

A Typical Great-West Life Result

Policy issued 1895—matures 1915.
\$5,000 on the 20 Pay Life Plan.
AGE 24. PREMIUM \$132.60.

Options at the end of 20 years.

- 1) Continue Policy paid-up for - \$5,000.00
(participating in future profits)
- and a) Withdraw the Cash Surplus - 1,705.00
- or b) Apply Surplus to purchase paid-up addition to Policy of \$3,820, making a Total paid-up Insurance of - - - - - 8,820.00
- 2) Surrender Policy for Cash, (Guarantee \$2,090. Profits \$1,705) - 3,795.00
- 3) A Life Annuity of - - - - 256.50

Ask for other Policy Results and rates—stating age nearest birthday.

The Great-West Life Assurance Co.

Head Office, WINNIPEG

Special Summer Offer

Weekly Free Press and Prairie, Winnipeg	- - -	\$1.00
Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg	- - -	1.00
Regular Price	- - -	\$2.00

SNAP OFFER

Both for One Year

\$1.25

Send all orders to Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg

claws, he paid no attention to Taj's explosive squeal. His one fierce purpose was to reach the prey he was fondest of killing.

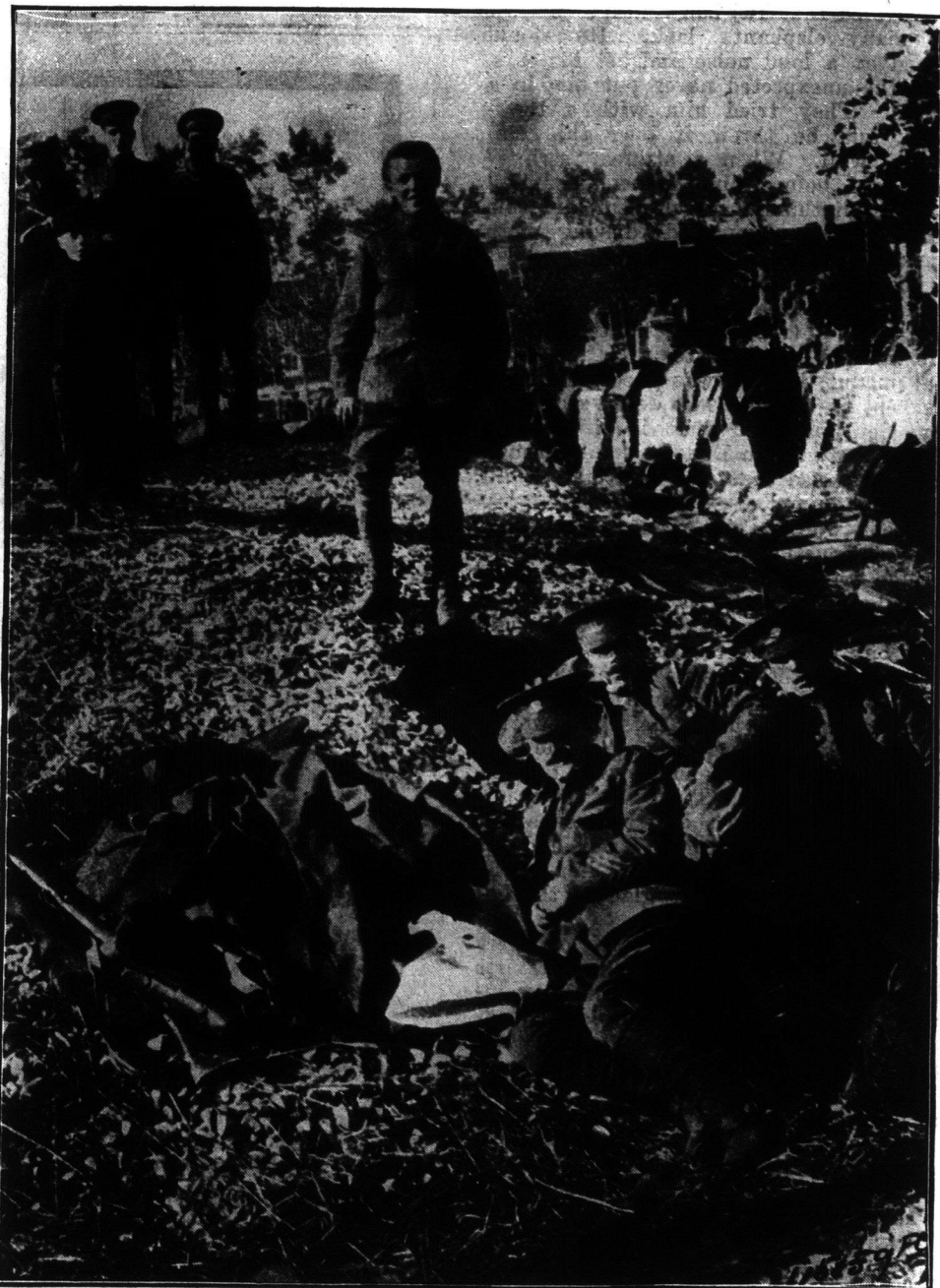
As the tiger struck the mahout jerked up his lean legs, and planting them behind Taj's ears, thrust himself violently backward. Mr. Brook was leaning forward, and he received the mahout in the pit of the stomach. Over they both went and down, and off went Taj, stampeded for the first time.

Douglas clung to the rope girths, and the man-eater lay across Taj's face, his huge fore-legs reaching up and embracing the neck of the elephant in a cruel grip. His eyes blazed at the boy; the wet, black lips drew farther back, exposing every broad tooth, and snarls rattled in his throat. But for a moment the beast clung motionless, half diverted from his purpose by the blind panic of Taj.

heard a guttural roar that killed the report of the rifle, and a great dizziness seized him.

By and by things began to straighten out, and he picked himself up from the clump of mangled ferns that had broken his fall. Taj had not stopped for him, but the man-eater had. He lay in all his brightness, dead as any tiger must be who has the top of his wicked head blown off. He looked bigger than ever, lying outstretched on the grass, and undeniably harmless as he was, Douglas circled him with circumspection as he took the well-marked trail back to the elephant line.

As it happened, this was the only tiger killed on the hunt. The fierce female broke through the line in spite of a volley of bullets, and the raja, who was something of a flatterer, remarked that it was a pity there was not an American boy on each of his elephants.



The youngest volunteer of the British Army in France. Though only seventeen years old, he has gone through the whole campaign and what is even more remarkable is the fact that he is as yet unscathed by the marks of war.

Feathery bamboos cracked like dry reeds, and tough vines snapped across Taj's chest. He rolled along like a ship in a sea, smashing through everything in his path. Douglas lay flat on the pad, hugging it with knees and elbows, and the breech of his rifle bit into his shoulder. He was half sick with the motion and the fetid odor of the man-eater's breath and every inch of him was cold with fear.

For fifty yards or so Taj was the only one of the three that moved. Then the tiger began to strain, thrusting his huge head forward, and Douglas saw that the beast was drawing closer to him. He felt for his rifle and began to draw it slowly from under him. The butt cleared his shoulder just as the tiger, by a strong thrust with his hind legs, forced his breast above Taj's forehead. The muzzle of the gun was not more than a foot from the furrowed, snarling face.

Douglas did not try to right the gun or even put it to his shoulder. He knew that the bullet must hit the tiger somewhere and he pulled the trigger. He

As for Taj, he was captured when he had run himself out, and put to work in the government teak yards, where he led a useful if unexciting life.

An Atlanta merchant had frequent occasion to rebuke Ike, his darkey porter, for his tardiness in reporting in the morning.

"You're two hours late," exclaimed his employer one morning. "This sort of thing must stop, otherwise I'm going to fire you. Understand now?"

"Deed, Mistah Edward," replied Ike, "it was dis er way; it wa'nt mah fault dis er time, honest. I was kicked by a mule—yes, sir, I was, honest. Kicked by a mule."

"Well, even if that was so it wouldn't delay you two hours. You'll have to think of a better excuse than that this time, that's sure."

Ike looked worried but continued with his excuse. "Mistah Edward," he said solemnly, "it might have been all right if dat air mule kicked me in dis direction, but he didn't do dat. He done kicked me de other way."