

horn of the saddle would permit, than the mare made a leap and went bounding along the dark trail like lightning.

At the very instant in which she leaped, Hardin heard the most terrible scream that ever smote his ears. It seemed to come from directly over his head and in one second after the screech and the leap of his mare, Hardin heard a heavy body strike the ground at the very spot where the mare had been standing when she crouched ready to spring. She had plunged forward just in time to avoid the claws of the panther, which had dropped from the tree at horse and rider.

Now the mare was flying through the woods to escape possible pursuit. Probably Hardin could not have held her if he had tried—and he did not try. He had all he could do to cling to her back on the uneven ground with tree-branches brushing him.

Not until she had reached a large open space on the crest of a ridge did the mare slacken her pace. Then she stopped and drew a deep, quivering sigh, as if to say, "That was a narrow escape for both of us."

The mare went on now at an easy trot, as if she had put the whole episode behind her. The young preacher could not say as much for the terrible scream of the animal haunted him for weeks. His destination was the cabin of a doctor. When he reached there and told his story the doctor said:

"Nonsense, you must have heard an owl."

Hardin knew better but he made no reply. He was not surprised when, a little later, the doctor took him aside and said:

"That was undoubtedly the big pan-

ther that you encountered, but you know I have often to ride at night through the sugar flats and my wife would be in constant terror if she knew there was a panther there.

In a few days two young boys went into the same woods in quest of wild turkeys. Reconnoitering a brush-heap, they saw under it a huge animal, watching them exactly as a cat watches a mouse when preparing to spring.

One of the boys took aim at the creature's head, losing no time in doing it, and fired. The panther gave one kick and died in his lair. The lads pulled him out and ran for home and brought their father and neighbors. The panther turned out to be one of the largest ever killed in Indiana.

Friends After a Fight

A fine Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a fight over a bone, or some other trilling matter. They were fighting on a bridge, and being blind with rage, as is often the case, over they went into the water.

The banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing-place. It was very easy for the Newfoundland dog: he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so with poor Bruce. He struggled and tried his best to swim, but made little headway.

Old Bravo, the Newfoundland, had reached the land, and turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was failing, and that he was likely to drown. So what should he do but plunge in.

seize him gently by the collar, and, keeping his nose above water, tow him safely into port.

It was curious to see the dogs look at each other as soon as they shook their wet coats. Their glances said plainly as words: "We will never quarrel any more."—North Carolina Presbyterian.

Build a Metal Home

In every way metal is superior to wood or plaster for the interior of homes. Classified Metal Ceilings and Walls, designed and manufactured by the Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Limited, of Preston, Ont., are to be preferred over all others for their beautiful and harmonious finish. They are made in a great variety of designs to suit all tastes, and are classified according to the prevailing styles of architecture.

Metal ceilings and walls are fire-proof and vermin-proof, are sanitary and easily cleaned. They may be beautifully decorated at small cost.

Those who are tired of the yearly expense of re-plastering, re-painting and re-papering, should make a change to metal ceilings and walls. They may be put on over the old plaster, without dirt or muss, and in much less time than plastering would require. They last a lifetime, and never need repairs, so that the first cost is the only cost.

Life insurance companies recognize the security which metal ceilings and walls afford, by making their rates one-third less on homes constructed of this material.

Illustrated catalogues and complete information as to cost may be obtained by writing the Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Limited, Preston, Ont.

Farming in Bartle isn't half as hard work and it is twice as profitable as it is in Canada.

WHY are you farming in Canada?

When you figure it down to a fine point, isn't it to make a living for yourself and family?

Well, if there was a land whose soil was so rich, crops so bountiful, market facilities so good and climate so delightful that it would produce for you and your family a better, surer income, give you more of the joy of living, with less labor and worry. If there was such a land, I ask you, wouldn't it pay you in health, wealth and comfort to go there?

There is such a land.

It is Bartle. Let me tell you about it.

Bartle is in the eastern end of the Island of Cuba. It covers 25,000 acres, through which Sir Wm. Van Horn's Cuban Railroad runs, and where they have built the finest station on their line.

The city of Camaguey, with 50,000 population, is just 50 miles from Bartle, and Nipa Bay, the terminus of the railroad, the only port on the island where the cargoes can be transferred direct from the cars to ocean liners, is but 120 miles away.

Bartle is situated on high land, constantly fanned by cooling breezes, the climate is delightful—never warmer than 98 nor colder than 47. Neither mosquitoes nor epidemic diseases are known in this part of the island.

The soil is so rich that it requires no fertilizer, and produces three crops of garden truck a year—corn, potatoes, cabbage, etc.

I can tell you of seven distinct crops you can

raise that will net you over \$300 an acre the second year. I can show you how a few hundred dollars and a little work will pay you big wages the first year you move there.

Why, a 10 or 20-acre farm at Bartle will produce more cash returns than the best hundred-acre farm in Canada.

You can get good prices in Camaguey, too—cabbages 40 cents each, eggs 50 cents a dozen, butter 50 cents a pound, and milk 15 cents a quart.

With half the work you are doing on your Canadian farm, and the same invested capital, you'll make double the money, enjoy better health, get more out of life.

I want to tell you all about Bartle. I want to show you the kind of farm we sell at \$50 an acre and make the payments to suit you.

I want to tell you of the Canadians already there—happy and prosperous.

I want to tell you all about Bartle—and prove my every point.

Write me to-day—now, while it is in your mind.

Write to me personally, and I'll see you get all the information you want.

DUNCAN O. BULL

General Manager

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