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ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE
All persons having claims against the estate of David Albert Cornhill of the Village of Shannonsville in the County of Hastings who died the 15th of May, 1914 are requested to send particulars of their claims duly verified to the undersigned, solicitors for the estate on or before the 22nd day of July, 1914, after which date the estate will be distributed having due regard to the claim of which the administratrix has had notice.
Dated at Belleville this 19th day of June, 1914.
O'FLYNN, DIAMOND & O'FLYNN, Standard Bank Block, Belleville, Canada, Solicitors for Mrs. E. E. A. Cornell, Administratrix. j18-47w.

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The RETURN of TARZAN
By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
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"I should like to go there and see this strange city," said Tarzan, "and get some of their yellow metal from its fierce inhabitants."
"It is a long march," replied Waziri, "and I am an old man, but if you will wait until the rainy season is over and the rivers have gone down I will take some of my warriors and go with you."
And Tarzan had to be contented with that arrangement, though he would have liked it well enough to have set out on the next morning. He was as impatient as a child. Heally Tarzan of the Apes was but a child, or a primal man, which is the same thing in a way.

The next day but one a small party of hunters returned to the village from the south to report a large herd of elephants they had had a fairly good view of the herd, which they described as numbering several large tuskers, a great many cows and calves and full grown bulls, whose ivory would be worth having.

Immediately the hunters started toward the elephants. Tarzan stalked after his own fashion along the leafy way of the middle terrace.
As Tarzan moved silently through the trees he saw the warriors below creeping in a half circle upon the still unsuspecting elephants. Finally they were within sight of the great beasts. Now they singled out two large tuskers, and at a signal the fifty men rose from the ground where they had lain concealed and hurled their heavy war spears at the two marked beasts. There was not a single miss; twenty five spears were imbedded in the sides of each of the giant animals. One never moved from the spot where it stood when the avalanche of spears struck it, for two perfectly aimed had penetrated its heart, and it lunged forward upon its knees, rolling to the ground without a struggle.

The other, badly wounded, charged in the direction of Buzuli, whom he was overtaking so rapidly that it was as though the black were standing still instead of racing at full speed to escape the certain death which pursued him. Tarzan saw that only a miracle could save Buzuli.
He snatched his spear, and while Buzuli was yet six or eight paces behind his prey a sinewy white warrior dropped as from the heavens almost directly in his path. With a vicious lunge the elephant swerved to the right to dispose of this temerarious foe who dared intervene between himself and his intended victim. But he had not reckoned on the lightning quickness that could galvanize those steel muscles into action so marvelously swift as to battle even a keener eyesight than Tantor's.

And so it happened that before the elephant realized that his new enemy had leaped from his path Tarzan had driven his iron shod spear from behind the massive shoulder straight into the fierce heart, and the colossal pachyderm toppled to his death at the feet of the ape-man.



The Camp Was a Cursing, Howling Mass of Demons.
Buzuli had not beheld the manner of his deliverance, but Waziri, the other warrior, and they hailed Tarzan with delight as they swarmed about him and his great kill. When he leaped upon the mighty carcass and gave voice to the wild challenge with which he announced a great victory the blacks shrank back in fear, for to

them it marked the return of the great Tarzan, whom they feared fully as much as they feared Nums, the lion, but with a fear which was mixed with a certain unquenchable awe of the man-like thing to which they attributed supernatural powers.

But when Tarzan lowered his raised head and smiled upon them they were reassured, though they did not understand. Now did they ever fully understand this strange creature who ran through the trees as quickly as Manu, yet was even more at home upon the ground than themselves, who was as color like unto themselves, and yet as powerful as ten of them and single handed a match for the fiercest densens of the fierce jungle.

When the remainder of the warriors had gathered the hunt was again taken up and the stalking of the retreating herd once more begun, but they had covered a bare 100 yards when from behind them at a great distance sounded faintly a strange popping. For an instant they stood like a group of statues, intently listening. Then Tarzan spoke.
"Guns!" he said. "The village is being attacked."
"Come!" cried Waziri. "The Arab raiders have returned with their cannibal slaves for our ivory and our women!"

CHAPTER XVIII.
The Ivory Raiders.
WAZIRI'S warriors marched at a rapid trot through the jungle in the direction of the village. For a few minutes the sharp cracking of guns ahead warned them to haste, but finally the reports dwindled to an occasional shot, presently ceasing altogether. Not was this less ominous than the rattle of musketry, for it suggested but a single solution to the little band of rescuers—that the ally garrisoned village had already succumbed to the onslaught of a superior force.

The returning hunters had covered a little more than three miles of the fire that had separated them from the village when they met the first of the fugitives who had escaped the bullets and the clutches of the foe. There were a dozen women, youths and girls in the party, and so excited were they that they could scarce make themselves understood as they tried to relate to Waziri the calamity that had befallen his people.

"They are as many as the leaves of the forest," cried the women, in attempting to explain the enemy's force. "There are many Arabs and countless Manyema, and they all have guns. They crept close to the village before we knew that they were about, and then, with many shouts, they rushed in upon us, shooting down men and women and children. Those of us who could fled in all directions into the jungle, but more were killed. I do not know whether they took any prisoners or not—they seemed only bent upon killing us all."
The march toward the village was now resumed more slowly and with greater stealth, for Waziri knew that it was too late to rescue; their only mission could be one of revenge. Inside the next mile a hundred more fugitives were met. There were many men among these, and so the fighting strength of the party was augmented. Now a dozen warriors were seen creeping ahead to reconnoiter. Waziri remained with the main body, which advanced to a thin line that spread in a great crescent through the forest. By the chief's side walked Tarzan.

Presently one of the scouts returned. He had come within sight of the village.
"They are all within the palisade," he whispered.
"Good!" said Waziri. "We shall rush in upon them and slay them all."
"Wait!" cautioned Tarzan. "If there are even fifty guns within the palisade and fall, dragging others down with her. Then, too, Tarzan had been forced to make a wide detour to avoid any possibility of meeting with retreating raiders. He was partially guided by occasional shots, which indicated that the Arab horde were still in touch with the villagers, but he knew that they would be but few casualties other than on the side of the marauders.

Toward dusk the firing ceased entirely, and Tarzan knew that the Arabs had all returned to the village.
It was after midnight when Tarzan, with his slow moving caravan, approached the spot where the elephants lay. Long before they reached it they had been guided by the huge fire the natives had built in the center of a hastily improvised camp, partially for warmth and partially to keep off chance lions.

It was a joyous reception the little party received when the blacks within the bonas saw the long file of fettered friends and relatives enter the village. These had all been given up as lost forever, as had Tarzan as well. Sleep was no easy matter that night, for the women who had their men or their children in the day's massacre and battle made night hideous with their continued wailing and howling. Finally, however, Tarzan succeeded in silencing them on the plea that their noise would attract the Arabs to their hiding place, when all would be slaughtered.

When dawn came Tarzan explained his plan of battle to the warriors. First the women and children with a guard of some twenty old warriors and youths were started southward to be entirely out of the zone of danger. Two hours after daylight a thin circle of black warriors surrounded the village. At intervals one was perched high in the branches of a tree which could overlook the palisade. Presently a Manyema within the village fell, pierced by a single arrow, a silent mes-

sage, and so it came quickly, and a moment later those behind stumbled over the dead body of their comrade—the inevitable arrow piercing the still heart.

It does not take a great deal of this manner of warfare to get upon the nerves of white men, and so it is little to be wondered at that the Manyema were soon panic stricken. Did one forge ahead an arrow found his heart; did one lag behind he never again was seen alive; did one stumble to one side even for a bare moment from the sight of his fellows he did not return, and always when they came upon the bodies of their dead they found those terrible arrows driven with the accuracy of superhuman power straight through the victim's heart. But worse than all else was the hideous fact that not once during the morning had they seen or heard the slightest sign of an enemy, other than the pitiless arrows.

When finally they returned to the village it was no better. Every now and then at varying intervals that were maddening in the terrible suspense they caused, a man would plunge forward dead. The blacks besought their white masters to leave this terrible place, but the Arabs feared to take up the march through the grim and hostile forest set by this new and terrible enemy while laden with the great store of ivory they had found within the village; but, worse yet, they hated to leave the ivory behind.

Finally the entire expedition took refuge within the thatched huts. Here, at least, they would be free from the arrows. Tarzan, from the tree above the village, had marked the hut into which the chief Arabs had gone, and, balancing himself upon an overhanging limb, he drove his heavy spear with all the force of his giant muscles through the thatched roof. A howl of pain told him that it had found a mark. Then Tarzan returned to the forest, collected his warriors and withdrew a mile to the south to rest and eat.

An inspection of his force showed not a single casualty—not even a minor wound, while rough estimates of the enemies' loss convinced the blacks that no fewer than twenty had fallen before their arrows. They were wild with elation and were for finishing the day in one glorious rush upon the village, during which they would slaughter the last of their foes.

"You are crazy!" Tarzan cried. "I have shown you the only way to fight these people. You will fight just as I tell you to fight or I shall leave you and go back to my own country."
They were frightened when he threatened this and promised to obey him scrupulously if he would but promise not to desert them.
"Very well," he said. "We shall return to the elephant boma for the night. I have a plan to give the Arabs a little taste of what they may expect if they remain in our country, but I shall need no help."

So they marched back to their camp of the previous night and, lighting great fires, ate and reconnoitered the clearing in the direction from which they thought the arrows came, but each time another arrow would come from behind to take its toll from among their number. Then they would turn and charge in a new direction. Finally they set out upon a determined search of the forest, but the blacks melted before them so that they saw no sign of an enemy.

But above them lurked a grim figure in the dense foliage of the mighty tree—it was Tarzan of the Apes, hovering over them as if he had been the shadow of death from out of the sunless forest.

The Arabs and their followers were thrown into a fine raze at this unprecedented occurrence. They ran for the gates to wreak dire vengeance upon the foolhardy perpetrator of the outrage, but they suddenly realized that they did not know which way to turn to find the foe. As they stood debating, with many angry shouts and much gesticulating, one of the Arabs sank silently to the ground, his very neck almost a thin arrow protruding from his heart.

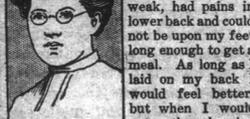
Tarzan had placed the finest marksman of the tribe in the surrounding trees, with directions never to reveal themselves while the enemy was faced in their direction. As a black released his messenger of death he would sink back behind the sheltering stem of the tree he had selected, nor would he again aim until a watchful eye told him that none was looking toward his tree.

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Three times the Arabs started across the clearing in the direction from which they thought the arrows came, but each time another arrow would come from behind to take its toll from among their number. Then they would turn and charge in a new direction. Finally they set out upon a determined search of the forest, but the blacks melted before them so that they saw no sign of an enemy.

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Now and Then at Varying Intervals a Man Would Plunge Forward Dead.
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HAD TO STOP WORK FROM THE PAIN

Suffered Ten Years Until "Fruit-a-tives" Cured Him

ST. THOMAS, ONT., May 22nd, 1913.
"I was troubled for ten years with the most distressing Constipation and indigestion of the worst form. No one could have been worse with these troubles than I was for this long time.
The pain from Indigestion was so severe that many times I have had to stop work and lie down until the acute spasms passed away.
I took a lot of medicine—in fact, I guess I took about everything that was advertised—and gave them all a fair test—but got no relief. About a year ago, however, I was advised to try "Fruit-a-tives". I am mighty glad I did so for they seem to be made exactly for me.
They gave results in a very short time and I am now free from these diseases and enjoying perfect health.
My wife also used "Fruit-a-tives" and we both think they are the best medicine ever made."
Z. J. EDGEWORTH.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

ward the tree that gave him such easy ingress to the palisaded village. He bore the dead sentry into the midst of the lifeless maze above.
First he stripped the body of cartridge belt and such ornaments as he craved, wedging it into a convenient crotch while his nimble fingers ran over it in search of the loot he could not plainly see in the dark. When he had finished he took the gun that had belonged to the man and walked far out upon a limb, from the end of which he could obtain a better view of the huts. Drawing a careful bead on the beehive structure in which he knew the Arabs to be, he pulled the trigger. Almost instantly there was an answering groan—Tarzan smiled; he had made another lucky hit.

Following the shot there was a moment's silence in the camp, and then Manyema and Arab came pouring from the huts like a swarm of angry hornets; but, if the truth were known, they were even more frightened than they were angry.
When they discovered that their sentry had disappeared their fears were in no way allayed, and as though to bolster their courage by warlike actions they began to fire rapidly at the barred gates of the village, although no enemy was in sight. Tarzan took advantage of the deafening roar of this fusillade to fire into the mob beneath him.

No one heard his shot above the din of rattling musketry in the street, but some who were standing close, saw one of their number crumple suddenly to the earth. When they leaned over him he was dead. They were pale stricken, and it took all the brutal authority of the Arabs to keep the Manyema from rushing helter skelter into the jungle—anywhere to escape from this terrible village.

After a time they commenced to quiet down, and as no further mysterious deaths occurred among them they took heart again. But it was a short lived respite, for just as they had concluded that they would not be disturbed again Tarzan gave voice to a weird moan, and as the riders looked up in the direction from which the sound seemed to come, the ape-man, who stood swinging the dead body of the sentry gently to and fro, suddenly shot the corpse far out above their heads.

With howls of alarm the throng broke in all directions to escape this new and terrible creature who seemed to be springing upon them. To their fear distorted imagination the body of the sentry, falling with wide sprawled arms and legs, assumed the likeness of a great beast of prey. In their anxiety to escape many of the blacks seized the palisade, while others tore down the bars from the gates and rushed madly across the clearing toward the jungle.
For a time no one turned back toward the thing that had frightened them, but Tarzan knew that they would in a moment, and when they discovered that it was but the dead body of their sentry, while they would doubtless be still further terrified, he had a rather definite idea as to what they would do. So he faded silently away toward the south, taking the moonlit upper terrace back toward the camp of the Waziri.

CHAPTER XIX.
Victory For the Waziri.
WHEN the eyes of the black Manyema savages fell upon the strange apparition that confronted him with unerring knife they went wide in horror. He forgot the gun within his hands. He even forgot to cry out. His one thought was to escape this fearsome looking white savage, this giant of a man upon whose massive rolling muscles and mighty chest the flickering frelight played.
But before he could turn Tarzan was upon him, and then the sentry thought to scream for aid, but it was too late. A great hand was upon his windpipe, and he was being borne to the earth. He battled furiously, but futilely. With the grim tenacity of a bulldog those awful fingers were clinging to his throat. Swiftly and surely life was being choked from him. His eyes bulged, his tongue protruded, his face turned to a ghastly, purplish hue. There was a convulsive tremor of the stiffening muscles, and the Manyema sentry lay quite still.
The ape-man threw the body across one of his broad shoulders and, gathering up the fellow's gun, trotted silently to the sleeping village street re-

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