, I suppose."

"Yes; good night," said Howland
shortly.

Pearson vanished within the tent, and
Howland sat alone, motionless. His
cold eyes were fixed on the rising moon,
and a fine, thin smile edged his lips.
A cluster of overripe dates thudded
to the ground, and he started violently.
"It will soon be over," he muttered,
"and the book—can go hang!"

Then he, too, disappeared within the
tent to get a few hours' sleep, if possi-
ble. But an uneasy conscience made
his slumber very broken and filled with
most disquieting dreams. The sound
of persons slumbering quietly near by
filled him with intense rage, and he
finally left the tent to sit outside and
smoke his pipe.

The next day at sunset found How-
land's party encamped at the edge of
the jungle. Here the desert had
merged into low hills clothed in coarse
vegetation and scattered rocks. In the
background loomed the jungle, dark,
mysterious and forbidding.

"This looks like lion country," re-
marked Pearson as he slipped Ali's
delicious coffee.

"It is lion country," agreed How-
land. "See how uneasy the camels
are, and the bearers are badly fright-
ened."

"I suppose you will be sending the
camels back to Podok," said Pearson.
Howland nodded. "The blacks can
pack the supplies, and when I come
back from the jungle trip I can send a
runner after Ali and his camels."

Before midnight Ali and his camel
train had vanished in the desert, and
with their going Bob Pearson felt a
strange sense of depression.

He tried to shake off the feeling, but
it clung to him and kept sleep away
from his weary eyes.

In the cool of early dawn Howland
shook him roughly.
"Come out here," he said in a tense
tone. "I want to show you some-
thing."

Alert, Pearson seized his shotgun and
followed Howland outside the tent.
In the east the horizon was pearl
gray. Overhead the stars gleamed in
the deep blue sky.

"What is the matter?" whispered
Pearson.

"See!" Howland's arm swept in a
gesture that overlapped the circle of
guardian fires with their sleepy at-
tendants.

Pearson looked and saw on a nearby
hillock the black silhouette of a stalk-
ing lion.
"Jove!" he muttered. "Am I to have
a try at him?"

"No! I'm saving you for the leopard
of Hafia," returned Howland quickly.
Pearson laughed.

"Saving me for the leopard, eh?" he
repeated. "Sounds a bit cold blooded.
Howland."

"Saving the leopard for you, then,"
said Howland in an odd tone. "This
leopard of Hafia has a record, they
say."

"Yes?"
"Three hundred natives or more has
he carried off. He's easily the king of
brutes."

"I'd like to get him," said Pearson
wistfully.

Howland's gunshot rang out with
startling suddenness. The lion grun-
ted savagely and disappeared over the
brow of the hill.

The black boys huddled in abject
fear.

"Missed!" laughed Howland. "But
I'm glad. I don't want him bothering
around when that leopard comes."

"I may as well sit up here and wait
for him," said Pearson, sitting cross
legged before the tent and placing his
weapon beside him.

"It is as well," said Howland.
For a long time they sat there, wait-
ing for the dawn and the coming of
the leopard of Hafia. Pearson recalled
all the stories of this man eating ter-
ror which Ali had poured in his ears,
and then his thoughts drifted to James
Howland and how changed he was
from the man he had always known.

At the beginning of the expedition
Howland had been companionable
enough, but latterly he had grown
moody and silent and almost unbear-
ably taciturn.

Then Pearson's thoughts flew to a
girl back there in New York, Eleanor
Browning. He had asked her to marry
him the night he called to say fare-
well, and she—

Howland's voice cut the silence like
a knife.
"I think your friend is coming,
Pearson."

Pearson leaped to his feet and reach-
ed for his gun.
It was gone.

"My gun!" he said hastily.
As he spoke he saw in the pale day-
light the crouching form of a magni-
cent leopard. It was on the farthest
edge of a small semicircle formed by
brush and rocks.

Pearson looked around and rubbed
his eyes.
Vanished were the tent and the bear-
ers and their cumbersome packs.

Only Howland stood there, a cold,
cynical smile on his lips. He was lean-
ing on his own gun.

"What does it all mean?" snapped
Pearson impatiently. "Why the melo-
dramatic atmosphere?"

"It should be tragic. You're going to
die, Pearson. A horrible death. I've
planned it since I asked you to join
my expedition. You are going to meet
the leopard of Hafia in a hand to hand
battle!"

"Heavens, Howland, are you crazy?"
demanded the other, leaping at the old-
er man's gun.

"I'm quite sane," snarled Howland,
backing away. "I loved Eleanor
Browning, but she refused to marry
me. I knew the reason why, and so
I planned to bring you with me. If I
cannot have her you never shall!"

"Fool!" Pearson angrily, his
eyes never leaving the splendid sav-
age form beyond the semicircle. "I
love her, too, and I told her the very
night before we sailed, but—"

"But you will never go back to her,
Pearson," interrupted the half crazed
man. "Ah, here comes your foe!"

Howland jumped aside, and Pearson
turned to look at the huge cat.

Apparently puzzled by the lack of
fear and by the strange actions of the
two men, the leopard had waited, half
hidden by a thorn bush.

As Pearson whirled about the leopard
came into the open space, the sun shin-
ing on the rich black and orange of his
spotted hide.

Bob Pearson was no coward, but this
contest with a monarch of the African
jungle was unequal to the point of ab-
surdity.

There was not time to battle with
Howland and try to secure the gun.
Howland had dropped from sight be-
hind a bowlder.

In the middle of the arena the leopard
paused, its long tail switching slowly,
its orange hide rippling over the quiv-
ering muscles. Suddenly it screamed
and launched itself at Pearson.

Pearson was crouching, with tensed
muscles and a prayer on his lips.
As the leopard leaped at him Pearson
rushed forward, and the huge beast
sailed over his body and struck the
ground with a jarring thud.

Pearson jumped around to face the
leopard as the enraged animal ap-
proached him in short, snarling leaps.

Bob Pearson knew that the end was
near. He could not dodge this splen-
did enemy. In less time than it takes
to relate it the leopard made another
quivering leap at its victim, and as the
great bulk of flesh bore him to the
ground Bob heard a queer cracking
sound.

He opened his eyes upon the blazing
sky. Howland was bending over him,
and there was a strange smell of anti-
septica from the medicine chest.

Howland's face had changed from its
recent ferocity and was the face of
the Howland of old—grave, calm and
sane.

"You are all right, Pearson?" he ask-
ed anxiously. "I potted the beast at
the last moment, and beyond a scratch
on your shoulder—His voice broke,
and he turned away."

Pearson lifted himself upon his el-
bow, feeling dizzy and faint.
Beyond him the dead leopard of Ha-
fia was stretched on the sand. How-
land's bullet had killed it instantly.

"Forgive me, Bob," whispered How-
land. "I was quite mad until that last
scream, and then my brain cleared, and
I knew myself for a murderer. Then
I fired, thank God! I have saved you
for good."

Bob Pearson found Howland's hand
and clung to it. A wry smile twisted
his mouth.

"I—I didn't finish my story," he said.
"The night before we sailed I told
Eleanor of my love, and she refused
me."

"Refused you!" echoed Howland
blankly.

"Yes. She's going to marry Munson,
the old millionaire. And, Howland, if
you can bring back the pack carriers
I'd like my camera. We've got to get a
picture of the leopard of Hafia for
your book."

SMOKELESS POWDER.

And One Reason Why Our Big Guns
Are Made So Long.

Only 43 per cent of ordinary gun-
powder is converted into gas when it
explodes. The remaining 57 per cent
is unconsumed residue, which we see
in the form of smoke. With smokeless
powder it is different. On ignition it is
converted wholly into gas. A much
greater volume of gas is produced, and
the explosive effect is proportionately
increased.

When the war with Spain broke out
in 1898 the United States government
did not have any smokeless powder.
The Spaniards, on the other hand, had
plenty of it and used it on both land
and sea. Consequently the American
besiegers at Santiago were unable to
see the Spanish soldiers firing at them,
whereas the enemy could see by the
puffs of smoke just where to shoot.

When Admiral Cervera's ships came
out of the harbor and tried to escape,
the vessels of the American squadron
found it hard in the fight that followed
to fire accurately because their view
of the foe was obscured by the clouds
of smoke from their own guns.

There are many kinds of smokeless
gunpowder. One of the best known
is the English cordite, which, when
forced through holes in a perforated
metal plate while in a plastic condition,
takes the form of thick strings that
look like brown rubber. The strings
are cut up into short cylindrical pieces.
You can safely hold a string of cordite
in your hand and light one end of it; it
will burn slowly with a bright flame.

A characteristic of smokeless pow-
ders is that they burn very slowly; on
that account modern guns are very
long. In order that all the powder of a
charge may have time to be trans-
formed into gas before the projectile
driven by it leaves the muzzle of the
weapon. The smokeless powder used
by our army and navy is made by
soaking nitro cotton in a mixture of
ether and alcohol. It is thus converted
into a plastic substance that may be
molded or cut into any shape re-
quired.

For small arms it is manu-
factured in a form resembling spaghetti-
like long strings that are chopped into
little pieces and packed into the car-
tridges. For big guns it is made in long
rods, which, after being perforated
from end to end with a number of
holes to insure quicker ignition, are
cut into short lengths. That kind of
powder, which might be called an ex-
plosive celluloid, is of a horny con-
sistency. As is the case of other smoke-
less powders, the slowness with which
it burns is owing mainly to its density.

The very cloth of the bags used to
contain charges of gunpowder for the
big guns has itself been made of
smokeless powder—that is, woven of
threads of exactly the same substance.
That is an invention of the Germans.
The bag thus becomes part of the ex-
plosive charge and when the gun is
fired is wholly consumed.—Professor
Charles S. Munroe in Youth's Compan-
ion.

Steller's Sea Cow.

An inhabitant of the northern seas
which has disappeared is Steller's sea
cow. When Bering's expedition was
caught in the ice near the strait
which bears his name his crew lived
mainly on the flesh of this huge and
stupid Arctic animal. It was larger
than an elephant, full grown speci-
mens being as much as twenty-five
feet long and weighing five or six tons
apiece. It had no teeth at all, their
place being taken by great horny
plates. The very last of these harm-
less monsters is said to have been
killed by a Russian sealer in the sum-
mer of 1848.—New York Press.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Doing Our Bit

(From the St. Mary's Argus)

It is beyond all possibility of successful
contradiction that Canada has not done
and is not doing her share in the great
war, which is her war and the war of all
peoples who love liberty rather than ab-
solutism, and responsible and representa-
tive government, rather than divine-
right, autocratic kingship. She has not
done her share in men nor in money.
Great Britain has contributed in men
more than one in fifteen of her total popu-
lation, Canada one in fifty; Australia
has contributed 146,000 out of 5,000,000;
Canada 160,000 out of 8,000,000. And
while Britain is talking seriously of giv-
ing half her income, we are not begin-
ning, to any serious extent, to curtail
our pleasures or our luxuries. To look
at the average Canadian community,
except for bulletin boards, the news-
papers and khaki-clad men, one would
not know that there was a life-and-death
struggle for all that Anglo-Saxondom
had won through many centuries, and for
all that it had contributed in the way of
political freedom for the world at large.
There seems to be just about as much
spent on motor cars, motoring, sports,
dress, the play houses, tobacco, gum, and
candy, as it munitions did not mean the
preserving of lives, and the Red Cross
the saving of them.

What are we going to do about it? Are
we ever going to be serious and face the
facts? When are we going to have it
soaked into us that there are more im-
portant things than getting gain and
spending it in personal pleasure? The
time has come for every one in
Canada to cut out all the more extrava-
gant forms of luxury and pleasure and to
lay aside for war purposes an equal am-
ount, cent for cent, dollar for dollar, to
that spent in the pleasure and luxury
we do indulge in. For every five cents
spent in candy, in chewing gum, in
liquor and in cigars, let five cents be
given to the war funds; for every ten
cents spent at picture shows or quarters
spent at concerts, let ten cents or a
quarter be given to Red Cross or Patri-
otic fund; for every gallon of gasoline
spent in a pleasure motor-ride, let
twenty-five cents be given to help to fill
the war chest; for every dollar spent
in what is more than necessary in suits
and dresses, in collars and ties, in hats
and ribbons, in boots and shoes, let a
dollar be given to hit this monster that
is defying the world. This is a practical
way to get at it. The cents, the nickels,
the dimes, the dollars, can be laid aside
at each corresponding spending on lux-
ury and pleasure, and at the end of the
week banded. At the end of the month
or quarter it can be handed over to one
or other of the funds. Such real earn-
estness backed up in this practical way
means ultimate victory. The nightly at-
tendance at an ordinary moving picture
theatre is about 200. That at ten cents
means \$20.30 a night for 300 nights
means \$6,000 a year. Men who smoke
cigars, and boys who smoke cigarettes,
will on an average spend ten cents a day;
that in a town the size of St. Marys cer-
tainly means another \$6,000 a year.
There is certainly \$12,000 spent annually
on alcoholic drinks in this town. There
is \$6,000 spent on ice cream, candies,
etc. A corresponding amount would
mean \$30,000 a year for war purposes
from St. Marys. That is to say nothing
of what would come from a laying aside
of amounts equal to those other expendi-
tures beyond what is necessary in mot-
ors, motoring, dress, suits, collars,
ties, hats, ribbons, and even then the
necessities have not been touched.
Even then we have been giving but not
sharing.

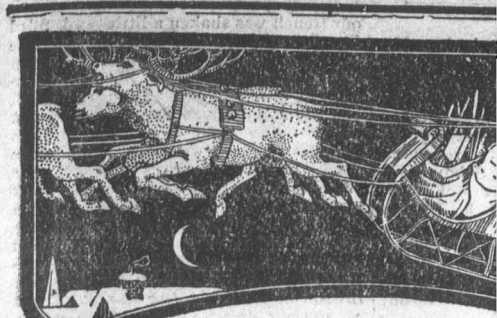
THE SOLDIER WHO LIVES OVER
AGAIN, IN NIGHTMARE, THE
AWFUL BATTLE SCENES, as well as
the harassed business man, the tired
society woman, and busy housewife,
whose nerves are gradually wearing to
shreds with their never-ending duties,
will get quick and permanent relief from
TAKAKI. Get a BOX for fifty cents at
your druggist's, or by mail from the
Georgian Mfg. Co., Collingwood,
Ontario.

Vegetable Seed Situation

The following extract of an article
from a newspaper of Gothenburg, Sweden
will be of interest to growers of vege-
table seeds. The article refers to the
Board of Directors of the Agricultural
College of Alnarp, Sweden, asking for a
Government grant for the encouragement
of vegetable seed growing.

"The Board points out that the war
has most clearly emphasized the impor-
tance, for the country, of home produc-
tion of vegetable seed. Owing to the
most important vegetable seed producing
countries having prohibited the export of
such seed, the prices of a great number of
important vegetable seeds have risen
enormously. And, still worse, some
seeds can hardly be obtained at any
price. It is reported, from a well in-
formed source, that vegetable seed
growing in the countries engaged in the
war has been largely neglected during
the past summer and that for this reason
further advances in prices can be ex-
pected. Reports from Germany state
that the supply of seed of spinach, carrots
most kinds of cabbage, onions, cucum-
bers and peas is utterly small. Further-
more, Germany has prohibited the ex-
port of vegetable seeds to the end of the
war. There is therefore every reason to
fear that we have to face the possibility
of a very serious shortage of certain
vegetable seeds."

For Asthma and Catarrh.—It is one of
the chief recommendations of Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil that it can be used
internally with as much success as it can
outwardly. Sufferers from asthma and
catarrh will find that the Oil when used
according to directions will give imme-
diate relief. Many sufferers from these
ailments have found relief in the Oil and
have sent testimonials.



BRIGHTEN UP
Christmas with
Nameland Lowe
High Standard P
T. DODDS & S



The Guide-Advo
JOB PRINT
DEPARTMENT

YOUR ORDER SOLIC
ALL WORK SATISFACTORY
PRICE REASONABLE

WHAT IS YOUR AN

The great victory won by the Allies in Fr
great rejoicing.

The brave men who have won it, those v
struggle and those who lived to wear the c
have done the greatest service men can do for

We feel pride in their achievements, in the
honor them for the sacrifices they have made

There are gaps to fill in the ranks of these g
are fighting for us on the battlefields.

It is the young men of Canada who are exp
and emulate the deeds of those who have f
of victory.

It is left to your voluntary decision.
Ask yourself, you of military age, what is yo
that protects you in the enjoyment of your
What is your answer?