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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM TIME TABLE. Trains leave Watford Station as follows: GOING WEST Accommodation, 109 8 44 a.m. Accommodation, 111 2 45 p.m. Chicago Express, 1 9 22 p.m. GOING EAST Accommodation, 110 7 43 a.m. New York Express, 6 11 01 a.m. New York Express, 2 3 00 p.m. Accommodation, 112 5 15 p.m. C. Vail, Agent Watford.

The Yellow Flash It Served Their Purpose By CLARISSA MACKIE

Scott Perry stared at the old Indian tracker with widening eyes. Did Daga Bendrib really expect him to believe that there was a tiger—a man eating tiger—at large in the Waunder district? Daga Bendrib bumped his turbaned head on the floor of the veranda and protested vigorously. "Ah, Sahib Perry, it is the greatest beast India has ever known! My son-in-law glimpsed it as it sped through the village, and he swore that it went like a flash of yellow lightning. Its lips dripped blood, and its eyes blazed like balls of fire. If the presence would condescend to leave his study of the birds and butterflies his servant would show him the mangled bull and the track of the great man-eating tiger!" Again Daga Bendrib saluted. Perry knocked the ashes from his pipe and dropped it in his pocket. He was rather taken with the tracker's plea that he should come and kill the tiger that was molesting the cattle and threatening the lives of the peaceful inhabitants of the little mountain village. It would be a welcome change from his everlasting chase after the birds and butterflies of India. It was mid-afternoon when they were ready to set out, Bendrib in the lead, Perry following, and in the rear trotted Sunnal, who carried the guns, as well as the knapsack. At the entrance to the village they were met by a crowd of excited natives. There was much rejoicing over the arrival of the white sahib, whose deadly gun would put to rout "the great yellow flash" which had killed the finest bull in the chief's compound. The beast had dragged the animal to the outskirts of the village and had evidently been driven away from his orgy by the rising of the sun. An hour before sunset Perry and Daga Bendrib were seated on the top



of a flimsy platform which they had hastily constructed between four palm trees within twenty feet of the dead bull. A bower of branches and shrubs concealed them from the ground, and it was from this vantage point that Perry hoped to kill the tiger with one shot from his rifle. He had killed tigers before, and the fine skins that graced the walls and floors of his bungalow bore testimony to his skill as a marksman. The platform was ten feet above the ground, and provided Perry could get good sight of the great cat, he would have no difficulty in adding another royal skin to his collection. Suddenly Daga Bendrib hissed sharply through his teeth. "Ah, sahib! Ishnie!" whispered the tracker. "Ah, the tiger!" repeated Perry, moving cautiously beneath his bower of branches. There came a snuffing growl from nearby thicket. Then followed silence. Daga Bendrib breathed shortly. Perry felt his own heart beating to quick time. Something moved in the thicket be-

hind them. "Trot!" hissed the tracker. Perry began to feel uneasy. The platform was a flimsy structure at best. If one or more tigers should attack it there was no doubt that the platform would tumble to pieces. Again came the growl from the left hand thicket and again a responsive movement from the thicket behind the platform. Perry had his gun sighted and pointed the barrel toward the dark bulk of the dead bull on the grass below. While Perry listened for a repetition of the soul chilling growl from the left hand thicket, there suddenly came a horrifying interruption from the rear. A wild, panther-like scream split the air; there was a rush of wind overhead, and the two hunters were suddenly struck flat to the platform by the falling of a heavy body upon them. The platform shook, tottered and fell, crashing with its burden of two men and a full grown panther. As the platform fell Daga Bendrib's gun went off, scattering a double charge of buckshot. The panther screamed savagely and thudded heavily to the ground, rolling over in agony. The double charge of buckshot had entered its eyes and, so far as the hunters were concerned, had put the panther out of business for that occasion at least. But the excitement was not yet over. As Perry and his tracker clambered up to the remains of the fallen platform and each found a perch on the supports which still clung to the four trees the moon found an opening among the trees and sent a broad shaft of silver light into the jungle where the dead bull lay, with the stiffening panther near by. From the left hand thicket was a repetition of that low, deep, ominous growl, ending in an ugly snarl; there was a sudden rush of misplaced air as something long and yellow and black striped streaked across the vision to fall upon the body of the panther. There were the rending of flesh and the crunching of bones. The two men in the trees shivered and changed their positions. The tiger ceased his feasting, and a rigid line ran along his lithe form. His back was toward the platform, and his left shoulder presented a splendid mark for a bullet. Perry lifted his rifled shotgun to his shoulder and fired. Bang! The tiger whirled about, screamed with pain and rage and was about to charge the hunters in the tree when there came another interruption from the thicket. This time it was a full grown tigress, and she leaped straight toward the broken platform. A bullet from Perry's gun crashed through her brain, and she fell staggering at the very foot of the platform supports. At the same instant Daga Bendrib's gun scattered buckshot in the eyes of the wounded tiger, and while the beast pawed blindly at them another bullet from Perry's weapon stretched him beside his dead mate in the parched grass. Perry drew a long breath and wiped the cold sweat from his brow. All around them were myriad sounds from the startled denizens of the jungle. Aroused by the double killing and attracted toward the spot by the dead bull came jackals, hyenas and others of their tribes. Perry was anxious to protect the skins he had won at the risk of his life, so his gun answered the cries of the jungle beasts while Daga Bendrib sped toward the village to bring help. In half an hour the two tigers and the panther were lashed at the heels of an ox team and the dead bodies were dragged to a deserted hut on the outskirts of the village where Daga Bendrib and his son-in-law and his two brothers and their son-in-laws set to work to skin the three animals for the great sahib. Perry went back to the tree in order to guard the village from a surprise visit from the panther's mate or from other beasts, if the smell of blood should attract them into the village. The body of the bull had entirely disappeared now, and from distant thickets Perry could hear the jackals snarling over the fragments they were storing. He was tired and happy. The night's excitement had been a pleasant relaxation after the dullness of bug hunting at this season, and he was grateful indeed for the information which Daga Bendrib had brought him concerning the depredations of the tiger which had killed the bull. Perry nodded in the crotch of the tree. The sun was slanting in his eyes when he was awakened by the sound of voices at the foot of the tree. He looked down and saw several men standing there. They were neighbors of Daga Bendrib. They were speaking of the triple killing made by the white sahib. "That Daga Bendrib, he is a clever man," said one enviously. "Who but Daga Bendrib and his son-in-law would have dreamed of killing his best bull—the finest in the village—and then

running ten miles to the bungalow of the white sahib and telling him that a tiger had been seen in the village and had carried off a bull?" "Who indeed?" echoed his companions. "And, lo, when the white sahib returns with Daga Bendrib and with the promise of many rupees if a tiger is shot, waits for the wicked beast—why, the tiger comes, and the tiger's mate, and, as if these were not rupees enough in crafty Daga Bendrib's pocket, there also comes a panther! All attracted by the smell of the dead bull's blood, when we all know that the jungle has been cleared of these beasts for many years! Whence came these blood hunters? From the distant mountains?" "Clever Daga Bendrib!" muttered his companions as the three returned to the village. Perry grinned to himself as he thought over this revelation of Daga Bendrib's device to earn a few rupees. His reward would be ample and the sacrifice of the fine bull would be well justified in the eyes of Daga Bendrib's neighbors, Daga Bendrib's sons-in-law and his brothers and their sons-in-law. As for Perry himself, he calculated what the tiger skins were worth to him when he could return to America and dispose of them, and he was well satisfied with the craft of Daga Bendrib and with the opportune arrival of the "yellow flash."

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of: J. C. Watson. Caring For the Piano. One of those popular fellows who can sit down at a piano and play accompaniments to songs, even when the "music" is not forthcoming, happened to be in a little village recently when a concert was almost struck through the pianist disappointing at the last minute. Our friend, says the Glasgow News, came to the rescue and got the company out of its difficulty, but inwardly he applied to the instrument adjectives which would shock even George Bernard Shaw. After the performance the caretaker (a "lady") was covering up for the night, and the player mentioned to her that the piano was very much in need of attention, but she scouted the idea. "Why," said she, "I went over it myself this morning and scrubbed every part of it, keys and all!" Her Clandestine Courtship. The servant was discussing her latest love affair with a mistress, who was humane enough to be interested. "Well," said the mistress, "since you've been going out with him for months, I think it's quite time he took you to see his parents."

"I've been telling him so, ma'am. Only last Sunday I said to him, 'Herbert, I'm not going to be courted in this clandestine way any longer.' "It was some time, says the Manchester Guardian, before the mistress' puzzled brain understood that "clandestine" and "clandestine" were synonymous. Love of the Forest. The only way to love the forest is to stay in it until you have learned its pathless travel, growth and inhabitants as you know the fields. You must begin at the gate and end your way slowly, else you will not hear the great secret and see the compelling vision. There are trees you never before have seen, flowers and vines the botanists fail to mention and such music as your ears cannot hear elsewhere.—Gene Stratton Porter. Knew He Was Safe. "You seem to be going home in a very cheerful manner for a man who has been out all night." "Yes. You see, my wife is an amateur elocutionist, and she's saving her voice for an entertainment tomorrow night."

A Deduction. Maudie—How old is Grace? May—At least twenty-five. Maudie—How do you know? May—I heard her say that no girl ought to marry before she was twenty-six. He that rises again quickly and continues the race is as if he had never fallen.—Molnoux. An Always Ready Pill.—To those of a regular habit medicine is of little concern, but the great majority of men are not of regular habit. The worry and the irregularity of life comes dyspepsia, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles as a prelude. The run-down system demands a corrective and there is none better than Parke's Vegetable Pills. They are simple in their composition and can be taken by the most delicately constituted.

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Farmers Attention WE HANDLE COCKSHUTT IMPLEMENTS MELOTE OREAM SEPARATORS KEMP MANURE SPREADERS TORONTO WINDMILLS BUGGIES, WAGONS GASOLINE ENGINES LIGHTNING RODS AND EVERYTHING NEEDED ON THE FARM. Call and let us talk matters over. CAMERON & GRAHAM OPPOSITE HOWDEN'S GROCERY 127-11 Paddy At Copenhagen

Exchange. The Irish seem to be the only people who can inject an element of humor in this grim war. Two wounded Irish troopers rode into Paris the other day a train and said the last they knew they had been fighting "like the devil" in Copenhagen. Perhaps this was the Tipperary way of saying "Compeigne. We were fightin' for a week or more an' fightin' night an' day. The boys were all around us till the Germans ran away. It was a glorious ruction—sure we tuk it like play. Till we found ourselves alone at Copenhagen! We wor mighty glad, I tell ye, when 'got the word 'Advance'. We kep' right on through Belgium 'drive 'em out of France; The Dutch were thrum to Paris—let us find a dance— Till we found ourselves marooned Copenhagen! 'Twas a long way to Tipperary—oh weary road from there— Our nags bein' shot from under us, Then we tuk the thram to Paris—no paid a blessed fare— For they knew that we were just f Copenhagen! They're feedin' us on strawberries, buther, an' champagne, We're feedin' just like fightin'—cocks ducks in heavy rain; A week o' this would kill us—so good Patee again, We'll go back to fight the Dutch at Copenhagen!

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Children Cr. FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORI