

es From Ceylon
"LADA" TEA sold in
length, and fragrance
plantation in Ceylon.

"LADA"
air-tight and moisture-
resistant deliciousness
MIXED

CHES OF CONNAUGHT
GIVES LADIES GOLF CUP

ROYAL HIGHNESS PRE-
SENTS TROPHY TO ROYAL
CANADIAN ASSOCIATION

ONTARIO, March 2.—Her Royal
Highness the Princess of Connaught
graciously presented a challenge
for the Canadian Ladies Golf
Association.

The first name to be engraved on
the trophy will be that of Miss Muriel
of Bromborough, Cheshire,
England, who is at present lady
of both Great Britain and
Ireland.

The men's amateur championship
will be held upon the links of the
Ottawa Golf Club on the 20th and
21st of August.

The ladies meet will be held on the
links of the Lambton Golf Club, To-
ronto, during the week commencing
Monday, September 28th.

In connection with the men's amate-
ur meet at Ottawa, the executive
committee has issued an invitation to
British and American amateurs, in
standing with their respective
associations to participate.

Do you
suffer from
cough
day
no bad
effects

dryness,
mint leaf
throat
delicious
— you'll
find it after-
wards pure.
besides!

OX



Chew it
after
every
meal

Tarzan of the Apes

by
**Edgar Rice
Burroughs**



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CHAPTER I. In the Wilds.

I HAD this story from one who had
no business to tell it to me or to
any other. I may credit the seduc-
tive influence of an old vic-
tore upon the narrator for the begin-
ning of it and my own skeptical in-
credulity during the days that follow-
ed for the balance of the strange tale.

I do not say the story is true, for I
did not witness the happenings which
it portrays.

The yellow, mildewed pages of the
diary of a man long dead and the re-
cords of the colonial office dovetail per-
fectly with the narrative of my con-
fidential host, and so I give you the story
as I pieced it out from these several
various agencies.

If you do not find it credible, you
will at least be as one with me in ac-
knowledging that it is unique, remark-
able and interesting.

From the records of the colonial of-
fice and from the dead man's diary we
learn that a certain young English no-
bleman, whom we shall call John Clay-
ton, Lord Greytroke, was commissioned
to undertake a peculiarly delicate
investigation of conditions in a British
west coast African colony from whose
natives another European power was
known to be recruiting soldiers for its
army, which latter it used solely for
the forcible collection of rubber and
ivory from the savage tribes along the
Kongo and the Amazon.

We learn also that on a bright May
morning in 1888 John, Lord Greytroke,
and his bride, Lady Alice, sailed from
Dover on their way to Africa.

A month later they arrived at Free-
town, where they chartered a small
sailing vessel, the Fuwalda, which was
to bear them to their final destination.

And here John, Lord Greytroke, and
Lady Alice, his wife, vanished from the
eyes and from the knowledge of
men.

Two months after they weighed an-
chor and cleared from the port of
Freetown, a half dozen British war
vessels were scouring the south Atlan-
tic for trace of them or their little ves-
sel, and it was almost immediately that
the wreckage was found upon the
shores of St. Helena which convinced
the world that the Fuwalda had gone
down with all on board, and thus the
search was stopped ere it had scarce
begun.

We know now that the crew of the
Fuwalda mutinied, slew her officers
and spared John Clayton and his wife
because of a favor done to the leader
of the mutineers by Clayton. Later
the crew, fearing discovery, set John
Clayton and his wife ashore on the
wild west coast of Africa, giving them
sufficient arms and tools to enable
them to maintain life with work.

Near the shore Clayton built a little
cabin for himself and his wife. They
endured much hardship, seeing no hu-
man creature, but watched often by
the giant apes which infest that region.
One day Clayton imprudently left his
wife alone, and she was attacked and
injured by one of the great apes. Clay-
ton slew the beast and bore his wife
back to the cabin.

That night a little son was born in

the tiny cabin beside the primal for-
est, while a great tiger screamed be-
fore the door and the deep notes of
the lion's roar sounded from beyond
the ridge.

Lady Greytroke never recovered
from the shock of the great ape's at-
tack, and though she lived for a year
after her injury was born, she was nev-
er again outside the cabin, nor did she
ever fully realize that she was not in
England.

In other ways she was quite rational,
and the joy and happiness she took in
the possession of her little son and the
constant attentions of her husband
made that year a very happy one for
her, the happiest of her life.

Long since had Clayton given up any
hope of rescue, except through acci-
dent. With unremitting zeal he had
worked to beautify the interior of the
cabin.

Status of lion and tiger covered the
floor. Cupboards and bookcases lined
the walls. Odd vases made by his own
hands from the clay of the region held
beautiful tropical flowers. Curtains of
grass and bamboo covered the win-
dows, and most arduous task of all
with his meager assortment of tools,
he had fashioned lumber to neatly nail
the walls and ceiling and lay a smooth
floor within the cabin.

During the year that followed Clay-
ton was several times attacked by the
great apes, which now seemed to in-
fest the vicinity of the cabin, but as
he never ventured out except with both
rifle and revolvers he had little fear
of the huge beasts.

He had strengthened the window
protections and fitted a unique wooden
lock to the cabin door, so that when he
hunted for game and fruits he had no
fear that any animal could break into
the little home.

At first much of the game he shot
from the cabin windows, but toward
the end the animals learned to fear the
strange lair, whence issued the terrify-
ing thunder of his rifle.

In his leisure Clayton read, often
aloud to his wife, from the store of
books he had brought for their new
home. Among these were many for
little children—picture books, primers,
readers—for they had known that their
little child would be old enough for
such before they had hoped to return
to England.

At other times Clayton wrote in his
diary, which he had always been ac-
customed to keep in French and in
which he recorded the details of their
strange life. This book he kept locked
in a little metal box.

A year from the day her little son
was born Lady Alice passed quietly
away in the night. So peaceful was
her end that it was hours before Clay-
ton could realize that his wife was
dead.

The last entry in his diary was made
the morning following her death. In
it he recites the sad details in a matter
of fact way that adds to the pathos of
it, for it breathes an apathy born of
long sorrow and hopelessness, which
even this cruel blow could scarcely
awake to further suffering:

"My little son is crying for nourishment.
Oh, Alice, Alice, what shall I do?"
And as John Clayton wrote the last

words his hand was ever destined to
pen he dropped his head wearily upon
his outstretched arms, where they rested
upon the table he had built for her
who lay still and cold in the bed beside
him.

For a long time no sound broke the
deathlike stillness of the jungle midday
save the wailing of the tiny man-child.

In the forest of the tableland a mile
back from the ocean old Kerchak, the
ape, was on a rampage of rage among
his people.

The younger and lighter members
of his tribe scampered to the higher
branches of the great trees to escape
his wrath, risking their lives upon
branches that scarce supported their
weight rather than face old Kerchak in
one of his fits of uncontrolled anger.

The other males scattered in all di-
rections, but not before the infuriated
brute had felt the vertebrae of one snap
between his foaming jaws.

Then he spied Kala, who, returning
from a search for food with her young
babe, was ignorant of the state of the
mighty male's temper until the shrill
warnings of her fellows caused her to
scamper madly for safety.

But Kerchak was close upon her, so
close that he had almost grasped her
ankle had she not made a furious leap
far into space from one tree to another
—a perilous chance which apes seldom
take, unless so closely pursued by dan-
ger that there is no other alternative.

She made the leap successfully, but
as she grasped the limb of the further
tree the sudden jar loosened the hold
of the tiny babe where it clung franti-
cally to her neck, and she saw the little
thing hurled, turning and twisting, to
the ground thirty feet below.

With a low cry of dismay Kala rush-
ed headlong to its side, thoughtless
now of the danger from Kerchak, but
when she gathered the wee mangled
form to her bosom life had left it.

With low moans she sat cuddling the
body to her, nor did Kerchak attempt
to molest her. With the death of the
babe his fit of demoniacal rage passed
as suddenly as it had seized him.

Kerchak was a huge king ape, weigh-
ing perhaps 350 pounds. His forehead
was extremely low and receding, his
eyes bloodshot, small and close set to
his coarse, flat nose; his ears large and
thin, but smaller than most of his
kind.

His awful temper and his mighty
strength made him supreme among the
little tribe into which he had been born
some twenty years before.

Now that he was in his prime, there
was no simian in all the mighty forest
through which he roved, that dared
contest his right to rule, nor did the
other and larger animals molest him.

Old Tantor, the elephant, alone of all
the wild, savage life, feared him not,
and him alone did Kerchak fear. When
Tantor trumpeted the great ape scur-
ried with his fellows high among the
trees of the second terrace.

(To be continued.)

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some hair and your youthful appear-
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ads give only the merest hint of the many bargain chances that are open to you.

We Print Here a Few of Our Special Sale Offerings

- | | | | |
|--|--------|---|----------|
| Ladies' \$3, \$3.50 and \$4.00 Fine Calfskin Shoes | \$2.00 | Infants' Soft Sole Shoes. Clearing Sale Price | 29c |
| Ladies' \$2.25 Fine Kid Shoes. Sale Price | \$1.28 | Youths' \$1.50 School Shoes, clearing at | 95c |
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| Ladies' Patent-Colt Bluchers, worth \$3.50, for | \$2.48 | \$1.60 Boys' School Shoes going at | \$1.08 |
| Ladies' \$4.00 Fine Kid Shoes. Clearing Sale Price | \$2.98 | Men's \$2.25 Blucher Cuts clearing for | \$1.68 |
| Ladies' \$1.50 Kid Bals. Sale Price | 98c | Men's Box Calf Bluchers, worth \$3.50, for | \$2.48 |
| Ladies' \$2.25 Kid High Shoes. Clearing Sale Price | \$1.48 | Men's Working Shoes, the \$2.25 line, for | \$1.48 |
| Ladies' extra heavy Shoes, a \$1.50 line, for | 98c | Men's Tan Working Shoes, worth \$3.50, for | \$2.48 |
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