The "Monument"

BY J. S. FLETCHER. (Copyright, McClure Syndicate.)

used to go into Hull for the day. And I den:" know where he went."

"Well?" said Sellathwaite. "He used to go to a certain stock and share broker," continued the superin-

tendent. "Mr. Wallaford, Bowl-alley lane. He once told me of it. Did that for years—three or four times a year. detective walked from the churchyard "You think Mr. Wallaford could tell

something" suggested Sellathwaite. I think he'd know what nobody else other. does," answered the superintendent with a meaning smile. "Men don't go for after he had closed the door of his nothing to stockbrokers' offices." "Good notion!" said Sellathwaite.

He went into Hull next morning, and oon after 11 o'clock found himself in Mr. Wallaford's presence. The stockbroker was an elderly man; the sort of carried to his desk. man, Sellat's waite felt, in whom you could repose confidence. And pledging him to secrecy, Sellathwaite told him why he was there. Wallaford showed see. Now-" he received the 'ex-detective's revelations was more cynical than astonished. a rare instinct for financial matters."

"You had many dealings with him?" inquired Sellathwaite. over many years," replied Wellaford. ran his eye over it, and glanced at some "He first came to me about-let's seeyes, 18 years ago. He used to come, Then he looked at the two men, who

say, every quarter." "Let me ask you a straight question," said Sellathwaite. "Was he a gambler? pounds," he observed quietly. "There For I believe-I'm given to understand, you are-look for yourselves." anyway-that you can gamble in stocks But Sellathwaite only glanced at the

horse racing. Was that his game?"

but. He was too keen a moneymaker "Sixty-five thousand. But who gets it?" for that. He was not a gambler-if Mackereth's professional eye ran over ition, an instinct, sure and keen, for and he looked up. buying up shares which, dead certain, "It's all in strict order, properly made, with him I never once knew him to go sentence: seemed to turn out just as he said it tate and effects, real and personal, would. In fact, between ourselves, I which I may die possessed of, or encame to have such a belief in his judg- titled to, unto the Hope and Anchor ment that I followed it myself, and, of Mutual Benefit Association of London.

been a millionaire." waite. "From your knowledge-" "I should say he's left a lot of money Mackereth dropped the paper on his behind him," said Wellaford. "I shall desk and twisted it around so that his be curious to know. But I guess no- two companions could see it.

Sellathwaite went away then and back ing he pulled an old-fashioned silver to Hathersea to wait. There was noth- snuff box from his pocket and helped ing else to do. Often, in the course of himself to a generous pinch. "Extrahis professional experience, Sellathwaite ordinary!' he muttered. "Extraordihad found himself compelled to wait nnary!" He glanced at Sellathwaite, who while some new move developed in the just then looked up from the will. particular game he was playing, but he "You've seen some strange things in had never waited with so much impa- your time?" he said. "Can you account tience and restlessness as on this occa- for this?" had seized upon and obsessed him-he picked up his hat.

wanted to know what it all meant. But he had to wait until the middle 'Whatever it was that made him do of the next afternoon; wait until the what he did, and live as he did, andman about whom he was so inquisitive and all the rest of it, he's made restituwas laid to rest in the little church- tion. And I'm not going to puzzle my yard. He watched the funeral proceed- brains any more about it. The next ings from behind an ancient yew-tree; move's yours." it was as the superintendent has prophe-

"Since I left you this afternoon," be-, sied—the man who was regarded as a gan the superintendent, 'T've been monument of integrity and high respecthinking a good deal about him. Brush- tability was followed to his grave by ing up my memory, you know. And I've half the town. Sellathwaite, who, in remembered something-may be a bit in spite of his keenness as a criminology t, and there mayn't be. But I told you expert, had a decided vein of sentimenhe never went away anywhere? How- tality in him and loved to read poetry ever, I've recollected, now I come to in his spare moments, found himself think of it, that every now and then he repeating two lines from "Enoch Ar-

"And when they buried him, the little

Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

It was over at last, and the ex-Mackereth was pulling off his black gloves. The three men looked at each "Now," observed the solicitor quietly,

He went over to a safe, unlocked it,

rummaged amongst some papers, and brought out a stout envelope, which he "This," he said. exhibiting the envelope to his two companions, "is precisely as he gave it to me-sealed, you

Cutting the envelope open, Mackereth no great surprise; the smile with which drew out two smaller ones, the flaps of which were left unfastened. One was "Um!" he said. "Well, the man had inscribed "Schedule of my Property;" the other, "My Will." And neither seemed to comprise more than a thin

sheet of paper. "The schedule first,' said Mackereth. "A long series of them, extending He pulled out a page of ruled foolscap, figures written in red ink at the foot. were anxiously watching him.

"The sum total is sixty-five thousand

and shares as you can at cards and in entries and figures-his eyes fixed themselves on the other single sheet of paper "No!" answered the stockbroker with which Mackereth was unfolding. "Not a bit of it! Anything "Yes, yes!" he said impatiently.

We call him a speculator, we should in the paper he was holding-a sharp way be wrong. He'd a positive intu- glance at the top, another at the foot,

became of extraordinary value. It's a duly witnessed, perfectly sound. And positive fact that in all my dealings the real pith of it is set forth in one wrong-never! Whatever he touched "'I devise and bequeath all my es-

course, profited. The man was a won- I appoint William Mackereth, of numder! If he'd liked, and had gone in for ber twenty-four Quay street, Hathersea, things in a very big way, he'd have and Charles Wellaford, of number One Hundred and Seventeen Bowlalley Lane, "And as it is?" suggested Sellath- Kingston-upon-Hull, executors of this

my will!""

body knew how much he'd got-except "That's all," he remarked. And as the two men bent over the dead man's writ-

For an extraordinary curiosity! But Sellathwaith shook his head and

"No need!" he answered curtly.



ADVENTURES Olive Roberts Barton

NO. 18.-KITTY - KAT TOWN.



"Mew!" said a large white puss.. Who are you?" "Mew! Mew! Mew!" And she walked away.

That was what the Twins heard when Along came the Cat-With-a-Fiddle. "Hi-diddle, diddle!" he purred as he they stopped at Kitty-Kat Town. Not only was there every kind of struck a tune. "Who are you?"

"Nancy and Nick," answered the real cats, but all the story cats and Twins again. "Did you see Ruby "Mew!" said a large white puss. "Never heard of her," said the cat,

Who are you?" And she blinked her "but then I haven't been around much. green eyes as though she didn't care Wait and I'll go and ask the Cat-That's-Been-to-London-to-See-the-Queen.' "We're Nancy and Nick," answered But the London Cat really had not

the Twins. "We're come to look for seen her either. On his travels, he Ruby Joan. Did you see her?" said, he had only mixed with the year. said, he had only mixed with the very "Ruby Joan," repeated the cat, best of society and knew nothing of "Is she Persian or Angora rags or rag dolls. "None of them," answered Nancy, knew a lot, too!

"Rag!" exclaimed the white cat, lift- doll I've seen on my trips," he said, ing her eyebrows. "Oh, then she must "aiso corn-cob dolls and clothes-pin be related to the cotton-cat." dolls. But I wouldn't know which one "She's not a cat at all," said Nancy. was yours, my dears."

There was nothing to do but leave "Oh!" said the cat. "A doll. I don't Kitty-Kat Town and go look for the like dolls! They're silly things. They lost dollie. (To Be Continued.)
(Copyright, 1923, NEA Service, Inc.) can only stare and never think of feel-

STRIKERS USE STONES NO STANDARD SET AT SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA

SYDNEY, N. S., June 28.-Magistrate W. A. G. Hill was struck on the head by a stone and knocked unconscious tonight while he was endeavoying tonight while he was endeavoring to read the Riot Act at the Whitney Pier, where ed to regulate the practice of chiroprac-

a series of raids and clashes between tors and osteopaths, will not become mobs of striking workmen of the Do- effective until the new Government prominion Iron and Steel Company and vides machinery. city police commenced. Several police- The statute provides that graduates men, who were guarding the magistrate, were hit by the volleys of stones, the most seriously hurt being Patrolman amendment was to be effective from Andy Campbell, who received a cut on July 1, the board or boards which are

be in control of the situation and no day it was intimated that such action further disturbances were anticipated will be left to the new Cabinet.

of men to-day in the Sydney steel plant of the British Empire Steel Corporabut in any event the delay in appoint-

Puss-in-Boots had travelled a lot and

"I wish I had a dollar for every rag

to fix that standard have not been con-At midnight the city police seem to stituted. At Premier Drury's office to-It is assumed that the registration The disturbance followed a walk-out of drugless physicians now practicing

ment of a board will not be great.

THE LONDON FREE PRESS DAILY PAGE OF COMICS

YOU KNOW ME AL

Try This on Your Adding Machine

WELL YOU'VE WIN BACK TWO-THIRDS OF YOUR \$50 THAT'S Jack Keefe win a close battle from Cleveland yesterday, 6 to 5 in 11 innings. Two wks. ago he was fined \$50.00 for not being in the hotel at 11 P.M. but Mgr. Gleason promised to give him back the \$50.00 if he win his next 3 games. He has now copped 2 straight and another victory means the return of his \$50.00 which he don't need no more than the Browns need Sisler,







"CAP" STUBBS

Cap Would Have Been Pretty Lonesome Then

By EDWINA







BILLY'S UNCLE

Is There No Protection for a Man?

By BEN BATSFOR







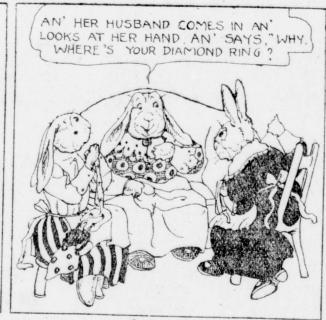


IN RABBITBORO

At the Sewing Circle

BY ALBERTINE RANDALL







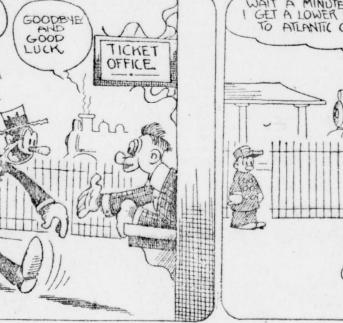


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Not Big Enough

BY SWAN









FOR CHIROPRACTORS TAKEN FROM LIFE





