

National Victory Celebration

TO BE OPENED BY H.R.H.,
THE PRINCE OF WALES

EXHIBITION

Aug. 23 TORONTO Sept. 6

British Grenadier Guards Band

War Memorial Paintings
Sensational of the art world,
recording every phase of
Canadian operations overseas.

WAR TROPHIES

Mammoth assemblage of
monster guns, aeroplanes and
all the instruments of hellish
warfare captured by Canadian
soldiers from the Hun.

Canada's Flying Circus
Col. Barker and Bishop and
other world famous aces in
surrendered German planes.

WHIPPET TANK
CAPTURED U BOAT

Festival of Triumph
The Most Striking of all Grand Stand Spectacles

SEE The surrender of the German Fleet
Versailles Castle—Victory Arch.
Allenby's entry into Jerusalem.

And a score of other extraordinary features
THE GREATEST EXHIBITION OF THE TIMES

FARM FOR SALE

70 ACRES, more or less, being west
half of lot 27, con. 6, N.E.R., Warwick.
On the premises are a good large brick
house with cellar, good barn with basem-
ent stable, drive shed, pig house and
other outbuildings. About 12 acres in
crop, balance seeded down. Large or-
chard of apples, cherries, peaches and
plums, one of the best in Lambton. Wind
mill and plenty of hard and soft water.
Good fences. Situated one mile east of
Arkona, convenient to churches and
school. For further particulars apply on
the premises.

27jc2m JOHN WATTS,
Arkona P.O.

FARM FOR SALE

One hundred and twenty-five acres,
more or less, being east half of lot 20,
con. 13, Brooke. On the premises are a
frame house, good barn, drive shed, hen
house, good orchard of apple, cherry and
plum trees, wind mill and good water.
Convenient to church and school. For
further particulars apply on the premises.

MRS. SIDNEY HARRIS,
R. R. No. 8, Watford.

PLUMBING

HEATING

TINSMITHING

Special attention to
repairing, etc

C. H. BUTLER

PHONE 85-2. WATFORD

A. D. HONE

Painter and Decorator

Paper Hanging

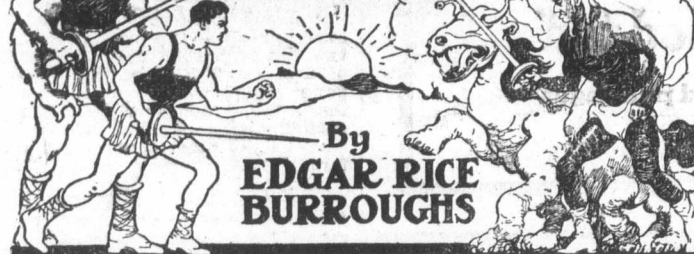
WATFORD - ONTARIO

GOOD WORK

PROMPT ATTENTION
REASONABLE PRICES
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
ESTIMATES FURNISHED

RESIDENCE—ST. CLAIR STREET

The Gods of Mars



By
EDGAR RICE
BURROUGHS

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Both the girl and the green warrior
stood silent in thought for some mo-
ments. The former it was who eventu-
ally broke the silence.

"Never had I considered the matter
in that light before," she said. "In-
deed would I give my life a thousand
times if I could but save a single soul
from the awful life that I have led in
this cruel place. Yes, you are right,
and I will go with you as far as we
can go, but I doubt that we ever shall
escape."

I turned an inquiring glance toward
the Thark.

"To the gates of Issus or to the bot-
tom of Korus," spoke the green war-
rior; "to the snows to the north or to
the snows to the south, Tars Tarkas
follows where John Carter leads. I
have spoken."

"Let us go," I cried. "We must
make the start, for we could not be
further from escape than we now are,
in the heart of this mountain and with-
in the four walls of this chamber of
death."

"Come, then," said the girl, "but do
not flatter yourself that you can find
no worse place than this within the
territory of the therns."

So saying, she swung the secret panel
that separated us from the apartment
in which I had found her, and we
stepped through once more into the
presence of the other prisoners.

There were in all ten red Martians,
men and women, and when we had
briefly explained our plan they decided
to join forces with us, though it was
evident that it was with some consid-



The Girl Raised Her Revolver and Fired
Point Blank at Him.

erable misgivings that they thus tempt-
ed fate by opposing an ancient super-
stition, even though each knew through
cruel experience the fallacy of its en-
tire fabric.

One of these prisoners, a red Mar-
tian boy, particularly attracted me.
There was something strangely fami-
liar about his face, and yet I could not
place him. I asked him his name, and
he said it was Carthoris.

Thuvia, the girl whom I had first
freed, soon had the others at liberty.
Tars Tarkas and I stripped the bodies
of the two therns of their weapons,
which included swords, daggers and
two revolvers of the curious and dead-
ly type manufactured by the red Mar-
tians.

We distributed the weapons as far
as they would go among our follow-
ers, giving the firearms to two of the
women, Thuvia being one so armed.

With the latter as our guide we set
off rapidly, but cautiously, through a
maze of passages, crossing great cham-
bers hewn from the solid metal of the
cliff, following winding corridors, as-
cending steep inclines and now and
again concealing ourselves in dark re-
cesses at the sound of approaching
footsteps.

Our destination, Thuvia said, was a
distant storeroom, where arms and am-
munition in plenty might be found.
She was to lead us to the summit of
the cliffs, from where it would require
both wondrous wit and mighty fight-
ing to win our way through the very
heart of the stronghold of the holy

therns to the world without.
"And even then, O prince," she cried,
"the arm of the holy thern is long. It
reaches to every nation of Barsom.
His secret temples are hidden in the
heart of every community."

"Wherever we go, should we escape,
we shall find that word of our coming
has preceded us, and death awaits us
before we may pollute the air with our
blasphemies."

We had proceeded for possibly an
hour without serious interruption and
Thuvia had just whispered to me that
we were approaching our first destina-
tion when on entering a great chamber
we came upon a man, evidently a
thern.

He wore, in addition to his leathern
trappings and jeweled ornaments, a
great circlet of gold about his brow, in
the exact center of which was set an
immense stone.

As the thern saw us his eyes nar-
rowed to two nasty slits.

"Stop!" he cried. "What means this,
Thuvia?"

For answer the girl raised her re-
volver and fired point blank at him.
Without a sound he sank to the earth,
dead.

"Beast!" she hissed. "After all these
years I am at last revenged."

Then as she turned toward me, evi-
dently with a word of explanation on
her lips, her eyes suddenly widened as
they rested upon me, and with a little
exclamation she started toward me.

"O prince," she cried, "fate is in-
deed kind to us. The way is still diffi-
cult, but through this vile thing upon
the floor we may yet win to the outer
world. Notest thou not the remark-
able resemblance between this holy
thern and thyself?"

CHAPTER VII.

Through the Golden Cliffs.

THE man was indeed of my pre-
cise stature, nor were his eyes
and features unlike mine, but
his hair was a mass of flowing
yellow locks, like those of the two
I had killed, while mine is black and
close cropped.

"What of the resemblance?" I asked
the girl. "Do you wish me, with my
black, short hair, to pose as a yellow
haired priest of this infernal cult?"
She smiled and for answer approach-
ed the body of the man she had slain
and, kneeling beside it, removed the
circlet of gold from the forehead and
then to my utter amazement lifted the
entire scalp bodily from the corpse's
head.

Rising, she advanced to my side and,
placing the yellow wig over my pre-
cise features, crowned me with the golden
circlet with the magnificent gem.

"Now don his harness, prince," she
said, "and you may pass where you
will in the realms of the therns, for
Sator Throg was a holy thern of the
tenth cycle and mighty among his
kind."

"They are all thus from birth," ex-
plained Thuvia, noting my surprise.
"The race from which they sprung
was crowned with a luxuriant growth
of golden hair, but for many ages the
present race has been entirely bald."

The wig, however, has come to be a
part of their apparel, and so important
a part do they consider it that it is
cause for the deepest disgrace were a
thern to appear in public without it."

In another moment I stood garbed
in the habiliments of a holy thern.

At Thuvia's suggestion two of the
released prisoners bore the body of the
dead thern upon their shoulders with
us as we continued our journey toward
the storeroom, which we reached with-
out further mishap.

Here the keys which Thuvia bore
from the dead thern of the prison vault
were the means of giving us immedi-
ate entrance to the chamber, and very
quickly we were thoroughly outfitted
with arms and ammunition.

By this time I was so thoroughly
fagged that I could go no farther, so I
threw myself upon the floor, bidding
Tars Tarkas to do likewise and cau-
tioning two of the released prisoners
to keep careful watch.

in an instant I was asleep.
How long I slept upon the floor of
the storeroom I do not know, but it
must have been many hours. I was
awakened with a start by cries of
alarm, and scarce were my eyes opened
nor had I yet sufficiently collected my
wits to quite realize where I was when
a fusillade of shots rang out, rever-
berating through the subterranean cor-
ridors in a series of deafening echoes.

In an instant I was upon my feet. A
dozen lesser therns confronted us from
a large doorway at the opposite end of
the storeroom from that which we had
entered. About me lay the bodies of
my companions, with the exception of
Thuvia. Tars Tarkas and Carthoris,
who, like myself, had been asleep upon
the floor and thus escaped the first rak-
ing fire.

As I gained my feet the therns low-
ered their wicked rifles, their faces
distorted in mingled chagrin, conster-
nation and alarm.

Instantly I arose to the occasion.

"What means this?" I cried in tones
of fierce anger. "Is Sator Throg to be
murdered by his own vassals?"

"Have mercy, O master of the tenth
cycle!" cried one of the fellows, while
the others edged toward the doorway
as though to attempt a surreptitious
escape from the presence of the mighty
one.

"Ask them their mission here," whis-
pered Thuvia at my elbow.

"What do you here, fellows?" I cried.

"Two from the outer world are at
large within the dominions of the
therns. We sought them at the com-
mand of the father of therns. One
was white with black hair, the other a
huge green warrior."

Here the fellow cast a suspicious
glance toward Tars Tarkas.

"Here, then, is one of them," spoke
Thuvia, indicating the Thark, "and if
you will look upon this dead man by
the door perhaps you will recognize
the other. It was left for Sator Throg
and his poor slaves to accomplish what
the lesser therns of the guard were
unable to do—we have killed one and
captured the other. For this has Sator
Throg given us our liberty. And now
in your stupidity have you come and
killed all but myself and like to have
killed the mighty Sator Throg him-
self."

The men looked very sheepish and
very scared.

"Had they not better throw these
bodies to the plant men and then re-
turn to their quarters, O mighty one?"
asked Thuvia of me.

"Yes. Do as Thuvia bids you," I
said.

As the men picked up the bodies I
noticed that the one who stooped to
gather up the late Sator Throg started
as his closer scrutiny fell upon the up-
turned face, and then the fellow stole
a furtive, sneaking glance in my di-
rection from the corner of his eye.

That he suspected something of
the truth I could have sworn, but that
it was only a suspicion which he did
not dare voice was evidenced by his
silence.

Again, as he bore the body from the
room, he shot a quick but searching
glance toward me, and then his eyes
fell once more upon the bald and shiny
dome of the dead man in his arms.
The last fleeting glimpse that I ob-
tained of his profile as he passed from
my sight without the chamber reveal-
ed a cunning smile of triumph upon
his lips.

Only Tars Tarkas, Thuvia and I
were left. The fatal marksmanship of
the therns had snatched from our com-
panions whatever slender chance they
had of gaining the perilous freedom
of the world.

So soon as the last of the grewsome
procession had disappeared the girl
urged us to take up our flight once
more.

She, too, had noted the questioning
attitude of the thern who had borne
Sator Throg away.

"It bodes no good for us, O prince,"
she said, "for, even though this fel-
low dared not chance accusing you in
error, there be those above with power
sufficient to demand a closer scrutiny,
and that, prince, would indeed prove
fatal."

I shrugged my shoulders. It seemed
that in any event the outcome of our
pilot must end in death. I was re-
freshed from my sleep, but still weak
from loss of blood.

I was discouraged. Never had a
feeling of such utter hopelessness come
over me in the face of danger. Then
the long, flowing yellow locks of the
holy thern, caught by some vagrant
draft, blew about my face.

Might they not still open the way
to freedom? If we acted in time.

I was discouraged. Never had a
feeling of such utter hopelessness come
over me in the face of danger. Then
the long, flowing yellow locks of the
holy thern, caught by some vagrant
draft, blew about my face.

Might they not still open the way
to freedom? If we acted in time.

I was discouraged. Never had a
feeling of such utter hopelessness come
over me in the face of danger. Then
the long, flowing yellow locks of the
holy thern, caught by some vagrant
draft, blew about my face.

Might they not still open the way
to freedom? If we acted in time.

I was discouraged. Never had a
feeling of such utter hopelessness come
over me in the face of danger. Then
the long, flowing yellow locks of the
holy thern, caught by some vagrant
draft, blew about my face.

Might they not still open the way
to freedom? If we acted in time.

I was discouraged. Never had a
feeling of such utter hopelessness come
over me in the face of danger. Then
the long, flowing yellow locks of the
holy thern, caught by some vagrant
draft, blew about my face.

Might they not still open the way
to freedom? If we acted in time.

I was discouraged. Never had a
feeling of such utter hopelessness come
over me in the face of danger. Then
the long, flowing yellow locks of the
holy thern, caught by some vagrant
draft, blew about my face.

Might they not still open the way
to freedom? If we acted in time.

I was discouraged. Never had a
feeling of such utter hopelessness come
over me in the face of danger. Then
the long, flowing yellow locks of the
holy thern, caught by some vagrant
draft, blew about my face.

Might they not still open the way
to freedom? If we acted in time.

I was discouraged. Never had a
feeling of such utter hopelessness come
over me in the face of danger. Then
the long, flowing yellow locks of the
holy thern, caught by some vagrant
draft, blew about my face.

Might they not still open the way
to freedom? If we acted in time.

I was discouraged. Never had a
feeling of such utter hopelessness come
over me in the face of danger. Then
the long, flowing yellow locks of the
holy thern, caught by some vagrant
draft, blew about my face.

Might they not still open the way
to freedom? If we acted in time.

I was discouraged. Never had a
feeling of such utter hopelessness come
over me in the face of danger. Then
the long, flowing yellow locks of the
holy thern, caught by some vagrant
draft, blew about my face.

Might they not still open the way
to freedom? If we acted in time.

ARE THE DAYS OF MIRACLES OVER?

IS SUPERSTITION AND FALSE BE-
LIEF TO OVERSHADOW FACTS
ANY LONGER?

When a woman who has been sick
for years becomes well after taking of
certain scientific preparation—can you
deny that the remedy must be good?

Read these extracts taken from a
letter written to us by Mrs. H. Cross,
of 362 King Street West, Toronto:

"I suffered for several years with
inflammatory Rheumatism and could
hardly get up or down stairs. My
husband bought me a box of Temple-
ton's Rheumatic Capsules, and almost
immediately I felt relief. The swell-
ings started to go down and the stiff-
ness left my knees. I might say that
previously to using T.R.C.'s I had
tried almost everything under the sun
without success. I am a happier and
wiser woman now, and I cannot thank
you enough for the aid T.R.C.'s have
given me."

It's the same story from hundreds
of other Rheumatic sufferers. They
tried T.R.C.'s and T.R.C.'s fixed them
up. If you suffer, try them.

Sole Agents for Watford, J. W. Mc-
Laren, druggist, the Rexall Store, or if
you live out of town mail \$1.04 to the
above address or to Templetons Limited,
142 King Street West, Toronto, and cap-
sules will be sent postpaid.



A Continuous Line of Impregnable For-
tifications Circles the Outer Slopes.

might we not even yet escape before
the general alarm was sounded? We
could at least try.

"What will the fellow do first, Thuvia?" I asked. "How long will it be
before they may return for us?"

"He will go directly to the father
of therns, old Matai Shang. He may
have to wait for an audience, but since
he is very high among the lesser
therns—in fact, a thorian among them
—it will not be long that Matai Shang
will keep him waiting."

"Then, if the father of therns puts
credence in his story, another hour
will see the galleries and chambers,
the courts and gardens filled with
searchers."

"What we do, then, must be done
within an hour. What is the best way,
Thuvia, the shortest way out of this
celestial hades?"

"Straight to the top of the cliffs,
prince," she replied, "and then through
the gardens to the inner courts. From
there our way will lie within the tem-
ples of the therns and across them to
the outer courts. Then the ramparts—
O prince, it is hopeless! Ten thousand
warriors could not hew a way to lib-
erty from out this awful place!"

"Since the beginning of time, little
by little, stone by stone, have the
therns been ever adding to the de-
fenses of their stronghold. A contin-
uous line of impregnable fortifications
circles the outer slopes of the moun-
tains of Otz."

"Within the temples that lie behind
the ramparts a million fighting men
are ever ready. The courts and gar-
dens are filled with slaves, with wom-
en and with children."

"None could go a stone's throw with-
out detection."

"If there is no other way, Thuvia,
why dwell upon the difficulties of this?
We must face them."

"Can we not better make the at-
tempt after dark?" asked Tars Tarkas.
"There would seem to be no chance
by day."

"There would be a little better
chance by night, but even then the
ramparts are well guarded, possibly
better than by day. There are fewer
abroad in the courts and gardens,
though," said Thuvia.

"What is the hour?" I asked.

"It was midnight when you released
me from my chains," said Thuvia.
"Two hours later we reached the store-
room. There you slept for fourteen
hours. It must now be nearly sun-
down again. Come; we will go to
some nearby window in the cliff and
make sure."

So saying, she led the way through
winding corridors until at a sudden
turn we came upon an opening which
overlooked the valley Dor.

(Continued on Page 11)

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears
the
Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

SOLDIERS' DAY, WATFORD, AUG. 20

TO

This
Ly
t.

McL
men4

women
No. 1.
This
Lydia
pound,
Ameri
years
who s
flammi
backac
"the
remedy

For
your a
Medici
of its l

W/
HA
H

W.
S

JAME

L. R

OFFI
Reside
Main str

C.

FOR
Street, fo
13 A. Re
a. McDo

W.

WATFO

Formerly

OFFICE—

by Dr. B

26.

G

D. D. S

Royal Col

of Bridge

Porcelain

preserve

OFFICE

MAIN ST

At Quee

dev, of co

C.

GRADU

Surgeon

Toronto.

Appliance