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|--|--|
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\$25.00 set for ..... \$16.00  
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Fine Old Wines  
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- |   |                             |
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| American Wolf, hardly distinguishable from genuine Wolf, from | \$18.00 to \$25.00 per set  |

THESE ARE ALL OF THE FINEST QUALITY

WATCH OUR WINDOW!

MARKET STREET

LANGFORD

Mr. Bowers had charge of the services on Sunday morning. The funeral here attended the funeral of Miss Eliza Duncan at Cainsville Monday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. David Westbrook, Mrs. Early Westbrook, Miss T. Shinn, spent Monday afternoon with relatives near the city. Mrs. Ed. Hunter is improving.

Miss Gladys Mulligan spent Sunday afternoon out of town. Miss Pollard entertained company from the city on Sunday. Miss Durham was the guest of Miss Leta Ireland on Sunday. Master Carmie Mianer is having his eyes treated. All the headmasters of the elementary schools of Lambeth have signed an appeal calling upon old boys to enlist in the local battalion.

## The Diamond From the Sky

By ROY L. MCCARDELL

Copyright, 1915, by Roy L. McCardell

It took some effort on the part of both Esther and Quabba to reassure



Marmaduke Smythe, Lawyer, Gets His Gun.

The excited visitor that Clarence, the monkey, was not at all a wild beast of the Virginia jungle, but simply an itinerant organ grinder's friend, companion and collector of external revenue.

Then the stranger made known his name and errand.

"I am Marmaduke Smythe, barrister, of London, England, solicitor and agent of the estate of the earls of Stanley of Stanley castle, Warwickshire," he said.

Lord Stanley died there a month ago from the infirmities of old age, leaving no heir in England, the succession falling to the eldest son of the elder branch of Stanleys of this place, Stanley ball.

"I remember it well, for I was here to verify the American heir nearly twenty years ago. And a beastly experience I had, my dear young lady. I was ambushed by crawling savages and fell off a horse, and was thrown not off the horse, but figuratively thrown into the midst of a terrific and bloodthirsty feud between Colonel Stanley and Judge Stanley, both rip snorting, bally fire eaters, as you Yankees would east in Virginia say.

"So my errand, young lady, in these wild parts of the American border is to notify young Arthur Stanley, both Colonel Stanley and the judge being dead, that he is the Earl of Stanley, and the title and estates await him in Warwickshire."

And then it was Esther's painful task to tell the strange caller of the accusations against the young man he sought, of his wild flight and disappearance.

"My word!" exclaimed the exasperated London lawyer. "What a dreadful way you wild Yankees have of tomahawking each other, don't you know! If the American earl is a criminal in hiding I must notify the next of kin, the late judge's son, whom I distinctly remember as a vicious little beggar who bit me severely.

"In case his lordship, as I must call him, the fugitive, is captured by your white cap chaps he will undoubtedly be lynched, as is your invariable custom on the American frontiers here, I believe. Hence the son of the late judge will be the Earl of Stanley.

"That is, provided, of course," the London lawyer added, "that this Hon. Blair Stanley, as he would be called with us, has not outgrown his vicious propensities as a child. For I assume if he bites your prominent border ruffians he will be tomahawked or lynched or put an end to in some unpleasant manner. So you must excuse my taking leave, as I must notify the next of kin."

And he raised his tropic helmet politely and walked in a wide circle around the chattering monkey, Clarence, as though he rather doubted the alleged harmlessness of the animal he deemed a denizen of the local jungle.

At the gloomy threshold of Mrs. Lamar Stanley's house the London lawyer received further confirmation of his personal belief that Blair Stanley, whose vicious propensities he remembered, would never outgrow the sanguinary propensities of his childhood.

In the bitter mood that now obsessed her Blair's mother informed the startled lawyer that her son, now next in line for the proud Stanley earldom, had fled, no one knew whither, and she hoped to never see his face again.

All she would say in reply to the barrister's nervous pleading—for he dreaded a long search for the heirs of Stanley in barbarous America—was that Blair might be found at the home of Mrs. Burton Randolph, his cousin, in Richmond. And for that place the lawyer took the first train from Fairfax.

(To be continued.)

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## Adventure With an African Lion

An exciting experience of an encounter with a lion on the bank of the river Kalanyassa is related by the Duke Adolphus Frederick of Mecklenburg in his book, "In the Heart of Africa."

I had galloped ahead of the party in the hope of getting a snapshot of a troop of zebras. Suddenly I heard successive shots behind me in the distance. As I had an understanding with Wintings that no game except buffaloes and lions was to be fired at, I knew that the shots must mean the presence of one or the other. So I turned back and soon caught sight of Wintings, accompanied by two Askari, coming towards me with rifles at the ready.

"The herr lieutenant has shot a lion," shouted one.

"Where is he hiding?" I asked.

"I do not know; we have lost him here by the mountain."

There could be no doubt that the lion was lying between Wintings and me. It seemed almost as if the pursuers had passed over him as he was crouching in the grass. Suddenly one of the Askari at my side stopped sharply, and with characteristic gesture pointed his index finger towards the tall red grass by the river and yelled out: "Look, bana, sultani, many, many lions."

I indeed actually beheld five lions hurrying to the protecting river with a huge ball of the mat with which their kind. With one shot Wintings finished the earthly career of a lioness. One of the others vanished to the reeds.

One of the Askari, a Masai, who was not enamored of penurious pursuits—a splendid grand looking fellow, like all his warlike race—approached the scrub in most fearless fashion. On a sudden the blood-curdling roar of a lion greeted the ears in quick succession and the beast sprang out with flattened ears and gaping jaws right among us.

"We all fell back except the Masai who was a few paces off on my left. Shooting into the mat with excitement, he stretched out his left arm in which he held his rifle, against the lion. But the beast seized him in the twinkling of an eye. The next moment they were rolling together like a huge ball of the mat. As the same instant I raised my gun to my shoulder and gave the lion a bullet at five paces; but the aim was bad and the beast fled back, growling, into the scrub before I could think of a second shot.

The Masai lay on the ground streaming with blood, but had sustained no really serious injuries. I hastened to bandage the nearly senseless man as best I could, to staunch the flow of blood, to draught the water, coupled with his incredible stoicism, enabled him to recuperate so quickly that he sustained the five hours' return journey to the camp without collapsing.

## An Adventure With an Elephant

Elephant hunting is a source of much adventure and many incidents in this connection have been recorded. Here is another example of circumstances when a gun was required. Captain C. H. Stigand, in "Hunting the Elephant in Africa," writes—

"We had just stopped by a tree that we had pulled down, and we were feeling the leaves that had dropped to see how dry they were. I had half determined to abandon the hunt. At that moment one of the men who had gone forward a little whistled, and immediately every one got out of the way. The elephants were returning on their tracks. A young bull was leading; behind him I could see the ears of another.

"I did not want to shoot the young bull, so I got behind a tree as he came trotting up, but he pulled up before he reached me and turned on me. The only thing to do was to shoot him, so I reluctantly fired at his head. I went up to him but he was not dead, and tried to get up again. I put another shot in his forehead, but it did not reach the brain, and the next moment it was I who was being chased.

I dodged sharply to my right, thinking that the elephant would pass and I would get a side shot as he went by. But I tripped over a fallen tree and went sprawling. I dropped my rifle and just managed to seize it by the muzzle as the bull was about to tread on it. I then dove into the thicket of the branches of a tree.

I made a frantic effort to crawl through, but a stout branch resisted my progress, and at the same moment the bull charged in after me. The impetus he gave me bent aside the stubborn branch and the next moment I found myself on the other side, while the elephant was stamping the ground five yards from where I stood, evidently under the impression that I was on the ground under his feet.

"I quickly turned round and discharged my rifle into him. It was the last cartridge in the magazine. The rifle was taken out of my hands and I found Matola, my gun-bearer, who

had counted the shots, standing beside me and offering the second rifle as a writer might serve a dish. By some oversight, the second rifle had not been loaded, and I had given strict orders that none of my men were ever to load or unload my rifle. Being a good soldier, Matola had not disobeyed the order, even under the circumstances, but had gone as near to loading it as he could. The breach was open and he was holding the clip in position with his thumb just over the magazine. All I had to do was to press it down as I took hold of the rifle, and I was ready to fire. The elephant was turning round and I shot him in the brain.

The story has taken a long time to tell, but of course it all happened in a moment. I think as an example of a combination of pluck, discipline and presence of mind in an emergency, the behaviour of Private Matola would be difficult to beat."

## HARLEY

Mrs. Leslie Read of Burford, spent a few days at Mr. T. Hammond's last week.

Mr. J. Hill held a very successful auction sale on Tuesday last.

Mrs. S. Radford and Miss Bessie spent over Sunday in Norwich.

A number of Mr. and Mrs. John Hill's friends met at their home on Monday evening and presented them with a club bag. The evening was spent in music and games. All returned to their homes, after singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," having had a very pleasant evening.

Mrs. John Force of Burford, has moved into the house lately vacated by Mr. Hill. Mr. Hill has left for his new home in Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shellington attended the funeral of Mr. Shellington's brother at Burford last week.

Mrs. Clark Dean has returned home after a two weeks' visit at Buffalo.

Miss Jenie Swazy of Hatchley has been the guest of Miss Ida Hammond for the past week.

Mrs. Roy Utter and children of Ranclagh spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. J. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dougherty and son, Clifford, spent Sunday at Mr. J. Radford's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Marshall attended the fat stock show at Guelph on Tuesday last.

Mr. Lot Brooks of Paris Plains, spent Monday in the village.

## LA SALETTE

The death occurred on Tuesday, November 26th of Miss Margaret Caughlin at her late home in Delhi.

Deceased has been speechless and almost helpless for some years, owing to a paralytic stroke. Saturday night she was seized with another stroke, which ended in her demise on Tuesday.

Deceased was 67 years of age and a native of Ireland. She was well known and highly respected throughout the community. She leaves a host of friends to mourn her loss.

The funeral took place on Thursday at St. Mary's church, LaSalette, interment took place in the R. C. cemetery.

A very enjoyable time was spent at the Box Social held in the hall on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Dertinger and son, John, and Miss Ed. motored to Brantford on Saturday last.

Will Walsh of Delhi, visited at D. Schooley's on Sunday last.

James Olmstead had the misfortune on Monday last to fall and dislocate his shoulder.

Mrs. A. Krohe and son, Leo were in Brantford on Saturday last.

A. Lawrence spent Sunday evening at B. Dertinger's.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Nold was gladdened on Tuesday, Nov. 30th by the arrival of a young son.

Mrs. P. Murphy, Mrs. G. Henderson, and Mrs. Duebois, spent Sunday at Wm. McCauley's.

## MIDDLEPORT

St. Paul's Sunday School will hold their annual Christmas tree and entertainment on Tuesday evening, Dec. 21st, in the Lull. A good program will be given consisting of drills, cantatas and recitations and dialogues. Dr. Russell of Brantford, will be present and assist with the evening's entertainment. All are cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. Peddie, of Brantford, spent Sunday in the village.

Mr. Dundson is quite ill with rheumatism.

Mr. John Armour is quite ill at the home of Mr. Joe Axon.

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| 1 Art Garland P.O.                                  | 1 Art Souvenir P. O. |
| 1 Art Countess St.                                  | 1 King National St.  |
| A liberal discount for Cash. 1 Regal Peninsular St. |                      |

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Our "SEA FOAM"—Build a home of bliss with a brick of our Sea Foam. 5c a brick.  
Our CHOCOLATES, in all shapes and in all flavors, composed of the purest of fruits and nut meats, imported direct from England, France and Spain. Try a box of our CHOCOLATES.  
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make an ideal present for Men, Women, Boys or Girls. We have a complete line of all skating supplies; in fact, we have everything but ice.

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Hockey Sticks  
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