

Sand Shoes for the Seaside

Good Strong ones with thick
rubber soles.



Mens' 70c.

Boys and Girls 60c.

Small Boys 50c.

**ALLEY
&
Co.,**

'Phone 137

CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

assistant, "but Oi make them think Oi do."

"Is that so?"

"It is so," he went on; "they think Oi know that Persian gibberish, and that Oi've thraveled in their country, but the fact is, Oi've niver been to South America in all me life."



Another Fable Founded on Fact.

THERE was a Man named J. Bull, and he had three sons who were Scrapers from Away Back. The oldest of these was Bobs, who looked about as big as a Minute, but when he Turned Loose you would think Several Centuries had had a head on Collision and been Ditched. Then there was Buller, the heavy-weight, who fought with Bulldog Tenacity, and could lick his weight in Wildcats, pound for pound. Georgie White was a comparative Unknown when the Occurrence we are about to Relate took place, but Those who Knew regarded him as a Likely Kid who would make His x Mark. And J. Bull sent them out to Do Up some Bad Men who were trespassing on His Property.

George Arrived on the Scene first and Sailed In, but he was outclassed, and in less than Two Shakes his Agile Antagonist, a Rough-and-Tumble Scrapper who cared not for the Aldershot rules, had him down trying to Pound his head in with a Rock. But Georgie clinched his Grim Antagonist like a Vise so he could not wield the Rock, and Georgie Hollered for Help. After stopping to be interviewed by the Reporters, and telling them what he was Going to do with that Bunch of Plug Ugliers when he got there, Buller hung his Sweater on a Branch and waded in to Rescue Georgie. Now the Partner of the Plug Ugly who had Georgie down was Laying for Buller, and he too, was quite Ignorant of Aldershot