

or death faced that which it had never seen before, but by savage instinct hated.

It was Hannibal that started the combat. He was mad; he had been mad for days, brooding over that scent from the mountains. Now it was in front of him, and he proposed to get it out of his nostrils once for all. He trumpeted again, and went straight for the cat, which, lightly leaping to a brace beam, crouched, drew up, and suddenly shot straight through the air for the right shoulder-point of the elephant.

But Hannibal was wary. He had fought relatives of the jaguar in his free youth, and he had measured their cunning. He slipped from under the leap as a wrestler might evade an opponent, getting a slight scratch, but tumbling the jaguar in a sprawling heap on the bridge flooring.

Without thinking that the cat might turn on him, Tom shouted:

"Go it, Hannibal! Get him!"

In running from the pool to the camp to get a weapon, Waite had fallen and wrenched his ankle, and his native servants having fled, he lay helpless on the hillside while the combat went on. Every time he tried to rise a wave of faintness swept over him.

Mahama was down in the water-pool, immersed to his neck, silently praying that the cat, after it finished Hannibal and Tom, might not reach him.

As the jaguar gathered itself for another spring, this time having no elevation to work from, Hannibal charged. His eyes were bloodshot now and a thin line of foam swept his under lip. The elephant knew that he must get the brass-pointed tusk tips into the cat and hurl his weight upon it or he was lost.

All the Mexican landscape was purple and gold, flowers of every hue, the towering cane there. The cat leaped straight this time for the blazing eyes of the elephant, ready to cling to anything in which its claws could work while the fangs did the rest. Hannibal's trunk moved with almost incredible swiftness, and his head came very low. The cat got a smashing blow on the ribs and slid over his back, ripping here and cutting there, but getting no grip. Again, much short of wind, it went to the bridge floor.

Before it could fully recover and crouch for a new leap, Hannibal whirled, and came on it furiously.

Tom's voice rang out, "Bully boy, get him!"

The tusks did their work, the weight of Hannibal did the rest. A whirlwind of dust arose, screams and growls filled the air, then one great trumpet from Hannibal, a lifting of his head, a high spiral of his trunk. The fierce thing that had troubled his peaceful life of work on the bridge was dead under his feet.

He was bleeding from half a dozen ugly wounds, but alive and triumphant. Tom ran in on him and gave the order to leave the bridge. He did not look at the defeated enemy, but moved slowly out to where timber-work still awaited him.

Mahama came out of the pool and tenderly nursed Hannibal's wounds. None were extremely serious. He would be fit for work in the morning, although a little sore. Tom found Waite where he lay, helpless and half-fainting, on the hillside and had him taken into camp.

The builder was two days on his back before he could move about again. As he lay in his open tent, Tom brought Hannibal to him, scarred but victorious. "Hannibal's work will be done tomorrow, Mr. Waite," he said. "All the timber'll be in."

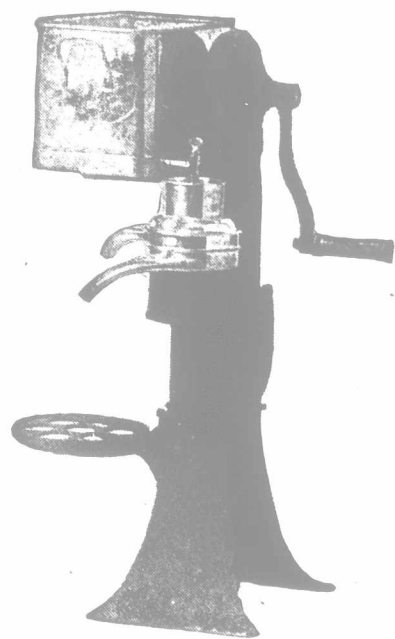
"Come to-morrow and take me down to see," answered Waite. "I've got to leave much of it to you until then."

The next afternoon Tom came back with Hannibal.

"Now, Mr. Waite," he said, "if the ankle doesn't bother too much, let Hannibal take you down."

Waite nodded. Tom spoke to Hannibal, and slowly the long trunk went out. Slowly, gently, it gathered up the crippled engineer, easily swept him through the air, and set him on the battle-marked back.

So boy and man and Hannibal went down to the finished bridge, where the flood-waters of the Rio del Norte were beginning to rush about piers that held. Far to the west the oxen-hauled, jelling



Call and inspect this triumph in modern Separatorism and leave your name for one of our beautiful 1912 Calendars.

An Opportunity to see the World's Greatest Separator
YOU ARE WELCOME

AT OUR EXHIBIT OF

"STANDARD" CREAM SEPARATORS

AT THE FOLLOWING FAIRS:

Toronto	Aug. 26 to Sept. 11	Renfrew	Sept. 21 to Sept. 23
Quebec	Aug. 28 to Sept. 5	Halifax	Aug. 30 to Sept. 7
Sherbrooke	Sept. 2 to Sept. 9	Chatham, N. B.	Sept. 11 to 16
London	Sept. 8 to Sept. 16	Charlottetown, P. E. I.	Sept. 26 to Sept. 29
Ottawa	Sept. 8 to Sept. 16		

If you cannot come send for our Catalogue

The Renfrew Machinery Company, Ltd.
Eastern Branch, Sussex, N. B.
RENFREW, ONT.



It is most important to use **THE BEST SUGAR** for
PRESERVING

Make YOUR preserving a certain success by using

The 20 pound bags are convenient—also sold in 100 pound bags and barrels; as well as by the pound.

St. Lawrence Sugar

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited, MONTREAL.

61

The Investing of Money

The investing of money cannot be too carefully undertaken. There are no risks of any kind in connection with the Guaranteed Investment Receipts which are issued in convenient amounts by this Company, and bear interest at from 4% to 4½%, according to the length of time for which they are issued.

Conservative investors are invited to write for full information, which will be promptly furnished on request.

FOUR OFFICES

442 Richmond St., LONDON.

366 Talbot St., ST. THOMAS.

Market Square, LONDON.

REGINA, SASK.

CANADA TRUST COMPANY

Please Mention this Paper.

cane carts had started for their first journey over the new right of way.

Hannibal sniffed at the winds sweeping the turbulent waters. They were sweet and kindly. He turned toward the water-pool, first placing Waite on the ground.

"He has earned it," said Waite, and he let the peons carry him back to camp.

To a Little Deaf Dog.

By Ethelyn Brewer DeFoe.

What do you think, dear little friend,
Of the silence that has come?
Why do you think—poor little friend—
The voices loved are dumb?

Does the simple creed of perfect love,
That held you firm all through,
Still fill your faithful little life
And make it right for you?

From your deep eyes the same old trust
Beams up into my own,
And from the joy that in them lies,
You do not feel alone.

But when with head upon my knee
You gaze so wistfully,
I hope, old man, you understand
The fault lies not in me.

I trust that you who know so much,
And yet so little, too,
Through your sweet dog philosophy
Know that my love holds true.

The Good Shepherd.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through deserts lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

—Joseph Addison.

She was in a restful place out at that country boarding house?

Ho—Yes; in the parlor was a sign: "This piano is closed for repairs."