

**Scots Village Hoaxed.**

TREASURE HUNT IN ATRASHIRE—BOYS PRANK—AMAZING STORY OF HIDDEN GOLD.

An amazingly clever hoax has just come to light in the picturesque little town of Darvel, in the valley of the Irvine, Ayrshire.

As the result of the extremely highly developed imagination of two schoolboys, the entire population of that village was precipitated into the wildest imaginable excitement over a tale of "mysterious documents," "age worn and begrimed charts," and "vast treasure" cunningly concealed in a nearby quarry.

How it all came about was something like this.

On a recent Sunday afternoon, William Gebbie, aged 14, Berland, Ronaldson Road, Darvel, son of the chief conspirators in the plot was indisposed, and had perforce to remain indoors.

In the course of that day he was visited by his partner in the adventure, one Guy Morton, aged 13, East Donington Street, Darvel; and, in secret conclave, the two hatched the conspiracy which was to set the whole town agog for days on end.

**Adventure Quest.**

In the natural course of school-boys' conversations, the minds of these two youthful geniuses turned to things mysterious and adventurous handit chiefs, pirates, silent menaces, and ghastly tales of phantom riders. Gradually the two became more and more interested, and a suggestion thrown out by one of them, as to a trial of the real thing, was only too readily taken up.

Wouldn't it be great if they could concoct some thrilling narrative of "long lost treasure," only waiting to be unearthed, somewhere in this little town of theirs?

Thoroughly fascinated with the idea, it was not long ere both had set their minds in action to formulate some feasible scheme which would help them to carry out their object.

Various suggestions were made and turned down before anything definite was decided upon. At last they decided on their plans.

First of all they agreed to draft out a last will and testament, alleged to have been prepared by some wealthy old reclusive, who had died in the district many, many long years ago.

**Treasure Trove.**

Once started on the task, the boys went to it with a will, and the finished article was a marvel of detailed accuracy.

The document revealed the fact of untold gold, hidden somewhere in the Law Quarry, situated about 15 minutes' walk out of the town of Darvel, and in close proximity to the historically famous Loudoun Hill.

For over a hundred years this quarry has been in existence, being greatly increased in dimensions during the construction of the Darvel to Strathaven railway some twenty years ago.

A sequestered spot, beside a quietly running stream the quarry has all the aspect of the probable location of "vast hidden treasure."

Having done full justice to this part of the programme, the boys next set to work upon a chart indicating where the treasure could be found, instructions as to the whereabouts of this mysterious chart being attached to the "last will and testament."

Not content with merely choosing an ingenious spot for the situation of the alleged treasure, the boys also



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Our Mail Order Department**

**SIDE TALKS.**

By Ruth Cameron.

**GREEN FLIES AND FEARS.**

"Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil but its duty, like that of other passions, is not to overbear reason but to assist it. It should not be suffered to tyrannise over the imagination, to raise phantoms of horror, or to beset life with superfluous distresses."—Johnson.

This is the tale of a little girl and a green fly. Maybe you do not see how Samuel Johnson could have anything to do with a little girl and a green fly, but he really could.

The little girl belongs to a neighbor of mine. She is by nature a nervous, fearful little girl, the kind of child who is afraid of thunder, storms and cows and the dark, and who never needs to be warned not to go too deep into the water or not to eat strange dogs.

Just a Minute Fly.

The green fly was just a green fly, of the same pervasive, illbred personality as the rest of his ilk.

The little girl and I were sitting together out doors when the green fly buzzed around us and bit me. The little girl got up: "I think I'd better be going in the house," she said.

"Why?" I asked.

"I'm afraid that green fly might bite me," she said. "My aunt told me she knew a little girl and a green fly bit her and she was awfully sick and when she got well she couldn't walk by herself and had to go around on crutches for years. Oh, there he is again. I think I'd better go right into the house."

**Fears and More Fears.**  
Poor little girl! To think that

when by nature she has far more than her share of fears she should have to have more implanted in her by her family.

When she should be helped to cultivate courage and unconcern, how dreadful to fill her mind with more anxieties.

Of course one understands the state of mind of those who have children, they long to warn them of all dangers and set them as much as possible on their guard.

But there is a danger that way, too, especially to the nervous, timorous child.

I know a woman who with her first baby was so anxious that he should not take cold that she always covered him too warmly. When the doctor told her to put an extra blanket on him she put one on him and he took cold.

Is Extreme Safe.

"Decidedly not," said the doctor, "there are just as many risks that way as the other. He may get hot and sweaty and throw off the blankets in his sleep and catch cold that way, or he may just get more sensitive to cold so that he will always be taking cold. The thing to do is to cover him just enough; not too much or too little. One is as bad as the other."

Is there not an analogy in that? We think we will be on the safe side and warn and restrict too much instead of too little. But is it the safe side? Isn't one as bad as the other? May we not make him as rebellious that he will throw off all restraint or so timorous that he will suffer all his life from apprehensiveness and anxiety?

**Dies Claspings Folds of Union Jack.**

(The Vancouver World.)

Placing in his dead hand the folds of the Union Jack, that he revered so much, Lieut.-Col. H. D. Hulme recently fulfilled the last wish of his old friend, the late J. C. Dockerill, deputy court registrar. The ceremony brought tears to the eyes of many and brought to light a pretty story of the last days of the old court official.

A week before his death, Mr. Dockerill sent for Col. Hulme and asked him to procure a regulation Union Jack, properly flown from a flagstaff with truck and toggles. He wanted to make sure that it was correct in all details.

When the flag was brought, by instruction of Mr. Dockerill it was suspended over his bed, the flagstaff being tilted at an angle of 45 degrees so that the flag should hang properly.

"I want to die under the Union Jack," he said contentedly, after the work was over.

As a last request Mr. Dockerill bade Col. Hulme promise that he would personally place the folded Jack in his hands after his death, so that he could go to his grave holding the old flag. A quiet, retiring, friendly man, with an Englishman's aversion to display his feelings, the strong affection he held for the flag of his country was shown in his preparations to say farewell to life.

McGuire's Ice Cream now ready for delivery. Wholesale only. Phone 794.—mes.12

**Pointed aragraphs.**

Laziness is the decayed fruit of philosophy. No man ever thinks he is as honest as he really is.

A rare painting is always supposed to be well done. Hushed is the conversation of men when money talks.

Conscience enables people to feel sorry when they are found out. Patience is all right in its place, but it is better to back tenacity to win.

When home people talk we are reminded of a dictionary with the definitions left out.

There is a beautiful statue in every block of marble, but only an experienced sculptor can coax it out.

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With Footwear that is Built of Solid Leather and Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or your Money Refunded.

BOYS' GLOVE GRAINED BLUCHER BOOTS	BOYS' BOX CALF BLUCHER BOOTS	BOYS' BLACK ELK SCHOOL BOOTS
Sizes 6 to 10 . . . . .2.70	Sizes 6 to 10 . . . . .3.10	Sizes 6 to 10 . . . . .3.10
Sizes 11 to 13 . . . . .3.00	Sizes 11 to 13 . . . . .3.55	Sizes 11 to 13 . . . . .3.75
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FOUR SPECIAL LINES At a very LOW PRICE.

**BOYS' BROWN ELK BOOTS,** Rubber heel; absolutely the Best School Boots on the market today. Note the price:

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Rubber Heels; Smart School Footwear.

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Sizes 1 to 6 . . . . .4.80

**GIRLS' and BOYS' BLACK CALF SCUFFER BOOTS**

Sizes 5 to 8 . . . . .1.90

Sizes 8 1/2 to 11 . . . . .2.30

Sizes 11 1/2 to 2 . . . . .2.80

**Brown Calf Scuffer Boots**

Sizes 5 to 10 . . . . .3.00	Sizes 11 to 2 . . . . .3.50
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GIRLS' KID SCHOOL BOOTS	GIRLS' GLOVE GRAINED SCHOOL BOOTS	GIRLS' DONGOLA KID BOOTS
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Sizes 6 to 10 . . . . .3.80

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