

"EXCEL" Boots For Fishermen.

The
Fishermen's
Friend.

"Excel"

RUBBER BOOTS

have seven special features in their construction which make them far superior to any other make of Rubber Boots on the market.

1st—Excel Boots

Are made all in one piece.

2nd—Excel Boots

Have heavy double sole—runs all the way under heel.

3rd—Excel Boots

Have reinforced 7-ply tops, to prevent cracking and wrinkling.

4th—Excel Boots

Have 8-ply heavy tire tread sole.

5th—Excel Boots

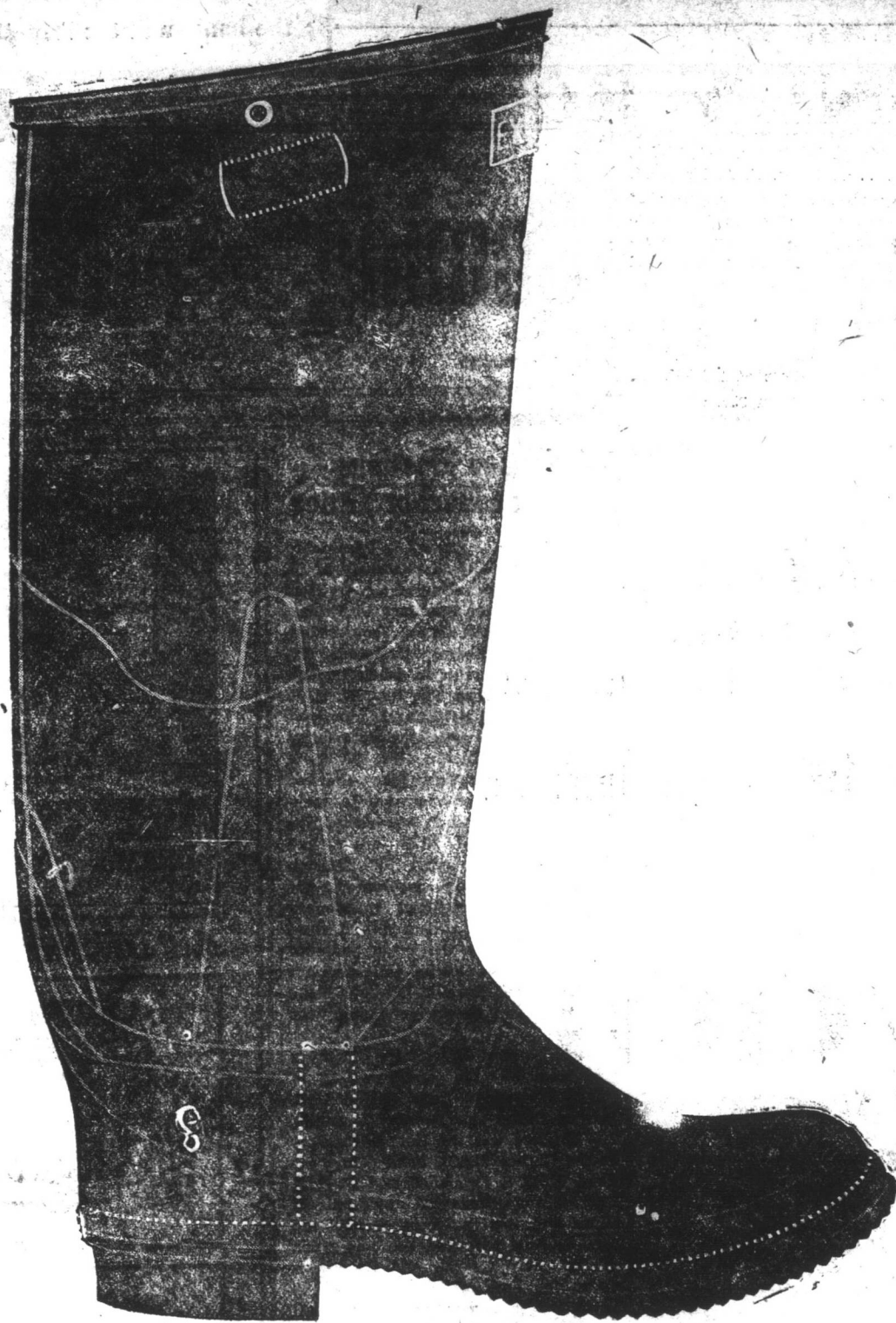
Have 5-ply uppers to prevent chafing.

6th—Excel Boots

Are vacuum cured under heavy steam pressure to withstand hard wear.

7th—Excel Boots

Are made of pure live rubber, soft and pliable.



"Excel"

RUBBER BOOTS
are sold by all Reliable
Dealers from coast to
coast.

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LABEL

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Stocked in
SHORT RUBBER
BOOTS
for Men and Boys.
STORM KING RUBBER
BOOTS
for Men and Boys.

If your dealer cannot
supply them, drop a card
to PARKER & MONROE
LTD., Sole Agents.

Parker & Monroe, Ltd.

The
Shoe Men.

Agents for Newfoundland.

"It is true—all true. How do you know these things, which only one or two persons know?"

"Because I know this opal, father. This stone came to the hands of the Spanish kings through war. It was taken in Palestine, in fair fight. But a curse was laid upon it by its owner. That curse is coming true. The King Alfonso XII, to show his disregard for the stories of this evil opal, gave the stone to his bride Mercedes, on the occasion of their wedding. Is it not so? And she died shortly afterwards."

The priest lifted his head sharply; the stranger evidently knew much secret history which was not known outside the royal circles.

"King Alfonso XII then gave the ring to his sister in disregard of the

letter which was sent to him pointing out that he ought to take care not to flout the influence of the opal."

"How do you know about that letter?" cried the priest swiftly.

"Never mind, Father Robello, just yet. The king's sister accepted the opal. She died within three days. After this the king was openly advised not to have anything more to do with the opal, yet he still disbelieved. He gave the opal to his sister-in-law, who didn't care to refuse the Royal present. She died within three months of receiving it. Then the king kept the ring for himself. He died within six weeks."

The stranger bent over his documents again and began to mumble a Latin formula which caught the ear of the priest. It was an old Castilian proverb which told how the evil influences could only be kept in check if they were constantly opposed by the influence of good. It sounded more like a prayer than a mere quotation. When he had finished, the stranger rose to his feet.

"Father Robello," he said impressively, "be careful of how you keep that evil stone. History and the reading of the story of its facets tell me that within two days the present king shall be near death. Pray, father,

in front of that stone all day and all night that you may avert the catastrophe."

Before the priest could ask him another question the stranger had gone out of the church, jumped on his horse, thrown the beggar who held the reins a gold piece, and galloped off.

The priest was struck with the story he had heard. He knew that whoever this man was he must have access to documents and facts far beyond the ordinary. All he had said was true. The Spanish opal was a cursed stone. It had brought evil on the Royal Family of Spain.

Father Robello was on his knees practically the whole of the next twenty-four hours. His voice droned through the church incessantly. Strangers coming into the building were surprised to see the old man on his knees so long; but none disturbed him. He was fasting as he prayed.

It was the morning of the second day when the father heard firm footsteps behind him, and a hand touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Father Robello, rise. The danger is over. Look at the opal and tell me if the cloud has disappeared."

The priest turned, and saw the stranger beside him, dressed exactly as he had been dressed on the previous occasion. Obediently he went over and looked at the opal hanging on the breast of the image. The cloud was no longer on the stone.

"Who are you, sir?" asked the priest. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Father Robello, I am a descendant of the man who first owned that stone. I have been given the power to read it by mere telepathy. It is a power which comes out only once in three generations. Here is the proof that this stone belonged to our family in the distant days."

He rolled up his sleeve quickly, and there on the forearm, was a birthmark—the exact replica of the opal, in colouring almost the same as the stone itself.

"But you are not a Spaniard?"

"No, I am a Bedouin, the son of a wandering tribe. I am the last of the family whose fate is linked with this opal. Take these documents, you shall never see me again. It was I who wrote to King Alfonso XII, warning him."

He thrust the documents into Father Robello's hands and hurried away, leapt on to his horse's back and disappeared in the maze of streets. Father Robello stood blinking in the sunshine in amazement at his strange experience. As he stood there a passing brother clergyman stopped for a moment.

"Father Robello, we shall have a special thanksgiving service to-night. The king had a narrow escape from death while out motoring last night. The churches are to give praise for his deliverance."

And that is why you may go into the little church at any hour and be sure that you will see a priest praying before the image of the Virgin Mary, on the neck of which is the gold chain fastened to the Spanish opal. Father Robello knew enough of the strange history of the stone to know that it came originally from a tribe of wandering Bedouins, and all superstitious Spain knows that it was to escape its influence that the mother of King Alfonso gave the opal to the little church.

GUARANTEED.

I bought a hen from Reuben Wrenn, he said that it would lay, and in my need he guaranteed, I would have an egg a day. I took his word that this old bird would soothe and comfort me, with glee. My neighbours' hens, in coops and pens, were laying all the time, and justly proud, they cackled loud—each egg was worth a dime. But my old foul put up no howl, announcing eggs, newborn; it loafed around, and clawed the ground and ate a ton of corn. Nine weeks went past and then at last I called on Mr. Wrenn; "The fowl I bought," I said, distraught, "is but a tinhorn hen. Oh, other fowls, including owls, will play the laying games, but my old bird is never stirred by sane or lofty aims. She eats my corn, this bird tinhorn, till she becomes a horse, and if I'd boil an egg in oil I buy it at the store. It was agreed, you guaranteed, she'd lay an egg a day; so now make good—you know you should—and take the hen away." "No tongue or pen," cried Mr. Wrenn, "could tell how tired I feel! You fed her corn! You rouse my scorn! You should have fed her meat! Get hence, get hence! You have no sense! I thought you knew, you swab, that hens won't lay if fed on hay and field corn on the cob!"

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—By Bud Fisher

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sept18,tt

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For Engineers as boiler compound. For every purpose for which Lye is used.

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