the importance of the coal resources of Alberta is evident. Professor Allan adds the following noteworthy statement:—"In the last afteen years 100,484,038 tons of

coal have been affected by Alberta min-ing operations, of which 47,227,498 tons have been extracted and 26,628,770 tons

have been lost without any chance of

TIME TO GO SLOWLY.

[Vancouver World.]

By the time the next Imperial con

parts of the Empire can best co-operate

is difficult to conceive while British troops still occupy the territory of the

POETRY

A CARELESS SMOKER.

(Apologies to Kipling.)

The day was windy and dry.

Allowed to wander around

The lumber jack has now passed on,

But the mill is silent, the trees are gone
The soil and the forest floor.

A deadly sight are those hills of rocks
Which once were beds of green.
No hope for the human, no food for the
flocks,
The floods must be held by expensive

And the harbor is silted to the docks.

But the fool smokes on in the fores

Leaves campfires burning, too

While the patient public pays the bil And the nation's wealth is destroyed for

If the law doesn't get him, Old Satan

PRINCESS GRADUATE.

[Baltimore Sun.]

Lands of learning and of light, Grown so tall, and wise, and brigh

-By Harris A. Reynolds, in The

Here in all her joy she stands, Home from mystic foreign lands-

Rushing on to meet her fate.

Been a credit to her class

Ah, the woman from the girl.

How life changes with a swirl But somehow it's still to me

And 'tis her I clasp and kiss

Princes Mischief that I see,

In her eagerness to pass To the highest from the

Here is Princess Graduate

When his moking days are through

dumb brutes.

nstration the possibility of which

Plainly, coal mining opera

Condon Advertiger

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London, Ont., Friday, July 8.

DE VALERA'S DELUSION.

So long as Eamonn De Valera hugs the delusion that such a thing exists as an Irish republic, and his followers are obsessed by the same figment of the imagination, there can be no real progress made towards a settlement of the Irish question, and the restoration of tranquility to the country. But he has acted the part so long that he has become like vinced that he was the great Corsican himself. Hallucinations like these are hard to kill, almost as difficult as it is to convince a certain type of lunatic that he is not a teapot or a rocking-horse, once he gets such ideas on the brain.

The "Irish republic" is merely a political Mrs. Harris-"there ain't no sich thing"-and when this fact has been properly digested by the Sinn Feiners and all their adherents things will begin to move.

The childish glee with which this illusory toy is cherished by the Sinn Feiners would be pathetic were it not so dangerous. It is a plaything which is hard to relinquish, we know, but until De Valera casts it down he can have no real voice in practical politics. The old leaven of a chimerical republic must be purged out before self-government for Ireland can be sanely discussed.

This aspect of the case has apparently become evident to Gen. Smuts, for on his return to London from his visit to Dublin he has been put to the necessity of informing the Prime Minister of Great Britain that De Valera is still harping on the subject of an Irish republic and unity of Ireland.

Oil and water won't mix, and neither can there be a republic and monarchy combined. Were such a process of hybridization attempted no person in his senses would look for its success. So long as this talk of a republic continues, Gen. Smuts considers that there can be no possibility of agreement. He is of opinion that the unity of Ireland is "within the compass of possibilities," that is all.

The unity of the country is provided for by the Act for the Better Government of Ireland, and the consummation of this act is obstructed by no one but those whoeprate of republics. The strongest part of the British cabinet, the great majority of the British Commons, and the bulk of the British electorate are in favor of the Irish governing themselves, but it must be within the British Empire. Scotland has all along been particularly sympathetic to a generous measure of home rule for Ireland, but Scotland has absolutely no use for swashbuckling attempts to set up a form of government to which its traditions are entirely opposed.

Despite the maintenance of this extreme attitude on the part of the Sinn Fein leader, it appears that Gen. Smuts is not disposed to take to serious a view of the situation. He apparently bases this opinion on the assumption that the republican idea is an impossible one, and that saner counsels are bound to prevail. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished and further progress in the path of peace is looked for by all true friends of Ireland.

CANADA'S MOTHERS. In his address at Morewood in connection with the unveiling of the soldiers' monument, the Hon. Charles Murphy said that in the performance of the duty of national regeneration which Canada owes to its heroic dead, the chief help must come in ever-increasing measure from the women of the Dominion. He declared that they were the repositories of the spiritual force which not only "exalteth a nation," but which alone can preserve it. Canada, he said, would be unworthy of the part she played in "the greatest revolution in the world's history" if she did not set her face

sternly against all future wars. Mr. Murphy pointed out that one of the pleas urged in defence of our participating in the European war was that it had been undertaken to end all wars, but, unfortunately, there were too many proofs that this promise had been forgotten. Nevertheless, no matter what might be the breaches of faith on the part of politicians, it rested with the women of the country to prevent another world convulsion. If, said Mr. Murphy, those upon whom has been conferred the dignity of being the mothers of the race would combine against war, and would train their sons and daughters to abhor the very thought of war, the plan of the Creator would be fulfilled, the jugglers with human lives would no longer wear the mask of statesmen, and there would be no occasion for monuments such as the one which had just been unveiled. "The peace of the world depends upon the women of the world," he declared.

There is no shadow of doubt that the women of every country wield an immense power for good or evil; history from the earliest times tells us this, and wars have been made and unmade both in courts and camps through feminine influence. But in the shaping of the future destinies of the Dominion it is with frogs and fish have proved successful, but where active in giving exact knowledge con-

country's battles to "return with your shield or upon it," but they can imitate their fortitude, self-sacrifi and devotion to the noblest interests of their country.

The old sentimental drama used to show in Act I. the heavy descent of the mortgage on the farm, and not till almost the final curtain-drop the lifting of that "dead-pledge" or death-grip (to translate the word) by some miracle of finance and love combined. Nowadays the reality would be more like the following. Enter farmer, smartly attired and business-eyed. "Hooray, I've got a mortgage on my place, only 7 per cent. With the money I can put through that cattle proposition and make a real profit. Nothing in farming unless you mix a little high finance with it. Me for capitalistic initiative." Or, enter farmer rejoicing, "A mortgage at last! Now we can buy a real car that will make the neighbors' Fords look like one-horse phaetons of the mid-Victorian age. On with the dance, you can only live once." In the last Act the farmer's daughter

A CATHEDRAL OF GREEN.

the last.

elopes with a pork magnate's hopeful son, and he

himself discovers a gusher on his mortgaged prem-

Into the hushed cathedral of soft green. The Spirit of Heal-All for every need, Beckons each individual life with reverence, To find soul-rest where wistful yearnings lead.

There is a common impulse with hundreds of the city dwellers to watch twilight steal over Victoria Park on these summer evenings of oppressing heat. Much of the beauty of color that has called to wor ship with the first dawn of Spring has been cruelly tested with the lack of rain and the scorching sun, but the numberless greens are there, wavering, blending, bewildering in leaf life. White lilies float cool and lovely to the delicate lip-lip of the leaves when the pool is softly stirred, and the faithful old fountain gives the laughing, cooling music of drops of water playing with each other.

Occasional bird notes make the evening wonderful, and put quivering meaning and voice to the banks of the actor who strutted the stage so many times in pure rose hovering in a low sunset sky. A baby the character of Napoleon that he became con- purple martin takes brave, helpless little lessons in flying with frail wings that ceaselessly respond to the tender encouragement of the parent birds. A pee-wee poises slenderly, bird-wise, in a bit of leaf-framed aperture, of an immense maple, its tiny head outlined against the sky as it gives its matchless little call, two short notes of plaintive beauty, and sets one wondering abouts its hidden lichened nest.

Old men gather in groups that lack none of the interest of the traditional village grocery gatherings and discuss current events with a thoroughness that mocks the heat. General approval of the debarring of all vehicles from the park by the city fathers is very marked. The wisdom of this decision in favor of safety first for everyone is proved in the watching of a little barefooted baby playing happily on the grass. Every little twig or bit of gravel seemed to her a marvel of interest, as she gathered what she would and tripped on faltering but gay little feet to bestow her favors in the many hands outstretched to receive them, and then with a budding touch of coquetry, laughingly returned to gather up her treasures again. Her taste of cool freedom on the grass prompted her to elude her nurse and run with surprising fleetness right in the path of danger of bicycles or motors. Tragedy might have lurked there in spite of the many admirers watching her with fascinated interest.

Then, too, the children love the drinking fountains, and suffer all manner of struggling assistance to be British invention given them from older children that they may touch ploited on its present huge scale across the gurgling water with eager lips and hands. This difficulty suggests smaller fountains for the very little A BRITISH DISCOVERY REDISCOVones. The giver of these would be well rewarded in half an hour's watching the fun and refreshment of the tiny toddler.

As the cool darkness steals over the large, happy family gathering, an instant of thrilling beauty occurs when the misted electric lights suddenly glow by clustering shrubberies and along smooth paths. Cool as great lustrous pearls, they throw their mysterious, tact with a changing light upon lovely leaves of golden green, up

comes on the breath of white clover, and trampled grass, and to make one's way into the city again is to take memories of youth and age, the beauty of bird whispers, benediction of low-curving, leaf-lit boughs of green trees, and the silent, soft touch of little blades of grass. A White Spirit of Heal-All has pervaded the quiet wonder of the cathedral of green, and the touch "has still its ancient power." ered many years before in Great Britain, and its application to telephony had actually been described before learned

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Gen. Smuts expresses the opinion that the Irish question is soluble. Probably it is-in a good spirit.

The corn-borer is busy in Elgin. Unlike other creatures, this insect is most energetic in warm

Jack Dempsey is faced by another lawsuit. If the champion doesn't watch out there is going to be a big hole in that \$300,000.

Milk will be down to five cents a quart at Tillsonburg on Saturday. Why should it be more than double that price in London?

Sinn Fein flags intertwined with Union Jacks greeted the Prince of Wales when he visited Liverpool. Is this an augury of peace?

not come from the land of the mountain and the flood; in fact, he has a great dislike to the Scotch.

Leon Trotzky is reported to have been put in prison by his colleague, Nikolai Lenine. Perhaps this ass in a lion's skin roared too loud to suit his friend.

Harrow is shocked by seeing men and women standing around church doors on Sunday afternoon with one-piece bathing suits on. The attorney-general has this harrowing spectacle in hand.

The financial losses occasioned by the big coal why they should not do the same restrike in Britain are second only to those caused by garding solf. the war, but, like the war, it is hard to estimate exactly what object has been arrived at.

It is claimed by Vienna doctors that sight can be extensive advertisement. Professor restored by the transplanting of eyes. Experiments John A. Allan, professor of geology at the University of Alberta, has been at the University of Alberta, has been wemen as a whole that must exert themselves to are the eyes for human beings to come from? Sheep's cerning our resources to the outside the women as a whole that must exert themselves to are the eyes for human beings to come from? Sheep's corning our resources to the outside world.

They need not follow the example of the Spartan methers
who enjoined their sons when leaving home to fight their fishy eyes for men would not prove popular.

They need not follow the example of the Spartan methers eyes for marksmen, but cats' eyes for women and our resources of coal is 15 per cent outside world.

He has estimated that the amount of our resources of coal is 15 per cent outside world.

He has estimated that the world. As he says in this connection, from this Cagure

THE KING AND IRELAND. [New York Evening Post.]

England, but the King remains, never-theless, a potential factor of reconcilia-tion in cases of desperate emergency. tive and his independence of upon him a prestige heighter hereafter as the Irish peacem is father might have been, for Edward was popular with the people of that "other island" of John Bull's. On the other hand, the King may be charged with no mission of this kind, and may have to confine himself to the formali-ties of such an occasion. In that event fears of those English commentators the purposeful sacrifice of the prestige of the crown as the final arbiter in matters where authority is dissociated from

ises. This century is a tremendous improvement on WHEN SILENCE WAS DANGEROUS A merchant was recently persuaded one had traveled far, and could jabber in several languages. He ordered it sent That same day his wife had ordered a fresh spring chicken for the cook: "Mary, there's a bird coming dinner. Wring its neck and have it fried hot for Mr. Richards when he gets home." Unfortunately the parrot arrived first and Mary followed instructions. At dinner he was duly served.
"What's this?" exclaimed Mr. Richards. Mary told him. "But, for goodness' sake, Mary," he said, "this is awful. That bird could speak seven different languages." "Then, phwy the devil didn't he say something?" asked Mary.

WHO IS TO BLAME? [Halifax Echo.]

[Halifax Echo.]
Mr. Lloyd George's reference to the proposed appointment of a Canadian ambassador at Washington, in the course of his opening speech at the Imperial conference, seems to make it clear that the delay in the appointment cannot be attributed to opposition on the part of the British Government.

A WORLD-WIDE LEAGUE. [Hamilton Spectator.]

[Hamilton Spectator.]

Events are shaping up for the inclusion of the United States in a world-wide league, whatever name it may be called by, and there is every prospect of an effectual association of nations for the preservation of peace and the adjustment of international differences. Economic and political exigencies, indeed, compel a closer co-operation of all nations, and especially of the English-speaking nations. Give and take, concessions here and there, sympathetic regard for the viewpoint of others, this is the road along which the nations will march to a more complete understanding. Britain shows herself willing to meet the views of the United States, and the latter country has likewise made definite approaches. and the latter counti

THE INVENTOR OF THE KINEMA.

[Overseas, London.]

I wonder how many patrons of "the pictures" had ever heard of Mr. W. Freeze Greene up to the time of his death two weeks since, almost directly after making a speech at a meeting of the kinema trade at the Connected. [Overseas, London.] Rooms, Kingsway? And yet he was the man who invented the moving picture camera thirty years ago, when he displayed the first authentic moving pic-tures ever seen at his shop at No. 92

Like so many inventors, he did not make a fortune from his discovery, and make a fortune flow it was left to others to reap a rich re-ward from the vast business of kine-matography which was first evolved in standpoint it is regrettable that this British invention should have been ex-

[Industrial Publicity Bulletin, London.] Great interest was caused recently in London by a demonstration, given before the Institution of Electrical Engineers, of a strange phenomenon, al gineers, of a strange phenomenon, al-leged to be absolutely new to science. When an electric current is passed such as lithographic stone, in close constone stick together with a force which is out of all proportion to the strength of the current passing from one to the A promise of darkness that will rest and refresh comes on the breath of white clover, and trampled grass, and to make one's way into the clark of the clark phenomenon could be applied in making actually been described before learned societies and in a popular encyclopedia. The discovery in Scandinavia was therefere a rediscovery, and the incident suggests that the past records of British may contain research and invention may contain ore hidden items capable of practical development in the light of the fuller knowledge now available.

GOLF FOR THE WORKER. [C. E. Leatherland in London Daily

Herald.] Golf has often been regarded as a rich man's game, but the tendency to-day is to bring it more within the scope of the working classes. The subscriptions to the majority of clubs remain admittedly at a very high level, but on the other hand there are, up and down the country, a large number of links over which the workingman has the right of way at a moderate fee. Daily fees are rarely more than half a crown, and clubs with a two-guinea annual subscription, if not abundant, are fairly common. the majority of clubs remain

s this an augury of peace?

Sandy Bill has arrived. Despite his name he does ot come from the land of the mountain and the flood; a fact, he has a great dislike to the Scotch.

Common.

This works out at less than a shilling a week a far milder drain upon the purse than the usual Saturday visit to the football match. And what are the rival merits of the games? Huddled on the stand on one-half day a week on the one hand, with the remaining evenings often spent in less consents. ings often spent in less congenial sur-roundings, and a health-giving, intersting recreation, always available, on

It will be generally agreed that the proposition of popularizing golf among the workers is certainly one which dehave formed their trade and labor clubs and halls all over the country. They have sunk their capital in football clubs and social undertakings of all descriptions. There is not the slightest reason that they should not do the same re-

COAL IN ALBERTA.

[Calgary Herald.]
The extent and richness of Alberta's mineral deposits have lately be

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

BY CAMILLA KENYON

admonished her. "Between you and me, old Washtubs ain't worth cryin' over. Sooner or later he'd give you the slip, no matter how tight a rein you kep' on

As Slinker turned away after this what the league of nations is likely to omplish, what the movement for the effort at consolation, he came face to restriction of armaments amounts to, in what quarters, if any, hostility to the face with Miss Higglesby-Browne. I suppose in the stress of surprising and Empire is expressing itself in prepara-tions to strike, and what alliances can capturing the camp he had not been be counted upon should another struggle ensue. It will then be possible to lay down the lines along which the different state and the insupordination of Aunt state and the insubordination of Aunt For defence. At present anything in the nature of a permanent scheme would siderably grimmer than usual. Slinker

favored her with a stare, followed by a prolonged whistle. "Say," he remarked to me in a confidential undertone, though pitched quite loud enough for Miss Browne's ears, "is it real? Would it have bend-

able j'ints, now, same as you an' me?"
Miss Browne whirled upon him.
"'Old your tongue, you 'orrid brute!"

So, in the twinkling of an eye, Miss Higglesby-Browne, fallen forever from er high estate, was strewn in metafool there was and his pipe he lit phorical fragments at our feet. I turned (Even as you and I)
On a forest trail where the leaves were of charity upon the scene. Not so Slinker. He looked about him care-To become ablaze from the smallest bit fully on the ground.
"Lady drop anything?" he inquired,

olicitously. What might have transpired, had The forest was burned to its very roots Miss Higglesby-Browne had time to gather breath, I dare not think, but just then there came from the woods Even beneath the ground. With the flowers, the birds and the poor Old hoary oaks, and the tender shoots
Which might have made logs but for sound of footstens and voices, and the three pirates and Mr. Tubbs entered the clearing. A thrill ran through the camp. Captors and captives forgot all t the great, the burning question -had the treasure been discovered? His payday comes no more; And the screech-owls haunt the camp And I am sure that no one was so thrilled as I, although in my mind the Where the cook's tin pan woke the men

took another form. when I stood yesterday at its cave, when I stood yesterday black entrance, afraid to go in.

CHAPTER XVII.

From Dead Hands.
At the head of the file, Capt. Tony advanced through the clearing, and advanced through the clearing, and what with his flowing black beard, his portly form, and a certain dramatic swagger which he possessed, he looked so entirely Italian and operatic that you expected to hear him at any moment burst out in a sonorous basso. With a sweeping gesture he flung down upon the table two brown canvas bags, which ned and discharged from gaping ouths a flood of golden coins.

His histrionic instinct equal to the high demands of the moment, Capt. Tony stood with folded arms and gazed upon us with a haughty and exultant

Slinker and the cross-eyed man shout "Gold, gold-the real stuff! It's the doubloons all right-where's the rest of 'em?" These cries broke from Slinker and Horny confusedly as the gold slid jingling between their eager

fingers.

"The rest of 'em is—where they is,"
pronounced Tony oracularly. "Somewheres in the sand of the cave, of
course. We'll dig 'em up tomorrow

'em all up while you was about it? demanded Slinker, lowering. "Wha was the good o' digging up jest these here couple o' bags and quitting?" "Because we didn't dig 'em up," re-sponded Tony, darkly. "Because these

"Now, now, old girl, cheer up!" he was all ready and waiting. Because "I say," interposed one of the party and o' talk? They ain't any sense ir hunting trouble that ever I heard of! He glanced over his shoulder uneasily

The rest burst out in a guffaw "Chris is scared. He's been a-goin' along lookin' behind him ever since. he'll yell if a owl hoots." But I though there was a false note in the laughter of more than one. "Oh, of course," remarked Slinker,

with indignant irony, "me and Horny ain't interested in this at all. We jest with his sort of bunk and feel like getting down to business, why just mention it, and maybe if we ain't got nothing better to do we'll listen to you."

demanded Tony. "Only that fool Chris had to butt in. We got these here bags of doubloons, as I says, without havin' to dig for 'em—oncet we had found the caye, which it's no thanks to ald Week."

with it. Indeed, how many number of we been bolstered up with arguments had bounder? Desire is the most eloquent of advocates, and the five ruffians had only to listen to its voice to enjoy in only to listen to "I was just telling you, wasn't I?" ave, which it's no thanks to old Wash- anticipation all the fruits of tubs we ain't lookin' for it yet. We got these here bags right out of the golden coins intoxicated them. They fists of a skeleton. Most of him was played with the doubloons like chilffists of a skeleton. Most of him was under a rock, which had fallen from the roof and pinned him down amidships. Must have squashed him like a beetle, I guess. But he'd still kep' his hold on the gold." I turned aside for fear that anyone should see how white I was. Much too white to be accounted for even by this grisly story. To the rest, these poor bones might indeed bear mute witness to a tragedy, but a tragedy lacking outlines, vague, impersonal, without polgnancy. To me, they told with dreadful clearness the last sad chapter of the tale of Peter—last sad chapter of the tale of Peter—devilers.

last sad chapter of the tale of Peter—
Peter who had made me so intimately

Note that the control of the tale of Peter—
Peter who had made me so intimately

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Note that the control of the tale of Peter The tale of the tale o Peter who had made me so intimately ment. When they sat down to support the support of the table in the head of the table. They hailed him as the forester who had made their forester who had made their forester. Struck down in the moment of his triumph by a great stupid lump of soulless stone, by a blind, relentless mechanism which had been at work from the beginning, timing that rock to fall—just then. Not the moment before, not the moment after, out of an eternity of moments, but at that one instant when Peter stooped for the last of his brown bags—and then I rejected this prown bags-and then I rejected this, header over the cliff." and knew that there was nothing stupid or blind about it—and wondered whether it were instead malicious, and joke, eh? Knew well enough you could have joke, eh? Knew well enough you could man, rhether all might have been well with not get along without the eter if he had obeyed the voice that didn't you? Knew you was go Peter if he had obeyed the voice that bade him leave the crucifix for Bill—

an old financial head what understands an old financial head what understands

murs of interest rose even from our captive band. Then came Slinker's he, he!" "Say, you don't suppose the—the Bones would have got away with the rest of the coln somehow, do you?" he

"Got away with it?" Tony contempt-

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

To Be Continued.

discoverer who had made their for-tunes. From their talk it was clear that

"Ha, ha!" cackled Mr. Tubbs hyster-

he have dug it up from one place jest to bury it in another? Huh! Must have wanted to work if he did! Now, my

notion is that this happened to one of

notion is that this happened to one of the guys that was burying the gold, and that the rest jest left him there for a sort of scarecrow to keep other people out of the cave."

"But the gold?" protested Slinker,
"They wouldn't leave that for a scares crow, would they?"

"Maybe not." admitted Tony. "but

"Maybe not," admitted Tony, "but suppose that feller died awful slow, and went on hollering and clutching at the bags? And they couldn't have got that rock off'n him without a block and tackle, or done much to make things easy for him, if they had, him being lest a smear as you may say. Well,

jest a smear, as you may say. Well, that cave wouldn't be a pleasant place, to stay in, would it? And no one would

to bury 'em, because a dyin' man, espe-cially when he dies hard, can have are awful grip. So what they done was just

what we got to do tomorrow is to go

If the ingenuity of this reasoning was more remarkable than its logic, the

pirates were not the men to find fault, with it. Indeed, how many human hopes

have the nerve to snatch bags

stowed away and light out quick.



Vaguely I heard around me a babble how to slip a little coin into

of exclamations and conjectures. Muro' Justice to make 'em tilt the right

regulates the Bowels and Kidneys-sweetens the Stomach.





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