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The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1310 | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1903. | PRICE THREEPENCE

Police Magistrate's Fixtures.

The following are the police magistrates permanent engagements in the Ballarat district, with the necessary proviso, added by Mr Dickson, "unless otherwise engaged":—

Ballarat—10 a.m., daily.
Ballarat East—10 a.m., 3rd Wednesday and fourth Thursday.
Beaufort—1.30 p.m., 1st Thursday and fourth Tuesday.
Bungaree—9 a.m., 4th Monday.
Buninyong—3.15 p.m., 3rd Friday.
Carngham—2 p.m., 2nd Wednesday.
Gordon—9 a.m., 2nd Monday.
Linton—2 p.m., 1st Saturday.
Learmonth—12.30 p.m., 1st Tuesday.
Kaleno—11 a.m., 2nd Tuesday.
Scarsdale—Noon, 3rd Thursday.
Sebastopol—3.30 p.m., 2nd Thursday.
Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd Wednesday.
Smythesdale—Noon, 3rd Tuesday.

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, and other Acid Diseases have been Completely and Thoroughly Cured by—

DR. PARKER'S

GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

As the following Cases can testify.

Rheumatism Cured.

(EVERYONE A HELPLESS CRIPPLE.)

ALFRED ADAMS, Master Tailor, residing at No. 6 Highbury Grove, East Prahran, aged 52 years, Rheumatism for fifteen years, all joints swollen, contracted and very painful, had lost the use of limbs, and for Two YEARS HAD NOT WALKED AT ALL, knee joints being contracted. Had the best advice and various remedies with no effect; and had given up all hopes. After use of Dr. Parker's INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY can walk about, do work, leg contractions have come down, and has been free from pain for over twelve months. October, 1898.

MISS MARY DAVIDSON, daughter of Senior Constable Davidson (retired), well-known for years in the Bendigo District, residing at "Crimea," Bernell-street, Brunswick. Had Rheumatism in every joint for ten years, years on crutches, and for two YEARS HAD NOT WALKED AT ALL, all joints stiffened, contracted, distorted and perfectly useless; life made miserable, helpless. Case pronounced hopeless by leading Melbourne Doctors. Had electric baths, rubbings, and endless so-called remedies, without deriving any benefit therefrom. After taking Dr. Parker's GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY is free from pain. CONTRACTIONS HAVE COME OUT, can walk without aid of crutch or stick, assist in household work, visit friends, and is in good health. Miss Davidson is known by many people, and the case is considered marvellous.

NOTE.—Miss Davidson was a perfectly helpless invalid cripple in bed for years, with all the joints of the body contracted, stiffened and useless, and the leading doctors of Melbourne had pronounced the case incurable.

JOSEPH BROOKS, Market Gardener, of Camberwell-road, Camberwell, completely crippled with Muscular Rheumatism, could not move shoulder joints and had intense pain on movement. Had given up hopes of ever getting well again. After using Dr. Parker's GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY is free from pain, and can carry out his usual occupation.

17, Gore-street, Fitzroy, 23rd August, 1897

Mr. C. F. Parker, Fitzroy.

DEAR SIR,—In grateful testimony to your skill for having cured me of a very painful attack of Rheumatism. I suffered great pain, having the joints swollen. After a short while under your treatment, I completely recovered. It is now over three years ago since I was cured, and I have kept well, being now 64 years of age. I consider your antidote the marvel of the age for suffering humanity.—Yours very truly,

PROFESSOR W. T. LAMONT,
Ventriloquist and Entretenir

DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN REMEDY

is perfectly HARMLESS, and is the true antidote for all acid diseases, the causation of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, &c. It has cured the above and many hundreds of others in this State. It will relieve the pain in a short period, and with a fair trial will cure the most obstinate case. It has been now in use for seventeen years, and owing to the large demand is now on sale at the principal storekeepers' throughout the Commonwealth. The above statements are true to facts, and can be verified, being well-known people residing in Victoria.

Be sure and ask the local agent for DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY. Price, 20s., which contains a sufficient supply to last from ten to fifty days, according to case.

Further particulars can be obtained from Agencies.

AGENT FOR BEAUFORT:

D. Troy & Son, Merchants.

Ararat—J. J. Pawsey & Son, Merchants.
Creswick—J. Tait & Son, Storekeepers.
Maryborough—Mr. S. Ead, Grocer.
Daylesford—Hamilton Bros., Stationers, etc.
Kyneton—Mr S. P. Hayes, Storekeeper, High-street.

ARNOLD'S BALSAM

ARNOLD'S BALSAM — For the Chest and Lungs.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — For Whooping Cough, For Coughs and Colds.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — Best for Influenza.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — In Bronchitis and Loss of Voice. For Croup.

STOUTNESS—abominal or other—is quickly reduced by PYROLENE PELLETS. They are quite safe and also tasteless. Full instructions with each bottle. Small, 3s. 6d.; large (for a course), 12s. 6d.; or by post, 3s. 9d. and 13s. Of all chemists, or from ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., St. Kilda, Melb.

THE ROMAN HAIR RESTORER. Produces Brown and Black Hair. Price, 1s. 6d., by post 2s. 3d. — An inexpensive and certain preparation for renewing and restoring to its original color the hair of the head, beard, and whiskers. Largely used by the Roman ladies for preserving their magnificent tresses. Nourishes the roots and removes dandruff; increases the quantity, and renders it glossy and supple; does not stain the skin nor soil the linen. If your hair is falling off or turning grey, use this. ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., St. Kilda, Melb. (late Brinsmead & Co.) All Chemists Sell It.

SOLD BY ALL STORES AND CHEMISTS.

Agent for Beaufort—D. TROY & SON.

J. E. CROWLE,

ARCHITECT, BEAUFORT.

Plans drawn. Specifications and quantities made up. Estimates given for all kinds of work at shortest notice. Chimneys, Ovens, Ranges, and Underground Tanks a specialty. Sample Plans and Specifications open for inspection. Government references. Agent for L. M. Thomson's Monumental Railings, Ovens, &c. Address—C/o G. E. CROWLE, corner Burke and Cummins Streets, Beaufort.

An advertisement is a paper man's marketable commodity, and it is quite as much so as a side of bacon, a pound of butter, or a ton of flour. No man can afford to give away the things he sells for a livelihood, and the man who does so in order to get business is generally in a bad way. Don't try to put the paper man "in a bad way." But exercise a little human nature Support him; he needs encouragement and support; but do it in the legitimate way. If the printer gets a few pounds worth of printing orders from you, he is not in a position to give you a pound's worth of advertising for nothing. And you have had value for the printing already. Go into a grocer's or draper's for £3 worth of goods, and the grocer's man or draper will not throw in gratis £1 worth of something else that you may ask for. Try him! you don't believe us.

SUPPORT

LOCAL INDUSTRY,

AND

SUBSCRIBE

TO THE

LOCAL PAPER,

THE

RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.'

We ask that our efforts for the district's good shall be recognised. An increased circulation means still greater usefulness on our part. When a neighbour or friend asks for the loan of the local paper, tell him or her that for the small sum of

3s per Quarter

It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

In addition to complete and impartial reports of all local meetings, an interesting

14-Column Supplement

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR

Plain and Ornamental

JOB * PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

Bear in mind that

ADVERTISING

ALWAYS PAYS.

Business men should note that as the Local Paper is extensively read in the district, it therefore affords a splendid advertising medium.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Clarke's Blood Mixture

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

IS WARRANTED TO CLEAR THE BLOOD from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blotches, Spots, and Sores of all kinds, it is a never-failing and permanent Cure. It

Cures Old Sores,
Cures Sores on the Neck,
Cures Sore Legs,
Cures Blackhead or Pimples on the Face,
Cures Scurvy,
Cures Ulcers,
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases,
Cures Glandular Swellings,
Clears the Blood from all Impure Matter, From whatever cause arising.

It is a real specific for Gout and Rheumatic pains.

It removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

The world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blotches, Spots, Blackheads, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous.

It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

As this Mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it, such as the following:—

Mr James Balcombe writes:—"I suffered when in the Army from a severe case of Abscess of the Liver, and was sent home from India to the hospital. It was one of the worst cases known in the hospital, where I remained for eight months. I was then told nothing more could be done for me, and was discharged and sent home. I tried other doctors, but they could not stop the discharge, which was very great. I was on my back for two years altogether. At last, having seen Clarke's Blood Mixture advertised, I tried some, and after the first large bottle found myself very much better. I continued with it, and it made a perfect cure of me. I can truly say Clarke's Blood Mixture is a wonderful medicine.

"39 Falmouth-chambers, Falmouth-road, "New Kent-road, S.E., July 8, 1899.

"P.S.—I should like to mention that when sending a relation for the second bottle from the neighbouring drug stores they persuaded her to take a preparation of their own, which they declared was 'just as good.' I found this did me no good at all. It was, therefore, sent back, and the genuine article procured, with above result."

Mr W. Pauley, Broad Lane, Cottenham, Cambridge, writes:—"Three years ago I had a slight skin disease, and was obliged to see a doctor, who told me it was Eczema. I was under his treatment some time, but got no better. I tried, I may say, scores of other medicines, but all to no purpose, and I was, therefore, persuaded to go to the Infirmary. There I was under special treatment, but got no better, and came out uncured; in fact, worse than when I went in. I was now covered from head to foot, and was so tormented that I almost wished myself dead; one medical man told me I never should get better. I think I may truly say that my case was one of the worst it was possible to have, and everyone said they had never seen anyone like me. Well, at last I read about 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and decided to give it a trial. I purchased some from Boots, the Chemists, and took it according to rules for three months, mine being a dreadful case, and I am thankful to say I am now perfectly well, with my skin as clear as possible. It was 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' which effected this wonderful cure, and I cannot recommend it too highly. January 20, 1900."

Colour-Sergeant Instructor Jno. Howarth, Cheshire Regiment, Chester, writes:—Isuffered from Rheumatism in my arms and legs for over five years. I also had a bruised shin bone, through which I could rest only for a few minutes at a time. All sorts of remedies were applied, but none did me any good for more than a few days. After a while I was recommended to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' which I did, and on taking the first bottle I felt relief. I therefore continued with this excellent medicine, and it effected a perfect cure. This was more than a year ago, and I am pleased to say I have not felt the least pain since—in fact, I am in as good health as ever I was in my life.

"Moreover, I told two friends of mine who were laid up with Rheumatism of my case, and they tried 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' They are tailors by trade, and in seven days they were at work again. They say this medicine cannot be too highly praised. May 18, 1899."

Mr George Price, St. Margaret's-on-Thames, writes:—"I feel that I should write you a few lines in praise of Clarke's Blood Mixture. I have been suffering these last few years with Eczema and Blotches, which prevented me following my occupation, and I can safely say I have spent scores of pounds in all sorts of other medicines. A little while ago, however, I was advised by a friend of mine who has taken Clarke's Blood Mixture to try a bottle, and to my great relief I am a new man and able at the present time to go on with my business, being now quite well. In fact, I cannot give it too much praise. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial for the benefit of others who may be suffering from the same complaint." December 29, 1899.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS OF WONDERFUL CURES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Clarke's Blood Mixture is sold in Bottles 2s. 9d. each, and in cases containing six times the quantity, 11s.—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases—BY ALL CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world. Proprietors, THE LINCOLN AND MIDLANDS COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln, England. Trade Mark—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

Clarke's Blood Mixture.

CAUTION.—Purchasers of Clarke's Blood Mixture should see that they get the genuine article. Worthless imitations and substitutes are sometimes palmed off by unprincipled vendors. The words 'Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England,' are engraved on the Government Stamp, and "Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture," blown in the bottle, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE.

RE MINING LEASES.

It is notified for general information that applicants for Mining Leases are required, within seven days previous to lodging the application, to insert in a newspaper published in the district where the land is situated, or if no such newspaper, then in one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked "A" in the schedule relating to Mining Leases.

HOLLOWAY'S

PILLS AND OINTMENT

Have stood pre-eminent during the past sixty years as

RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINES.

They are invaluable Remedies for

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Feverish Attacks, Ague, Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Skin Diseases.

They have no equal for Affections of the

THROAT, CHEST and LUNGS.

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford St. (late 533, Oxford St.), London. Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.	Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne ...	8.15 and	4.50
Ballarat ...	8.15 and	4.50
Geelong ...	8.15 and	4.50
Trawalla ...	8.15 and	4.50

Registered mail.—3 p.m. previous evening and 4.30 p.m.; p.p., 8 p.m. previous evening and 4.30 p.m.

Ararat ...	11.50 and	8
Stawell ...	11.50 and	8
Middle Creek	11.50 and	8
Murtoa ...	11.50 and	8
Buangor ...	11.50 and	8

Reg. mail and p.p., 11.30 and 7.40.

English mail per Mail Steamer, 5.15 p.m. Tuesday; via Adelaide, 8.15 a.m. and 8 p.m. Wednesday.

COUNTRY.

Daily	a.m.
Raglan ...	9.15
Waterloo ...	9.15
Waterloo S.,	9.15
Main Lead,	9.15
Chute ...	9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday,

Nerring ...	9.15
Lake Goldsmith	9.15
Stockyard Hill	9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 8.50.

Eurambeen ...	12.45
Shirley, ...	12.45

Reg. mail and p.p., 12.20.

MAILS INWARD.

Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—7 a.m. and 12.30 p.m.

From Ararat, Stawell, Buangor, Middle Creek, and Murtoa.—8.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.

From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

From Stockyard Hill, Nerring, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.

From Eurambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Office is open daily for transaction of postal and telegraph business, sale of stamps and postal notes from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m., and from 7 p.m. till 8 p.m.

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.

From 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., Saturdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

SAVINGS BANK.

From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. for receiving deposits only.

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

From 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.

9 a.m. till 3 p.m.

G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten-inch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.

To such a man the noisy din
Of traffic may not enter in,
For bargain hunters by the score
Shall pass nor heed his dingy door;
For tho' his sign is on the wall
And on some barnyard gate a scrawl,
No people who have cash and sense,
Go prancing around to read the fence.

The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad. displayed
Cares more for rest than worldly gain
And patronage but gives him pain;
Tread lightly, friends, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsought except by men he owes.

And when he dies, go plant him deep
That naught may break his dreamless sleep,
Where no rude clamor may dispel
The quiet that he loved so well,
And that the world may know its loss
Place on his grave a wreath of moss
And on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

"KEATING'S POWDER" destroys BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals. In exterminating Beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See the article you purchase is "KEATING'S," i.e., with the signature THOMAS KEATING on each tin, as imitations are noxious and ineffectual. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s. each, by all chemists.

STEVENSON & SONS,

UNDERTAKERS AND CARPENTERS,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT

(Opposite Golden Age Hotel), beg to inform the public of Beaufort and surrounding districts that they have purchased the UNDERTAKING BUSINESS of the late R. FARLEY, and hope by moderate charges and prompt attention, to merit a continuance of the patronage accorded to their predecessor.

FUNERAL ECONOMY.
Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS

(Late Wm. Baker),

UNDERTAKER,

Corner of Neill and Havelock Streets, and opposite State School,

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country at stated charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

A. H. Sands has ON SALE the following lines:—Pine Shelving, Flooring, and lining boards; Californian, kouri, and clean pine, up to 36 inches; cedar, all thicknesses and widths; table legs, sashes, doors, architrave and other mouldings, window glass, white lead, oils, turps, and all the building requisites.

Sashes, doors, and all kinds of Joiner's work made to order at the lowest possible prices.

WM. C. PEDDER,

Blacksmith and Wheelwright,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Farm and Timber Waggons, Farm, Road and Spring Drays, Waggonettes, and all kinds of Vehicles made and repaired on the premises. Horses Carefull, Shod.

P. J. O'SULLIVAN,

SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER

SNAKE VALLEY.

A large Assortment of Saddlery and Harness Requisites kept in stock.

All kinds of Harness bought, sold, or exchanged.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

Also Cash Buyer of Hides, Horse-hair, Beeswax, Furred Skins, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

We have resolved to REDUCE the SUBSCRIPTION to "THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" (with which is published a 14-column supplement containing well-selected reading matter) to 3s per quarter, and trust that this concession will be largely taken advantage of.

The Advertising Rates have also been considerably reduced, and advertisers will find it to their benefit to avail themselves of the columns of "The Riponshire Advocate," which is the only newspaper that is printed and published within the boundaries of the Shire. As the advocate of the interests and for the welfare of this district, it has a claim for a considerable amount of support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a given radius of Beaufort.

Job Printing, plain and ornamental, of every description, is executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

We take this opportunity of thanking our patrons for past favors, and while respectfully soliciting a renewal of support, desire to state that increased attention will be given to all matters of local and general interest. As a record of news we will always endeavour to make our columns as comprehensive as possible. In all departments, in fact, we will aim at improvement, and, therefore, confidently appeal to the public for increased support.

ARTHUR PARKER,
Proprietor

Beaufort, 5th September, 1896.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS

Auctioneer, Valuer, Arbitrator, General Commission Agent.

AUCTION ROOMS:—
BARKLY STREET, ARARAT, and
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Correspondent and Valuer for the Ballarat Banking Company, Limited.

Trust and other Moneys to Lend at Current Rates

J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGENT, BOOKSELLER, and STATIONER, begs to announce to the inhabitants of BEAUFORT and district that he is Sole Agent for the *Argus, Age, Herald, Star, Courier*, Melbourne *Punch*, Sydney *Bulletin, Riponshire Advocate, Leader, Weekly Times, Australasian, Australian Journal, Sportsman*, and all other Periodicals. All School Requisites kept in stock. Advertisements received for all the above-named papers. While thanking his numerous customers for past favors, he trusts, by strict attention to the delivery of all papers, to merit a fair share of their support. Advertisements received for all Melbourne and Ballarat papers. By sending through local agent advertisers save postage. Note the address—Next door to Bank of Victoria.

JOHN HUMPHREYS

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT

ACCOUNTANT ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

RENTS and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

Very few are too poor now-a-days to take their country paper, and it is false economy to try and get along without it. Hardly a week passes that something or other does not appear in its columns that will be of financial benefit to the subscriber, and by the end of the year he had made or saved or won twenty times the subscription paid for it. The city papers don't take the place of the country ones, though some people appear to think they do. The city papers are all right in their way, but they do not give you that in which you are most interested—your country news. You cannot learn from them when and where your country meetings are to be held, who are dying or who are marrying, who are moving in or who are moving out, court proceedings, who wants to buy or sell farm or land produce, in fact hundreds of things of which it might be of particular importance for you to know. If you can afford to take only one paper, by all means take the one that is published *in the country or district* where you live. It will cost you less, and thereby you will be assisting yourself and keeping the money in the district.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, in writing, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible.

5. The court has decided that is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncalled for, "*prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

A country paper kindly supplies this beautiful simile:—"You might as well try to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soapsuds as attempt to do business and ignore advertising."

To our Readers and Patrons.

THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT DEPENDS chiefly upon the support and encouragement that is given by the population to local enterprise and industry. Every venture is to a more or less extent speculative but each, whilst aiming at the success of the promoter, must offer certain returns to the whose support is necessary to achieve certain advantageous results on both sides.

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

The law of exchange was never satisfactory in its working; thus it was that the custom of buying and selling, using a standard currency was introduced. One form of that currency is known as "paper money," and of paper money there is more than one kind. All kinds are useful, but not every kind retains its original value. The "paper" money most valuable to a newspaper proprietor is that which is sent him by

"*Subscribers and Advertisers*"

and he will do his utmost to entitle him to a good share of it.

"The Riponshire Advocate"

is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts Met, and notifications of the Shire of Ripon and is the

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

And as the advocate of the interests and the welfare of this district it has a claim for considerably greater amount of support, has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a radius of the Shire Offices.

The Circulation

of the

Riponshire Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing,

And the Proprietor, recognising the increased support in this direction, will use his utmost endeavors to merit and sustain the patronage accorded him by giving the Latest possible Local and General News, and the most interesting and instructive information.

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Chute, Waterloo, Euramboen, Buangor, Middle Creek, Shirley, Trawalla, Skipton, and Carngham.

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an
Interesting Serial Tale,
Amusing Anecdotes,
Pastoral News,
Poultry Farming,
Agricultural Intelligence,
Recipes,
Gardening Items,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business."

And another writer has said that—

"He who in his "biz" would rise,
Must either 'bust' or advertise."

And advertisers cannot do better than make the *Riponshire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker,

Printer and Publisher,

LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES, ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS, MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c., PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, BILLHEADS, POSTERS, DELIVERY BOOKS, DRAPERS' HANDBILLS, CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS, SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS, &c., &c.,

PRINTED in FIRST CLASS STYLE

AT MELBOURNE PRICES.

Office:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the "RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE OFFICE.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS.

MINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPT DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,

Prepared on the shortest notice.

FINEST SELECTED AMERICAN LEAF.

HAVELOCK
DARK OR AROMATIC
TOBACCO

HIGHEST QUALITY MANUFACTURED.

1902. CHRISTMAS. 1902.

COUGLE'S

Millinery, Drapery, Clothing, and Boot Emporium.

Ladies and Gentlemen—Economy is the Order of the Day.

YOU
Want to save money on what you buy, don't you?
Want to buy the best goods at the lowest prices, don't you?
Want to see new goods, don't you?
Want to buy them as cheap as you can, don't you?

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Our long experience in buying and selling all classes of Drapery enables us to give you the very best value for your money.

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Pretty Millinery, Tussore Silk and Muslin Blouses, Smart Skirts, up-to-date Corsets, Fine Underclothing, just what is wanted, style and economy.

HERE ARE A FEW LINES WE HAVE BOUGHT SPECIALLY FOR THE HOLIDAYS. WE HAVE MARKED THEM LOW. WATCH THEM WALK OUT.

Umbrellas, Sunshades, Lace Scarves, Collarettes, Laces, Insertions, Gloves, Ribbons, Perfumery, and Rufflings.

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We mean the unique combination of good styles, well made, high grade finished Goods, and low prices. A Special Purchase just opened. MEN'S, YOUTHS', and BOYS' CLOTHING, latest and most approved goods. Just what is wanted for the Holidays.—STYLISH SHIRTS, STRAW HATS, TIES, etc.

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Clothing Made to Order, Cut by Artists, Made by Tailors. We never have a mis-fit. Leave your order with us for your Holiday Suit. Measurements carefully taken. Fit and Style Guaranteed.

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We have BOOTS and SHOES of all Sorts, and all Prices, for BABIES, little GIRLS and BOYS, YOUTHS, and MAIDENS, FATHERS, and MOTHERS.

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G. H. COUGLE, The People's Draper, HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT PRODUCE MARKET.
Thursday.

Wheat, prime old, 5s 9d to 5s 10d. Oats, prime old heavy Algerian, 3s 8d to 3s 9d; Feed, 5s 10d. Barley, malting, 5s 3d to 5s 4d; Cape and medium English, 4s 3d to 4s 6d. Potatoes, new, L7 to L7 5s. Hay, prime green sheaves, L4 12s 6d to L4 15s; medium, L4 10s; manger hay, L4 15s to L5. Straw, L3 to L3 5s. Bran, 1s 5d. Pollard, 1s 7d. Flour, roller, L12 to L12 10. Old potatoes, L6 to L7. Dairy butter, 9½d to 10d; separator, 10d to 10½d; factory prints, 11½d; lump, 11d. Eggs, 10d to 10½d. Cheese, 7½d to 8½d.

Mr J. W. HARRIS,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
REGISTERED DENTIST,
AND
DRUGGIST,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

In this established profession the first attention is devoted to the DISPENSING DEPARTMENT. Every care is ensured in the art and preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical Tinctures and British Pharmacopœa Preparations, the Purest Chemicals and Drugs being used. Medicines at Ballarat Prices, sent to all parts of the State by post, rail, coach, &c., and all letters receive prompt and careful attention.
HARRIS'S ANÆMIA MIXTURE, an excellent and invaluable remedy.
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HERBS. Homeopathic Medicines. Horse and Cattle Medicines.

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HAVELOCK-STREET BEAUFORT

May be consulted DAILY from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Teeth fitted accurately in vulcanite or gold at lowest prices.
PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Teeth extracted painlessly with cocaine ether, chloride of thyl, laughing gas, &c

NOTE THE ADDRESS—
HAVELOCK-STREET
(Next Mechanics Institute
BEAUFORT

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

SUNDAY, 4TH JANUARY, 1903.

Presbyterian Church.—Beautifort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sol., "The Perfect Life," Miss M'Coll; Trawell, 3 p.m.—Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A. Lexton, 11 a.m.; Waterloo—Mr. S. Collins.
Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Chute, 3 p.m.—Mr Harvey. Raglan, 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.—Rev. W. J. Bottoms. Main Lead, 3 p.m.—Mr Cunnington.

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THE FAMOUS
Ballarat Photographers.
THE VERY NEWEST IN PHOTOGRAPHY.
"The Guido," "Artelle," "Uniola," "Tosca," and "Walda."
The above new and lovely styles are the very latest creation, and introduced for the first time by Richards and Co.
BRIDAL PORTRAITS.—We have earned a world-wide reputation for Bridal Portraits, and always keep the latest styles of Veils, Bouquets, and Wreaths at the Studio.
Enlarged Photographs.
A Beautiful Permanent Enlargement, 23 x 17 inches, in the latest Green Frame, 20s.
Old and faded Photos copied to any size.
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Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG,
Barrister and Solicitor,
Proctor and Conveyancer,
BEAUFORT.
A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria for taking Affidavits.
TRUST and other MONIES TO LEND on freehold and other securities.

Death.

SHARP.—On 31st December, 1902, at Ararat Hospital, Peter Sharp, late of Beaufort, aged 76 years.

THE
Riponshire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, JANY. 3, 1903.

What! Not seen J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co's. new Summer Show of Millinery and Dress Goods, and Clothing! Do So Now. IT WILL PAY YOU!

The old year was ushered out and the new year welcomed at Beaufort on Wednesday night by the discharge of firearms. The Beaufort Brass Band turned out in force, and serenaded their supporters. Watch-night services were held in the churches. A large number of people were in the streets till a late hour, but the utmost order and decorum were shown, the young fellows displaying good sense by not indulging in foolish pranks, nor damaging property, as is too often the case when seeing the old year out and the new year in.

On 27th ult. Constable Dunham arrested a young man named George Williams (who is about 24 years of age, and formerly resided at Waterloo), on a warrant issued in 1900 at the instigation of Jane McCracken, charging him with deserting his illegitimate child. He was brought before Mr J. R. Wotherspoon, J.P., the same day and admitted to bail, on his own recognizance of £50 and two of £25 each. Messrs C. Broadbent, junr., and D. F. Troy were the bondsmen.

Mr Edward Lithgoe, an old resident of Beaufort, and over 70 years of age, had an unpleasant experience at Collingwood on Boxing Day. He left Beaufort on Monday, 22nd ult., for Melbourne to transact some business, and on the 26th was found by Constable McCarthy on a vacant block of land at Collingwood. He was sitting down rooting up the dirt and putting pieces in his mouth. As Lithgoe bore marks of ill-treatment and was unable to give an account of himself or to state who he was, the constable arrested him and took him to the Collingwood lockup. On being searched £2 8s and a return half railway ticket to Beaufort were found upon him. He was then brought before the Collingwood bench and remanded for a week for medical treatment. Senior-constable Jones, of Beaufort, was communicated with, and, as a full description of the man was given, he identified him as Lithgoe. Knowing that Mr G. Topper, J.P., was a friend of Lithgoe's, Senior-constable Jones communicated with him, with the result that Mr Topper went to Melbourne, on the 27th and managed to secure Lithgoe's discharge on Tuesday morning; Lithgoe first being brought before the Collingwood bench and not being released till Mr Topper agreed to look after him and 5s was paid for cab hire; Lithgoe also placing 10s in the poor-box. Messrs W. Thomas and Stickland, who were in Melbourne and noticed a paragraph in a city paper referring to the matter, also visited the gaol and identified Lithgoe. Mr Topper returned to Beaufort with Mr Lithgoe on Tuesday night. The latter then bore marks of having been brutally treated, his left eye being much discoloured. The blow caused the old man to lose his speech and memory for a time. He remembers a young man coming up behind him and striking him a cowardly blow over the eye and knocking him down. The fact of his not being robbed was probably due to the timely arrival of the constable. Lithgoe, who stayed at VanderStoel's Victoria Hotel for a day or two, was sufficiently recovered to go to his home on the Waterloo road on Thursday.

A quiet though pretty wedding was celebrated in the Beaufort Presbyterian Church on Christmas Eve, the contracting parties being Miss Maggie H. Edward (the seventh daughter of Mr W. Edward), of Beaufort, and Mr J. E. Curtis, of Melbourne (the son of the late Dr. E. Curtis, of Rochhampton, Queensland). The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A. The bride, who was given away by her father, and looked charming, was robed in white silk, prettily tucked and trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion, with stylish hat trimmed with chiffon, orange blossom, and white silk, and carried a bridal bouquet of white and pink carnations. In attendance as maid was Miss Aggie L. Edward (sister of the bride), who was prettily attired in mauve floral silkene, tucked and trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and bebe ribbon to match. Mr P. W. Edward (brother of the bride) acted as best man. After the ceremony, a wedding tea was partaken of at the residence of the bride's parents. The following toasts were cordially drunk:—"The Bride and Bridegroom," proposed by the Rev. J. A. Barber, and responded to by the Bridegroom; "The Bridesmaid," proposed by Mr E. C. Kewley, and responded to by Mr P. W. Edward; "The Host and Hostess," proposed by Mr M. Pimblett, and responded to by Mr Edward. A very pleasant afternoon was spent. The happy young couple left for their honeymoon by the 5.30 p.m. train, amidst showers of rice and old boots, and with best wishes for their future happiness and prosperity. The bride's travelling dress was brown cashmere, trimmed with brown silk strapping and piece Valenciennes lace, with stylish hat to match. The bride was the recipient of a number of valuable presents. Mr and Mrs Curtis will make their home in Melbourne.

A committee meeting of the Beaufort Athletic Club was held on Monday evening in the Mechanics' Institute. Present—Messrs H. M. Stuart (President), E. W. Hughes, W. C. Pedder, J. E. Loft, T. VanderStoel, G. H. Cougle, G. Hellyer, W. G. Stevens, H. Parker (secretary), and Dr. Eadie. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. The following accounts were passed for payment:—Hawkes Bros., £1 6s 7d; J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., 9s 10d; M. A. Hellyer, £4 11s; G. H. Cougle, 12s 10d; D. Troy & Son, 5s; H. Parker, £6 10s; H. Stuart, junr., 10s; J. R. Hughes, £2 8s; K. Parker, £8 10s; Mechanics' Institute, £1; H. M. Stuart, £2 5s; W. C. Pedder, £1 1s; W. G. Stevens, £8 10s; scouts, 7s 6d; Beaufort Brass Band, £7; S. Stuart, 5s; W. Baker, 5s. The secretary produced a rough balance-sheet in connection with the Boxing Day sports, showing receipts amounting to £189 5s 6d, and expenditure to £146 7s 9d, thus leaving a profit of £42 17s 9d. This was considered very satisfactory. It was decided to pay the prizes won by T. Suhan over to him, as there was no evidence forthcoming to show that his performances were incorrect, and he had signed a declaration to the effect that his performances were correct in every particular. It was decided to advertise the wind-up meeting. Messrs Menzies and McDonald were appointed auditors at a fee of 10s 6d each, and the meetin terminated.

The Xmas trade, it is pleasing to report, was the best for years—so the business people of Beaufort say; in fact, one of the oldest established firms tells us that they never had so large cash takings before. And this, too, despite the fact of the weather on Xmas Eve being showery. The shops were gaily decorated, and goods tastefully displayed. With an increased gold yield, splendid crops (considering the dry season), and the promise of a better year for agriculturists and graziers, we sincerely trust that Beaufort will maintain the reputation of being sound and solid commercially, and that our readers generally will have a happy and prosperous year. During the Xmas holidays, and on New Year's Day, the latter particularly, large crowds of residents of the district visited the beauty spots of Mt. Cole, and numerous enjoyable picnic parties were held. Others found sport with rod and gun.

Messrs. W. Edward Nickols and Chas. Walker and Co., auctioneers in conjunction, announce the sale by public auction, on Friday next, at 2 p.m., at the Victoria Hotel, Beaufort, the whole of Mr T. VanderStoel's household furniture and effects. Mr Vanderstoel has sold his property (there will be one hotel less in Beaufort in future, as we understand the old Victoria is to be used as a shop and boarding-house), and is leaving Beaufort for Melbourne.

The monthly meeting of the Ripon-shire Council takes place on Monday.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr Peter Sharp, a resident of Beaufort for 38 years, which sad event took place at the Ararat Hospital on the 31st ult., the cause of death being senile decay, culminating in dropsy. The deceased landed in the colony in 1854, and first took up his residence at Port Fairy (Belfast). He then removed to Ararat, and subsequently settled in Beaufort. He followed the occupation of a laborer, and was specially noted as a good horse-master, which was evidently due to his early training on a farm in Scotland, of which country he was a native. Of late he was head gardener at the Ararat Hospital, which position he filled for seven years. He leaves a daughter and son to mourn their loss—Mrs J. B. Humphreys, of Beaufort, and Mr Charles Sharp, who resides at Bundalong. The remains were interred in the Ararat Cemetery on New Year's Day, the Rev. J. J. Spalding conducting the service at the grave, whilst Mr J. Dunn carried out the funeral arrangements.

The usual fortnightly committee meeting of the Raglan branch, A.M.A. was held on Monday night, 29th ult. Present—Mr W. G. Davis (president), Messrs P. Padfield, E. Cordy, W. D. Smith, and A. Stevenson. The following accounts were passed for payment:—J. Malthouse, £2; rent of hall, 15s; Secretary's salary, £1; total, £3 15s.

FLORILINE.—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly-whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in parts of Honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depôt 33, Farring on Road, London, England.

The annual meeting of the Beaufort Agricultural Society is convened for Saturday, 10th inst., when the advisability of altering the date of the show from March to September will be discussed.

Fitzgerald Bros.' circus and menagerie will pay Beaufort a visit on Thursday, the 8th inst. The name is a household one throughout the state, and anything in way of entertainment travelling bearing Fitzgerald Bros.' mark is always known to be good. In our advertising columns will be found particulars of the entertainment to be provided, which is of a most unique and novel character. The sawdust will be well represented, whilst higher flights will be taken by other artists. Wild and ferocious animals will also play an important part in the programme, and the will power of man over the brute beast will be demonstrated. Considering the bill of fare provided there should be a bumper house.

DIARRHŒA causes the death of more people than small pox and yellow fever combined. In an army it is dreaded more than a battle. It requires prompt and effective treatment. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhœa Remedy has been used in nine epidemics of dysentery in the United States with perfect success, and has cured the most malignant cases both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Mr Graham Webster, P.M., who was a resident of Beaufort for many years, died on Sunday last, at Greensborough, aged 72 years.

Beaufort Athletic Club.

President—Mr H. M. Stuart. Judges—Messrs Stuart, E. W. Hughes, A. Parker, Wotherspoon, D. Hannah, and Dr. Eadie. Referee—Mr Sinclair. Starters—Messrs R. Kirkpatrick and T. Buchanan. Time keeper—Mr Gibson. Timekeeper of Heats—Mr H. Stuart, junr. Lap Scorer—Mr Cougle. Gatekeepers — Messrs Stevens and Pedder. Handicappers—Messrs Gibson and D. F. Troy (cyclists), R. Kirkpatrick and H. Parker (pedestrians). Number Stewards—Messrs E. H. Welsh, J. E. Loft, Troy, D. Stevenson, and Gibson. Committee—Officials, Messrs Cameron, J. W. Harris, VanderStoel, Maher, J. Eastwood, W. J. Hill, Carroll, Hancock, Mackay, Topper, T. W. Schlicht, Hellyer, J. Holdsworth, and Dr. Jackson. Secretary—Mr H. Parker.

The 30th sports carnival under the auspices of the Beaufort Athletic Club, held in the Park on Boxing Day, was undoubtedly the best ever held in Beaufort. The weather was delightfully cool and fine, and record entries and acceptances induced a phenomenally large number of people to attend; in fact, not only in entries, acceptances, gate money, but also in events, the club established records. The gate receipts totalled £66 4s, as against £46 11s 6d last year, or an increase of £19 12s 6d. The attendance was variously estimated at from 1500 to 2000. Mr Stevens, the gatekeeper, who has looked into details, states that 1800 was about the number present. Mr D. S. Oman, M.L.A., was among the visitors, and was cordially welcomed by his constituents. The gate receipts have only once before been better, viz., at the opening of the Park in 1884, when £77 was taken. Never before in the history of the Athletic Club has the attendance been so large before noon. People began to roll up at 11 o'clock, and by noon it was evident that the crowd would be unusually big. The sports were started punctually at 10.50 a.m., and so well did the various officials attend to their duties that programme time was observed; in fact, notwithstanding that 47 events were run off, on several occasions the starter had to wait till the proper time came round before starting a race. The greatest interest was taken in the racing, the circle being lined with people throughout the proceedings. Special praise is due to the handicappers for the meritorious manner in which they fulfilled their arduous task, and the many close finishes must have been particularly gratifying to them. The general arrangements were admirably carried out under the supervision of the president (Mr H. M. Stuart), who, with the secretary (Mr H. Parker), spared no effort in bringing the sports to a successful issue. The judges, lap scorer, referee, timekeeper, timekeeper of heats, number stewards, and, in fact, all the officials, carried out their work faithfully and well—so well, indeed, that competitors from other parts of the state marvelled at a small place like Beaufort being able to run a large sports meeting so successfully. During the day the Beaufort Brass Band, under the conductorship of Mr W. J. Hill, played very pleasing selections of choice music, and considerably enlivened the proceedings. Everyone had a good word to say for the Band, and their sweet strains of music afforded great enjoyment. Unfortunately there were two rather serious accidents to mar the pleasures of the day. In the fourth heat of the Two-mile Bicycle Race, H. Greenwood, of Toorak, collided against another rider a few yards past the winning post, and brought him down, but although he escaped injury his bicycle was badly damaged. Greenwood did not fall at the time, but a few yards further ahead he looked back to see what had happened, and his bicycle struck a post, with the result that Greenwood was thrown heavily and broke his collar bone. He was attended to by Dr. G. A. Eadie. In the final for the Carlton Brewery Stakes—a one-mile bicycle race—W. A. Pedder, of Beaufort, who had won his heat and was a warm favorite, came to grief in the third lap. He was passing T. Meehan, of Lake Goldsmith, on the outside, when Meehan, in trying to avoid another cyclist (J. Pearce, of Main Lead), bored Pedder on to the chains, and a post was again struck, with the result that Pedder was thrown forcibly against it, and sustained an ugly gash on his forehead and a badly bruised nose, besides getting bruised on the chest and legs. The wound in his forehead bled profusely, and Dr. Eadie afterwards closed it with four stitches. Pedder had sufficiently recovered at night to attend the concert. He, however, has not got over the accident yet. In the final of the One-mile Bicycle Race, W. Matthews, of Ballarat, and F. Wheeler, of Raglan, collided. The riders, fortunately, were not hurt, but their machines were considerably damaged. In the second heat of the Half mile Flutter, W. H. O'Callaghan, of Trawalla, had a nasty fall. His bicycle struck a post and the rider was thrown over the chains, but he escaped with a severe shaking and a few bruises. There seemed to be a big element of danger in the cycling to make it exciting enough for anybody. The club would do well to lessen the risks, by getting the shire council to remove the chains a few feet back from the track, even if they have to contribute part of the cost. There is no question about these posts in their present position being a great source of danger, and it is the duty of all concerned to remove this dangerous element as far as possible. The track was in splendid order, and the excellent work of preparation done by Mr W. G. Stevens was responsible for the fast times made by the competitors. The club upheld its reputation for endeavouring to keep the sport pure by demanding declarations in all cases where there was the slightest suspicion of competitors not having sent in correct performances. The need for more justices of the peace in Beaufort was again strikingly exemplified, when the only two resident justices were not present early in the day, as protests could not be dealt with till Mr G. Topper, J.P., arrived. With the President and Secretary, who were appointed a protest committee, ably assisted by Senior-constable Jones (who rendered yeoman service in preparing declarations and by his presence effectually scared competitors from taking false declarations), a good deal of time was saved, and no delay was caused in running the sports. T. R. Balfour lodged a protest against R. Burniston (of Werribee), for sending in incorrect performances; J. Nicholls also protesting against T. Suhan (of Terang), on the same grounds. The committee decided on information received that A. J. Gough (of Geelong), T. Ryan (of Little River), and P. Shackles (of Ballarat) should also be asked to make a declaration before a J.P. that their performances were correct. Of the five complained against, only Suhan and Shackles made the required declarations, and accordingly Burniston, Gough and Ryan were disqualified for the day. Had a J.P. been present this step would have been taken before the final for the Two-mile Bicycle Race was run. In the different heats a third man was taken, but as the protests had not been dealt with these third men could not be allowed to ride. It would be as well another year if the committee made arrangements to have a justice in attendance from the commencement of the sports. There was a marked difference in the riding of Burniston and Ryan in the final heat, and both men were called before the officials and cautioned. It was afterwards ascertained that there was no evidence against Shackles, and he received his winnings (£5). But in Suhan's case the officials resolved to withhold his money (£25) to enable them to make further enquiries. No evidence being forthcoming on Monday night, the committee instructed the secretary to forward Suhan his prize money. All the booth-holders did a roaring trade. Mrs M. A. Hellyer, of the Commercial Hotel, had charge of the publican's booth; Mr H. A. Trompf, the fruit stall, and Mr J. R. Hughes, the luncheon booth. Mr Hughes provided lunch for the officials. The only toast proposed at the lunch was that of "The Beaufort Athletic Club," coupled with the names of the president and secretary. Cr. Sinclair, in proposing the toast, remarked that not as a member of the club, which he had been connected with for many years, but as a representative of the ratepayers, he wished to say he thought the club was going to have the biggest success it had ever had. As one who had fought for the League, he was willing to bow to the decision of the majority, and was certain, as a consul of the League, they would not have had the success under it that they had to-day. Much of this success was due to the efforts of the president and secretary. The toast was drunk with cheers. Mr Stuart thanked them for the hearty manner in which they had honored the toast. He had been a member of the club for 25 years and chairman for 23 years, and had always done his best to advance the interests of the club. He was pleased to hear Mr Sinclair say they were better outside than with the league. He hoped they would have a good meeting, and that there would be no accident. It was 13 years since they had a bad accident here, and they wanted no ambulance corps. Two bookmakers were on the ground, but the betting seemed to be limited.

The programme opened with a Boys' Race, which was won by M. Maher, with N. Anderson second and R. Andrews 3rd. The One-mile District Bicycle Race fell to W. A. Pedder (Beaufort) E. P. O'Brien (Middle Creek), securing 2nd honors, and J. Pope (Waterloo) 3rd. The Beaufort Handicap proved a gift to P. Shackles (Ballarat), W. H. Wilson (Trawalla) coming 2nd, and J. McCracken (Nerring) 3rd. The Two-mile Bicycle Race was appropriated by T. Suhan (Terang), J. Nicholls (Homebush) being 2nd, and R. J. Capron (Carisbrook) 3rd. The Greasy Barrel Competition was a failure, no entry being received. The same applied to the Higgildy-Piggildy and Novel Sack Races. The One-mile Bicycle Race was also won by Suhan, with F. Milne (Clydesdale) 2nd, and F. Wheeler (Raglan) 3rd. B. White (Beaufort) secured the Miners' Race, with J. Slater (Skipton) 2nd. The Quarter-mile Handicap was won by H. F. Baker (Ballarat), T. H. Smyth (Allendale) being 2nd, and J. McCracken (Nerring) 3rd. The Half-mile Flutter fell to L. Mackie (Newstead), with Suhan (Terang) 2nd, and J. Nicholls (Homebush) 3rd. A splendid exhibition of vaulting was given by J. Smith and G. Horn—undoubtedly the best ever seen at Beaufort—the former clearing about 10ft., and the event causing considerable interest. The Three-quarter mile Bicycle Race was gained by L. Mackie, Nicholls and Suhan being second and third respectively. Schlicht and Graham won the Siamese Race. The last race of the day, the Carlton Brewery Stakes—a one-mile bicycle race—was won by F. Milne (Clydesdale), J. Pearce (Main Lead) being second. Appended are details of the racing:—

BOYS' RACE, under 15 years—5s, 3s, 2s.—M. Maher, 1; N. Anderson, 2; R. Anderson, 3.

ONE-MILE DISTRICT BICYCLE RACE—£4, £1 10s, 10s.—First heat—J. Pope, 50yds., 1; M. Tyrrell, 65yds., 2; W. W. Anderson, 60yds., 3. Time, 2min. 20secs. Eight starters. Won by a length. Second heat—E. P. O'Brien, 25yds., 1; W. A. Pedder, 10yds., 2; J. Lamb, 50yds., 3. Time, 2min. 28secs. Seven starters. Won easily. Final—Pedder, 1; O'Brien, 2; Pope, 3. Time, 2min. 26secs. Won comfortably by about two lengths.

BEAUFORT HANDICAP, 130yds.—£5, £2, £1.—First heat—T. W. Schlicht, 5yds., 1; F. Whelan, 11yds., 2. Time not taken. Five starters. Won by a yard. Second heat—P Shackles, 12yds., 1; H. F. Baker, 11yds, 2. Time, 13 3-5secs. Five starters. Won easily. Third heat—B. White, 14yds, 1; W. H. Wilson, 16yds, 2. Time, 12 3-5 secs. Four starters. Won on the tape. Fourth heat—H. Briody, 13yds, 1; J. A. D'Alton, 11yds, 2. Time, 14secs. Five starters. Won by two yards. Fifth heat—J. McCracken, 15yds, 1; L. Graham, 11 yds, 2; Time, 14secs. A walk-over. First semi-final—Shackles, 1; Schlicht, 2; White, 3. Time, 12 1-5secs. Won by a yard, almost a dead head between 2nd and 3rd. Second semi-final—Wilson, 1; McCracken, 2; D'Alton, 3. Time, 13secs. Won by about six inches. Final—Shackles, 1; Wilson, 2; McCracken, 3. Time, 12 3-5secs. A close finish; won by a yard.

TWO-MILE BICYCLE RACE—£12, £6, £2.—First heat—H. Bruning, 180yds, 1; A. A. Gibson, 100yds, 2. Time, 5min. 3secs. Eight starters. Won by a wheel. Second heat—T. Ryan, 260yds, 1; J. Nicholls, 120 yds, 2. Time, 4min 35 3-5secs. Nine starters. Won easily. Third heat—T. Suhan, 220yds, 1; R. J. Capron, 200yds, 2. Time, 4min 43 3-5secs. Eight starters. Won by half-a-wheel. Fourth heat—P. D. O'Brien, 220yds, 1; W. W. Anderson, 220yds, 2. Time, 5min 3 3-5secs. Eight starters. Won by a wheel, only a few inches separating 2nd and 3rd. Fifth heat—R. Burniston, 260yds, 1; J. House, 220yds, 2. Time, 4min 46sec. Nine starters. Won easily. Final—Suhan, 1; Nicholls, 2; Capron, 3. Time, 4min 41 3-5 secs. Won by a wheel.

ONE-MILE BICYCLE RACE, £9, £4, £1.—First heat—L. Smith, 110yds, 1; E. P. O'Brien, 80yds, 2. Time, 2min 28sec. Five starters. Won rather easily. Second heat—W. Matthews, 110yds, 1; T. Meehan, 140 yds, 2. Time, 2min 27 1-5sec. Eight starters. Won comfortably. Third heat—J. Nicholls, 60yds, 1; T. Suhan, 110yds, 2. Time, 2min 18sec. Seven starters. Won easily. Fourth heat—H. Bruning, 90yds, 1; F. Wheeler, 110yds, 2. Time, 2min 18 sec. Eight starters. Won by three lengths. Fifth heat—R. J. Capron, 100yds, 1; F. Milne, 30yds, 2. Time, 2min 20sec. Five starters. Won by a wheel. Sixth heat—P. D. O'Brien, 10yds, 1; A. J. Gough, 90 yds, 2. Time, 2min 22sec. Five starters. Won by two wheels. Final—Suhan, 1; Milne, 2; Wheeler, 3. Time, 2min 12 3-5 sec. A close finish; won by about a wheel.

MINERS' RACE, 100yds, £1, 5s.—B. White, 7yds, 1; J. Slater, 8yds, 2. Time, 14secs. Sixteen starters. A good race; won on the tape.

QUARTER-MILE HANDICAP, £4, 30s, 10s.—H. F. Baker, 36yds, 1; T. H. Smyth, 37 yds, 2; J. McCracken, 30yds, 3. Time, 50 secs. Fifteen starters. Won by about five yards.

HALF-MILE FLUTTER, £6, £3, £1.—First heat—A. J. Sanderson, 55yds, 1; V. N. Balfour, 20yds, 2. Time not taken. A walk-over. Second heat—W. C. Wearne, 50yds, 1; J. McDonald, 25yds, 2. Time, 1min 14 sec. Six starters. An easy victory. Third heat—A. A. Gibson, 25yds, 1; H. Woodward, 55yds, 2. Time, 1min 13sec. Four starters. Rather a comfortable win. Fourth heat—F. Wheeler, 55yds, 1; J. Marr, 40yds, 2. Time, 1min 6sec. Four starters. A close finish. Fifth heat—T. Suhan, 55yds, 1; J. Nicholls, 30yds, 2. Time, 1min 6sec. Four starters. Won by a wheel. Sixth heat—F. Milne, 15yds, 1; J. Lamb, 50yds, 2. Time, 1min 4secs. Six starters. Won by about a wheel. Seventh heat—L. Mackie, 65yds, 1; J. Hornby, 50yds, 2. Time, 1min 3sec. Four starters. Won easily. First semi-final—Wheeler, 1; Wearne, 2; Woodward, 3. Time, 1min 6½sec. Won by about two lengths. Second semi-final — Mackie, 1; Suhan, 2; Nicholls, 3. Time, 1min 3 4 5sec. A splendid finish, only a few inches separating 1st and 2nd. Final — Mackie, 1; Suhan, 2; Nicholls, 3. Time, 1min 3sec. Another fine race, about half a wheel separating the three men.

VAULTING WITH POLE, L1, 5s.—J. Smith, 1; G. Horn, 2. About 10ft. cleared.

THREE-QUARTER-MILE BICYCLE RACE, L6, L3, L1.—First heat—J. Nicholls, 45yds, 1; T. Suhan, 80yds, 2. Time, 1min 43secs. Four starters. A close finish; won on the post. Second heat—M. Tyrrell, 85yds, 1; W. V. Anderson, 80yds, 2. Time, 1min 48 4-5secs. A walk-over. Third heat—L. Mackie, 90yds, 1; P. D. O'Brien, 80yds, 2. Time, 1min 47secs. Won easily. Fourth heat—A. Simmons, 45yds, 1; A. McDougall, 60yds, 2. Time, 1min 29 2-5secs. Five starters. Won easily. Final—Mackie, 1; Nicholls, 2; Suhan, 3. Time, 1min 40sec. Won by a wheel.

SIAMESE RACE, 75yds, 10s.—Schlicht and Graham. Five competitors.

CARLTON BREWERY STAKES—a one-mile bicycle race—L4, L1 (gift of Carlton Brewery Co., per Mr J. E. Loft).—First heat—F. Milne, 40yds, 1; M. Tyrrell, 120yds, 2. J. Pearce, 110yds, 3. Time, 2min 22 2-5 sec. A good race. Ten starters. Second heat—A. A. Gibson, 60yds, 1; W. A. Pedder, 80yds, 2; T. Meehan, 130yds, 3. Time, 2 min 17 2-5sec. Won comfortably. Final—Milne, 1; Pearce, 2. Time not taken. Won by a wheel.

CONCERT.

At night the Societies' Hall was packed, numbers being refused admission and money being refunded to others unable to get seats. Messrs Reg. Williams (bones), and Menzies (tambo), with Mr John Matlock (centre), kept the audience in roars of laughter with their comic and amusing jokes. The programme opened with an overture by the company. Mrs Matlock then sang "The dying soldier" in fine voice, and had to repeat a verse. Mr Reg. Williams sang "I don't care," and receiving an encore, rendered equally as well, "All I want is my black baby back." Miss L. Aitken's song and dance, "Not there," was very good, and loudly encored. Mr John Matlock sang, exceptionally well, "Old Kentucky," and in response to an unmistakable encore, sang "Beware," the effort being loudly applauded. A comic song, "Hannah, lady," was loudly encored, and the singer repeated a verse. Miss Ida Burridge rendered "Try again," and in response to an encore sang "Jack, the hawking man." The first part of the programme concluded with an amusing farce, entitled "A load of wood."

Mr Stuart, president of the Beaufort Athletic Club, thanked the public for their hearty support during the day, and referred to the club having had a record entry, a record gate, and a record concert. He was glad to see they had appreciated the good programme, and as the club had run apart from the L.V.W., he thought they would say no more about the league here, and also thought that they would say the club had done well.

After the usual interval, Mrs Matlock sang "A vision" exceptionally well, after which a comic song, "I'll show them the way," was given, and as an encore "That's the job for me." Miss Burridge rendered "Christmas makes no difference to me," and was well received. Mr John Matlock's singing of "Old Virginia," was much appreciated, and receiving an encore, he sang "Travelling back to Dixie" in fine voice. Mr Williams fairly brought down the house with his comic song "That's how I diddledum," and afterwards sang "The Steeple Jack." Miss Leroy sang "Come down and open the door" with good effect, and had to repeat a verse. Mr Menzies sang "Oh, her face," and being recalled, gave another song and dance. The performance concluded with an amusing farce, "The train has got to go," in which all the company took part. The takings at the concert amounted to £28 11s.

Correspondence.

We do not in any way identify ourselves with the opinions expressed by our correspondents. It is desired that letters to the editor shall be accompanied by the real name and address of the writer, not for absolute publication, but as a *bona fide* guarantee.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Is there any redress for the public? Almost every small loaf I get is from two ounces to a quarter of a pound short weight. Years ago we had an inspector of weights, and for want of one the bakers do as they please.—Yours respectfully,

A FATHER.

A SEVERE SPRAIN usually disables the injured person for three or four weeks. Cures have often been effected in less than one week by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This liniment has great healing power. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

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...h heat—P. D. O'Brien, Anderson, 220yds, 2. Eight starters. Won ...v inches separating 2nd —R. Burniston, 260yds, 2. Time, 4min 46sec. ...asily. Final—Suhan, 1; 3. Time, 4min 41 3-5 ...

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...ANDICAP, £4, 30s, 10s. ...1; T. H. Smyth, 37 ...n, 30yds, 3. Time, 50 ...ters. Won by about

...TER, £6, £3, £1.—First ...ou, 55yds, 1; V. N. Bal... ...not taken. A walk- —W. C. Wearne, 50yds, ...ds, 2. Time, 1min 14 An easy victory. Third 25yds, 1; H. Woodward, ...in 13sec. Four starters. ...win. Fourth heat— 1; J. Marr, 40yds, 2. Four starters. A close —T. Suhan, 55yds, 1; J. Time, 1min 6sec. Four ...wheel. Sixth heat—F. ...Lamb, 50yds, 2. Time, ...rters. Won by about a ...eat—L. Mackie, 65yds, 2. Time, 1min 3sec. ...on easily. First semi- ...Wearne, 2; Woodward, 3. Won by about two semi-final — Mackie, 1; 3. Time, 1min 3 4 5sec. ...nly a few inches separ... Final — Mackie, 1; 3. Time, 1min 3sec. ...bout half a wheel separ...

...OLE, £1, 5s.—J. Smith, ...out 10ft. cleared. ...LE BICYCLE RACE, L6,— J. Nicholls, 45yds, 1; 2 Time, 1min 43secs. ...lose finish; won on the —M. Tyrrell, 85yds, 1; 80yds, 2. Time, 1min ...-over. Third heat—L. P. D. O'Brien, 80yds, 2. Won easily. Fourth 45yds, 1; A. McDougall, 1min 29 2-5secs. Five ...sily. Final—Mackie, 1; 3. Time, 1min 40sec.

...yds 10s.—Schlicht and ...petitors. ...RY STAKES—a one-mile ...gift of Carlton Brew... E. Lott).—First heat— M. Tyrrell, 120yds, 2. 3. Time, 2min 22 2-5 Ten starters. Second 60yds, 1; W. A. Pedder, ...an, 130yds, 3. Time, 2 ...n comfortably. Final— Time not taken. Won

...ONCERT

...cieties' Hall was packed, refused admission and ...nded to others unable to ...s Reg. Williams (bones), ...mbo with Mr John ...kept the audience in with their comic and The programme opened ...by the company. Mrs ...g "The dying soldier" had to repeat a verse. ...s sang "I don't care," encore, rendered equally ...want is my black baby ...Aitken's song and dance, ...s very good, and loudly ...n Matlock sang, excep... ...old Kentucky," and in ...mistakable encore, sang ...effort being loudly ap... ...ic song. "Hannah, lady," ...d, and the singer repeated Burridge rendered "Try ...sponse to an encore sang ...king man." The first ...gramme concluded with ...e, entitled "A load of

...esident of the Beaufort thanked the public for ...ort during the day, and ...ub having had a record ...ate, and a record concert. ...ee they had appreciated ...me, and as the club had ...e L.V.W., he thought ...o more about the league ...ought that they would done well. ...l interval, Mrs Matlock exceptionally well, af... ...ng, "I'll show them the ...and as an encore "That's ...me." Miss Burridge ...mas makes no difference well received. Mr John ...of "Old Virginia," was ...and receiving an encore, ...iling back to Dixie" in Williams fairly brought ...e with his comic song ...diddledum," and after... ...e Steeple Jack." Miss ...me down and open the ...effect, and had to repeat ...zies sang "Oh, her ...recalled, gave another The performance con... ...musing farce, "The train which all the company takings at the concert ...8 11s.

...espondence.

...ay way identify ourselves ...xpressed by our correspon... ...d that letters to the editor ...ied by the real name and ...iter, not for absolute pub... ...bona fide guarantee.

...THE EDITOR.

...any redress for the public? ...all loaf I get is from two ...er of a pound short weight. ...d an inspector of weights, ...me the bakers do as they ...espectfully,

A FATHER.

...AIN usually disables the ...for three or four weeks. ...been effected in less than ...lying Chamberlain's Pain ...iment has great healing ...a application gives relief. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Mer... ...shrit.

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THE LOOMS OF DESTINY.

BY J. MONK FOSTER.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK PATCH.

It was a sunny day in the latter half of February; the air, though clear, was sharp, and the loungers standing about the streets had moist red noses, and icy feet and fingers. It had just gone half-past twelve; streams of cotton-workers were pouring out of the warm mills into the chill thoroughfares; many of the younger lasses and lads were bare-armed and unstockinged, running hither and thither in search of those who had brought their dinners, and one wondered that the keen atmosphere did not chill them to the bone.

The older workers, and all those who laboured in the weaving shed, reeling rooms, and so forth, were more decently clad; and it was mainly among the classes of female operatives named that one noticed the greatest number of pretty and intelligent faces.

At the corner of the narrow lane which led to the Swan Meadow Mills, there stood an old-fashioned hostelry known as the Swan Meadow Inn. The mills themselves were only a stone's throw away, and a nondescript crowd of workers and idlers were thronging the corner.

Two or three operatives, in their paper caps and shirt sleeves, had darted into the inn to quench their thirst with a penny gill of "British fours" ere they tackled their midday meal; a straggled knot of urchins were stamping their feet for warmth while they waited to hand over dinners to laggard relations; near them a big lurching pitman out of work —almost a chronic disease with him—was waiting for his wife, a smart, good-looking four-loom weaver, who had to fend for them both; young women at the end of their teens, or just out of them, were laughing and gossiping with their sweethearts, decently-clad young miners and ironworkers, who were on the night shift that week; and the whole scene presented was one of bustle and homely effort.

Lounging against the vault door of the inn was a tall, lanky individual of fifty. He was seedy-looking from top to toe. His boots were down at the heel and bursting at the sides, his garments were a shabby suit of black, well on in the green and greasy stage, and his battered old billy-cock was a fitting crown to the whole monument of dilapidated humanity.

This man waas sharp-faced and shifty-eyed—even as he lounged there his gaze took in the coming and going of everyone near—and yet the face was not altogether a vicious one of a low type. It was weak rather than absolutely criminal in its aspect, and its owner was quite clearly an individual who would prefer to do shady things as easier to tackle and accomplish than the hardy and daring shifts common to honest labour and unmasked crime.

Anyone looking at him closely would have been struck instantly by one peculiar mark he bore on his lean visage Right in the centre of the triangle formed by his left eye, cheek-bone, and nostril was a dark, velvety, soft, fleshy growth the size of a shilling piece. It was covered with down of a darker colour than the ragged moustache and beard which draped thinly his lower face.

Doris Lonsdale, coming out into the street two or three minutes after her looms had stopped, stood quite close by the man with the black patch of a birthmark on his face. She had come out for her own dinner and that of her friend, Daisy—one little urchin usually bringing them both, as they lived so near each other; and as she stood there with the crisp wintry sunglow flooding her fresh young face the man's glance fell upon her.

At first it was evident that the shabby lounger was attracted by the lassie's shapeliness and and uncommon beauty; but almost instantly his look of admiration merged into one of introspective wonder. It was as if he had seen Doris before somewhere, and was wondering when and where.

"You'll excuse me, miss," he said very respectfully, as he took a stride forward and touched Doris on the shoulder, "but perhaps you can tell me if there's any mills about this quarter known as Blandford's Mills?"

"There are no mills of that name, sir, but——" Doris began.

"But I understood—I saw it in a newspaper," the man cried, "that Blandford's Mills in Spindleford were the best known in all the town."

"The Swan Meadow Mills," the weaver went on to explain, "are just down the lane there, and they are owned and managed by Mr. John Blandford and his sons."

"John Blandford! That's the man!" the man muttered with an interest or relief he made no attempt to dissemble. "And what are these Blandfords like, miss?" he added.

"They have all a good name here, sir," Doris answered, somewhat absently, for she had just perceived her dinner-bearer coming along the street. "They treat all their workpeople very decently, and—"

"I mean what are they like in appearance," the man interrupted. "This John Blandford now—what is he like?"

She stared at him, open-eyed, and he added in a quick, explanatory way,

"I once knew a man of that name many years ago, and I thought this man might be the same."

"Mr. John Blandford is fifty-four, perhaps," she said, anxious to be rid of him now. "He's tall, and stout, and dark, but is getting quite grey, now."

"And the sons, miss?"

She flushed slightly at those last words, for just then on the other side of the road Geoffrey Blandford was passing, and the lad was at her elbow with the dinners.

"That is Mr. Blandford's son," she remarked lowly, nodding in the direction of the mill-owner's elder offspring. "Now I must be off; here you are, Jacky."

"Thanks, miss."

Doris seized the dinners and went away smiling. Then the stranger turned to the lad, with a half-penny between his long bony fingers.

"Who's that bonnie lass, Jacky, whose dinner you've just been bringin'?"

"That's Dorrie Lonsdale, that is," the lad cried as he clutched the copper. "Her an' Daisy lives near us an' I bring their dinners ev'ry day, I do."

Then the youngster slid away, and the man followed more leisurely. A score of strides ahead was the gentleman the mill-girl had indicated, going towards the centre of the town, as was his custom each work day, when he had lunch at one of the principal hotels. Once Geoffrey paused opposite a shop window, almost wheeling round as he came to a standstill, and then the one behind had a swift full view of his features.

"My God!" the wayfarer cried in a whisper between his teeth. "It is the very image of Jack Blandford himself, as I remember him so long since. I could have sworn to that face anywhere in the world. I will speak to him—I must!" But for all that he loitered till Geoffrey forged onward again.

On the very steps of the Eagle and Child Hotel, the man with the beauty spot accosted him. He slouched forward and spoke, as the millowner's son glanced round ere entering the great hostel.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man, touching his old hat, "but aren't you Mr. Blandford?"

"I am; what is it? If it's charity you are after I never give to tramps, and if it's work you want, you should go to the mills."

"It's not charity nor work, sir, beggin' your pardon, sir," the man answered, abashed a little by Geoffrey's harsh and peremptory manner, but not at all daunted if one might judge from the steely glitter in his small eyes.

"What is it then, my man?"

"I knew your father many years ago, sir, and I thought I should like to see him."

"H'm! Doubtless! But would he care to see you?"

"I think he would, sir."

"Who are you? Where did you know my father? What is the nature of your business with him?"

"My name is Levi Crane, sir, and your father used to know me when I was living at Ellsbury."

"But your business, man?"

"That would hardly interest anybody, sir, except your father and myself—and perhaps not him," the man added, as a sort of afterthought.

"Then I'm afraid you won't be able to see him!" was the young man's sharp retort. "He is not at the mills to-day, and he will scarcely see you at home, I imagine."

"May I ask where your father lives?"

Geoffrey either heard not or did not heed. He had bounded up the broad steps of the hotel and was lost to sight instantly. The man stared after him and that sinister glare in his eyes deepened.

"His father all over!" the man who called himself Levi Crane muttered as he turned away. "As hard an' over-bearin' an' handsome as Jack Blandford was at the same age. Well, well, I dare-say Mr. John Blandford will be a bit softer-hearted now after all these years—and what he has gone through!" he added grimly as another afterthought.

If repulsed by young Blandford's curt dismissal of himself and his inquiries, Levi Crane did not despair of attaining the end he had indicated. Broken-down as he appeared, he had yet a few coppers in his pocket, and one of those coins he forthwith proceeded to invest in liquid refreshment, in a "seatless and sawdusted parlour" attached to one of the ale-houses ever near at hand.

There a fellow-tippler, whose tongue bespoke the native, soon drew the attention of him with the velvety patch of dark flesh. A penny gill made the local man talkative, and in ten minutes his companion had learned much, if not all he desired to know, respecting the owner of the Swan Meadow Mills.

A short space after that Levi Crane was shuffling along the highroad leading to Parkhurst House; and when he at length drew foot opposite the main entrance of the substantial mansion the thick pillars at the door only served to accentuate his own extreme shabbiness.

But he tugged at the brightly-polished brass bell-knob as lustily as if he were one of John Blandford's own equals making a call upon him; and the astonished glare of the grim-faced woman of thirty who answered his summons did not appear to affect him overmuch.

"What now?" she gasped. "Why didn't you go round to the back? What next, I wonder—when cadgers come a-knockin' at front doors like lords!"

She was about to retreat and fling the door in his face, when his calm speech increased her wonder.

"I'm come to see Mr. John Blandford, miss. Take that to your master an' tell him I'm waitin'."

She gingerly received the crumpled slip of paper he thrust into her hands—he had scribbled a few words upon it in pencil as he came along—and closing the hall door behind her, and fastening it she strode forward to the room where her master was sitting before a bright fire and a table littered with papers.

"A man to see you, sir."

"What, man, Hannah?"

"He seems a tramp, master; but he seems to know you, and he sent this."

She handed him a soiled piece of note-paper and then turned to stir the fire. Had she not so occupied herself the swift change that flashed across her employer's face would have startled her. In a moment Blandford had smoothed out the sheet and cast his eyes over the scribble and the name appended to its foot, and the next instant his face had blanched to the pallor of a dead person's. The tramp's message ran so:—

> "Sir,—I should like to see you if I can. You may not remember me after all these years, but I shall never forget you. I was in service with Mr. George Carrington when you became his manager, and I was with him when he committed suicide after you ran away.
>
> "Levi Crane."

"Where is this man, Hannah?" he queried, after a brief pause, during which space a thousand hopes and fears, buried schemes, dead ambitions, and living plans passed swift as lightning flashes through his brain.

"At the door, sir."

"Will you tell him to come this way for a moment? I think I may know him —did he mention his name?"

"No, master, he only gave me that paper."

"Then I will see him. Perhaps it is some poor man I knew long ago who is hard-pressed and weather-beaten now. And I was poor once. Yes, I will see him Hannah."

The sour-faced elderly maid withdrew and the mill-owner fell to retrospection again. How stupid and reckless of his visitor to have written that note and handed it void of envelope to Hannah Plimmer. But she had not thought of glancing at its contents: otherwise that seemingly innocent question of his would have drawn the man's name from her lips or shown knowledge of it upon her face.

A minute afterwards the waif of the streets and the man of capital were face to face—the latter dark, grey, grim with the stamp of the successful yet care-bitten man of the world written on his face, the former weather-stained, unclean, world-worn, necessitous, yet alert, sly, expectant—as one might be who had not come to beg for crumbs of favour.

"You are Levi Crane, you say?" John Blandford began quietly, only his nerves stiffening a little as his gaze gripped that dark plum-like patch under the other's left eye.

"Yes, sir."

"And you knew me at Ellsbury, Mr. Crane?"

"I did, sir—even before you got to be Mr. Carrington's manager after his marriage, sir."

"Sit in that chair near the fire if you are cold. And so you recollect me after so many years?"

"Very well, sir." Levi Crane answered, as he seated himself within comforting reach of the leaping fireglow. "I was in Mr. Carrington's service some time before he was married, and I only left it when he—when he died."

"Were you at the inquest?"

"I was, sir. When the—accident happened there was only three servants of us in the house then—Sam Anthony, his wife, and myself; and I was the very first to find poor Mr. Carington lying dead there in his chair, quite an hour before anybody else saw him, sir."

"But I believe you never stated that fact at the inquest?"

"No, sir, I didn't."

"Why not?"

"Well, sir, I thought—in fact, sir, I—" for the first time Levi Crane became confused, and when he finished the jumbled sentence his eye had fallen before the mill-master's grim stare. "The truth of it all was this, Mr. Blandford. Having failed to call the others for an hour after I found him dead I thought it might be awkward to explain it away."

"But why did you not call the other servants? What was there you were afraid of?"

"I had found something, sir."

"Found what?" and John Blandford's grim features set hard as steel as he put that question.

"I had found your last letter to my master—had read it and shoved it in my pocket, sir," the man said in a low, hoarse whisper; "and afterwards I didn't know what to do, so kept my mouth shut."

"Ah! I understand much now that has puzzled me all these years."

Those words fell from Blandford's hard lips in a rush that was almost like relief. He stared cynically, almost savagely, at the other for some moments, took a stride towards the window, and then turned suddenly to face Crane.

"After that, what then?"

"In a week I was on my way to America."

"When did you come back, Levi Crane?"

"A month ago."

"Why?"

"Not to see you. That was an afterthought which rose when I learned, by accident, how big and rich you had got in my absence, sir."

"And now?"

"Well, now it rests with yourself, sir, I am poor and hard put to it to get a living. Perhaps you will do something to—to help an old friend."

"To keep your mouth shut, you mean! Here, take this, and make yourself decent. To-morrow at this time I will see you here again."

"Thank you, Mr. Blandford."

Levi Crane held in his bony palm a small cluster of golden sovereigns. Somehow he felt poor and down-trodden no longer. He left then; Blandford saw him to the door and watched him slouch away.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN AMATORIAL MUSICIAN.

On the evening of the day whereon Levi Crane spoke to Doris Lonsdale near the mills, and when, a little later, that seedy-looking individual had forced an entrance into the mill owner's presence, the weaver herself was due at a small party given by Mr. Beaumont at his home to a few select friends.

The superintendent was a gentleman of musical inclinations; among his associates he numbered most of the musical amateurs of the town—masters of various instruments and the leading members of various choirs—and among some dozen of others the gifted factory lassie had been strongly urged, and had agreed to spend three or four hours under Mr. Beaumont's hospitable roof.

Between seven and eight o'clock Doris presented herself alone and unattended at "The Hawthorns," a cosy villa in Spindleford-lane, not many scores of yards from the "cottage of His Worship," and at once was made welcome and comfortable. Among the guests were two or three ladies and gentlemen she had met some weeks previous at the school concert, and the warm greetings of these people, seconded by the attentions of her host and hostess, put Doris immediately at her ease.

Shortly after Miss Lonsdale's appearance a violin solo was called for, and in the quietly-handsome and quite unaffected violinist who came forward, without either ostentation or apology, she was pleased to recognise David Blandford. Hitherto, Doris had given the younger son of her employer only a cursory attention. Perhaps his unobstrusive personality had been overshadowed by the dash and masterfulness of the stronger brother's character, as well as by the glamour her own thoughts had cast around Geoffrey of late.

But this evening the girl seemed to recognise clearly for the first time how really good-looking "Master David" was, in his unpretentious way, and how sweet and unaffected and even winsome his manner was when he was at his ease in the company of kindred souls.

Young Blandford played some difficult piece from one of the masters, and acquitted himself creditably, in the opinion of those critics present, who were perhaps a trifle too hearty in their commendations. Doris, who was no critic, was honestly delighted, and later, when she and David were introduced to each other by Mr. Beaumont she expressed her pleasure.

"Oh, yes, Miss Lonsdale," the violinist remarked, when their host left his two guests together in one corner of the drawing-room. "I play middling for an amateur, but I know that I shall never be able to fiddle as you sing."

"Come, come! Mr. Blandford," she cried pleasantly, "that is only meant as a compliment. You must be aware that I can scarcely tell one note from another?"

"That's it exactly, Miss Lonsdale!" he went on with one of his rare smiles. "I play middling well, as an amateur, who has had a good drilling in the business; but I have no genius—only for taking pains, while you, with hardly any training, sing like one to the manner born."

"If I were at all vain, Mr. Blandford," she sad frankly, her great eyes resting full and pleasantly upon his face, "I think my good friends would spoil me."

"I hope not, and I think not," he said, amicably grave. "You have a mind better balanced, I fancy, than usually falls to many women of your—"

He paused at some mentally formed, but unsyllabled word and his eyes fell before her questioning gaze. But his withholding of the word did not annoy her in the least. She realised now that she liked her lover's brother, and was desirous of making a favourable impression upon him.

"You might have used the word in your mind, Master David," Doris said, smiling in her pleasantest way, and falling unconsciously into the phrase of the mills. "You meant to say women of my class, I feel sure."

"Oh, no, not that, Miss Lonsdale!" he cried, and so earnestly that she could not doubt his honesty.

"But what then?" was her playful query. "You know that women of my class are not too easily offended by what their masters' sons may say in kindly and friendly conversation such as ours is."

"I meant that your mind is better balanced than that of so many women who have not a tenth part of either your beauty or ability."

He uttered the compliment in a half-grudging way, and seemed less easy in saying it than she was in hearing it. At that moment new entertainers were engaging the attention of the company. A trio of musicians were beginning a concerted piece, and the sonorous waves of the three instruments covered all remote whispering.

"I thank you very much for your good opinion," she said lowly, and with a low laugh, "and can only hope I am worthy of all the kind things people say of me."

She dropped her eyes to the shapely, ungloved hands lying on her lap, and her thoughts wandered elsewhere as her gaze rested on the band of gold, set with its white speck of flame, which clasped a slim finger. His eyes had followed her own, and as he, too, saw the ring, and marked it, a swift change transformed his face.

"Mr. Beaumont was telling me before you arrived, Miss Londale, that you had some idea of devoting yourself to a course of musical training."

His voice was less smooth and flexible, she noted, but she set that down to the lowered key in which he spoke. His eyes, which were hungrily noting the soft contour of her chin and cheek, she did not see.

"My friends wish me to do so," she said, simply, "and I have almost decided to accept their help and advice"

"Of course you must! Why shouldn't you? And you will always count me among those friends, I trust?" He spoke warmly, and then in an altered tone he added, "What a beautiful ring that is you are wearing, Miss Lonsdale. A diamond surely. Some gift from a friend, I suppose?"

"Yes, a gift from a very dear friend, Mr. Blandford," she replied, blushing fiercely for a moment, and quite unable then to meet the eyes she felt were bent on her. "It came to me quite unexpectedly, and I wear it often because I honour its giver so much."

"May I see it?"

"If you will."

She slipped it from her finger, and he took it daintily, examined it critically for some moments, then slid it on her soft finger again, murmuring the while some words as to its prettiness and worth. And all the while the man's veins were tingling with a fierce, passionate thrill of delight not common to his evenly-flowing life.

After that their conversation fell to the stream of commonplaces; and then in a little while Doris was called upon to contribute her share to the musical picnic She sang sweetly as ever, and was persuaded to oblige and delight again. She did, and then found herself taken up by the ladies present, who pressed the good things of the house upon her.

She had no further speech with David Blandford till the party ended, at the half-hour after ten; and then, when the bulk of the peaceful revellers were trooping townward, where most of them lived she found Geoffrey's brother again at her side, and both of them in the rear of the rest.

She did not mind that in the least—was even glad to find that David found pleasure in her company. Her lover had hinted that his relatives might find occasion to object to his choice, and to win one of them to her side was to accomplish something. So she made herself very pleasant to her companion, was full of genial spirits, simple confidences, and sweet laughter; and David more than met her half-way in all her soft graciousness.

In a while the town was gained, and then many good-nights were spoken. Doris would have said good-night too, but her cavalier insisted upon seeing her to the very threshold of her home. She could not say him nay—she did not desire to do so, and they went along arm in arm, the girl only remembering at that moment that Geoffrey Blandford had never insisted on taking her right home, as his brother seemed eager to do.

"Miss Lonsdale," David said suddenly, "I was wrong to advise you to pursue a course of musical training with a view to a career."

"Why, that is exactly opposite to what you said before!" she cried in amaze at his change of view.

"That is so; but I think differently now. Now I am considering all that it means—the trials, the temptations, the snares which would face you. I would not think of it if I were you."

"You amaze me, Mr. Blandford!" was all she could say.

"Perhaps I do. But why should a woman like you seek a public career? You would not like it. It would sicken you soon. Do not think of it again, I pray. And besides, Msis Lonsdale—Doris don't they call you?—there is no need!"

"No need! Would you have me a common-place millgirl—a weaver—all my life?"

"You can never be what you are not!" he cried.

"And I would have you always as you are now—sweet, pure-souled, true-hearted, and untainted by the mob which would besiaver a singer's feet."

"I do not understand," she said, wonderingly.

"Then let me make myself plain. I love the very ground you stand upon—have loved you ever since you set foot in the Swan Meadow Mills; and I will marry you to-morrow if you will but say I may."

(To be Continued.)

THE READINESS OF TOMMY.

"Tommy is such a good boy," said Mrs. Taddells to the minister, as she served the pastry. "You know, Dr. Choker, that pie isn't good for little boys."

"That is very true, Mrs. Taddells," the minister assented, as he put a mouthful of the custard pie where it would do the most good—or harm—"that is very true, Mrs. Taddells. When I was a boy I was not allowed to eat pastry, and all mothers must watch their children's diet very carefully."

"But I am not at all harsh with Tommy, you will understand, doctor," Mrs. Taddells went on. "Whenever I have something for dessert which Tommy cannot eat—pie, for example—I give him 2d. to pay for his deprivation. And Tommy takes it so cheerfully, Doctor. He never objects in the least. Tommy is such a dear boy, Dr. Choker."

"I am very glad to hear it, Mrs. Taddells. No, thank you, I could not think of eating more than one piece of pie, excellent as it is. But I am truly glad to hear of Tommy's manliness and cheerfulness when deprived of pie, for most children act in a very disagreeable manner when they can't have what their elders have at table, and when they are prevented from indulging in something they like. I suppose, Tommy," the clergyman went on, "you like pie?"

"Yessir."

"What makes you take the 2d. so cheerfully to go without?"

"Oh, with the money I can get a whole pie at the grocery around the corner."

UN-GET-AT-ABLE.

An attorney in the Black Country recently swallowed half a sovereign. With a view to recover the gold coin surgical aid was invoked, but the utmost the stomach-pump, aided by strong emetics, could recover was 3s. 4d. change. The balance of 6s. 8d. had gone into the legal system of the unfortunate attorney, and was un-get-at-able.

THE JUDGE AND THE WITCH

In her later years Mam Haney has given up family washing for the more profitable trade of fortune-telling. She can reveal the past, explain the present, and foresee the future; she can locate lost or stolen articles, and bring back your wandering true love. She lives in a small house in a back street.

Next door are her daughter and a large family, but Mam prefers an independent establishment, where she can live in a privacy befitting a sorceress. She is a dirty old woman, whose deep-set eyes are permanently screwed up from much peering into the darkness of the future.

One day Mrs. Curtiss lost the gold thimble that had been her mother's. She searched her house thoroughly, but it could not be found. She valued it far beyond its intrinsic worth, and in her anxiety to recover it she resolved to consult Mam Haney. She had always looked on Mam as a disreputable old impostor, but she had heard wonderful tales of her skill, and in time of trouble we seek aid at strange doors.

"I'll give you half-a-crown now," Mrs. Curtiss said, when she had explained her errand, "and if we find the thimble where you say I'll give you another."

She thought thus to bribe unseen powers.

"All right, lady; I kin find it, sure," Mam answered, with the confidence to which she owed half her success.

She had a way of locating lost articles which was entirely her own.

She went to her cook stove, raised a lid, poked the fire until it was glowing red, then spat thrice into the bed of coals, meanwhile murmuring a charm.

"I hope the judge will never hear of this," Mrs. Curtiss thought, as she sat with her skirts tucked up to avoid the greasy floor.

Mam's yellow face turned red in the heat before she lifted her head and spoke.

"I see a garding," she began, "an' a light-coloured house and a lovely lady in the door. I see the garding and the light-coloured house with green blinds. Begin in the garret and look to the cellar. Ef 'taint there go in the garding an' door yard, and search from the north to the south an' frum the east to the west. Somewhere or rather you'll find that ere thimble."

"Our house is light-coloured, and has green blinds," said Mrs. Curtiss, musingly.

"Now that's our'us," Mam interrupted. "I disremembered how your house looked, Mis' Curtis," which was very curious indeed, as she passed it every time she went down town. "Now you jest look around your house an' garding. Don't you never rest till you find that ere thimble," she counselled.

Mrs. Curtis went home. She had her "hired girl" search the house from attic to cellar, while the children crawled about the yard playing they were snakes and incidentally catching heavy colds, but not finding the thimble for which they were looking.

She had quite given up and believed Mam Haney to be an old fraud, when Uncle Silas, digging a flower bed, brought up the thimble impaled on his fork. When the judge came home for dinner she told him for the first time of her visit to the fortune-teller and the advice she had given her.

The Judge laughed incredulously. "Of course Mam knew that the probabilities were that the thimble was somewhere about the place," he said "The old witch mixes more sense with her magic than I supposed. Are you going to pay her?"

"I did intend to, but if you think it was just chance I guess I won't. I don't want to encourage impostors, and suppose she would spend it on whisky anyway."

The Judge smiled at his wife's reasoning, but he made no reply, for he was a man who loved peace, rather than strife.

In some devious way Mam Haney heard of the finding of the thimble. One morning she went to collect her debt. Mrs. Curtiss told her that the thimble had been found by chance, that her magic had had nothing to do with its recovery.

"But I told you it was in the garding," Mam answered, "an' you said you'd pay me if you found it. I'll get even with you yit."

"Leave the place at once," Mrs. Curtiss said with dignity.

"I'll get even yit," Mam repeated. As it was a warm spring day she went outside the fence and sat down on the horse block. Whenever one of the Curtiss family came out of doors she screamed:

"Gimme that 'ere money. Mis' Curtiss ain't no lady. She's cheatin' a poor woman most eighty." To every passer-by she told her story, and between times shouted maledictions on the house of Curtiss.

Mrs. Curtiss listened from behind her curtains in an agony of shame, but she was an obstinate woman, and was bound not to pay that money, let the old reprobate say what she would.

After 12 o'clock Mam left the horse block, yelling that she would be back after dinner. When the Judge came home his wife told him to send the constable to arrest her.

"I guess you had better pay her that money, Fanny," he suggested.

"Never," returned Mrs. Curtiss, "not if she sits there and screeches all summer."

Mam had returned to her post when the judge came out of his door. She challenged him fearlessly.

He glanced around furtively, put his hand in his trousers' pocket and brought out two silver coins. He dropped them into one of Mam's long-nailed claws.

"Now clear out," he said, "and don't ever say any more about this affair."

The Judge hurried down the street as if the police were after him.

But Mam sat still. As she clinked the cash together in her hand a wicked thought came to her, and she laughed until her cheeks ached. She settled herself more comfortably.

"Gimme that money," she shrieked with new vigour, as soon as the Judge was out of sight. "You ain't no lady, Mis' Curtiss."

During the afternoon Miss Curtiss had callers. They politely ignored the persistent cry from the horse block, but she knew they would talk of it at the next house. She was tempted to tell her side of the story, but she was conscious that she had not taken a very dignified stand, so kept silence. She tried to talk of the strawberry festival and the strange sickness of Mrs. Peters, but above all she could hear the voice of Mam Haney and see her surrounded by the small boys of the town.

It was about six o'clock when she capitulated. That shrill old voice had shattered her obstinacy. She walked carelessly to the gate and held out the money.

"Now, go," she said, severely, "and don't ever come here again."

"Thank'ye. My bones is tired sittin' anyway," answered Mam, stuffing the cash into her pocket as she stumbled away. Her earnings that day were no poor recompense for sitting still and using her voice in the vituperation for which she had a natural inclination.

"So Mam left," the judge said when he came home at evening.

"Not till about an hour ago, when I paid her," his wife answered, in a voice of forced gaiety.

"Till you paid her?" echoed the judge.

"Yes. She was disgracing me before the whole town. I can never hold my head up again," she replied, giving way to her real feelings.

"Oh, yes, you can," the judge said, "people have lived down worse things right here in this town."

Mrs. Curtiss resented this jocose tone. "You didn't have to give in to the old cat and pay her, so you can laugh," she retorted.

"Oh, didn't I?" said her husband. "Fanny, you never want to acknowledge you've been outwitted, even by a witch."

"That is easy to say," she answered.

"Indeed, it is," said the judge. All that week he secretly congratulated himself on his reticence, which he considered masterly in a married man. He even went so far as to make a proverb after the fashion of Solomon: "A wise man keepeth his own counsel."

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

WHAT EDISON MAY EVOLVE SOME DAY.

Edison has been occupied for many months, says the "Music Trades' Journal," with a problem created by the commercial use of compressed air.

In the hope that he could discover some process or construct some apparatus that would make it feasible to employ reheated compressed air, Edison got so far as to assert that if he was able to obtain a flexible tube that would resist a pressure, perhaps as great a pressure as 1,000 pounds to the square inch, then he would be able to do what the capitalists are anxious to have done.

Just as Edison's attention was called to an Englishman's use of metal sheets "in helix," a man walked in upon him one day, and laid before him what seemed to be a rod, perhaps two feet in length, whose circumference was in spiral convultions, suggesting an elongated screw.

The novelty in it consisted first in the

DISCOVERY BY A GERMAN

inventor that the fluting of a brass tube subjected it to certain changes, which, while not imparing strength, gave to it remarkable flexibility, and, furthermore, in inventing machinery by which a plain brass tube could thus be converted.

Edison, however, discovered another quality in this spiral tube which not even the inventors of it had known it had.

He happened accidentally to put the tube to his lips and blew through it, perhaps to expel dust that may have gathered in it. It immediately gave out a sound as clear and pure as that which comes from a flute, and as Edison continued to blow that sound was followed by another, afterwards discovered to have been just an octave higher than the first.

Edison blew again, and discovered that by simply increasing the pressure of the breath this tube gave forth four

DISTINCT FLUTE-LIKE TONES.

The experiment was made upon a longer tube, but of a smaller bore, and it was discovered that with one breath through it this tube was capable of producing an entire octave, the notes not being brassy or strident like most of those that come from metallic instruments, but something between the tones of a flute and of a flageolet.

It did not require the skilful contraction of the lips or employment of the tongue, which are necessary when tones are obtained from a bugle, cornet, or fife. All that was necessary to produce these musical notes was greater or less strength of breath blown through the tube.

So far as is known that is a discovery, and it may lead to some important consequences, such as the manufacture of a new musical instrument.

HOW NELSON DIED.

"Macmillan's Magazine" contains a letter by Sir Humphrey le Fleming Senhouse, who was at the battle of Trafalgar on board the Conqueror. The letter is published for the first time, and gives a vivid description of the historic struggle by an eye-witness. This is what he has to say about the death of Nelson:

"His lordship was killed by a man from the mizen-top of the Redoubtable, by a musquet-ball, which entered into the upper part of the left shoulder, carried away two of the bullion of the epaulette, and penetrating to the vertebræ, carried with it immortality both in this world and, I hope, in the next to this superior character. The doer of this deed did not long exult in his exploit; his soul was instantly hurried into the other world, as harbinger of the approach of the dying hero, by a shot from Mr. Pollard, a midshipman of the Victory. His lordship fell when wounded, and was carried off the deck immediately, but retained his senses and lived for two hours afterwards. His country was on his lips to his last moment, and he seemed to be agitated by no other considerations but its glory and its general welfare. . . . He was conscious of his approaching dissolution, saying that he was certain his back was broken. His last words were to this purpose.—'I see the day will be a glorious one; my ship is much disabled and may be more so, but never strike my flag. Let her go down.' He also, with his last breath, said:—'Anchor, Hardy, anchor,' as the only means of securing the prizes and disabled ships."

STILL HAD HIS BRAINS.

Dr. Whipple, the Bishop of Minnesota, tells a good story of a man who came from New York to prevail upon the Indians to sell their lands, which were very valuable.

He asked the Bishop to help him in his negotiations, but the Bishop refused, knowing he wished to get the best of the Indians So the man called the Indians together himself, and said:

"My friends, I have lived 65 years in this world, and the winds of 65 winters have blown over my head and have silvered it with gray. As a true man, I advise you to accept this new treaty at once."

The moment he sat down the old chief sprang up and said:

"Look at me! The winds of 65 winters have blown over my head and silvered it with grey, but they have not blown my brains away."

The council was ended.

THE VERY SPOT

A devoted couple were in search of a quiet little cottage in the country. At last they came across what appeared to be an ideal spot, standing back from the main road, nearly hidden behind a bank of flowers and foliage, with roses clustering round the rustic porch. "Oh, John, how sweet," she said, "the very spot." "Any spot would be sweet to me with you, to adorn it," he replied. They, or rather she, interviewed the caretaker, and everything seemed most satisfactory. But he was a practical man, and as they were leaving he sniffed a sniff, and said: "Er—I—er—rather fancy the drains are a little defective." "Drains, sir," exclaimed the caretaker, confidently. "You can rest your mind easy about them; why, bless your heart, there ain't any."

NO CAUSE OF COMPLAINT NOW.

Colonel B—— commanded a crack rifle corps. An inspection of his regiment had passed off satisfactorily; there were no complaints. "But," said the inspecting officer, "I am bound to tell you, Colonel B—— that rumours have reached me of gambling being carried on extensively among your officers."

"That may have been the case, sir," said the Colonel, "some months ago; but I can assure you there is nothing of the kind in vogue now, because I've won all the ready money in the regiment, and will not allow any gambling on credit."

Larry: Be hivins, Dinnis, that ould hen's atin' tacks. Dinnis: Maybe she's goin' to lay a carpet.

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Tramp: Excuse me, have you seen a policeman?" Cyclist: No. Tramp: Then I'll have to call on you to give up your watch and money."

HOW EUROPE WAS SAVED BY ENGLAND.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SEA.

In the second volume of his fascinating story of the Great War, which began in 1793 and ended in 1815, Mr. W. H. Fitchett concerns himself chiefly with the struggle for the sea, says a contemporary, and supplies some masterly descriptions of the famous fights which made this period for ever glorious in our naval annals.

THE FIGHT WITH THE VENGEUR.

Here is an example of the writer's style. He is describing the Brunswick's and Vengeur's part in the battle of June 1st:—

The curve of their hulls made a little space betwixt the guns of the two ships in the batteries fore and aft, yet they were so near that the men loading the gun at an English port could see the crew of the French gun opposite busy at the same task, and the rival gunners raced furiously to get their gun discharged first. At one particular port a curious incident took place. The men belonging to two guns opposite each other, says an account written by an officer of the Brunswick, were striving who should load their gun first. "Our men, by shouting and gestures, endeavoured to scare the Frenchmen from their object, but without effect, for a man was on the point of putting the second cartridge into the gun, when the second captain of our gun, who had been worming the gun, suddenly reversed his rammer, reached over, and twisting the worm into the Frenchman's clothes, hauled him overboard; this decided the business in our favour!"

A GLIMPSE AT NELSON.

Trafalgar, says our author, was fought and won in the cells of Nelson's brain before it was fought on the tossing floor of the Atlantic. Against the smoky background of that tremendous conflict his figure stands in unfading clearness, somehow effacing all others. It is not in the least knightly or picturesque in the outward look. A homely figure, slender, stooping, boyish—boyish still, in spite of the scars of so many battles—with the careless hair lying low on his brow; mutilated, semi-blind; clad in threadbare and weather-stained uniform, with four tarnished and lack-lustre stars stitched on the left breast. And yet in the most heroic hour of English history this is the most heroic figure.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF TRAFALGAR.

Trafalgar, says Mr. Fitchett, is not to be judged by the mere number of its prizes, or by the fact that it practically blotted Villeneuve's great fleet out of existence. Of the fifteen ships that escaped four were met only a fortnight afterwards by four ships under Sir Richard Strachan and captured. The remaining eleven lay inert hulks in Cadiz till France and Spain broke into war with each other, when they became unresisting prizes. The significance of Trafalgar lies in the fact that it destroyed the last reasonable hope of challenging the supremacy of England on the sea, and turned into an idle dream Napoleon's long-cherished plan of invading England.

THE ARITHMETIC OF THE STRUGGLE.

In a later chapter we get the arithmetic of the struggle with France on its Naval side, and it shows how complete was the victory for England. In 1805 the British captured from the French 22 line of battleships and five frigates. In 1806 British captures only amounted to eight ships of the line and 14 frigates. In 1807 none were captured, for the reason that none ventured into open water. In 1808 the captures were eight line of battle-ships and six frigates. But two of the line of battleships were Dutch; the remaining six were the French ships surrendered at Cadiz when Spain broke into revolt. In 1809 France had begun to rebuild her fleet, and the British captured or destroyed six ships of the line and 16 frigates. After this no line of battleship was captured until 1812. Taking the eight years between 1805-12 the British captured in all from their enemies 65 ships of the line and 76 frigates; they lost during that same period not one line of battleship. The total British losses to the enemy, reckoning down to the most petty variety of armed craft, averaged less than eight per annum. "These figures," adds Mr. Fitchett, "show how absolute was the British captains in those years, indeed, arose from the fact that there was, practically, nobody to fight. The English flag flew in haughty and almost unchallenged defiance on all the open seas of the world."

THE PENINSULAR WAR.

In Volume III. Mr. Fichett covers events from the invasion of Spain by the French in 1807 to Wellington's passage of the Bidassoa in 1813. It will be noted as a coincidence at the present time that the opening of the war in the Peninsula was marked by a strange succession of blunders, which began to be retrieved only when Wellington took the chief command in 1809. Then commenced the series of campaigns and sieges, from Talavera to the passage of the Pyrenees, that won immortal fame for the Commander-in-Chief, the chief incidents of which are revived in Mr. Fitchett's dramatic narrative. Excellent are his descriptions, for instance, of the famous Lines of Torres Vedras, which baffled Massena's skill, and cost that General more than six thousand men in a few weeks, and of the battle of Albuera, fought by Beresford in May, 1811, against Marshal Soult. About this engagement Wellington wrote. "I think this action one of the most glorious and honourable to the character of the troops of any that have been fought during the war." We are apt sometimes just now, to think our losses in South Africa excessive. Let us see what they were at Albuera:

"The fight at Albuera lasted four hours, and the slaughter may be judged from the fact that within the space of a few acres some 7,000 dead bodies, French, English, and Spanish, lay heaped. No less than 4,407 British fell out of a total of 6,500 British soldiers actually engaged. Of the Buffs 3rd or East Kent Regiment), which went into the fight with 24 officers and 750 rank and file, only five officers and 35 men answered to their names at roll call the next morning.

THE FREEDOM OF THE WORLD.

With the battle of Toulouse came to a close the ever memorable Peninsular War, during which Wellington had met and defeated the Armies of France, led by seven of Napoleon's greatest Generals. Commenting on the subject the author writes:—

"It was a great struggle, begun with a noble purpose, and maintained on a great scale and at an heroic cost. As a mere chapter of war it is scarcely to be paralleled in British history. . . . The scale on which Great Britain maintained the war in the Peninsula is not easily realised. She spent £100,000,000 on her own operations, but she also fed, armed, disciplined, and led to battle the Armies of Spain and Portugal. . . . Her land forces fought and won nineteen pitched battles and innumerable combats, made or sustained ten sieges, took four great fortresses. . . they killed, wounded, and took two hundred thousand enemies, and the bones of forty thousand British soldiers lay scattered on the plains and mountains of the Peninsula. And the end—won at such a cost—was noble and adequate. It was not merely the freedom of the Peninsula; it was the freedom of the civilised world."

NAPOLEON'S FINAL OVERTHROW.

In this last volume Mr. Fitchett deals with the final overthrow of Napoleon. On June 23rd, 1812, Napoleon crossed the Niemen on his way to Moscow; on October 15th he commenced that retreat which is "one of the most memorable tragedies in human history." The summer and autumn of 1813 witnessed the important campaign on the Elbe, Napoleon's great victory at Dresden, the three days' bloody struggle at Leipsic known as the "Battle of the Nations," and the Emperor's retreat to France, closely followed by the Armies of the Allies. The story of Napoleon's abdication, his exile and his escape from it, is well known. Considerable space is devoted by Mr. Fitchett to the great and final acts of Napoleon's career, which terminated at Waterloo.

"I'd give five years of my life to get out of this scrape," said the prisoner at the bar. "I'll let you out with three," said the Judge as he passed sentence.

The BLACKMAILERS.

(Copyright.)

A Stirring Romance of England and Australia.

By W. Murray Graydon,

Author of "The Thirlstones of London," "Reaping the Whirlwind," &c.

SUMMARY of Opening CHAPTERS.

Malcolm Frazer, the owner of a cattle station, is standing at the hut, in the wilds of Western Australia, when his mate, Jim Connop, returns from the nearest settlement with letters and papers. From the latter they learn that funds are being raised in Melbourne and Sydney for an expedition to search for Sir John Vallenger and his companions, who have been lost while exploring. While they are discussing the question, a stranger, hatless and bootless and in rags staggers up to the hut and appeals for help. He is Charles Travers, one of Sir John's companions. Of the sixteen who formed the expedition, all but Sir John, Travers, and Maurice Yorke, the scientist, have perished. Sir John, is lying almost unconscious at the traveller's hut at a short distance from the home station. He remains conscience just long enough to enable him to sign a will, by which he leaves five hundred a year to his nephew, Osbert Challoner, and the remainder of his estate, real and personal, to his adopted son, Laurrence Douglass Vallenger. Before starting on the expedition, Sir John had willed his fortune to Challoner, and had cut off Laurence with the proverbial shilling. In the moment of repentance he never dreamt that his adopted son was settled in Australia and known as Larry Douglass. Meanwhile, in England, Sir John's death had been practically assumed, and though legal formalities demanded time, Osbert Challoner, ignorant of the tragic happenings in the bush, was enjoying his uncle's riches on the Norfolk estate of Burlingham Manor. But while congratulating himself on his good fortune, he gets a rude shock in the shape of a letter from Sir John's solicitors, narrating the real circumstances of the famous explorer's death, and also telling of the new will which is to evict Challoner from the estate and breed tragedy, and also much bloodshed and sorrow. In Australia Larry Douglass had not met with success. He had married an adventuress, and rued the day. Selling his station he decides to try his luck in another part of the country, but on the eve of his departure, his wife betrays him to Gentleman Jem, a notorious bushranger, whose gang attack the homestead, and get away with Larry's wealth. The desperadoes, accompanied by the treacherous wife, have hardly left when a posse of police arrive and pursuit is arranged. Gentleman Jem is shot, and so also is Larry's runaway wife. Shortly after Larry hears of his uncle's death and his own good fortune. He sails for England and takes up his inheritance at Burlingham Manor. One of his tenants, a retired Colonel, is engaged in some secret work, and resents all attempts to cultivate his friendship. His daughter is out riding one day, when her horse bolts. Larry, seeing her danger, rides to the rescue. This and a subsequent service wins for Larry the friendship of Colonel Lovering, and he visits the latter's house. Meanwhile Challoner and his friends Gontran and Margrave are yachting in the vicinity. They are likewise plotting against Larry, who is seen to be on the best of terms with the colonel's daughter, Lorna.

The story proceeds with

CHAPTER IX.

THE SECRET OF THE SHED.

Larry's visits to Burelands became more and more frequent, and it was evident that Lorna fully enjoyed his society. To him Lorna was all the world, but the record of the past, those two buried years; they rose before him in all their repulsive vividness.

Could he tell this innocent, trustful girl of his youthful folly and of the months of degradation spent at Yarram Yarram; confess that he had given his name and honor into the keeping of a music-hall dancer?

"I made a fool of myself, and I paid dearly for it," he thought, "The past is dead. I should be a worse fool to let the faintest shadow of it mar my future," It would have been the wiser course to tell her all, and that he was to realise when it was too late.

It was on the occasion of one of Larry's visits, when the Colonel's greeting had never been more hearty nor had Lorna looked more ravishingly beautiful, that Larry was left alone in the drawing room. Lorna had left her father and his guest to their havanas after dinner.

"Will you excuse me for a few minutes, Vallenger?" the colonel said, "I am going to the library to write a couple of important letters that cannot be put off I think you will find Lorna in the drawing-room."

But the drawing-room was empty. Larry stepped through one of the French windows, standing wide open, into the garden. He sauntered here and there, receding gradually from the house, and then he came suddenly upon Lorna sitting on a rustic seat among the rhododendron bushes.

That picture of her, the sight and perfume of the scarlet flowers against the lace and satin; was to torture Larry's soul in the evil days to come

She saw him, and raised a finger. you hear the nightingale?"

But Larry heard only a small voice within him, bidding him do that which he could not resist.

He stepped forward, shared the narrow seat, and with one arm encircling the girl's waste, he poured into her willing ear the old, old story.

She trembled as she listened. She allowed herself to be drawn nearer to him, and suffered his first kiss to linger on her lips. In the silence that fell, the rich, clear notes of the nightingale rose from a plantation over by the edge of the marshes.

"Lorna, is such happiness to be mine? he asked.

"Do you love me? Let me hear you say it."

"You must know that I do." she answered. "How can I help it?"

"The world can give me nothing more," he said; "and without you all else that I have would be as nothing. I dared not dream of winning you, Lorna. I am not worthy of you."

"Hush! do not say that. I am sure you are all I would wish you to be. In the long ago time, that summer at Cromer, you were my girlish hero. And girls—some girls— do not forget. I often thought of you afterwards, wondered what you were doing."

"Ah, those days! Larry interrupted, "Believe me, Lorna, I too did not forget. I treasured your memory in my heart. It was fated that we should meet again."

She nestled closer to him, and his strong arms folded her in a tight embrace. A rose dropped from her corsage, and Larry picked it up reverently.

"I shall never like any flower half so well," he whispered. I shall keep this in memory of to-night. My own —mine always—my wife that is to be!"

* * * * * *

"Consent? Of course I will. My dear fellow I am heartily pleased. I think I know your sterling qualities, and I could wish for no better husband for my daughter. And you have won a prize, Vallenger, if I do say it myself."

"I am sure of that."

"Yes, she is a good girl. And I shall miss her sadly. But there—one mustn't be selfish."

The clocks at Burelands had struck eleven, and the hands were rapidly travelling round towards twelve. Lorna had long since slipped away to her room, to be alone with her happiness, and the colonel and Larry were in the Library the contents of which—scientific books and instruments cheek by jowl with drawing materials, blue-prints, and models in brass and steel—afforded some indications of the owner's pursuits.

There was silence for a minute. The colonel rose and began to pace the floor with slow steps, puffing hard at his cigar. He opened a safe that stood in a corner of the room, and before the door was closed again and the knob turned, Larry caught a glimpse of the familiar black bag.

"It is time I was off," he said, looking at his watch.

"Not yet. Wait. I want to talk to you, Vallenger. We have been friends for a few weeks, and now that our relations are shortly to enter upon a closer phase, I am going to make a full confidant of you, I intend to entrust you with my secret—Are you in a hurry to-night, Vallenger?"

"Not particularly. But it is past twelve o'clock, and I am keeping your man up."

"Don't bother about the trap. I'll give you a bed, and you can drive home in the morning after breakfast. If you consent to that I'll show you my secret at once—before we retire. What do you say?"

"With all my heart," Larry answered. "Nothing would please me more."

"Then come along. We must wrap ourselves up for the nights are turning chilly."

Five minutes later the two men their evening dress disguised by light overcoats and tweed caps, had left Burelands and were walking quickly down the road. The colonel spoke but seldom as he steered his companion to the footpath, and thence over the marshes to the river Not a sound was to be heard, except the bark of a far-off dog and the cry of a disturbed moor-hen, as they unlocked the little boat and pushed across the narrow stream. But they had no sooner stepped ashore ten feet below the towering bulk of the sheds and tied the craft than a tall figure of a man rose up swiftly and darkly. A rifle shone in his hands as he swiftly challenged them.

"All right, Catlyn," said the colonel. "I am going to take a look inside, and I've brought a friend with me."

"Very good, sir," was the reply; and the watchman moved off in his beat.

The colonel leed the way to the rear of the first shed, and unlocked and opened a small, but heavy door To right and left, in the direction of the river, ran quays of solid concrete and masonry, six feet wide each slightly raised above the sheet of black, sluggish water that lay between them.

Larry saw nothing else at first as he followed his conductor along the right-hand embankment, but when the colonel stopped within half the length of the shed, and by a gesture bade him look down, he uttered a cry of surprise.

At his feet—his eyes were getting accustomed to the gloom—he saw a black, slimy object, shaped like the back of a great fish lying low on the water. From the middle of it gaped a huge eye—a round dark cavity—to one side of which an inverted cap of polished brass was thrown back on visible hinges.

"Langford!" the colonel called, sharply.

There was a stir below, and then a drowsy voice answered:

"Is that you, sir?"

"Yes. Turn on the light."

Almost immediately a silvery light illuminated the space below the hole.

"What do you think of it Vallenger?"

"By Jove, I hardly know what to think. Is it a submarine?"—

"You have guessed right. It is the submarine boat Victoria—the greatest invention of the age. But come down and have a look at it," the colonel added.

They descended by an iron ladder to the deck, and by another ladder to the vitals of the strange craft.

A lean man, with a close cropped, tawny beard and moustache, clad in shirt, trousers, and slippers, was seated on the edge of a bunk.

"I'm sorry to disturb you at this unseemly hour, Langford," said the colonel, "but"—

"That don't matter a bit, sir. I'll sleep all the better for a breath of fresh air; so, if you don't mind, I'll go out and smoke a pipe with Catlyn."

He pulled on a coat and disappeared up the ladder. The small and yet roomy cabin, flooded with electric light, was a surprising revelation to Larry. In the fore part he noticed the windows of thick, greenish glass, the steering wheel, levers, and other pieces of machinery. Aft of these were oak panels, cupboards, beds, furniture, and, in short, accomodation enough for three or four men on a lengthy voyage.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Larry. "You fairly take my breath away."

"Be seated, my dear fellow." said the colonel, as he dropped into a chair. Make yourself at home.

"Yes, this is my jealously-guarded secret—my masterpiece. The Victoria will startle the world, and the British Government will be glad to take her off my hands. She can be steered as readily beneath the water as on top. and she can travel under the surface for many hours."

"You have tried her?" cried Larry.

"Yes, a couple of nights ago," the colonel replied. I was always of an inventive turn of mind, Vallenger, and for years I have kept pegging away at this thing in the intervals of campaigning, while I was fighting the Afridis and Nagas and Burmese dacoits. Then a relative of mine left me a fortune, and I was able to come home to England and put my theories into actual shape."

For an hour the conversation flowed from his lips, holding the listener spellbound as he described his numberless difficulties and disappointments, the precautions he had taken and the frustrated attempts of foreign Governments, through their emissaries, to rob him of his secret. He broke off at last, and looked at his watch.

"Nearly two o'clock!" he exclaimed. "Come, Vallenger, it is time we were in bed. You are interested in my invention?"

"More than I can tell you, colonel."

"Well, you shall go with me on my next trial trip. And that will be soon, as the finishing touches are done with."

They climbed out of the man-hole, and returned as they had come to Burelands. Larry fell asleep thinking of the submarine boat, and the things he dreamed of it were less fantastic than the actual experiences he was destined to have before he was many weeks older.

At Burlingham Manor Larry now was living a real dream, as it were with Lorna as the central figure. His marriage—it was to be a quiet ceremony. was fixed for the 30th of September and the date was less than four weeks off.

"I'm the luckiest fellow in all the world," he told himself. "And I am not half so grateful as I should be."

Early in the month workmen came to Burlingham Manor to make some alterations that could not be made in cold weather, and as Lorna and her aunt Mrs. Dalton happened to going up to town just then—the latter had a housé in Mayfair—Larry followed them and stopped at an hotel in the neighbourhood, and the colonel ran up to be his guest for a few days.

"I hate to leave the boat," he said, "but Langford and the others will be as vigilant as if I were there The finishing touches are nearly done with."

One morning as Larry and the colonel were breakfasting at the hotel a letter was handed to the former.

"This is rather awkward," he said, when he had opened and read the missive. "Here's a chap writes and says he wishes to see me at once about a most important matter—what it is I havn't an idea. But I suppose I had better go."

"Man in town?" inquired the colonel, who suspected a request for a loan.

"Yes, and not far off."

"That's all right. You'll be able to catch our train—it's the one-thirty Cromer express, remember."

"If I'm not there in time you'll know I've been detained. So don't wait."

"And you'll follow by the next?"

"Yes, by the three-twenty."

With this understanding the two parted, neither of them dreaming under what conditions they were next to meet. The colonel went to his room to pack his bag, while Larry walked down through the quiet little streets to Piccadilly, striking it in the region of clubland.

"A matter of urgent importance," he thought as he read the letter a second time. "And Gontran Garnet of all men. What can he have to tell me? Perhaps Challoner is in a bad scrape. No, they told me he was shooting in Hampshire when I called at his chambers yesterday."

It was a glorious September day, and dull old London town was as beautiful as it could ever hope to look. Larry forgot the puzzling errand on which he was bound as he strode eastward with a quick light step. He remembered only the charm of the morning and the happy path he was treading to the future; and he was to recall these impressions as vividly long afterwards and to wonder why Fate had let him dance so carelessly, without a premonition, to the evil thing that was waiting to suck him into the black abyss of despair.

But Fate—ever working in strange ways—was busy with another victim and he, too, was unconscious of the subtle thread that was drawing him. Larry crossed to the south side of the street, and came face to face with Teddy Margrave. They had not met for nearly three years, and there was evident constraint on the part of both, though with Margrave there was confusion as well. He would have slipped away after the first few words of greeting, but Larry elbowed him through the hospitable portals of the Yorkshire Grey and into the saloon bar. He was in two minds as to whether to refer to the letter, but he decided that it would be better not to.

"Have what you like," he said. "So you're down in the country with Challoner?"

"I was. But I had to run up to town by an early train to look after a beastly bill."

The bill was an unimportant detail but Larry, misunderstanding the strained expression on his companion's face, judged otherwise. He waited for several minutes, and then, having furtively detached five ten-pound notes from a roll in his waistcoat pocket, he slipped them into Margrave's hand.

"If you'll take this as a loan"—he said. "I've been through the mill myself and I know what it is to be short."

Margrave flushed scarlet as he stared at the money, and when he lifted his eyes he missed Larry. He bolted into the street, glanced in every direction, and reluctantly resigned himself to failure—all the more because he saw a cab drive hastily away from the kerb.

"My God, they burn my fingers!" he muttered half-aloud, as he stuffed the notes into his pocket. "And that's the sort of chap Vallenger is! He hasn't seen Gontran yet. I could save him if I choose. It would only mean a word or two. Shall I? No, it's too late now for"—

In the mean time Larry—he had not been in the cab—was a few yards off. He soon found the address given in the letter. It was a narrow four-storeyed house, with a haberdasher's shop on the ground-floor. He rang the bell, and, on inquiring for Mr. Garnet, he was shown up one flight of stairs, and ushered into a sitting-room, that was furnished with a profligate and luxuriant taste. He was looking at some reproductions from the Salon that hung on the wall, when the inner door opened and Gontran appeared. He wore grey morning tweeds, and was smoking a huge meerschaum pipe.

"Glad to see you, Vallenger," he said as he shook hands. Take a seat, will you? Can I offer you a drink?"

(To be continued.)

ON THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

In tropical countries, where it is the exception, rather than the rule to carry money in one's pockets, it is no uncommon custom when a church collection is made to deposit in the bag or plate a paper memo. with the amount indicated thereon. In Ceylon this contribution is called a chit, which is redeemed in bulk at the end of the month by a collecting officer of the church. Defaulters are very few in number but any paper of this description not taken up is a black mark against the contributor which tells against his reputation for credit in the Colony or district in which he happens to reside.

A few days ago one of the military chaplains at Gibraltar hit upon what he thought was a singularly happy idea for inducing his congregation to subscribe more liberally to the offertories than was their custom. This was that the men, instead of putting their pennies into a bag (or, rather refraining from doing so), should be permitted to deposit sheets of notepaper stating the amounts that they were willing to have deducted from their weekly pay for the benefit of the church.

The soldiers appeared to be greatly impressed with the idea and the following Sunday the offertory bags literally overflowed with their notes of hand. The chaplain was most jubilant at the sight, and, prior to dismissing the troops, openly thanked them for their generosity. When, however, in the privacy of the vestry, he examined his harvest shortly afterwards, his jubilation somewhat evaporated. This was because practically every paper he unfolded ran as follows:

"T. Atkins promises to pay to Rev.—— ten millions when he is made a Field-Marshal."

The highest figure ever paid to a singer at Covent Garden was the sum of £9,600 paid to Madame Adelina Patti in 1870 for sixteen appearances, or £600 for each appearance. Madame Patti has, however beaten the record in her American tours, when she obtained, as she did at New Orleans, in the eighties as much as £1,200 a night.

M. Jean de Reske holds the record for male singers, his contract for sixteen appearances being £7,600, while the famous Polish tenor never fails to stipulate for free hotel expenses, and a certain sum for carriages and horses.

The famous Lasalle has also drawn his £400 a performance and during the golden jubilee of 1887 he appeared with the two de Részkes at one time on the stage, the aggregate of their nightly salaries amounting to over £1,000.

MISTRESS AND SERVANT.

A lady was looking for her husband and enquired anxiously of the housemaid: "Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts.

"I'm not sure, ma'am," replied the careful domestic, "but I think they're in the wash."

The Burglary at the Bank.

BY P. BEAUFOY.

It wanted three days to the glad festival of Christmas, and the spirit of the season was over all things, brightening gloomy places, and bringing smiles to sour countenances that rarely forgot themselves sufficiently to indulge in the relaxation of a laugh. But gaiety is quite as infectious as sadness, and therefore did it come about that many a morbid-minded individual caught a sharp attack of joviality from his neighbours, and astonished his acquaintances by appearing to think the world a fairly endurable sort of place, after all.

But Frank Hartree, clerk at the big bank in Rotherwood, was unutterably miserable, and did not share in the general rejoicing; for Frank was very much in love, and saw no likely prospect of making his sweetheart his wife. With all the presumption of youth he had actually dared to aspire to the hand of his employer's daughter, and fair Alice Wentworth had returned his love with devoted tenderness. The fact that her lover was merely a clerk in her father's bank, and was in receipt of a weekly salary that would hardly have sufficed to keep her relative in cigars for a single month, did not militate against Miss Wentworth's attachment; for Frank was a manly good-looking young fellow, and, moreover, possessed a heart, which had it been a commercial asset, would probably have enabled him to open a huge account at the bank, so large was that organ, and so thoroughly genuine. But alas, hearts are not marketable commodities in the narrow sense, and Frank was, in the eyes of the world, anything but an eligible suitor for the rich Miss Wentworth.

On the evening when this history opens, he was sitting in his solitary lodgings, a letter before him. Seeing that he had already perused the communication a dozen times, perhaps we may save him a thirteenth perusal by reading it ourselves. The note was in a feminine hand and ran thus:

"Rotherwood Hall, Friday.

"My own dear Frank,—Everything has happened just as I feared it would happen. Last night I went straight to papa, and told him what had passed between you and me. I told him I loved you and that I was certain you loved me. Finally I said that you were waiting his permission to call at the house and speak for yourself regarding your attachment.

"Well, papa flew into a terrible rage and refused to listen to a word in your favour. He called you all kinds of unjust and unkind names, said you were merely a fortune-hunter, and many more cruel things to the same effect. I tried to argue with him, and contradict these utterly false assertions; but you know what papa is when he roused, dear, quite as well as I do, and perhaps better, for they say that at the office he is sometimes quite tempestuous. Still I do not wish to say one word against him for, after all, he has always been goodness itself to me, and I suppose, even in the present case, he believes he is acting for my ultimate benefit.

"It is very hard on both of us, dear, but we can do nothing save wait. If you will wait for me then be sure that I will wait for you. In another two years I shall be of age and able to do as I choose in the matter of marriage. I hope by that time that papa will be more reasonable; and if not, I shall be compelled to act on my own judgment, and if you are still desirous of making me your wife, you will find me ready to say 'Yes!' when you come for me.

"I hope to see you after the Christmas holidays; but I am afraid we cannot indulge in any of our delicious stolen meetings until after that time, because my aunt, Miss Cattermole is staying with us, and watches me with quite pathetic vigilance. I will therefore say adieu for the moment, and wishing you a very happy Christmas, remain—Your loving sweetheart, Alice."

So old Wentworth had refused to accept him as his son-in-law, had he? Well, it was to be expected, Frank Hartree told himself as he sat with his elbows on the lodging-house table, trying to choke down the sob that rose in his throat, but it was hard to bear all the same.

Ah, if only Alice had been a poor man's daughter how different it would all have been! Then he, a bank clerk, earning a couple of pounds weekly, would have been a suitable husband for the girl, and there would have been none to say him nay.

The acquaintance had begun romantically enough some six months ago. Alice had called at the bank to see her father, and had dropped her purse on leaving the building. Frank had picked up the article and run down the road in pursuit of her returning the purse and receiving a smile and word of thanks for his trouble. They had met again in Farmer Dane's paddock one evening, a week later, as Alice was going home after visiting a sick pensioner and she had stopped him in order to ask whether her father was stopping late at the bank that night. A long stroll followed, interspersed with much talk, and Alice began to take a deep interest in the handsome fellow—an interest that soon developed into something that has defied analysis since the world began, but which is as old as the world itself.

And that something was love!

On the morning following the receipt of Miss Wentworth's letter the young man was summoned to the banker's private room. The great man eyed him fiercely as he entered, and then said:

"Look here. What the mischief do you mean, sir, by paying court to my daughter?"

"I love her, sir," replied Hartree in a low firm voice. "That is my reason, and the only one."

"Love her, indeed. A man of your age, sir, and earning your salary has no right to love anyone at all except himself."

Agitated as Hartree was, he could not refrain from smiling at this egotistical theory.

"I repeat that you should only think of yourself at your time of life, and not contemplate matrimony for many years to come. But if you must marry, choose some one in your own class. D'ye understand?"

"Yes, sir, I understand you perfectly. But in these matters a man cannot always do the right and suitable thing."

"What do you intend to convey by that?"

"I mean that affection of this kind is spontaneous and uncontrolled. I cannot remove my love from Miss Wentworth to another lady. Whether you consent to our union or not my feelings will remain unchanged."

"A fig for your feelings! Now, understand me. I won't have any more of this nonsense. The affair has gone quite far enough, and has got to stop. My daughter has evidently filled her head with romantic rubbish, culled from miscellaneous and pernicious novel-reading; but real life is not a three-volume novel, and I cannot have bank clerks paying attention to my daughter. So if you desire to retain your position in this establishment, young man, cease all your correspondence with Miss Wentworth, and never attempt to speak to her again. Disobey me, and not only will I discharge you forthwith, but the girl herself shall be sent to school in Germany until she has recovered her senses. And now be off, for I have nothing more to say."

Frank Hartree stumbled helplessly from the room. This interview formed the last straw in his burden of sorrows. The letter from Alice had been painful enough; her father's words were even more crushing. He fell into the blackest depths of despair, and was scarce able to perform the routine work allotted to him on that miserable and seemingly never ending day.

At length, however, the weary hours drew to their end, and Hartree, feeling too wretched to seek his lodgings, strolled aimlessly about the town until bed-time. Once his feet strayed in the direction of the river, but fortunately he drew back with a low cry of horror.

"No, not that—not that," he murmured. "Let men who have committed deeds of shame seek such an end as that. For me, pray God, a better, a worthier finish!"

Thus did the more noble resolve prevail, and in a somewhat softer mood, he eventually turned his steps homewards, and found refuge in Nature's kindest gift to suffering humanity—profound and restful sleep.

The following day was the eve of Christmas. The bank resounded with pleasant greetings on all sides; for every customer who entered the building, whether to pay in remittances or to draw out cash, had a pleasant word of reference to the season trembling on his lips. Even those unhappy mortals whose accounts happened to be overdrawn, and who were summoned to depressing interviews in the manager's room, seemed to forget their financial troubles under the spell of Christmas, and quitted the bank waving their hands cheerfully to the clerks, and shouting genially;

"A merry Christmas to you all!"

The words rang in Frank Hartree's ears, but they found no echo in his heart. Last Christmas he had spent with his widowed mother, happy in his love of her and her love of him, and no other affection had come into his life. To-day all was changed.

His mother lay in the churchyard, and his heart throbbed with a passion which seemed as though it must go unrequited to the end.

A merry Christmas, forsooth! There was mockery in the words, and he laughed bitterly as they sank into his brain.

The bank closed at four as usual, that evening, but there was plenty of work to be disposed of before the staff was free to quit the premises.

When Hartree arrived at his lodgings, he found his landlady in a condition of curiosity as to how he intended to spend his Christmas day.

"Shall you be going out anywhere, sir?" she inquired, with a touch of timidity in her tone.

"No, Mrs. Meadows, I have nowhere to go."

The woman's motherly heart yearned towards the young fellow, and she remarked, after a pause:

"If it wouldn't be a liberty on my part and that of my husband, sir, we should be very glad if you'd eat your Christmas dinner with us. We shall have one or two friends, you know, and it might be more pleasant for you than being all to yourself in your own room."

"Hartree was in no humor for the society of his fellows, but the landlady's good-natured offer was too kind to be refused.

"I shall be delighted to accept your invitation, Mrs Meadows," he replied quickly; "and it is very good indeed of you to think of me."

"Don't mention it, sir. It is a pleasure, I'm sure."

* * * * * *

After dinner an impromptu concert was decided upon, some of the guests being musical, and Frank said he would run round to the bank where he had left his violin, and join them in a few minutes.

Arrived at the bank he quietly let himself into the big gloomy building and went along in the direction of posing in his desk.

Suddenly he stumbled over something that lay in his path, and he pulled up with a cry of dismay.

For there, stretched on the floor, a handkerchief pressed firmly round his mouth, lay Williams, the caretaker, rigid, senseless, and drugged.

While attending to the caretaker he became conscious of a sinister sound that came from below in the strong-room; It seemed to him that someone was filing a section of metal.

Without hesitation he made his way below to ascertain the cause.

The door of the strong-room was ajar. Advancing on tip-toe, he perceived that two men occupied the room.

As he saw no possible way of obtaining assistance in time to stop the burglers whom he saw working at the safe, he made the desperate resolve of attacking them single-handed.

It was a daring, almost fool-hardy idea, but he was a powerful young athlete, and relied upon stratagem to enable him to deal with one at a time.

Hartree stood behind the ponderous door of the strong-room and made a slight noise. As he expected one of the burglars came out to ascertain the cause.

He approached the door, and Hartree, summoning all his force, crashed the heavy iron door full into his face. He fell, groaning to the floor, and two seconds later the other man was holding the bank clerk in a death-like grip. Fortune favoured Hartree. The man stumbled and fell just as Frank's strength was giving out. With the last effort he managed to get his knees on the ruffian's chest, and had him at his mercy.

His antagonist had been stunned in falling upon the stone floor of the strong-room and Hartree had just sufficient strength left to enable him to bind the prostrate burglar with his belt and reach the telephone.

A few broken, disjointed sentences, with the words Burglars—Bank—Strong-room—Help, and he fell in a dead faint.

* * * * * *

On the evening of that strange and eventful Christmas day Hartree awoke to find himself in a comfortable apartment, stretched upon a couch. An old gentleman was standing beside the couch talking in an undertone to some one whose voice Frank knew.

"My poor lad," said the old gentleman, in a tone very different from his ordinary business-like accents "how do you feel now?"

"Quite well, thank you, sir. a little dizziness in my head. The burglars—were they caught?"

"Caught like rats in a trap. They are now safely under lock and key. I drove to the bank with two constables directly your message arrived, and we found the scoundrels lying on the floor, helpless. But you must not talk any more now. It may do you harm. I need hardly say that this house will be your home until you are quite well again."

"I have very little to get well for, sir," he replied moodily. "I think that if those fellows had put an end to me. I should not have minded much."

"Tush, tush. You must not talk like that. Let me tell you, young man, that your timely presence at the bank prevented those ruffians from carrying off some securities the loss of which would have spelt something like ruin to the firm. In fact you could not have spent your Christmas afternoon more usefully than in paying the visit you did, and in return for your pluck and heroism I'm not only going to improve your position in the bank, but I'm also going to give you a Christmas present."

He went to the door, and called, softly:

"Alice—Alice!"

There came the rustle of a girl's skirt upon the threshold, and a moment later Alice Wentworth looking sweeter and rosier than ever, was beside her sweetheart.

"This is the present!" cried the old man huskily, as he patted his daughter's shoulder. "You deserve her, my boy; and by Gad, you shall have her. God bless you both!"

He turned on his heel and quitted the room, leaving the two faithful lovers to weep tears of joy in each other's arms, as they realised the mighty happiness which that wonderful Christmas Day had brought to them both.

MIGHT GET SMASHED.

A cricket club recently engaged a new ground man. About the same time they invested in a horse to pull the roller.

Shortly afterwards he approached the club's secretary;

"It's about the 'oss," he explained.

"What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing—at present," was the reply. But I want to know who is responsible if the 'oss meets with a bad accident?"

"Well, I suppose you would be responsible. The animal is in your charge, you know."

"Then I resign," was the unexpected rejoiner. "The brute hasn't the speed in him to get out of the way of the roller, and I shall be running him down some day."

ON THE DOORSTEP.

"Excuse me," said the detective, as he presented himself at the door of the music academy, "but I hope you'll give me what information you have and not make a fuss."

"What do you mean?" was the indignant inquiry?"

"Why that little affair, you know"

"I don't understand."

"Why you see, we got a tip from the house next door that somebody here was murdering Wagner, and the chief sent me down to work up a case."

THE CAPITAL.

A retired linendraper, posing as an authority in geography, was recently hoist with his own petard.

This gentleman went into school one day with the intention of putting the fifth standard through their facings in the geography of Europe. He began:

"What is the capital of 'olland?"

"H!" was the crushing rejoinder from the smart boy of the class.

The ex-linendraper did not pursue his geographical inquiries further, but left hurriedly. (1324).

Farewell Social an
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Milligan

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The Waterloo Mechanic
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Song, "The deathless ar
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and Miss Letch; pianofo
Campbell Milligan; song
Mr Pope; recitation, "
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THROAT AFFECTION AN
All suffering from irritation
hoarseness will be agreeabl
almost immediate relief affor
"Brown's Bronchial Troche
"lozenges" are now sold by
chemists in this country.
with a "backing cough,"
or bronchial affections,
too soon, as similar trou
to progress, result in seriou
Asthmatic Affections. See
"Brown's Bronchial Troch
Government Stamp around ea
by JOHN I. BROWN & SO
European Depot, 33, Farring
England.

Farewell Social and Presentations to Mr., Mrs. and Master Milligan.

—o—

The Waterloo Mechanics' Hall presented a very gay appearance on Monday night. It was brightly decorated with flags, flowers and evergreens, and contained an assemblage of about 130 residents of Waterloo and district, who had met to do honor and show esteem to Mr and Mrs E. Milligan and Master Campbell Milligan. Mr and Mrs Milligan had resided in Waterloo for 23 years, and were on the eve of their departure to Ballarat. During their long residence they proved themselves good citizens and good workers, identifying themselves very closely with every movement tending to the advancement of the place, and more particularly in Church and Sunday School they did excellent service. Needless to say they gained the esteem and goodwill of all with whom they were acquainted. The gathering on Monday night showed this most unmistakeably. The proceedings commenced with an enjoyable game of "Jolly Miller." The Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A., then officiated as chairman, and the following programme was successfully carried out:—Song, "The deathless army," Mr R. J. Pedder; duet, "Far away," Mrs Carroll and Miss Letch; pianoforte solo, Master Campbell Milligan; song, "Nancy Lee," Mr Pope; recitation, "My other Chinee cook," Mr A. Cochran; song, "Love not," Mrs Milligan; recitation, Mr R. J. Pedder. Mr Barber then, on behalf of the residents, presented Mr and Mrs Milligan with a handsome marble clock and a silver cake basket, Mrs Milligan also being the recipient of a bible from the Sunday school teachers and scholars, while Master Campbell Milligan was given a very fine travelling bag. All the gifts were suitably inscribed. In making the presentations, Mr Barber referred to the regret felt by all present at the Milligan family leaving Waterloo. He expressed the hope that in later days "Dr." Milligan (or whatever profession Campbell engaged in) would come back and bring his parents with him. He spoke of the great help given to the Presbyterian Church by Mr and Mrs Milligan. Referring to each individually, he remarked that Mr Milligan was an all-round man, one who in every sense of the word carried weight, and exerted an influence for good. He was a man of the strictest integrity, a straight man, and a white man in every sense. He was known as such in Ballarat, as in the district in which he had so long lived. Mrs Milligan had also exerted a steady influence in the Sabbath School and in the home. The poor would miss her, not only here, but throughout the district. Her virtues were strongly characterised as a womanly woman. The large attendance showed the high esteem in which she and Mr Milligan were held. He spoke of Master Campbell Milligan having won honors in his college, and said he was esteemed not only for his parents' sake, but for his own worth.

The Rev. J. Butler Johnstone, after alluding in kindly terms to his excellent friend the Rev. Mr Barber, spoke of the pleasure it gave him to be present to do honor to Mr and Mrs Milligan, who had lived unselfish lives, and had set before them the task of leaving Waterloo better and brighter than what they found it. The influence left by them would be long felt in Waterloo. He regretted they were leaving, heartily thanked Mrs Milligan for playing the organ at the Church of England services, wished them God-speed, and hoped they would have as many opportunities for usefulness in Ballarat as they had had here.

Cr. Flynn said that after all the reverend gentlemen had said there was very little left for him to say. He had been acquainted with Mr and Mrs Milligan before the advent of Campbell Milligan, and for the past 20 years, and could fully endorse all that had been said of them. He was sure the people of Waterloo, and especially the young people attending the Sunday School, would greatly miss them. Mrs Milligan had taken a leading part in the work of the school, and although he did not belong to the same church, he could appreciate her labors, and trusted that the school would not suffer by her departure. The school was losing a good and faithful teacher in Mrs Milligan. They carried away with them the best wishes of the people of Waterloo, and he wished them success and happiness in their future home.

Mr George Rowe also spoke of the good qualities of the guests of the evening, endorsing what had already been said.

Mr Milligan, who was received with applause, thanked them most sincerely, on behalf of his wife, son, and himself, for the many kind things said about them and also for their very handsome gifts. They had received nothing but kindness from the people of Waterloo, and when they sat in their room and saw the hands of this clock go round, it would remind them of the friendship of the people of Waterloo. He felt he would like to say a great deal, but was not able to under the circumstances. He would just like to say that they did not require these handsome gifts to cause them to remember the people of Waterloo, because during the 23 years Mrs Milligan and he had lived here they had received nothing but kindness and good wishes. They all felt the going away very much, and Mrs Milligan more so than any of them. It was her earnest wish that the work of the Sunday school would be carried on in the same way as when she resided among them, or even better. There was not the slightest doubt but that there were those here quite capable of doing it if they would only come forward, and he had reason to believe they would. He again thanked them most sincerely for their very kind wishes and gifts.

The programme was then continued as follows:—Song, Mr J. Frusher; recitation, Mr E. J. Jones; pianoforte solo, Master Campbell Milligan; song, "Fagan, the shoemaker," Mr Milligan; duet, "The outcast," Messrs Woodfine and W. Frusher; duet, "Ye banks and braes," Mrs Carroll and Mr Henderson; song, "Comrades," Mr R. Moore. A very nice supper was provided, and games again indulged in; the social being one of the most enjoyable gatherings ever held in Waterloo.

THROAT AFFECTION AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Those famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight" cold, or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. European Depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London England.

Mining News.

—o—

The Junction G.M. Co., Raglan, having finished boring and proved a site for a shaft, will, in all probability, commence sinking early in the New Year.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sons of Freedom Central (5 days), 130oz. 9dwt. 12gr., including 49oz. from machine bottom; Sons of Freedom South (5 days, including machine bottom), 67oz.; All Nations Consols tribute party, 5oz.; Brusher's Co., 13oz.; Last Chance, 27oz. 7dwt.; Daughters of Freedom, 4oz. 8dwt.; sundries, 10oz.

SONS OF FREEDOM COMPANY.

The half-yearly meeting was held at the Mechanics' Institute, Beaufort, on Wednesday; Mr D. F. Troy (chairman of directors) presiding, and six shareholders being present. The manager (Mr J. A. Chalk) read the advertisement convening the meeting, as also the minutes of the previous meeting, which were confirmed. The reports and balance-sheet having been distributed among the shareholders, were taken as read and were received on motion of Messrs R. and J. T. Stevenson.

DIRECTORS' REPORT.—We beg to submit to you financial statements and auditors' report for past half-year. No doubt you are all aware that the company ceased carrying on mining operations last October. Acting under the authority given at an extraordinary meeting of the shareholders held last month, the directors caused the effects of the company to be submitted for sale by public auction, the net proceeds resulting therefrom being £570 9s 6d. A dividend (No. 15) of Threepence per share has been declared, payable on Monday, 29th inst., and no doubt there will be a small final or winding up one to follow. Messrs Robert Stevenson, J. T. Stevenson, and William McNish retire from the board by effluxion of time, but are eligible for re-election, and offer themselves accordingly. At your meeting to be held on 31st inst. you will please elect three directors and two auditors. Before concluding, we have much pleasure in testifying to the admirable and skilful manner in which the mining manager, Mr J. N. Bailey, carried out all his duties, and there is no doubt that very much of the success of the company was due to him.—D. F. Troy, chairman of board of directors; J. A. Chalk, manager.

The receipts for the half-year totalled £7213 4s 3d, including £5867 18s 2d from sale of gold, £651 17s 9d balance from last half-year, and £660 5s 10d from sale of machinery, material and lease. The expenditure amounted to £6553 3s 11d, leaving a credit balance of £660 0s 4d. The chief items of expense were—Dividends, £3500; and wages, £2520 7s. The general balance-sheet showed—Receipts, £36,921 16s 1d; expenditure, £36,261 15s 9d. The principal income was from gold, viz., £33 299 17s 7d. The wages account totalled £18,426 10s 4d; while £9800 was paid in dividends. The assets were £660 0s 4d, and the liabilities £40.

The auditors (Messrs D. Cameron and A. Parker) certified to the correctness of the books and accounts.

In moving the adoption of the reports and balance-sheet, the chairman said a glance showed them to be very satisfactory. He was almost speaking to the board, as very few outsiders were present, but drew attention to the fact that by the time the final dividend was paid, the mine would have paid £10,385 in dividends, and as the gold account was £33,299 odd, that meant that 30 per cent. had been paid in dividends, which was very satisfactory indeed. The company had also paid over £18,400 in wages, which was also satisfactory, especially when they had distributed most of the money in every part of the district. The directors' fees and travelling expenses (£277 6s, including audit fees with the former, and £115 16s 4d), also showed that the mine had been worked to the best interests of the shareholders. Mr J. Eastwood seconded the motion, which was carried.

The retiring directors were re-elected, on the motion of the chairman (who said that although the final dividend was being declared, there was a little work to do in fixing up the lease and calling in the scrip, and the dividend would not be paid till the scrip was handed in), seconded by Mr Eastwood.

The chairman thanked shareholders for attending the last general meeting. He regretted very much that it was the last meeting. This, the parent mine at Raglan, gave the field a start, and the directors were looking forward to the field continuing. He was pleased to hear that the long-talked of Junction was going to make a start, and hoped it would be a success.

Mr J. A. Chalk, as the oldest legal manager, referred to his relation with the company as a most happy one. He had received the greatest courtesy from the directors. They had altered the day of meeting to suit him, and he would be wanting in feeling as a gentleman and a manager, not to take this opportunity of expressing his thanks to one and all. He also desired to say, without any egotism, as one with considerable experience, that he had never known a mine to be conducted more economically. Of course, the balance-sheets spoke for themselves. It had been a wonderfully cheaply worked mine, and he must say the cheapest he had been connected with. He thanked them for their courtesy, and was very sorry to lose them, but hoped he would yet be connected with some of them again.

Mr Eastwood thought it was only due to Mr Chalk to place on record their very high appreciation of his work as legal manager. No officer in the State could have transacted the business better. Mr Chalk had also been most courteous and punctual in business. It had been a real pleasure to sit on the board and be connected with Mr Chalk's office.

Mr J. N. Bailey, the mining manager, said so far as the economical working of the mine was concerned, all had worked together in unity. He could also say, with the legal manager, that he had a great deal of experience, and he had never been connected with a board that had worked with such harmony as this. At the inception of the company a good deal was said about having working men on the board. He was at liberty to speak now, although not before. When he came to Beaufort to take charge he was told that he ought to "sack" every man in the mine, but he said he would do nothing of the kind. It had been his endeavour to work in unity with everyone. Not only had the directors and manager worked well, but there was a good staff to assist them, and all had done their best. Personally he would like to see more working men on boards, and less professional directors, which would be better for the mines, as they would be worked, not for their market value, but for their intrinsic worth. As Mr Chalk had said, he hoped they would meet again, and be as successful.

Mr Robt. Stevenson, one of the working directors, expressed pleasure at the remarks of the mining manager. Mr Bailey had preserved the secret well. He did not care about patting anyone on the back unless he deserved it. He did not want to take the credit, but he helped to get Mr Bailey in the position, because he knew the district. He had no hesitation in saying that no mine could have been worked more economically; in fact, he had had thought at times Mr Bailey was too economical, but as things worked out they found his theories right. They had had a practical man in Mr J. Ward on the board. Mr Bailey had disagreed with him, and came out right, saving two or three dividends. He thanked them for their kind remarks, and hoped the lead would go further down, and that the South and Junction would prove as good as the Sons had been.

Mr A. Parker also thanked the company for his appointment as an auditor, and spoke in eulogistic terms of the admirable manner in which Mr Chalk had kept the books and accounts. He also expressed the hope that the directors would become connected with other ventures in the district, and work them to as good advantage as they had the Sons of Freedom.

Middle Creek.

27th December.

As it is some time since I forwarded you notes from here, a short account of matters in general may be of interest. Harvesting operations, which were in full swing, were delayed owing to the copious downpour which occurred, registering about 4½ inches. The heaviest rain fell around Buangor, where many farmers suffered loss through flood waters. Mr W. G. Pickford had two stacks surrounded by water to a depth of several feet. A quantity of wheaten hay is going mouldy through the moisture, and shooting from the ear in sheaves. As most of the crop has been cut for hay, there will not be much threshing. Mr Porter started on two small stacks of Mrs McDonald's to-day, where a good average yield is anticipated. Messrs M. and Luke Fay have splendid crops of hay, as also have Messrs Taylor and Roberts.

The roads are already covered with a green sward, and if the weather does not become too hot a good supply of grass will soon be available.

The children of the State School collected the sum of £1 15s 6d in aid of their fellow scholars in the Mallee.

Mr Chas. Stewart, of Ballyrogan, on behalf of the Shire and Borough of Ararat, presented each of the children with a handsome card as a souvenir of the Coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra. The children, who were very pleased, thanked Mr Stewart, through their head-teacher, Mr H. J. Richards.

A SCAR from a burn or scald is often dreaded more than the pain that is inflicted. Chamberlain's Pain Balm heals the injured part in less time than any other treatment, and unless the injury is a severe one, no scar will be left. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

News is food for active minds, especially in these days of quick communication, when we are enabled within a few hours to know what is taking place at the other end of the world. The merits of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which have been familiar for over half a century amongst all civilized people, have been still more widely spread owing to these facilities. To the natives in the uttermost parts of India, Africa, Australia, and indeed, to the whole human family, these remedies have been amongst the most precious gifts of civilisation. They cure disease and relieve the most acute pain. In cases of fever, ague, and liver and stomach complaints they are unequalled, whilst for wounds, bruises, sores, &c., they are the best known remedies.

A. N. A.,

WATERLOO BRANCH,

Meets at 8 p.m. on TUESDAY next, at the SOCIETIES' HALL.

All meetings open to the public.

W. T. HILL, Secretary.

Beaufort Agricultural Society.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the above Society will be held in the Shire Hall on SATURDAY, the 10th instant, at 2 o'clock p.m. Notice of motion to alter the date of holding the show will be dealt with. A full attendance is requested.

JOHN HUMPHREYS, Secretary.

Beaufort, 2nd January, 1903.

COMING BY SPECIAL TRAIN.

Fitzgerald Bros.'

New Continental Circus and Menagerie.

Provincial Tour of the Western District prior to their departure for New Zealand for the Summer Season. After a highly successful season of over three months in their own permanent building, Melbourne, they will play at

BEAUFORT

(Location, opposite State School),

Thursday, January 8, 1903

(ONE NIGHT ONLY),

Bringing with them their Huge Combination of

STAR ACTS,
STAR PERFORMERS,
MENAGERIE OF WILD BEASTS,
STARTLING SENSATIONS,
NEW FEATURES,

Performing Wild Animals.

A GALAXY OF ARENIC AND ARIEL TALENT.

EVERYTHING UP TO DATE.

Come and see the

"CYCLE WHIZZ."

It is Marvellous It is Exciting in the Highest Degree. Intrepid cyclists riding at an angle of 60 degrees, at the rate of 60 miles an hour—80 laps the mile.

Everybody should see it. Novelties Galore. New Acts of every description, making this the Finest and Largest Amusement traveling Australasia. The Great Scene from the late African War, introducing the Marvellously trained War-horse SP. JUST.

A Rattling Up-to-date Show from the Metropolis.

Everything Bright and Sparkling. Don't fail to see it. More attractions introduced than any other show in the world.

DON'T FORGET THE DATE—

THURSDAY, Jany. 8th.

FRED C. PARKER, Agent.

Judge Slowly.

It is not always an easy matter to judge correctly of the quality of things. Less than one in a thousand of us is capable of accurately estimating the worth of a picture; not more than one in a hundred the quality of a horse. In general, judgments rapidly made are of small value. "Did you ever notice," recently inquired a visitor to an English University town of his companion, as they sat together on a verandah, "that queer-looking old fellow with the idiotic face, turned-up coat collar, and boots seven sizes too large, who passes here every morning at eleven?" "Many a time," replied the other, "He is Professor of Comparative Grammar to the University of ——, and speaks fourteen modern languages, to say nothing of his mastery of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew." The incident will serve to show the futility of superficial judgment. Many judgments which pass unchallenged are none the less depressingly wrong, more especially in matters which require a practical test. Who can say positively whether a certain medicine has the power to cure some particular malady or not without giving it a trial?

When the friend of Mr Michael Fitzpatrick, of 66 Forbes Street, Woolloomooloo, Sydney, N.S.W., advised him to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup for the cure of indigestion, he backed his advice with some excellent reasons—excellent because his judgment of that remedy was based upon actual experience of its merit. Says Mr Fitzpatrick in a letter written on the 20th June, 1902:—"For many years I suffered terribly from indigestion and biliousness, and spent pounds and pounds on doctors' medicines and so-called cures; but without avail. In those days I had no appetite, and the little food I ate turned sour on my stomach, causing severe attacks of heartburn. I was also troubled with pains in the chest, violent headaches, and habitual constipation. In fact, at one time or other I suffered from most of the symptoms which characterise a sluggish liver and impaired digestion. My worst affliction, however, was a total inability to obtain sufficient sleep. I would go to bed feeling worn-out and sleepy, but as soon as my head touched the pillow my brain would become unnaturally active, and I would think of every kind of subject, and roll and toss about between the sheets, listening to the Fish Market Clock as it chimed hour after hour, until all my nerves were in a quiver. Then I would rise and walk the floor, backwards and forwards, the greater portion of the night. For years I had been in this wretched state when one day a friend fortunately called to see me. I was trying the hot water cure at the time, and was just in the act of drinking a cupful of steaming liquid. He asked me what I was taking it for. I described my troubles to him, and in reply to a further question informed him that I had not, so far, gained any relief from the hot water treatment. He advised me to abandon it and try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup instead. He gave me such excellent reasons for doing so that I accepted his advice—advice which, I am thankful to say, has had the very best results. After taking only one small bottle I felt very much better. As I continued to take the Syrup, so did I continue to improve in health, and in less than two months my cure was accomplished. That was three years ago, and I have remained in good health ever since, which proves conclusively that it is not mere passing relief that Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup affords to sufferers from indigestion, but permanent cure. Now I am careful never to be without a bottle of the Syrup on hand, as I take a dose occasionally to counteract the ill effects of my sedentary occupation—for I am a bootmaker by trade—and for this purpose I find it acts like a charm."

Business man—"You remember that 'ad.' I had in your paper, and took out two months ago? Well, I want to have it put back again." Editor—"Why, I thought you said no one noticed it while it was in." Business man (humbly)—"They didn't seem to until I took it out." The mere fact of your advertising lets people know you are still in business; also that your business is sufficiently important to stand advertising. If you are in business you cannot afford to do without advertising, as it is too much of an admission to the world at large.—Extract from an interview with a man who has profited by newspaper advertising.

NOT A MINUTE should be lost after a child shows symptoms of cholera infantum. The first unusual looseness of the bowels should be sufficent warning. If immediate and proper treatment is given, serious consequences will be averted. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy is the sole reliance of thousands of mothers and by its aid they have often saved their children's lives. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Three of the Bank of England note forgers have been awarded punishment on pleading guilty to their crime. The principal offender received twenty years, another fifteen, and the third ten. Solomon Barmash, who got fifteen years, was paralysed. On his return to the prison he suddenly produced a concealed revolver and shot himself dead.

TENDERS are invited for ROUND TIMBER for PUDDLING MACHINE LEGS, delivered at Ararat; also CARTAGE of MACHINERY from Sons of Freedom mine, Raglan, to Ararat. Full particulars to MINING MANAGER, Caledonian Mine, Ararat.

PERSONS found illegally USING or SELLING BOTTLES with my BRANDS will be PROSECUTED. J. A. HARRIS, Aerated Water Manufacturer, Beaufort.

Electoral District of Ripon and Hampden (St. Enoch's Division.

THE GENERAL LIST for the above Division is now printed, and copies may be inspected, free of charge, until the day appointed for revision, at my Office, and at every Post Office within the Division.

EDWARD C. EARLES, Registrar.

Skipton, 26/12/02.

EDUCATION ACT 1890.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

PROPRIETORS and Principals are reminded that by Section 28 of the *Education Act* 1890 and Section 14 of the *Education Act* 1901 they are required to furnish to the Education Department, in the months of January and July in each year, a return showing the name and surname, sex, age last birthday, residence, and the number of school-days attendance of each child who attended their respective schools during the preceding half-year.

Forms for the purpose may be obtained from this Office upon personal or written application.

N.B.—Before transmitting the returns to the Department, Principals and others should be careful to see that the forms are properly filled up and signed.

W. McLEAN, Secretary.

Education Department,

Melbourne, 3rd December, 1902.

FORAGE.

TENDERS will be received until half-past Eleven o'clock a.m. on Tuesday, 6th January next, for the supply of Forage at the various Police and other Stations in Victoria from the 1st March, 1903, to the 29th February, 1904.

Tender forms and full details as published in the current issues of the *Government Gazette* may be obtained at the stations concerned or from the Secretary, Tender Board, Melbourne.

Tenders, enclosed in an envelope, marked "Tender for Forage," must be addressed to the Chairman of the Tender Board, Treasury, Melbourne.

WM. SHIELS, Treasurer.

Treasury,

Melbourne, 21st November, 1902.

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, and other Acid Diseases have been Completely and Thoroughly Cured by—

DR. PARKER'S

GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

As the following Cases can testify. . . .

Hopetoun, 14th April, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot find words to express my gratitude for the wonderful, successful cure of DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY in my severe case of Rheumatism. I was down with Rheumatics for over twelve months, and was under medical treatment the whole of the time and tried all sorts of medicine, etc., until a friend of mine told me of the Remedy. I was then unable to walk without the help of crutches, as my feet used to swell, and the pains that I had were something terrible all over the body. I even had Rheumatic inflammation in my eyes, and at times could scarcely see. When I started to take DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY, after two supplies the change in my condition was wonderful; my eyes got better, and in six weeks I could walk without crutches, or any assistance whatever. I now make this testimony public, so that anyone suffering from Rheumatics shall get to know the value of DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY, and feel confident that if any sufferer will use it, and follow instructions, that they will get completely cured, as it has done in my case. I will be glad to give any sufferers information concerning the cure at any time.—I remain yours respectfully,

(Signed) C. H. DUNKLEY,

Hopetoun, Victoria, 14th April, 1902.

Acute Sciatica Cured. Case of 54 Years of Age. Had Tried Everything Previously to Taking.

DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY:—

Statement of W. H. COLLINS, Esq., Saw Mill Owner, Longwarry, Gippsland, Victoria: Well known throughout Gippsland. Suffered from an attack of Acute Sciatica for eleven weeks, twelve months ago, during which period was completely crippled, and suffered great pain. Was treated for the complaint by some of the best doctors in a private hospital; had electric baths, sea baths, etc., and was finally told that an operation for the removal of Sciatic Nerve was deemed advisable. While in hospital was persuaded by a friend to try DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY, which he did, and, in eight days after taking Remedy, was able to ride, and after two supplies was able to carry out his business and travel anywhere without pain or inconvenience, and has done so for the past twelve months. May, 1902.

NOTE.—It had cost Mr. Collins over £75 for eleven weeks' treatment, which did no good, and after two supplies of DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY he was cured. Mr. Collins knows of other sufferers in the district cured by the Remedy, and will be pleased to give all particulars of his case to any sufferer.

DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN REMEDY is perfectly HARMLESS, and is the true antidote for all acid diseases, the cause of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc. It has cured the above, and many hundreds of others in this State. It will relieve the pain in a short period, and with a fair trial will cure the most obstinate case. It has been now in use for seventeen years, and owing to the large demand is now on sale at the principal storekeepers throughout the Commonwealth. The above statements are true to facts, and can be verified, being well-known people residing in Victoria.

Be sure and ask the local agent for DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY. Price 2os., which contains a sufficient supply to last from ten to thirty days, according to case.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all. 1902-1903.

HAWKES BROS.,

THE IMPORTERS, of

Neill Street, Beaufort.

To the gentle public of Beaufort and surrounding districts.
Come one, and come all, and inspect our splendid Exhibition of

FURNITURE.

No need to go to Ballarat or elsewhere, when you can get such a first-class selection for cottage or mansion, at lowest prices. BEDSTEADS from makers direct, in great variety. BEDDING.—Best sanitary of purest materials. WIRE MATTRESSES in wonderful weavings, the acme of comfort and convenience.

PAPERHANGING.—We have just opened up the largest line of Papers ever shipped to Beaufort. Pieces from the best English Mills. Absolutely the best value and an immense assortment to pick from. Call early and see for yourselves.

In CROCKERY and GLASSWARE we are second to none, both for value and selection, and invite your kind inspection. Come and bring your friends, and you shall not be disappointed. TEA SETS, DINNER SETS, BEDROOM SETS. LOVELY GOODS. GREAT NOVELTIES.

Do not forget us for LINOLEUMS and OILCLOTHS. The newest and prettiest patterns ever seen in Beaufort town.

Remember we have over 5,000 feet of floor space to show our immense Stocks of Goods in, and never before have we held such large and well assorted stocks in all departments. We have New Goods arriving every week, and all orders receive our prompt and personal attention.

HAWKES BROS.,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

AND AT GEELONG.

HELPING SANTA CLAUS.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO'S.

GREAT

CHRISTMAS FAIR!

NOW ON.

For the third time this spring our buyers have been to Melbourne for

NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS.

Specially for the Christmas trade we have selected a lovely assortment of

Fancy Goods, Presents, Glassware, and Crockery, &c.

WE INVITE YOU

TO INSPECT OUR SPLENDID STOCKS.

LET US TELL YOU

HOW LITTLE WE CAN CHARGE YOU FOR

Our Fashionable Millinery,
Our New Dresses,
Our Christmas Collarettes and Ties,
Our Fancy Goods,
Our Crystal Glassware,
Our New Crockeryware.

NEW CLOTHING

IMPROVES THE APPEARANCE A HUNDREDFOLD.

(THIS IS WHERE OUR FASHIONABLE SUITS MADE TO ORDER FIT IN.)

WE ALL WANT TO LOOK WELL FOR CHRISTMAS.

WE HAVE THE MATERIALS FOR THIS PURPOSE.

THAT DINNER TABLE

WOULD LOOK WELL WITH SOME OF OUR CRYSTAL GLASS

SPECIMENS, NEW CUPS and SAUCERS, EPERGNES, &c.

Let us show you our Splendid Assortment.

Inspect our Special Window Show.

For Christmas Novelties,

Visit our Great Christmas Fair.

IT'S RUDE TO POINT.

But who can help it,

To see such an Assortment.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

GENERAL PROVIDERS,

BEAUFORT.

BEAUFORT.

FRIDAY, 9TH JANUARY, 1903.

SALE BY AUCTION, at the VICTORIA HOTEL, NEILL-STREET, BEAUFORT, At One o'clock in the afternoon.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE and EFFECTS.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS and CHAS. WALKER & CO. (in conjunction) are instructed by Mr. T. VanderStoet to submit to Public Auction, all his Household Furniture and Effects, consisting of Chairs, Tables, Bedsteads, Washstands and Ware, Meat Safes, Clocks, Lamps, Fenders and Fire Irons, Crockery, Pot Plants, Fantail Pigeons, and other Birds, Horse Troughs, Billiard Table (in good order), and Sundries too numerous to mention.

The whole is for positive sale, as the owner, Mr. VanderStoel, having sold the premises, is leaving the district.

TERMS CASH. LUNCHEON PROVIDED.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS and CHAS. WALKER & CO., Auctioneers.

HULLOA, FATHER CHRISTMAS, you here again! Yes, and have left at

C. W. JONES'

CHRISTMAS TOY FAIR

One of the finest Displays in Christmas Novelties ever shown in the district, comprising—Xmas. Cards, in packets. 50 Cards for 1s. 3d.; 25 for 6d.; all prices to 5s. 6d. each. TOYS! TOYS! TOYS! A hearty invitation to all to come and inspect this beautiful display. To see is to buy, to buy is to save money. Do not leave your buying till the last moment. Come while you have a big selection to choose from. Wishing you all the Compliments of the Season,

C. W. JONES, Beaufort.

FOR SALE, KNITTING MACHINE, in good order. Apply to Miss HARRI, Beaufort.

J. NAYLOR wishes to inform the public of Beaufort and district that he has secured the services of a first-class COACH PAINTER from Melbourne, and all orders entrusted to him will be executed with neatness and despatch. Inspection invited.

Bicycles. Bicycles.

IF you are in want of a BICYCLE, or any accessories, go to W. GIBSON, Corner Neill and Lawrence Streets. New Machines from £10 10s. Second-hand at all prices. Repairs done below Ballarat prices.

W. GIBSON.

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

THE PROPRIETOR of the above well-known Hostelry, in thanking residents of Beaufort and district for the very liberal patronage bestowed on the house during the past twelve months, takes this favorable opportunity to let them know that the HOTEL has lately been thoroughly RENOVATED, PAINTED, and where necessary, RE-FURNISHED, and patrons will now find the

Accommodation Unsurpassed in the District.

Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales will be retailed, as heretofore, with every civility.

WILLIAM J. HILL, Proprietor.

COMB HONEY PRODUCTION.

Statements Made at the North American Beekeeper's Convention.

In a paper having for its subject the production of comb honey, R. F. Holterman said before the convention of North American Beekeepers at Chicago many things of general interest. He advised as regards locality a place where the honey flow is heavy rather than prolonged. In the face of great diversity of opinion, he hazarded the belief that any material variation from the depth of the Langstroth is a mistake. A super with section holders, consisting of two sides and a bottom bar with separators, a follower and a wedge, was his preference.

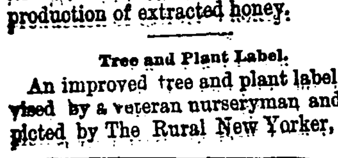
Sections should be 4¼ inches square. The thickness is a disputed question. In Canada nearly all the beekeepers use sections 1½ inches thick. In the United States the thicker sections are used—seven to the foot—or 1½ inches. He believed the tendency was toward thinner sections. Regarding bees, their comb building characteristics and honey gathering qualities must be looked after, instead of their individual beauty. He took issue with the statement that colonies could be too strong early in the season. If a colony became crowded too early to put on sections, he would put on an extracting super until the time arrived for putting on sections. The sections should be filled with full sheets of light foundation.

Mr. Holterman said that no one who wishes to raise comb honey to perfection will ever care to prevent swarming entirely. Swarms should be hived on the old stands upon very narrow strips (starters) of foundation or else upon full sheets of foundation. Which shall be used depends upon the locality. If it is where there is danger of pollen being carried into the sections, then full sheets of foundation should be used. When starters are used, one day should be allowed to elapse before the sections are put in place. When swarms are hived on starters, they are likely to build some drone comb, especially if the queen is old.

Mr. Holterman did not consider it practicable to requeen the colonies before the swarming season. He would allow the bees to build such combs as they might, taking great care to rear all queens from the best stock, and then in the fall put the bees upon good combs, if they had failed to build good ones, and feed them sugar for winter stores. The combs removed can be sorted over and those having drone comb patched up with pieces of worker comb, or else they may be melted into wax. He gave no upward ventilation. He advised shade upon the top and even the sides of the hives. The use of the bee escapes was advised. Mr. Holterman worked for comb honey until the season was near its end, then turned his attention to the production of extracted honey.

Tree and Plant Label.

An improved tree and plant label, devised by a veteran nurseryman and depicted by The Rural New Yorker, sug-



LABEL FOR NURSERY AND GARDEN.

gests a convenience for farmers who are desirous of keeping watch over the contents of their orchards and gardens.

The wire is about the size of a common knitting needle and may be of any desired length. The label is of common sheet zinc and may be made larger or smaller according to the amount of writing. The one illustrated gives the name of the variety, date of planting and name of the nurseryman from whom it was purchased. The latter is many times of considerable importance. The writing is done with a common pen and ink. This label is far superior to the common wooden kind, as it is practically indestructible and may be applied to any kind of stake, vine or tree. It is not patented.

Hedge Plant For the South.

A correspondent writing from Louisiana to The Southern Cultivator calls the Citrus trifoliata the ideal hedge plant of the south. He says:

I have my orchard and nursery surrounded with it. The hedge is now four years old, six feet high and forms an impenetrable barrier to thieves, cattle and hogs. I have the trees set a foot apart, close to the fence, and cultivate only on one side. In four or five years it makes a good fence, with ordinary cultivation for the first two or three years. It grows about 10 or 12 feet high at its best and does not occupy so much space as the osage orange or Cherokee rose. I cut them back when two years old to make the plant bushy and use the wood for cuttings, which will readily strike roots.

It is not advisable to set the cuttings where you want your hedge. Set them out in nursery rows. This will give them a start, and when rooted set along the fence and keep them clear of weeds for two or three years. After this no more cultivation will be required. I have had very little success with imported seed of Citrus trifoliata—not 10 per cent germinated. I now have all the seed I want, as my trees four and five years old are beginning to bear.

The fruit of the Citrus trifoliata is not edible; it is very bitter. In fact, it cannot be called a fruit. It is a shell full of seeds—containing from 20 to 50 seeds in each orange. Once the seed gets dry it will not sprout. The seed should not be extracted from the fruit until ready to plant. Plant in the spring.

A Word About Pomegranates.

The pomegranate thrives so well in North Carolina that Professor Massey expresses surprise it is not more extensively cultivated. The plant is a handsome small tree, and the flowers showy scarlet, while the fruit is ornamental. This last makes pleasant acid drinks and jelly. The pomegranate may be propagated from the seeds, cuttings and layers or suckers from old trees.

CLARKE'S 41 B PILLS are warranted to cure in either sex, all acquired or constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs, Gravel, and Pains in the Back. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes, 4s. 6d. each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

RUSSIA'S ARISTOCRACY.

It Embraces a Million Noblemen and Princesses Who Are Shopgirls.

Russia possesses 650,000 nobles without counting 350,000 whose titles are not hereditary. Among the Russian nobility there are many of foreign origin. The Russian social code recognizes four categories or estates (soslovia)—that is to say, nobles, priests, town dwellers and peasants. The character of their employment distinguishes these classes from one another. Each is dependent on the czar for all its privileges, and the emperor has absolute power to change the condition of his subjects from a high to a low estate. None of these classes possesses either a historical, a political or a social individuality.

The Russian aristocracy is deprived of political importance, and it cannot boast of such chivalrous qualities as distinguished the French nobles. For the present it lacks sufficient good sense or education to play any part in public life. Russian aristocrats all desire to be considered as direct descendants of the Boyars, merely because it is pleasant to be such, and thus get a position of social superiority. Their ambition goes no higher. The Boyars, like the feudal western landowners, are the descendants of the men who of old composed the Russian prince's army. The members of the Russian aristocracy have in great part retained their places at court, so that there can be encountered most of the old historic names. Children of both sexes inherit the titles of their parents.

The Russian aristocracy is distinguished by overweening pride and haughtiness, and at the same time there is often united to this, in a bizarre contrast, a certain snobbishness. Access to the circles of high society is very difficult. It is only possible to penetrate into them if well born and well connected. The Russians rarely abandon their titles, being too proud of them to quit them easily. A marriage between a poor gentleman and a rich stranger, or vice versa, is considered in this country as a shameful mesalliance, and the couple would not be received in the aristocratic salons of the capital. Tolstoi, as well as Prince Maschersky, director of the newspaper Grajdanine, has given in his novel very exact and graphic descriptions of Russian high life. But with all their innate pride the Russian great folk have never looked upon work as degrading. Thus, if need be, they will adopt with ease and without mauvaise honte any offices, any public charges. There is at St. Petersburg a prince who serves in the custom house, and many nobles and titled men become professors, schoolmasters, even actors. In a pastry cook shop at Moscow some princesses of high blood serve behind the counter. Others will become governesses, companions, housekeepers, telegraph clerks—in fact, will adopt any employment that may turn up.—Leisure Hour.

Goodhart's Joke.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Goodhart as she handed her husband his cup of coffee across the breakfast table, "I realize that we simply must economize, and I'm willing to do my part. I've thought of one way of economizing already."

"How is that?" asked Mr. Goodhart.

"Well, I'll tell you. I have a good sewing machine and plenty of time, and if you'll select the cloth I'll cut and make you that new pair of trousers you want my own self and save—why, Henry Goodhart, what is the matter with you? Mercy! The man is going into a fit. Here, Jane, bring some water! Go for the doctor, somebody! Help me to support him and keep him from falling out of his chair. What can the matter be? It looks like apoplexy. There! He breathes easier and has opened his eyes. Now, Henry, dear, what is it?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing, only a sudden faintness. I'll get over it in a few minutes, and I—I—was just joking when I said that we had to begin economizing somewhere, only joking, my dear."—Detroit Free Press.

Boadicea's Undiscovered Tomb.

Boadicea's tomb still remains undiscovered. Mr. Read of the British museum has had the trench dug several feet beyond the center of the tumulus in Parliament hill without having found anything to show for whom that particular burying mound was raised. So far the net result of the county council's quest has been a leaden musket ball and some chips of china, but both of these are modern jetsam. There are indications, though, that a portion of the ground was disturbed about a century ago.

For the rest the soil remains as it was in the beginning, heaped up, as there is no doubt was the case, for the purpose of interring some distinguished personage. It is not uncommon, it seems, even in undisturbed "barrows," to draw a blank, for the rain and the slow processes of nature completely destroy all vestiges of human remains that may have been buried in them.—London Telegraph.

A Cold Weather Veil.

A cold weather veil that is a good substitute for the flimsy illusion is one of the finest cobweb crape. This material comes in various light shades for veiling and is much more becoming than net or tulle. These veils may be washed, if the thrifty wearer desire, in a light suds, made of clear water and a little castile soap. Don't rub the delicate stuff, but squeeze gently and rinse in clear water, to which a drop or two of white mucilage have been added. Dry carefully pinned down on a pillow.

Keeping Pace With the Service.

Patron (angrily)—Bring me some lunch.

Restaurant Waiter—But you've already ordered a breakfast, sir!

Patron—Yes, but it was breakfast time then.—Chicago Record.

The battle of the Moat was a conflict before Medina between Mohammed and Abu Sofian. It was so called because most of the fighting was done in the moat that Mohammed had dug to protect the city from the besiegers.

SUMMER COMPLAINT is the children's most dangerous enemy and the mother's most dreaded foe. Immediate and proper treatment is always necessary. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, given according to directions, is the most effectual remedy known. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Nervous Prostration.

TOO NERVOUS TO SLEEP.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

The Case of Mrs. C. JOHNSON.

(By a Local Reporter.)

The work of the reporter is to gather facts and incidents from as many sources as possible, so that reference of considerable value may be afforded to all who seek for information on various matters. Those who read the opinions given below by Mrs. Catherine Johnson of No. 37 Type-street, Richmond, will readily understand the pleasure that lady expressed at having discovered the solution of a problem which is generally admitted to be most difficult.

"I used to puzzle my brains as to what I ought to try next," observed Mrs. Johnson," but it took me several years to arrive at the right decision, and then it occurred through a mere accident, or, to speak more correctly, through a stroke of good luck."

"What was the main object of your experiments, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Why, to get something that would cure my terrible nervous disease, of course. I am the only one out of a family of nine children who knows what it is to be sick, and when my brothers and sisters saw me suffering they used to pity me. Even from childhood I was a victim to nervousness, but when I grew up and married, and had a family, my complaint developed till it assumed proportions of great and overbearing magnitude. My nerves were never still, but kept on twitching and jumping as if I had St. Vitus' dance. I used to fancy that somebody was always ready to pounce upon me from behind, and often I have felt so sure of this that I have turned sharply round to see who it was, but, of course, I found it was nothing but imagination. Well, I went on like this till I was afraid to move anywhere by myself, and, to make matters worse, I could not sleep at night. I was too timid to close my eyes for fear of something happening to me, and there I used to lie, terror-stricken and helpless, till the daylight appeared in my room. Often I have been covered with a cold, clammy perspiration, which was induced by the horrible thoughts which took possession of my mind, yet no matter how hard I strove to banish those ideas from my head I could never succeed in doing so. I seemed to be haunted night and day, and in the course of time my constitution collapsed under the excessive strain. Yes; I distinctly remember how my appetite gradually fell away. It seemed as if everything was going against me, for whatever I indulged in the way of food had a disastrous effect upon my enfeebled condition. If I ate a piece of bread and butter it gave me frightful pains in the stomach, and the same unpleasant results were experienced after taking a cup of tea. That is another reason why I got so weak that my limbs were almost useless. Indeed, my bones ached so that it was agonising to stand up. Continual pains in the small of my back and intensely depressing headaches involved more misery than I can express, but I can safely say that I felt about the most wretched woman in existence. I was fearfully despondent, and if I had known the additional suffering that was in store for me I am sure I would have died."

"What was that, Mrs. Johnson?"

"A maddening attack of neuralgia, which appeared quite suddenly in the side of my face, and then the tortures spread all over my head. I was so distracted with pain that I believe I was sometimes out of my mind, for I often thought of suicide, as if being urged on by some evil genius, whispering in my ear. There were stifling pains in my chest, which considerably affected my breathing; but my heart caused me more anxiety than anything else, for it was either palpitating with great violence or else the pulsation was so weak that it could hardly be noticed. My skin was very dry and yellow, and my face was so thin that I was afraid to look at myself in the glass. If you had seen the emaciated condition I was in you would scarcely believe I am the same woman."

"What effected the transfiguration?"

"Before I tell you that, you must know that during my long term of suffering I had passed through the hands of several doctors, and very kind and attentive they were to me; but the medicines they gave me did not relieve my sufferings at all. Besides being treated privately, I was also under the care of several hospital doctors. One medical gentleman seemed to think that my heart and lungs were affected, and when he wrote out a prescription for me he said I would keep the chemist going for a long time to come, adding, also, that I was a regular medicine swallower. I spent no end of money in endeavouring to get relief, but when I found it was all in vain I resolved to meet my fate as resignedly as possible. For years I experimented with physics in the hope of finding one that would suit my disease, but my efforts were not rewarded until it was almost too late. The end was near, when I was informed of a medicine that would cure me."

"What is the name of it?"

"Clements Tonic; and although I thought I was too far gone to be benefited by any medicine my friend was so persistent in praising the merits of that remedy that I consented to give it a trial. I have been thankful ever since that I did so, for Clements Tonic was not long in getting to work on the tortures that had nearly deprived me of my reason and wrecked my constitution. The pains of neuralgia left me so quickly that it has always remained a mystery to me why the other medicines could not even give me a little ease, and when that remarkable feat was accomplished by Clements Tonic my hopes of a complete recovery were raised. For the first time for many months I obtained a real good sleep, and I shall never forget the tranquil feeling I experienced on waking next morning. Time wore on like this, a general improvement meanwhile taking place. My heart ceased to palpitate, and the pains in my chest were soon gone, so that I could breathe without any difficulty. Clements Tonic gave me such an appetite that I was always ready for my meals before the proper time arrived, and I ate so much that I sometimes feared I would make myself ill again, but this did not happen as my food digested well, and gave me strength. Constipation had been one of my most obstinate complaints, but after several doses of Clements Tonic I was quite free from that trouble, and an awfully bitter taste which used to be in my mouth soon disappeared. As my strength came back so did the weary aches leave my limbs, and I went about my work with a feeling of gladness that I had not known for years. All traces of nervousness were obliterated by Clements Tonic, which put my nervous system in a thoroughly sound condition, and made me a strong, healthy woman."

"When did all this happen?"

"Oh, some years ago, and my health has been grand ever since, and as I solved a problem which baffled many medical experts I think it my duty to enlighten other sufferers so that they may know the true value of Clements Tonic. You can publish these facts any way you like."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, Catherine Johnson, of 37 Type-street, Richmond, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of three folios and consecutively numbered from one to three, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my statements, which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

Catherine Johnson.

Declared at Richmond, in the State of Victoria, this twenty-sixth day of April, one thousand nine hundred and one, before me,

GEO. FINCHAM, J.P.

A Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

CHALLENGE FOR THE SUM OF £500.

"CROWN" VERSUS The "ALFA-LAVAL."

WE CHALLENGE the Agents of the "Alfa-Laval" to show their boasted superiority over the "CROWN" on the following points, viz.:—

1. Clean Skimming.
2. Power necessary to drive.
3. Simplest and most durably built and safest whilst at work.
4. Facility for renewing wearing parts.
5. Facility for dismantling and cleaning.
6. Means for regulating thickness of cream.
7. Time per gallon.
8. Price per gallon.
9. Freedom from froth in cream and skim-milk.
10. Stand all tests of the "Crown."

McMEEKIN BROS. & CO.,

545, 547, 549, FLINDERS STREET, MELBOURNE.

A Wonderful Medicine.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be "WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. They promptly remove any obstruction or irregularity of the system. For a

Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver;

they act like magic. A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the Muscular System; restoring the long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the world. Full directions with each box.

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each.

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J's.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday.—Messrs F. Beggs, H. Cushing, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridges. Fourth Tuesday.—Messrs M. Flynn, G. Topper, and T. Beggs.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup is sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

☞ The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, bill-heads, letter-heads, envelopes, and all business printing to execute. The newspaper man needs it, and it helps him to pay his printers for setting up the thousand and one free notices he gives you and your town; but don't give it to the printer or job printing office that can give you no such return, and is spending neither time, money, nor brains in helping you to build up your town. The time may come when a newspaper can live simply upon the revenue derived from advertising and subscriptions, but no ordinary newspaper in any ordinary town can exist without the auxiliary support derived from job printing. Therefore, if you want a *good* newspaper—one that can still further help you and your town—give *it* your job printing.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," for it *will positively restore* in *every case Grey or White hair* to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Ask your Chemist for "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT WATCH REPAIRS.

Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.

When you want your watch or clock done up so that you will have no further trouble with it, bring it here, and the result will be all you desire. The most expert tradesmen obtainable are employed at PAYNE'S, and only the very best material procurable is used in all repairs.—Near the Post Office.

Hundreds of watches are laid aside every year as valueless that could be made equal to new if they only got into proper hands.

These are the kind of watches we want—watches that you have no end of bother with, and perhaps given up as hopeless.

We would like you to know what kind of work is turned out of Payne's shop, if you do not know already.

Jewellery repaired, altered, or made to order. Stones reset or mounted. Gilding and engraving done. GEO. PAYNE, near the Post Office.

In ladies' and gents'. rings of every description we show twice the stock of any other shop in the city, and all rings supplied by us are manufactured by the leading ring makers of the State.—PAYNE'S.

Band rings from 9s 6d to 35s; with stones, from 11s 6d upwards. A special line of gents.' wide buckle rings, all sizes, at 20s 6d, set with various stones. Gents.' rings, new designs, at 20s to 50s each. Gents.' buckle rings set with real diamond, at 50s. Wide heavy band rings set with good diamond and rubies, at 90s.

A new selection of ladies' gipsy set 18-ct. diamond rings, beautiful designs, at 45s, 55s, 65s upwards.—Near the Post Office.

Five stone diamond, diamonds and sapphires, diamonds and rubies, diamonds and opals, at 55s, 65s, 75s upwards.

Five-stone half-hoop opal rings, well made, and stones well matched, at 25s upwards.

Also a good selection of ladies' rings at from 12s 6d to 25s.—PAYNE'S.

Wedding rings and keepers have always been a specialty at Payne's. We keep one of the largest stocks in the State, in all sizes and at all prices. No place like Payne's for wedding rings and keepers.

Nickel and gun metal watches regulated and guaranteed, at 8s 6d, 9s 6d, 12s 6d, and 15s. Best makes in nickel and gun metal watches imported to the colony at 20s, 22s 6d and 25s each. Remember, in buying a watch here you run no risk whatever, as all watches, even to the lowest-price ones, are all tested before being offered for sale, and furthermore, any watch sold, if not satisfactory, will be replaced by one that is. No place like PAYNE'S for watches of every description.

In gold brooches a splendid stock is shown, our large sales enabling us to get the newest goods as soon as they are designed. Don't you buy a brooch without first inspecting PAYNE'S stock.

A stock of 200 pairs of gents'. gold sleeve links to select from. Gold curb bracelets; plain band and padlock bracelets; and fancy set bracelets of every description. Gents'. gold and silver chains, lockets, medals, collar and front studs and sets in great variety. New designs in scarf pins just received; match boxes, sovereign cases, muff chains, fob chains, gold-mounted hair guards, gold-mounted silk ribbon guards (double and single), bangle rings, ladies' gun metal and fancy watches of every description. Ladies' gold watches from 45s upwards. Gents'. gold watches from £5 upwards. Gents'. silver watches by all the leading makers, including Walthams, Elgins, Bannes, Ehrhards, Rotherhams, Settle Brothers, &c., at from 45s upwards. Payne's. Alarm clocks, fancy clocks, eight-day striking clocks, by all the best makers; 200 different kinds of clocks to select from. Don't you buy a clock without first inspecting Payne's stock. All kinds of spectacles kept in stock from 1s pair. Gold frames spectacles from 30s to 45s pair. Sight tested and spectacles made to measure. Good stock of opera and field glasses, finest quality. Teapots, butter dishes, cruets, hot water kettles, pickles, biscuit barrels, hot water cans, toast racks, &c., in new designs.

Knife, fork, and spoon, in beautiful case, finest quality, 25s; Children's silver-plated mugs, nicely engraved, 8s 6d, 10s 6d each; salt cellars, silver mounted, 2s 6d each; ladies' silver-plated belts, 5s 6d to 12s 6d; silver-mounted purses, 3s 6d to 22s 6d each; gents'. solid silver cigarette cases, 35s each; gents'. cigarette cases, in Russia leather, silver-mounted, 15s each; gents'. silver-mounted pocket book and purse combined, 10s 6d to 17s 6d; silver tooth picks, 2s 6d and 3s 6d; gold, 15s; gold spectacles, 35s and 45s pair; napkin rings, 2s to 7s 6d; solid silver napkin rings, in case, 21s pair; tobacco pouches, silver-mounted, 5s 6d and 6s 6d; gold-mounted, 15s. We just received a new assortment of gents'. genuine gold-filled alberts, English made, at 17s 6d; ladies' gold-filled chain and padlock bracelets, at 15s. These are really good, and remember are not what are usually sold as rolled gold. A splendid assortment of gents' scarf pins, in all the newest designs, at 10s to £5 each; teaspoons, 10s doz.; dessert spoons, 16s doz. These are the best quality imported, and the only kind stocked; sterling silver salt spoons, 3s 6d pair; best quality rolled gold spectacles, 5s pair; Oak trays, silver-plated mounts, 35s each; Oak liquor stands, three bottles, silver-plated mounts, 35s each; repeater alarm clocks, keep on alarming at intervals for half-an-hour, or by altering an indicator you can make it ring for 20 minutes continuously, 10s 6d each; ordinary alarm clocks, 3s 6d to 5s 6d each; silver teapots, 22s 6d to 47s 6d each.

GEO. PAYNE, JEWELLER,

Near the Post Office, Sturt street, Ballarat.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READER

You want to see the local paper a successful institution.

Talk about it wherever you go

Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business.

If they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so.

If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.

Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.

If you dry to do peesnis mitowt advertising, you will find yourself already like a boy drying to shlide a hill down mitowt shnow. Pesides dere ish dese tifferences: ven you don't got some shnow you gant make 'em; but you can somedimes shenerally always make der advertising come right avay quick off, all der year rount, mit some moneys.—Joseph.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

SEASON 1902-1903.

GEORGE HAGUE & Co.

WILL hold Weekly Wool Sales as usual every Friday during the coming season. They would call special attention to their

EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES,

built expressly for the storage of Wool.

SHOW ROOMS,

splendidly lighted, and unequalled in the colony for the proper display of Wool.

Railway and Shipping right at the doors.

FARMERS' CLIPS

receive special personal attention, and no lot, however small, is sold under fullest market value.

A LARGER LOCAL CONSUMPTION of Wool than any other markets in the Australian Colonies.

Charges the lowest ruling in the colony.

Account Sales and Proceeds rendered invariably three days after sale.

Act Strictly as Selling Brokers only.

Thirty-eight Years' practical English, Continental, and Colonial experience of the Wool trade.

Cash Advances, if required, directly on receipt of produce into store.

Michaelis, Hallenstein & Co.,

Proprietary Limited,

382-384 LONSDALE STREET, MELBOURNE,

Are now Buying

WATTLE-BARK For Cash,

In any quantity, remitting highest market value on consignments without delay.

All Bark to be consigned to Footscray Railway Station, where a Government weighbridge has been erected.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED.

W. EDWARD,

Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Dealer in Paints, Oils, Colors, Paperhangings Window Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, etc., etc.

All sorts of Vehicles Re-painted. Estimates given in town and country. All Painters' Requisites kept in stock.

TO STAND THIS SEASON, at MR. DUNNET'S FARM, STOCKYARD HILL, and travel the Stockyard Hill, Skipton, and surrounding districts, the

PURE CLYDESDALE STALLION

YOUNG DUNMORE,

YOUNG DUNMORE is a bright bay, with black points, stands 18 hands, with splendid bone and muscle, fine silky hair in right place, a kind temper, a splendid worker, and has proved himself a sure foal-getter.

YOUNG DUNMORE is by LORD DUNMORE (imp.), owned by W. T. Cox, Esq., of Joyce's Creek. His dam is PHOEBE (winner of many prizes), by CHAMPION OF THE NORTH (imp.); g. dam, Phoebe, by Vanquisher (imp.); g.g. dam, Exell's Jess (winner of 31 prizes), by Old Dumbleton Squire (imp.); g.g.g. dam, Blossom, by Napoleon (imp.); g.g.g.g. dam, by Sir William Wallace (imp.)

LORD DUNMORE (No. 2117 C.S.B., vol. v.) was bred by Walter S. Park, Esq., Hatton, Bishopton, Renfrewshire, and imported and selected in Scotland by Mr Hugh Rae, ex s.s. Gulf of Mexico, from London.

LORD DUNMORE'S dam, Hatton Belle (626, vol. 3), is by Time o' Day (875, vol. 2, page 263), winner of prize at Glasgow in 1874, and the Highland Society's first prize at Glasgow in 1875; by Ivanhoe 2nd (399, vol. 1); dam, Lily, by Darling, alias Sir Colin Campbell (778, vol. 1), winner of first prize at Campbelltown; grand dam, Maggie, by Stanley Jock (1314, vol. 2.)

Lofty, the sire of Pure Blood, was half-brother to Cox's Pride of Scotland, considered one of the best breeding horses in the world. It will thus be seen that Lord Dunmore is closely related to all the most successful prize-takers of the day, both in Scotland and Victoria. He was bred by Mr Park, and it is well-known Princess Maud the First was bred by him, and a great many other prize-taking animals. Pure Blood was also the sire of Pure Gowd, Pure Clyde, Pure Bone, and several others too numerous to mention, and it is well-known there is no better judge in Victoria than Mr H. Rae, as he owned some of the best in Victoria, both mares and horses.

By this it will be seen that YOUNG DUNMORE has come from imported stock as far back as can be traced, and is one of the best bred colonial horses that ever stood in the district. His stock was awarded first and second prizes at 1896 Beaufort show. The class was open for any foal got by any draught horse that was advertised in *The Riponshire Advocate*, 1895, and I invite inspection of his stock. Young Dunmore was awarded first prize for best colonial-bred entire at the Beaufort show in 1898, and secured first prize and champion of the yard at Beaufort show in 1900, 1901, and 1902. His progeny also secured two first and two second prizes in 1900 and 1901, and one first and two seconds in 190 . A two-year-old colt by Young Dunmore was awarded 1st prize at the Ararat show in 1900.

TERMS—£3 3s. EACH MARE.

Guarantee, £4 4s.; good grass paddocks provided free. All care taken, but no responsibility incurred. Hind shoes must be removed from mares. £1 to be paid on removal of mare, and balance at end of the season.

Also the ROADSTER STALLION,

TRAFALGAR,

Who stands 14½ hands high, is black, and has good flat bone and splendid temper and action.

TRAFALGAR got first prize at the Beaufort show in 1898 and 1900, and his stock also got first for yearlings and two-year-olds, competing against the progeny of thoroughbreds. In 1901 Trafalgar obtained second prize, out of five exhibits, at the Beaufort show.

TERMS—£2 2s. EACH MARE.

To be paid before removal. Good grass paddocks provided free, and every care taken, but no responsibility incurred.

For further particulars apply to the owner

G. A. DUNNET

TO STAND THIS SEASON, at NERRING, near Beaufort, and travel the surrounding district,

THE PONY STALLION,

ST. ENOCH,

By YOUNG TIGER; dam, SARAH; grand sire, TIGER; grand dam, ETTIE.

ST. ENOCH is a bright chesnut, with silver mane and tail, rising four years old, and stands 13 hands 3 inches. SARAH was one of Mr E. H. Austin's prize buggy ponies, and was never beaten in the show ring.

TERMS—£2 EACH MARE.

Mares not proving in foal served free next year.

For further particulars, apply to the owner,

ARTHUR WEST.

TO STAND THIS SEASON, at the OWNER'S FARM, EURAMBEEN, and travel the surrounding district, the

PURE-BRED CLYDESDALE STALLION,

YOUNG HERO.

YOUNG HERO is a bay colt, rising years old, stands 16½ hands high, on good, short thick-set legs, and plenty of fine silky hair, which denotes the pure Clydesdale. YOUNG HERO was never shown as a yearling; gained second prize at Rupanyup Show as two-year-old, and first at Beaufort as a two-year-old, and second at Beaufort on the same date amongst the three-year-olds. He also gained 1st prize at the Beaufort Show this year as a three-year-old.

YOUNG HERO is by Conquering Hero, winner of over forty first and champion prizes. Conquering Hero is by that renowned horse, Clydesdale Hero, winner of 90 first and champion prizes, holding the championship of Victoria till he died. Clydesdale Hero is by that king of stallions, Lord Clyde. Further comment on these horses is unnecessary, as they are too well-known throughout Victoria.

YOUNG HERO'S dam was sired by Purves, winner of 70 first and champion prizes, winning £700 in prizes. Grand dam, by Glenloth, another noted prizetaker in his day; g. grand dam, by George Buchanan, imported from Scotland.

It will be seen by the above pedigree that Young Hero has descended from some of the best blood that ever left Scotland.

TERMS, £2 10s. EACH MARE; guarantee, £3; £1 to be paid at end of season, and balance when mare proves in foal.

For further particulars apply owner,

WILLIAM HERN, Eurambeen.

TO STAND THIS SEASON, at EURAMBEEN EAST (near Beaufort), the THOROUGHBRED HORSE,

ST. MARNOCKS.

Color—Dark Brown. Height—16 hands.

ST. MARNOCK'S (Victorian Stud Book, vol. 5), by MACGREGOR, out of NIGHTLIGHT. Macgregor, by Yattendon, out of Regina (imp.) Nightlight, by Maintop, out of Barnoolut. Maintop, by Mariner. Barnoolut, by the Premier, out of Rose. Rose, by Cornborough.

TERMS—£3 FOR SINGLE MARE;

Two or more Mares, the property of one owner, at £2 10s each mare. All mares to be paid for on removal, due notice of which will be given.

Every care taken of mares, but no responsibility incurred.

FRANCIS BEGGS.

THE PURE-BRED CLYDESDALE STALLION,

DUNMORE,

Will Stand this Season at MIDDLE CREEK, and travel portion Ararat Shire.

DUNMORE is a beautiful dark bay, rising eight years old, with immense bone, hair, good temper, perfectly sound, and a sure foal-getter. Sire, LORD DUNMORE (imp.), out of pure blood; dam, HATTON BELLE, by Time o' Day; grand dam, Belle, by Young Wattie (pure blood), by Lofty, dam Dandy II., by Lochfergus Champion, grand dam Dandy I., by Lord Byron.

LORD DUNMORE'S dam, Hatton Belle, by Time o' Day, was winner of first prize at Glasgow in 1874, and the Highland Society's prize in Glasgow in 1875. By Ivanhoe; dam, Lily, by Darling; grand dam, Maggie, by Stanley Jock.

DUNMORE'S dam, Mag, was winner of a host of prizes at the different shows, as was all of her progeny also. Mag's sire, Carnyle, by Crawford's Lord Clyde (imp.) Carnyle's dam, Maud VIII.; Mag's dam, Rose, by Sir William, by Major (imp.), dam George Buchanan mare (imp.); Rose's dam, Jess, by Westborne (imp.)

MAG, Dunmore's dam, has gained four first prizes and one second at Smeaton, and three firsts, and she and her full sister first for pair of plough horses, at Daylesford. A four-year-old filly out of Mag was sold to Fisher Bros., South Australia, for 100 guineas. A full sister to Dunmore, the property of Mr Scott, of Newlyn, has scarcely ever been beaten in a show yard.

The above pedigree cannot be beaten—the progeny on each side being first prize-takers at the different shows throughout Victoria.

DUNMORE gained 2nd prize at Smeaton in 1898, 1st at Daylesford in 1899, 2nd at Smeaton in 1899, and 1st at Daylesford in 1900, and the champion blue ribbon same day for best entire in yard, imported or colonial. In 1896 his stock gained 1st and 2nd prizes at Smeaton show against all-comers; in 1897 his yearlings got 1st at Smeaton and 1st at Clunes, also 1st for foals; in 1898 his stock came 1st as two-year-olds, also 1st as yearlings, and 1st for foals at Smeaton show; in 1899 his stock came to the front against all-comers at Smeaton and Clunes shows.

DUNMORE stood for five seasons at Mr Scott's farm, Newlyn, which should be proof of his having given satisfaction.

It will be seen from the above that Dunmore has descended from the best stock in the Smeaton and Ballarat districts.

DUNMORE gained 2nd prize in 1901 in a field of eight at Ararat, being beaten by the champion stallion, Craigielea, and 1st prize same day in a field of 7 for best entire to stand in Ararat Shire. Dunmore gained 2nd prize at Ararat in 1902, being beaten by the champion stallion, Craigielea, in a field of 9, and 1st prize same day in a field of 8 for best entire to stand in Ararat Shire. One of Dunmore's stock took first prize at Beaufort, 1902, in a field of 8, for best foal in the yard, and also took the challenge prize for best foal by any horse within 15 miles same day.

TERMS, £3 10s; to be paid at the end of the season. Guarantees as per agreement. Good grass paddocks provided free of charge. All care taken, but no responsibility incurred.

Further particulars from

THOMAS JESS, Proprietor, Middle Creek.

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COLD.

TAKE—

Curakof

The most efficacious Medicine yet known, for the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. True to its name.

Price 2s., from

E. SCHLICHT, BEAUFORT;

I. ELDER, SKIPTON.

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BAIN & CO.,

CHEMISTS,

Opposite Cathedral, Swanston-st. Melbourne, and St. Kilda.

Give your orders for JOB PRINTING to the newspaper in your district, because it prints thousands of reports and notifications for which it requires no payment whatever. It is always spending its time and money to benefit and improve the prospects of the place through which it circulates. It gives you value in return for your printing order.

Printed and published by the Proprietor, ARTHUR PARKER, at the office of The Riponshire Advocate newspaper, Lawrence-street, Beaufort, Victoria.

No. 131

Police Magistr

The following are ... trates permanent ... Ballarat district, w... proviso, added by M... otherwise engaged":

Ballarat—10 a.m. ...
Ballarat East—1...
day and fourth Thu...
Beaufort—1.30 ...
and fourth Tuesday ...
Bungaree—9 a.m. ...
Buninyong—3.15 ...
Carngham—2 p.m. ...
Gordon—9 a.m., ...
Linton—2 p.m., ...
Learmonth—12.3...
Kaleno—11 a.m., ...
Scarsdale—Noon, ...
Sebastopol—3.30 ...
Skipton—10 a.m. ...
Smythesdale—No...

RHEUMATISM, SCIAT... other Acid Diseases ... and Thoroughly Cure... DR. PAR...

GREAT INDIA... RHEUMA...

As the following Cases ... (Extracts from Sworn Affi... Justice of t...

MRS. MARY MARKS, ... street, Fitzroy, aged 74 ye... having all the joints stiffe... over 11 months, pronoun... obtain relief from anybod... completely cured over six ... in perfect health since.

MRS. NICHOLLE, re... Nicholson and Victoria ... aged 72 years, after sufferin... tism in every joint, failed t... remedies, and had been ... doctors, was completely cu...

Severe Sciatica Cure... Years o...

DEAR SIR,—My mother wishes to info... RHEUMATIC REMEDY has b... to her. She felt it doing ... and the Sciatica from wh... now completely cured—a f... ful when HER AGE IS TA... SHE HAVING RECENTLY P... BIRTHDAY. (Signed) Nyora, South Gippsland, ...

Chronic Rheum...

DEAR SIR,—I wish to acknowledge ... of my case, being a suffer... two years, which complete... me from walking, the kn... state that I have complete... able to walk ten miles a ... remarkable as I am over ... AGE. It is now over TWEL... was cured, and have kept i... Being an old resident ... known, I will be pleased to ... mation concerning the treat... (Signed) ... Anderson-st., North Rich...

DEAR SIR,—I desire to acknowledge ... Great Remedy in my cas... Rheumatism which comp... hands being so bad that ... them open, and the pain ... I obtained relief in six ... Remedy, and one supply ... know of many others in t... cured by the Remedy, an... to recommend it to suffe... Rheumatism. Yours in d... (Signed) Koondrook, Victoria.

DR. PARKER'S GREA... is perfectly HARMLESS, an... all acid diseases, the ca... Sciatica, Lumbago, &c. I... many hundreds of others ... lieve the pain in a short pe... will cure the most obstinat... in use for seventeen year... demand is now on sale at t... throughout the Commonw... ments are true to facts, an... well-known people residing... Be sure and ask the loca... GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATI... which contains a sufficient ... thirty days, according to ...

Further particulars ... Agencies.

AGENT FOR ... D. Troy & Son...

Ararat—J. J. Pawsey ... Creswick—J. Tait & ... Maryborough—Mr. ... Daylesford—Hamilt... etc. Kyneton—Mr S. P. ... High-street.

ARNOLD'S ...

ARNOLD'S BALSAM ...
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STOUTNESS—abominal... duced by PYROLENE ... safe and also tasteless. F... bottle. Small, 3s. 6d.; larg... by post, 3s. 9d. and 13s. ... ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., ...

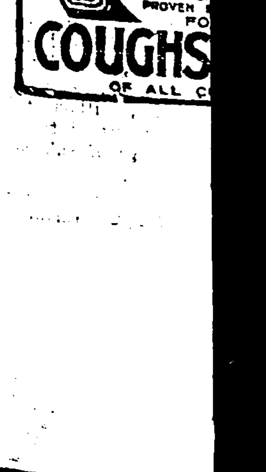
THE ROMAN HAIR RESTORER. Produces Brown and Black Hair. Price, 1s. 6d., by post 2s. 3d. Largely used by the Ro... their magnificent tresses. ... removes dandruff; increases ... it glossy and supple; does n... the linen. If your hair is fa... use this. ARNOLD'S BALS... (late Brinsmead & Co.) All ...

SOLD BY ALL STOR... Agent for Beaufort...

J. E. CR...

ARCHITECT, ...

Plans drawn. Specif... made up. Estimates ... work at shortest notic... Ranges, and Undergro... Sample Plans and Specif... tion. Government refe... M. Thomson's Monume... &c. Address—C/o G. ... Speke and Cummins Str...



The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1311 | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1903 | PRICE THREEPENE

THIS SEASON, at NERRING, aufort, and travel the surrounding

E PONY STALLION,

ENOCH,

GER; dam, SARAH; grand sire, dam, ETTIE.

T is a bright chesnut, with silver l, rising four years old, and stands hes. SARAH was one of Mr E. rize buggy ponies, and was never show ring.

MS—£2 EACH MARE.

proving in foal served free next

particulars, apply to the owner, ARTHUR WEST.

THIS SEASON, at the OWNER'S EURAMBEEN, and travel the district, the

ED CLYDESDALE STALLION,

UNG HERO.

HERO is a bay colt, rising nds 16½ hands high, on good, short , and plenty of fine silky hair, es the pure Clydesdale. YOUNG never shown as a yearling; gained at Rupanyup Show as two-year- t at Beaufort on the same date three-year-olds. He also gained he Beaufort Show this year as a d.

HERO is by Conquering Hero, er forty first and champion prizes. Hero is by that renowned horse, Hero, winner of 90 first and rizes, holding the championship of he died. Clydesdale Hero is by stallions, Lord Clyde. Further these horses is unnecessary, as well known throughout Victoria. HERO'S dam was sired by Purves, first and champion prizes, winning izes. Grand dam, by Glenloth, d prizetaker in his day; g. grand eorge Buchanan, imported from

seen by the above pedigree that has descended from some of the hat ever left Scotland.

£2 10s. EACH MARE; guarantee, paid at end of season, and balance proves in foal.

er particulars apply owner, WILLIAM HERN, Eurambeen.

ND THIS SEASON, at EURAM- EAST (near Beaufort), the ROUGHBIRED HORSE,

MARNOCKS.

ark Brown. Height—16 hands.

NOCK'S (Victorian Stud Book, vol. ACCESSION, out of NIGHTLIGHT, by Yattendon, out of Regina (imp.), by Maintop, out of Barnoolut, y Mariner. Barnoolut, by the t of Rose. Rose, by Cornborough, £3 FOR SINGLE MARE, Mares, the property of one owner, h mare. All mares to be paid for due notice of which will be given, e taken of mares, but no responsi- ed.

FRANCIS BEGGS.

PURE-BRED CLYDESDALE STALLION,

UNMORE,

this Season at MIDDLE CREEK, travel portion Ararat Shire.

RE: a beautiful dark bay, rising r old, with immense bone, hair, perfectly sound, and a sure foal- LORD DUNMORE (imp.), out dam, HATTON BELLE, by grand dam, Belle, by Young , by Lotty, dam Dandy II., champion, grand dam Dandy I.

NMORE'S dam, Hatton Belle, Dam was winner of first prize at 1874, and the Highland Society's in 1875. By Ivanhoe; dam Dunmore; grand dam, Maggie, by

's dam, Mag, was winner of at the different shows, as was Dunmore also. Mag's sire, Carmyle, Lord Clyde (imp.) Carmyle's WILL; Mag's dam, Rose, by Sir Morgan (imp.), dam George Buchanan's Rose's dam, Jess, by Weathorn.

Dunmore's dam, has gained four first record at Smeaton, and three she and her full sister first for pair horses, at Daylesford. A four-year- of Mag was sold to Fisher Bros. Sale, for 100 guineas. A full sister the property of Mr Scott, of has scarcely ever been beaten in a

pedigree cannot be beaten—the each side being first prize-takers shows throughout Victoria.

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£3 10s; to be paid at the end of m. Guarantees as per agreement paddocks provided free of charge taken, but no responsibility incurred. particulars from

MAS JESS, Proprietor, Middle Creek.

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Purakof

ost efficacious Medicine yet known Cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, is, etc. True to its name.

Price 2s., from SCHLICHT, BEAUFORT; I. ELDER, SKIPTON.

FOR—

AIN & CO.,

CHEMISTS,

osite Cathedral, Swanston-st. l-Bourne, and St. Kilda.

our orders for JOB PRINTING to paper in your district, because it usands of reports and notifica- which it receives no payment. It is always spending its time ey to benefit and improve the of the place through which it s. It gives you value in return printing order.

and published by the Proprietor, R PARKER, at the office of *The Advocate* newspaper, Lawrence Beaufort, Victoria.

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Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd Wednesday.

Smythesdale—Noon, 3rd Tuesday.

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, and other Acid Diseases have been Completely and Thoroughly Cured by—

DR. PARKER'S

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As the following Cases can testify. . . . .

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MRS. NICHOLLE, residing at the corner of Nicholson and Victoria streets, East Brunswick, aged 72 years, after suffering ten years with Rheuma-

An advertisement is a paper man's marketable commodity, and it is quite as much so as a side of bacon, a pound of butter, or a ton of flour. No man can afford to give away the things he sells for a livelihood, and the man who does so in order to get business is generally in a bad way. Don't try to put the paper men "in a bad way." But exercise a little human nature. Support him; he needs encouragement and support; but do it in the legitimate way. If the printer gets a few pounds worth of printing orders from you, he is not in a position to give you a pound's worth of advertising for nothing. And you have had value for the printing already. Go into a grocer's or draper's for £3 worth of goods, and the grocer's man or draper will not throw in gratis £1 worth of something else that you may ask for. Try him you don't believe us.

SUPPORT

LOCAL INDUSTRY,

AND

SUBSCRIBE

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Clarke's Blood Mixture

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

IS WARRANTED TO CLEAR THE BLOOD from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blackheads, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, it is a never-failing and permanent Cure. It

Cures Old Sores.
Cures Sores on the Neck.
Cures Sore Legs.
Cures Blackhead or Pimples on the Face.
Cures Scurvy.
Cures Ulcers.
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
Cures Glandular Swellings.
Clears the Blood from all impure Matter, From whatever cause arising.

It is a real specific for Gout and Rheumatic pains.

It removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

The world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blotches, Spots, Blackheads, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous.

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As this Mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT

Have stood pre-eminent during the past sixty years as

RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINES.

They are invaluable Remedies for

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Feverish Attacks, Ague, Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Skin Diseases.

They have no equal for Affections of the

THROAT, CHEST and LUNGS.

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford St. (late 533, Oxford St.), London. Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

STEVENSON & SONS,

W. EDWARD NICKOLS

Auctioneer, Valuer, Arbitrator, General Commission Agent.

AUCTION ROOMS:—

BARKLY STREET, ARARAT, and NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Correspondent and Valuer for the Ballarat Banking Company, Limited.

Trust and other Moneys to Lend at Current Rates

B. COOHRAN, NEWS AGENT, BOOK-

To our Readers and Patrons.

THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT DEPENDS chiefly upon the support and couragement that is given by the population to local enterprise and industry. Every venture is to a more or less extent speculative but each, whilst aiming at the success of Promoter, must offer certain returns to those whose support is necessary to achieve certain advantageous results on both sides.

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

The law of exchange was never satisfactory in its working; thus it was that the custom buying and selling, using a standard currency was introduced. One form of that currency known as paper money," and of paper money there is more than one kind. All kinds useful, but not every kind retains its original value. The "paper" money most valuable a newspaper proprietor is that which is sent him by

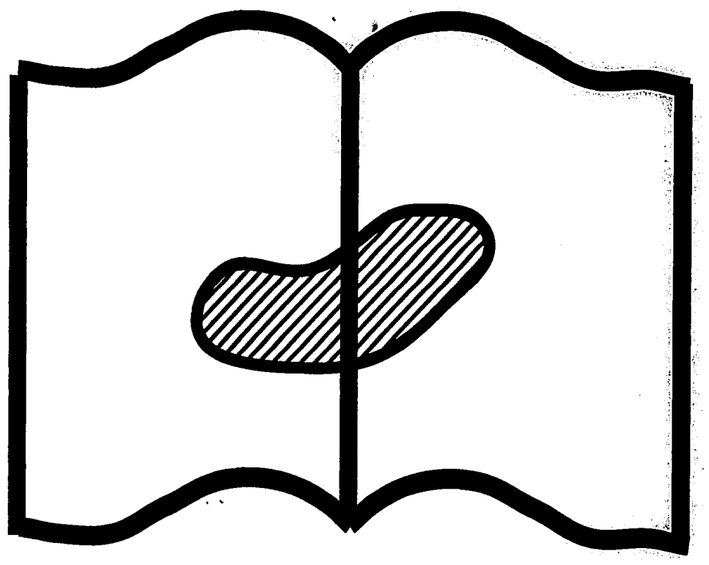
"Subscribers and Advertisers"

and he will do his utmost to entitle him to a good share of it.

"The Riponshire Advocate"

s the Advertising Medium for all Contracts et, and notifications of the Shire of Ripon and s the

ONLY NEWSPAPER



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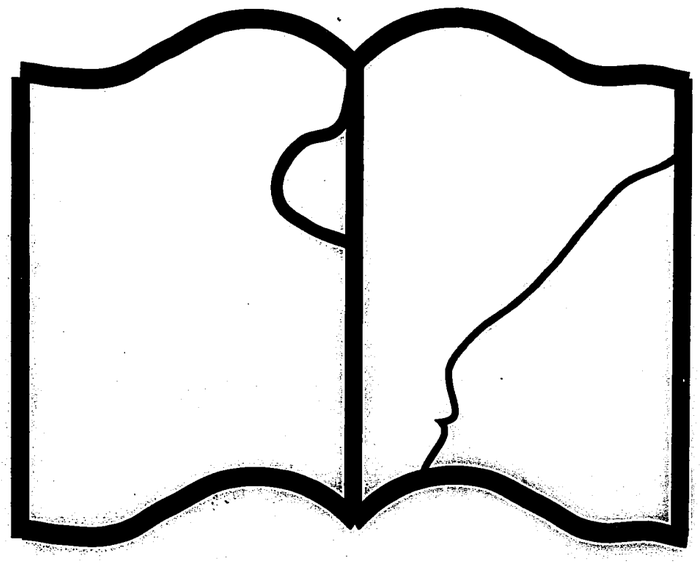

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USE LINSEED COMPOUND

TRADE MARK OF KAY'S COMPOUND ESSENCE OF LINSEED ETC. OF PROVEN EFFICACY FOR COUGHS & COLDS

OF ALL CHEMISTS

Business men should note that as the Local Paper is extensively read in the district, it therefore affords a splendid advertising medium.

RE MINING LEASES.

It is notified for general information that applicants for Mining Leases are required, within seven days previous to lodging the application, to insert in a newspaper published in the district where the land is situated, or if no such newspaper, then in one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked "A" in the schedule relating to Mining Leases.

Place on his grave a wreath of moss
And on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."
—Mortimer Crane Brown.

"KEATING'S POWDER" destroys BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals. In exterminating Beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See the article you purchase is "KEATING'S," i.e., with the signature THOMAS KEATING on each tin, as imitations are noxious and ineffectual. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s. each, by all chemists.

reasonable terms. [illegible] We take this opportunity of thanking our patrons for past favors, and while respectfully soliciting a renewal of support, desire to state that increased attention will be given to all matters of local and general interest. As a record of news we will always endeavour to make our columns as comprehensive as possible. In all departments, in fact, we will aim at improvement, and, therefore, confidently appeal to the public for increased support.

ARTHUR PARKER,
Proprietor

Beaufort, 5th September, 1896.

[illegible] from the post-office or leaving them uncalled for, "*prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

A country paper kindly supplies this beautiful simile:—"You might as well try to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soapsuds as attempt to do business and ignore advertising."

RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS.

MINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPT DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.

Prepared on the shortest n

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1311 | {Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.} | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1903. | PRICE THREEPENE

THIS SEASON, at NERRING, aufort, and travel the surrounding

E PONY STALLION,

ENOCH,

GER; dam, SARAH; grand sire, l dam, ETTIE.

t is a bright chesnut, with silver l, rising four years old, and stands hes. SARAH was one of Mr E. rize buggy ponies, and was never show ring.

MS—£2 EACH MARE.

proving in foal served free next

particulars, apply to the owner, ARTHUR WEST.

THIS SEASON, at the OWNER'S EURAMBEEN, and travel the district, the

ED CLYDESDALE STALLION,

UNG HERO.

HERO is a bay colt, rising nds 16½ hands high, on good, short , and plenty of fine silky hair, s the pure Clydesdale. YOUNG ever shown as a yearling; gained at Rupanyup Show as two-year- t at Beaufort as a two-year-old, at Beaufort on the same date three-year-olds. He also gained he Beaufort Show this year as a d.

HERO is by Conquering Hero, r forty first and champion prizes. Hero is by that renowned horse, Hero, winner of 90 first and izes, holding the championship of he diel. Clydesdale Hero is by stallions, Lord Clyde. Further these horses is unnecessary, as well-known throughout Victoria. HERO'S dam was sired by Furves, first and champion prizes, winning rizes. Grand dam, by Glenloth, d prizetaker in his day; g. grand eorge Buchanan, imported from

seen by the above pedigree that has descended from some of the hat ever left Scotland.

£2 10s. EACH MARE; guarantee, paid at end of season, and balance proves in foal.

er particulars apply owner, WILLIAM HERN, Eurambeen.

ND THIS SEASON, at EURAM- EAST (near Beaufort), the ROUGHBRED HORSE,

MARNOCKS,

ark Brown. Height—16 hands.

NOCK'S (Victorian Stud Book, vol. ACCESSOR, out of NIGHTLIGHT, by Yattendon, out of Regina (imp.) by Maintop, out of Barnoolut, y Mariner. Barnoolut, by the t of Rose. Rose, by Cornborough. S—£2 FOR SINGLE MARE;

Mares, the property of one owner, h mare. All mares to be paid for , due notice of which will be given. be taken of mares, but no responsi- ed.

FRANCIS BEGGS.

RE-BRED CLYDESDALE STALLION,

UNMORE,

this Season at MIDDLE CREEK, travel portion Ararat Shire.

RE is a beautiful dark bay, rising rs old, with immense bone, hair, , perfectly sound, and a sure foal- LORD DUNMORE (imp.), out dam, HATTON BELLE, by ed dam, Belle, by Young , by Lotty, dam Dandy II., ion, grand dam Dandy I., NMORE'S dam, Hatton Belle, was winner of first prize at 71, and the Highland Society's in 1875. By Ivanhoe; dam, grand dam, Maggie, by

's dam, Mag, was winner of a the different shows, as was also. Mag's sire, Carnyle, Lord Clyde (imp.) Carmyle's Mag's dam, Rose, by Sir (imp.), dam George Buchanan, Rose's dam, Jess, by Westhorne.

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MRS. NICHOLLE, residing at the corner of Nicholson and Victoria streets, East Brunswick, aged 72 years, after suffering ten years with Rheumatism in every joint, failed to obtain relief from other remedies, and had been pronounced incurable by doctors, was completely cured in two months.

Severe Sciatica Cured—Patient Seventy Years of Age.

DEAR SIR,—
My mother wishes to inform you that your GREAT RHEUMATIC REMEDY has been of the greatest benefit to her. She felt it doing her good from the first, and the Sciatica from which she was suffering is now completely cured—a fact all the more wonderful when HER AGE IS TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION, SHE HAVING RECENTLY PASSED HER SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY. (Signed) ELLEN WALKER,
Nyora, South Gippsland, 19th April, 1898.

Chronic Rheumatism Cured.

DEAR SIR,—
I wish to acknowledge my gratitude for the cure of my case, being a sufferer from Rheumatism for two years, which completely crippled and prevented me from walking, the knee joints being so painful that it was agony when I moved. I am pleased to state that I have completely recovered, being now able to walk ten miles a day, a fact all the more remarkable as I am over SIXTY-THREE YEARS OF AGE. It is now over TWELVE MONTHS AGO since I was cured, and have kept in good health since.

Being an old resident of the district and well known, I will be pleased to give sufferers any information concerning the treatment. Yours in gratitude,
(Signed) GEORGE BARKS,
82 Anderson-st., North Richmond, 2nd October, 1898

DEAR SIR,—
I desire to acknowledge the wonderful cure of your Great Remedy in my case. I had an attack of Rheumatism which completely crippled me, my hands being so bad that I was not able to feed my mouth, and the pain suffered was very intense. I obtained relief in six hours after taking your Remedy, and one supply completely cured me. I know of many others in this district that have been cured by the Remedy, and will do all in my power to recommend it to sufferers as the only cure for Rheumatism. Yours in deep gratitude,
(Signed) GEORGE HUDSON,
Engine Driver,
Koondrook, Victoria, 19th September, 1901.

DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN REMEDY

is perfectly HARMLESS, and is the true antidote for all acid diseases, the causation of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, &c. It has cured the above and many hundreds of others in this State. It will relieve the pain in a short period, and with a fair trial will cure the most obstinate case. It has been now in use for seventeen years, and owing to the large demand is now on sale at the principal storekeepers' throughout the Commonwealth. The above statements are true to facts, and can be verified, being well-known people residing in Victoria.

Be sure and ask the local agent for DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY. Price, 20s., which contains a sufficient supply to last from ten to thirty days, according to case.

Further particulars can be obtained from Agencies.

AGENT FOR BEAUFORT:

D. Troy & Son, Merchants.

Ararat—J. J. Pawsey & Son, Merchants.
Creswick—J. Tait & Son, Storekeepers.
Maryborough—Mr. S. End, Grocer.
Daylesford—Hamilton Bros., Stationers, etc.
Kyneton—Mr S. P. Hayes, Storekeeper, High-street.

ARNOLD'S BALSAM

ARNOLD'S BALSAM — For the Chest and Lungs.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — For Whooping Cough, For Coughs and Colds.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — Best for Influenza, In Bronchitis and Loss of Voice.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — For Croup.

STOUTNESS—abominal or other—is quickly reduced by PYROLENE PILLETS. They are quite safe and also tasteless. Full instructions with each bottle. Small, 3s. 6d.; large (for a course), 12s. 6d., or by post, 3s. 9d. and 13s. Of all chemists, or from ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., St. Kilda, Melb.

THE ROMAN HAIR RESTORER, Produces Brown and Black Hair. Price, 1s. 6d., by post 2s. 3d. — An inexpensive and certain preparation for renewing and restoring to its original color the hair of the head, beard, and whiskers. Largely used by the Roman ladies for preserving their magnificent tresses. Nourishes the roots and removes dandruff; increases the quantity, and renders it glossy and supple; does not stain the skin nor soil the linen. If your hair is falling off or turning grey, use this. ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., St. Kilda, Melb. (late Brinsmead & Co.) All Chemists Sell It.

SOLD BY ALL STORES AND CHEMISTS

Agent for Beaufort—D. TROY & SON.

J. E. CROWLE,
ARCHITECT, BEAUFORT.

Plans drawn. Specifications and quantities made up. Estimates given for all kinds of work at shortest notice. Chimneys, Ovens, Ranges, and Underground Tanks a specialty. Sample Plans and Specifications open for inspection. Government references. Agent for L. M. Thomson's Monumental Railings, Ovens, &c. Address—C/o G. E. CROWLE, corner Steele and Cummins Streets, Beaufort.

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SUPPORT

LOCAL INDUSTRY,

AND

SUBSCRIBE

TO THE

LOCAL PAPER,

THE

RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.'

We ask that our efforts for the district's good shall be recognised. An increased circulation means still greater usefulness on our part. When a neighbour or friend asks for the loan of the local paper, tell him or her that for the small sum of

3s per Quarter

It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

In addition to complete and impartial reports of all local meetings, an interesting

14-Column Supplement

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR

Plain and Ornamental

JOB * PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

Bear in mind that

ADVERTISING

ALWAYS PAYS.

Business men should note that as the Local Paper is extensively read in the district, it therefore affords a splendid advertising medium.

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Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it, such as the following:—

Mr James Balcombe writes:—"I suffered when in the Army from a severe case of Abscess of the Liver, and was sent home from India to the hospital. It was one of the worst cases known in the hospital, where I remained for eight months. I was then told nothing more could be done for me, and was discharged and sent home. I tried other doctors, but they could not stop the discharge, which was very great. I was on my back for two years altogether. At last, having seen Clarke's Blood Mixture advertised, I tried some, and after the first large bottle found myself very much better. I continued with it, and it made a perfect cure of me. I can truly say Clarke's Blood Mixture is a wonderful medicine.

"39 Falmouth-chambers, Falmouth-road, "New Kent-road, S.E., July 8 1899.

"P.S.—I should like to mention that when sending a relation for the second bottle from the neighbouring drug stores they persuaded her to take a preparation of their own, which they declared was 'just as good.' I found this did me no good at all. It was, therefore, sent back, and the genuine article procured, with above result."

Mr W. Pauley, Broad Lane, Cottenham, Cambridge, writes:—"Three years ago I had a slight skin disease, and was obliged to see a doctor, who told me it was Eczema. I was under his treatment some time, but got no better. I tried, I may say, scores of other medicines, but all to no purpose, and I was, therefore, persuaded to go to the Infirmary. There I was under special treatment, but got no better, and came out uncured; in fact, worse than when I went in. I was now covered from head to foot, and was so tormented that I almost wished myself dead; one medical man told me I never should get better. I think I may truly say that my case was one of the worst it was possible to have, and everyone said they had never seen anyone like me. Well, at last I read about 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and decided to give it a trial. I purchased some from Boots, the Chemists, and took it according to rules for three months, mine being a dreadful case, and I am thankful to say I am now perfectly well, with my skin as clear as possible. It was 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' which effected this wonderful cure, and I cannot recommend it too highly. January 20, 1900."

Colour-Sergeant Instructor Jno. Howarth, Cheshire Regiment, Chester, writes:—I suffered from Rheumatism in my arms and legs for over five years. I also had a bruised shin bone, through which I could rest only for a few minutes at a time. All sorts of remedies were applied, but none did me any good for more than a few days. After a while I was recommended to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' which I did, and on taking the first bottle I felt relief. I therefore continued with this excellent medicine, and it effected a perfect cure. This was more than a year ago, and I am pleased to say I have not felt the least pain since—in fact, I am in as good health as ever I was in my life.

"Moreover, I told two friends of mine who were laid up with Rheumatism of my case, and they tried 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' They are tailors by trade, and in seven days they were at work again. They say this medicine cannot be too highly praised. May 16, 1899."

Mr George Price, St. Margaret's-on-Thames, writes:—"I feel that I should write you a few lines in praise of Clarke's Blood Mixture. I have been suffering these last few years with Eczema and Blotches, which prevented me following my occupation, and I can safely say I have spent scores of pounds in all sorts of other medicines. A little while ago, however, I was advised by a friend of mine who has taken Clarke's Blood Mixture to try a bottle, and to my great relief I am a new man and able at the present time to go on with my business, being now quite well. In fact, I cannot give it too much praise. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial for the benefit of others who may be suffering from the same complaint." December 29, 1899.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS OF WONDERFUL CURES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Clarke's Blood Mixture is sold in Bottles 2s. 9d. each, and in cases containing six times the quantity, 11s.—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases—BY ALL CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world. Proprietors, THE LINCOLN AND MIDLANDS COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln, England. Trade Mark—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

Clarke's Blood Mixture.

CAUTION.—Purchasers of Clarke's Blood Mixture should see that they get the genuine article. Worthless imitations and substitutes are sometimes palmed off by unprincipled vendors. The words "Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England," are engraved on the Government Stamp, and "Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture," blown in the bottle, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE.

RE MINING LEASES.

It is notified for general information that applicants for Mining Leases are required, within seven days previous to lodging the application, to insert in a newspaper published in the district where the land is situated, or if no such newspaper, then in one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked "A" in the schedule relating to Mining Leases.

Over 1000 Cures

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT

Have stood pre-eminent during the past sixty years as

RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINES.

They are invaluable Remedies for

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Feverish Attacks, Ague, Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Skin Diseases.

They have no equal for Affections of the

THROAT, CHEST and LUNGS.

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford St. (late 533, Oxford St.), London. Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.	Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne ...	8.15	and 4.50
Ballarat ...	8.15	and 4.50
Geelong ...	8.15	and 4.50
Trawalla ...	8.15	and 4.50

Registered mail—8 p.m. previous evening and 4.30 p.m.; p.p., 8 p.m. previous evening and 4.30 p.m.

Ararat ...	11.50	and 8
Stawell ...	11.50	and 8
Middle Creek	11.50	and 8
Murtoa ...	11.50	and 8
Buangor ...	11.50	and 8

Reg. mail and p.p., 11.30 and 7.40.

English mail per Mail Steamer, 5.15 p.m. Tuesday; via Adelaide, 8.15 a.m. and 8 p.m. Wednesday.

COUNTRY.

Daily	a.m.
Rag an ...	9.15
Waterloo ...	9 15
Waterloo S.,	9.15
Main Lead,	9.15
Chute ...	9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Nerring ...	9.15	
Lake Goldsmith	9.15	
Stockyard Hill	9.15	

Reg. mail and p.p., 8.50.

Eurambeen ...	12.45	
Shirley, ...	12.45	

Reg. mail and p.p., 12.20.

MAILS INWARD.
Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—7 a.m. and 12.30 p.m.

From Ararat, Stawell, Buangor, Middle Creek, and Murtoa.—8.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.

From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

From Stockyard Hill, Nerring, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.

From Eurambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Office is open daily for transaction of postal and telegraph business, sale of stamps and postal notes from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m., and from 7 p.m. till 8 p.m.

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.

From 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., Saturdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

SAVINGS BANK.

From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. for receiving deposits only.

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

From 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.

9 a.m. till 3 p.m.

G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten-inch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.

To such a man the noisy din
Of traffic may not enter in,
For bargain hunters by the score
Shall pass nor heed his dingy door;
For tho' his sign is on the wall
And on some barn and gate a scrawl,
No people who have cash and sense,
Go prancing around to read the fence.

The man who never asks for trade
By heal line or ad. displayed
Cares more for rest than worldly gain
And patronage but gives him pain;
Tread lightly, friends, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsought except by men he owes.

And when he dies, go plant him deep
That naught may break his dreamless sleep,
Where no rude clamor may dispel
The quiet that he loved so well,
And that the world may know its loss
Place on his grave a wreath of moss
And on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

"KEATING'S POWDER" destroys BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals. In exterminating Beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See the article you purchase is "KEATING'S," *i.e.*, with the signature THOMAS KEATING on each tin, as imitations are noxious and ineffectual. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s. each, by all chemists.

STEVENSON & SONS,

UNDERTAKERS AND CARPENTERS,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT
(Opposite Golden Age Hotel), beg to inform the public of Beaufort and surrounding districts that they have purchased the UNDERTAKING BUSINESS of the late R. FARLEY, and hope by moderate charges and prompt attention, to merit a continuance of the patronage accorded to their predecessor.

FUNERAL ECONOMY.
Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS
(Late Wm. Baker),
UNDERTAKER,
Corner of Neill and Havelock Streets, and opposite State School.
Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country at stated charges.
Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,
Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

A. H. Sands has ON SALE the following lines:—Pine Shelving, Flooring, and lining boards; Californian, kouri, and clear pine, up to 36 inches; cedar, all thicknesses and widths; table legs, sashes, doors, architrave and other mouldings, window glass, white lead, oils, turps, and all the building requisites.

Sashes, doors, and all kinds of Joiner's work made to order at the lowest possible prices.

WM. C. PEDDER,
Blacksmith and Wheelwright,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Farm and Timber Waggons, Farm, Road and Spring Drays, Waggonettes, and all kinds of Vehicles made and repaired on the premises. Horses Carefully Shod.

P. J. O'SULLIVAN,
SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER
SNAKE VALLEY.

A large Assortment of Saddlery and Harness Requisites kept in stock.
All kinds of Harness bought, sold, or exchanged.
Repairs neatly and promptly executed.
Also Cash Buyer of Hides, Horse-hair, Beeswax, Furred Skins, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

We have resolved to REDUCE the SUBSCRIPTION to "THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" (with which is published a 14-column supplement containing well-selected reading matter) to 3s per quarter, and trust that this concession will be largely taken advantage of.

The Advertising Rates have also been considerably reduced, and advertisers will find it to their benefit to avail themselves of the columns of "The Riponshire Advocate," which is the only newspaper that is printed and published within the boundaries of the Shire. As the advocate of the interests and for the welfare of this district, it has a claim for a considerable amount of support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a given radius of Beaufort.

Job Printing, plain and ornamental, of every description, is executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

We take this opportunity of thanking our patrons for past favors, and while respectfully soliciting a renewal of support, desire to state that increased attention will be given to all matters of local and general interest. As a record of news we will always endeavour to make our columns as comprehensive as possible. In all departments, in fact, we will aim at improvement, and, therefore, confidently appeal to the public for increased support.

ARTHUR PARKER,
Proprietor

Beaufort, 5th September, 1896.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS
Auctioneer, Valuer, Arbitrator, General Commission Agent.

AUCTION ROOMS:—
BARKLY STREET, ARARAT, and NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Correspondent and Valuer for the Ballarat Banking Company, Limited.

Trust and other Moneys to Lend at Current Rates

J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGENT, BOOKSELLER, and STATIONER, begs to announce to the inhabitants of BEAUFORT and district that he is Sole Agent for the *Argus, Age, Herald, Star, Courier*, Melbourne *Punch*, Sydney *Bulletin, Riponshire Advocate, Leader, Weekly Times, Australasian, Australian Journal, Sportsman*, and all other Periodicals. All School Requisites kept in stock. Advertisements received for all the above-named papers. While thanking his numerous customers for past favors, he trusts, by strict attention to the delivery of all papers, to merit a fair share of their support. Advertisements received for all Melbourne and Ballarat papers. By sending through local agent advertisers save postage. Note the address—Next door to Bank of Victoria.

JOHN HUMPHREYS
COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT
ACCOUNTANT ETC.,
Neill Street, Beaufort.

RENTS and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

Very few are too poor now-a-days to take their country paper, and it is false economy to try and get along without it. Hardly a week passes that something or other does not appear in its columns that will be of financial benefit to the subscriber, and by the end of the year he had made or saved or won twenty times the subscription paid for it. The city papers don't take the place of the country ones, though some people appear to think they do. The city papers are all right in their way, but they do not give you that in which you are most interested—your country news. You cannot learn from them when and where your country meetings are to be held, who are dying or who are marrying, who are moving in or who are moving out, court proceedings, who wants to buy or sell farm or land produce, in fact hundreds of things of which it might be of particular importance for you to know. If you can afford to take only one paper, by all means take the one that is published in the country or district where you live. It will cost you less, and thereby you will be assisting yourself and keeping the money in the district.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, in writing, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible

5. The court has decided that is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncalled for, "*prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

A country paper kindly supplies this beautiful simile:—"You might as well try to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soapsuds as attempt to do business and ignore advertising."

To our Readers and Patrons.

THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT DEPENDS chiefly upon the support and couragement that is given by the population to local enterprise and industry. Every venture is, to a more or less extent speculative but each, whilst aiming at the success of Promoter, must offer certain returns to those whose support is necessary to achieve certain advantageous results on both sides.

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

The law of exchange was never satisfactory in its working; thus it was that the custom of buying and selling, using a standard currency was introduced. One form of that currency known as "paper money," and of paper money there is more than one kind. All kinds are useful, but not every kind retains its original value. The "paper" money most valuable to a newspaper proprietor is that which is sent him by

"*Subscribers and Advertisers*"

and he will do his utmost to entitle him to a good share of it.

"The Riponshire Advocate"

is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts Let, and notifications of the Shire of Ripon and is the

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

And as the advocate of the interests and the welfare of this district it has a claim for considerably greater amount of support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a radius of the Shire Offices.

The Circulation

of the

Riponshire Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing,

And the Proprietor, recognising the increased support in this direction, will use his utmost endeavors to merit and sustain the patronage accorded him by giving the Latest possible Local and General News, and the most interesting and instructive information.

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Chute, Waterloo, Eurambeen, Buangor, Middle Creek Shirley, Trawalla, Skipton, and Carngham.

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an
Interesting Serial Tale,
Amusing Anecdotes,
Pastoral News,
Poultry Farming
Agricultural Intelligence,
Recipes,
Gardening Items,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business."

And another writer has said that—

"He who in his "biz" would rise,
Must either 'bust' or advertise."

And advertisers cannot do better than make the *Riponshire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker,
Printer and Publisher,
LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES, ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS, MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c., PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, BILLHEADS, POSTERS, DELIVERY BOOKS, DRAPERS' HANDBILLS, CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS, SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS, &c., &c.,

PRINTED in FIRST CLASS STYLE

AT MELBOURNE PRICES.

Office:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the "RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE OFFICE.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS.

MINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPTS, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,

Prepared on the shortest notice.

HAVELOCK

HIGHEST QUALITY MANUFACTURED.

DARK OR AROMATIC.

FINEST SELECTED AMERICAN LEAF.

TOBACCO.

A Query! { Why is it that COUGLE'S SHOP is always so popular? They are always busy! } ANSWER— The Public are Judges.

Economic considerations compel the public to buy at the cheapest place.

Comparison is **COUGLE'S** best traveller.

The summer is not over yet, and the following lines are worth inspection:—

Muslin (plain and floral), Mercerised Lawns, Prints, Sateens, Zephyrs, Blouses, Holland and Pique Skirts, &c.

Highly SEASONABLE GOODS, the very thing you will want for months to come. Inspection Invited.

In all HOUSEHOLD GOODS we have the right stuff at the right prices.

White and Brown Turkish Towels, White Twill Sheetings, White Linen and Cream Table Damasks, Serviettes, Sideboard Runners, Tray Cloths, Doyleys, Unbleached Herringbone and Twill Sheetings, White Marcella and Honeycomb Quilts, Lace Curtains. No Comments Needed.

Dress Materials. Dress Materials.

We have just opened a case of Dress Materials, bought cheap. We intend to give our customers the benefit of the bargain. You will have to act quickly—they will soon go at the prices they are marked. We think of our customers. We never let any bargains slip past us; that is why we have attractive goods, at moderate prices, which we are content to sell below their real value.

JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE.—We have some special lines in MILLINERY, UMBRELLAS, LACES, CORSETS, FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS, &c. Each item merits consideration. Send for samples or goods on approbation, and compare our prices.

Tailoring and Ready-to-Wear Clothing for Suits

That fit well, TROUSERS that sit well, and VESTS up-to-date. Leave your order at COUGLE'S. Satisfaction guaranteed. Try our QUARTZSTONE KICKERS and HARDWEAR SUITS for the boys to wear to school.

Our low prices will surprise you. Our reliable goods will please you.

LEST YOU FORGET.—In MILLINERY we have Trimmed or can take your order for prettily and stylishly TRIMMED HATS to come at 7s 6d.

You can Save Money at

G. H. COUGLE'S, The People's Draper, HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Tuesday.

Fat Cattle—A light supply numbering only 188 head came to hand for to-day's sale, scarcely one-third of which could be classed as ranging from good to prime, remainder principally comprising middling descriptions. There was a good attendance of the trade, consequently sales opened to very brisk competition, continuing so throughout, all trade lots being disposed of at prices showing a very material advance on last market rates. Quotations—Prime pens bullocks, £17 to £18 7s 6d; good do, £14 10s to £15. 10s; useful, £12 10s to £13 10s; prime pens cows, £13 to £14; good do, £11 to £12. Fat Calves—45 forward, chiefly middling sorts; suitable trade lots sold readily. Best to £7 12s 6d. Fat sheep—6398 was the number yarded for to-day's sale, the quality generally consisting of middling to useful qualities, a small proportion being good to prime. The attendance of both the trade and graziers was one of the largest for some considerable time and as the majority of the trade and graziers were short of supplies, all suitable met with lively competition, prices advancing considerably, whilst for grazier's lots biddings were equally keen at much improved rates. Quotations — Prime crossbred wethers, 17s to 18s 9d; good do, 15s to 16s; useful do, 13s to 14s; prime crossbred ewes, 16s to 17s; extra, 18s to 19s 9d; good do, 14s to 15s; useful do, 12s to 13s; good merino wethers, 12s to 13s 6d; useful do, 10s to 11s; merino ewes to 12s 2d. Lambs—2454 to hand, only a small proportion being up to trade requirements, for such the demand was brisk at high prices, whilst graziers operated freely for suitable sorts at a marked advance on late rates. Prime, 13s to 14s; extra, 15s 6d to 17s 6d; good do, 11s to 12s; useful, 9s to 10s.

The following district sales are reported: By Messrs S. G. Valentine & Co.—18 2-tooth wethers, Mr R. Kirkpatrick, Sailor's Gully, at 7s 6d; 27 comeback ewes, 2-tooth, same owner, at 8s 1d. By Messrs Stephen Holgate & Co.—98 comeback wethers, Mr A. McCook, Chute, 11s to 10 2d.

BALLARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Thursday.

Wheat, prime old, 5s 9d to 5s 10d. Oats, 3s to 3s 2d; Algerian, 3s 2d to 3s 3d; Peas, 5s 9d. Barley, malting, 5s to 5s 3d; medium, 4s 6d to 4s 9d; Cape, 3s 6d; Potatoes, new, L7 to L7 10s. Hay, prime green chaffing, L4 5s; inferior, L3 5s to L3 10s; manger hay, L4 to L4 10s. Straw, L2 to L3. Bran, 1s 4d. Pollard, 1s 8d. Flour, roller, L11 17s 6d to L12. Old potatoes, L6 to L7. Dairy butter, 8d; factory prints, 10½d; lump, 9½d to 10d; separator, 10d. Eggs, 9d. Bacon sides, 11d; middles, 11d; jackets, 10½d; rolls, 10d to 11d. Cheese, 7d to 8½d.

MELBOURNE PRODUCE MARKET.

Thursday.

Wheat, 5s 8½d to 5s 9½d. Oats—Prime milling, 5s 8d to 5s 8½d; good milling, 5s 7d; faulty milling, 5s 6d; inferior and faulty, 5s 5d. Oats—Prime milling stout white, 3s 7d; medium, 3s 6½d; Algerian prime seed, 3s 4½d to 3s 5d; milling, 3s 3½d to 3s 4d; heavy feed, 3s 2½d to 3s 3d; medium, 3s 2d; light do., 3s 1d; faulty do., 2s 10d to 3s. Peas, 5s 9d to 5s 4d. Barley, prime malting, 5s 1d; good, 4s 11d; thin do., 4s 8d; thin feed, 4s 3d to 4s 6d. Cape barley—Prime, 3s 9d; feed, 3s 5d. Potatoes, £6 10s to £7. Flour, L12. Bran, 1s 3d. Pollard, 1s 8½d. Onions, £4 10s to £4 15s.

Mr J. W. HARRIS,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, REGISTERED DENTIST, AND DRUGGIST,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

In this established profession the first attention is devoted to the DISPENSING DEPARTMENT. Every care is ensured in the art and preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical Tinctures and British Pharmacopœa Preparations, the Purest Chemicals and Drugs being used. Medicines at Ballarat Prices, sent to all parts of the State by post, rail, coach, &c., and all letters receive prompt and careful attention.

HARRIS'S ANÆMIA MIXTURE, an excellent and invaluable remedy.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HERBS. Homeopathic Medicines. Horse and Cattle Medicines.

Mr J. W. HARRIS, R.D.S.,

Surgical & Mechanical Dentist,

HAVELOCK-STREET BEAUFOR

May be consulted DAILY from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Teeth fitted accurately in vulcanite or gold at lowest prices.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Teeth extracted painlessly with cocaine ether, chloride of thyl, laughing gas, &c.

NOTE THE ADDRESS—

HAVELOCK-STREET

(Next Mechanics Institute

BEAUFORT.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 11TH JANUARY, 1903.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.—Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A. Middle Creek, 2.30 p.m.—Mr J. M. Carroll.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m; Waterloo, 3 p.m.—Rev. W. J. Bottoms. Raglan, 3 p.m.—Mr Chellew. Raglan, 7 p.m.—Mr Davey. Chute, 3 p.m.—Mr Davis.

RICHARDS & CO.,

THE FAMOUS

Ballarat Photographers,

THE VERY NEWEST IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

"The Guido," "Artello," "Unitas," "Tosca," and "Walda."

The above new and lovely styles are the very latest creation, and introduced for the first time by Richards and Co.

BRIDAL PORTRAITS.—We have earned a world-wide reputation for Bridal Portraits, and always keep the latest styles of Veils, Bouquets, and Wreaths at the Studio.

Enlarged Photographs.

A Beautiful Permanent Enlargement, 23 x 17 inches, in the latest Green Frame, 20s.

Old and faded Photos copied to any size.

RICHARDS & CO.,

Ballarat's Leading and Fashionable Photographers,

STURT ST.

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG,

Barrister and Solicitor,

Proctor and Conveyancer,

BEAUFORT.

A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria for taking Affidavits.

TRUST and other MONIES TO LEND on freehold and other securities.

Death.

PARKER.—On 2nd inst., at his residence, High Street, Heathcote, John, the beloved husband of Anne Parker, and father of William, Emma Jane, Mary (Heathcote), Arthur and Herbert Parker (Beaufort), aged 71 years.

Bereavement Card.

MESSRS. ARTHUR and HERBERT PARKER desire to express sincere THANKS to their many kind friends for letters of sympathy and visits of condolence during their recent sad bereavement.

THE

Riponshire Advocate

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JANY. 10, 1903.

SOME time ago an effort was unsuccessfully made to keep the number of annual shows within reasonable limits, and the Minister of Agriculture has revived the movement, on the ground that the present system of subsidising agricultural exhibitions is harmful. In some quarters there is a belief that too many shows are held every year, but the societies see in the present, as in the former movement, that the ulterior motive is to gradually wipe out of existence all the smaller country shows, so that in time there will be only the Grand National Show and the Royal Agricultural Show at Flemington. The idea smacks very considerably of centralisation, and that must be avoided at all hazards. Who will deny that agricultural shows are not good object lessons to all engaged in the agricultural, pastoral, horticultural, and viticultural interests? There is never a show held but that something useful and beneficial is learned by those who participate in the industries named, and where benefit is conferred the desire should be to foster, and not discourage, the development of any calling or industry. Mr. Taverner is, apparently, desirous of retrenching the public expenditure as well as minimising the number of agricultural shows, but he will find the same opposition to the proposal for methodically grouping the societies as was exhibited on a former occasion. Naturally enough the societies are unwilling to accept the idea, knowing very well that it is but the thin end of the wedge, and that in time the proposed grouping will simply lead to the total extinction of the societies. It is true that some of the societies could be grouped with advantage, but for our part we fail to see how the task is to be carried out without creating a good deal of dissatisfaction, and acting unfairly to many of the progressive societies—those bodies which are ever striving to make the annual exhibition as instructive and interesting as their funds will permit. The Minister has not yet allocated the grant for the present financial year, and the various societies should confer together before the allocation is made, and so ascertain what the representatives of the different bodies still think of the proposal.

Local and General News.

A meeting of the Beaufort Jockey Club is announced for Wednesday evening, at the Mechanics' Institute, to make arrangements for holding the annual races. The date of the races has been fixed for the last Wednesday in February.

A SCAR from a burn or scald is often dreaded more than the pain that is inflicted. Chamberlain's Pain Balm heals the injured part in less time than any other treatment, and unless the injury is a severe one, no scar will be left. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Mr Andrew Gillespie cautions the public against negotiating a cheque for £5, drawn by him in favor of Church Building Fund, and of which payment has been stopped.

The secretary of the Beaufort Brass Band desires to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a cheque for £10 as a donation from Rear-Admiral Bridges, R.N.; also a set of music stands, valued at £5, from Mr J. R. Wotherspoon, the president.

Mr Reynard has been very busy in the local poultry yards during the past week. Mr D. Troy missed a turkey off her nest, whilst Mr Tyrrell, a neighbor, lost several fowls, and other residents in the same neighborhood lost a number of geese. The moral seems to be that all poultry had better roost high.

At the Riponshire Council meeting on Monday Cr. Sinclair very properly brought under the attention of that corporative body the necessity of removing a very unsightly spot near the road leading to the local "God's acre." Persons are warned that prosecution will follow the depositing of rubbish in this locality for the future, as there is a proper depôt for refuse near the abandoned Beaufort claim. Cr. Flynn, however, pointed out that the refuse was not being deposited in the hollow ground set apart for the purpose, but before very long it appeared it would be spread on the railway line.

Really artistic effects in Millinery don't mean lavish expenditure. Let J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co. prove this to you.—[Advt.]

The secretary of the Beaufort Athletic Club desires to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following donations towards the Boxing Day sports:—Cr. T. Beggs (President of Riponshire), £1; Cr. D. Stewart, 10s.

The fortnightly meeting of the Waterloo branch A.N.A. was held in the Societies' Hall, Beaufort, on Tuesday evening; Mr J. M. Carroll in the chair, and eight members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Correspondence.—From A.N.A. fête committee re anticipated success of annual fête.—Received. From Snake Valley branch, A.N.A., appealing for aid on behalf of widow and family of their late secretary, Member Nicholson.—10s voted from contingency fund on motion of Messrs Breen and Hill. Two candidates were proposed as benefit members. The secretary reported that a member had declared off the sick list, and one remained on. Sick pay amounting to £2 10s was passed for payment, as also board dues, £21 12s. It was decided to get 100 copies of the half-yearly syllabus printed, the secretary producing a sample card. He also read the items drawn up by the committee for the syllabus. This was adopted. The Chairman drew attention to there being a branch teams' debate at next meeting on the subject, "Should the totalisator be legalised in the interests of the charities?" Mr E. W. Hughes and Dr. Jackson are to be asked to act as judges, and the arrangements for the debate and the choosing of teams were left in the hands of the president and vice-president. The secretary submitted the balance-sheet for the past half-year, showing—Sick fund—Receipts, £170 3s 11d; expenditure, £134 11s 3d; leaving a Cr. balance of £35 12s 8d. Incidental fund—Receipts, £125 9s 4d; expenditure, £95 15s. Contingency fund—Receipts, £2 10s. The following credits were shown:—Sick fund, £212 10s 8d; Incidental fund, £29 14s 4d; Contingency fund, 7s; total, £240 14s. Financial members, 97; unfinancial, 12; honorary, 15; total, 124. The accounts were certified to as correct by Messrs G. H. Cougle and M. J. N. Breen. A conversational discussion took place on the question of decreasing the levies to the Incidental fund, and it was decided to request the committee appointed for that purpose to bring up a recommendation at next meeting with regard to the reduction of levies in the Incidental fund. The balance-sheet was adopted; Mr Breen congratulating the secretary on the splendid way in which the books had been kept, as also the branch on having such a capable secretary. The Chairman also said they might all congratulate themselves on such a satisfactory state of affairs and on having a secretary to look after things so well. The treasurer reported that the contributions for the evening amounted to £4 7s 10d.

The monthly committee meeting of the Beaufort Rifle Club was held in the Mechanics' Institute on Wednesday evening. Present—Messrs Perry (president), Brooks, Hogg, Grant, T. E. Sands, E. Buchanan, Dunham, and W. T. Hill (secretary). The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Correspondence.—From T. A. Wild, resigning from the club through his not being able to shoot in the Skene trophy.—Received with regret. From Ararat Rifle Club, asking to collect fees for marker from those who shot at Ararat in connection with the Skene trophy.—Received. The following accounts were passed for payment—A. Parker, 5s; C. Wright, 9s; prize money, £3. The secretary stated that the next shoot for the Skene trophy was on the 26th January, and that he had written to Mr P. Young for information, but had not received a reply. It was stated that the club were third on the list for the trophy; St. Arnaud being first, and Amphitheatre second. Mr Hogg said the President had presented a very nice trophy for the next match, and the King Tailoring Co. had promised a pair of trousers for second prize. The secretary said the trophy given by the President was a very nice one, and he moved that a hearty vote of thanks be passed to him. Seconded by Mr Grant, and carried. It was decided to fire a class match next Wednesday, at 500 and 600 yds., entrance money of each class to go as first prize, and to shoot for the three trophies on the 21st inst. and 7th prox., at ranges of 200, 300, 400, and 500 yds. A third prize of 10s would be given by the club, and the entrance money was fixed at 1s; scores to be taken for musketry. A vote of thanks to the chair terminated the meeting.

The Buangor Athletic Club's sports meeting takes place on Monday, 26th inst. Liberal prizes are to be given in a programme of 17 events, a good day's sport should result.

Mr Taverner, like Mr Bent, is desirous of revolutionising his department, on the score of economy. The Minister of Agriculture considers that the grant provided for agricultural society shows is not well distributed. It is split up amongst a great number of bodies, each of which holds an annual show. It is contended by the far-seeing Mr Taverner that better educational results could be obtained if the number of shows was reduced by the societies grouping themselves in natural geographical centres. One good show, he argues, could then take the place of half-a-dozen small shows, which do not really attract first-class exhibits. The Minister once made an effort to get the societies to adopt this scheme, but nothing came of it. Since that time the annual grant has been reduced to £2000, and before distributing this sum during the present year, Mr Taverner intends to see whether he cannot give effect to his grouping idea. There is no doubt that it is a good one, but the matter is difficult of satisfactory adjustment, as each society will, of course, consider that there is sufficient justification for its existence.

Dr. Cresswell, Chairman of the Board of Health, gives it as his opinion that a meat diet confers a greater capacity for resisting several epidemic diseases than a vegetable diet, although research in this matter has not been carried far enough to enable definite statements to be made. Since the importation of cheap meat into England from the colonies, the English death-rate has been greatly reduced, and though improved sanitation and the spread of education are largely to be credited for this decrease of mortality, he thinks that the increased cheapness of meat should also be taken into account. Dr. Cresswell thinks that a meat diet strengthens the physical and mental capacity of the human organism, and that such a diet, continued through successive generations, would tend to produce a lasting effect in this direction, though, no doubt, individuals, forcing the pace towards a carnivorous existence, would fall out by the way, as a result of want of readiness on the part of certain organs, notably the liver and kidneys, to accommodate themselves to the altered conditions.

The following statement of the exports of produce from the Government Cool Stores during the month of December, 1902, has been furnished by the Agricultural Department. The approximate value is L90,500:—15,554 cases of butter (Victorian), 241 cases butter (ex bond), 723 cases concentrated milk and cream, 81,030 carcases mutton and lambs, 591 carcases calves, 5415 head fowls and ducks, 268 turkeys and geese, 507 doz. eggs, 127,794 pairs rabbits, 32 pairs hares, 4829 sundries.

At the Araratshire Council meeting on Thursday a letter was read from Riponshire Council in reply to the council's letter re weighbridge at Middle Creek, and referring the council to its letter of the 4th September, 1901 (the latest arrangement on the subject), by which they would observe this council was prepared to recognise in a legal manner one-half the cost of such a bridge, providing the total cost did not exceed £100. The Secretary read a copy of the letter he forwarded, which quoted from a letter from the Ripon Council agreeing to pay half the cost. Councillors thought the Ripon Council meant that its half was not to exceed £100. It was pointed out that nothing could be done until next meeting.

We learn from the "Advertiser" that at the Araratshire Council meeting on Thursday the engineer (Mr A. Campbell) reported as under:—The contractor for tank, etc., at Buangor continued in his endeavors to cut out the work as required by specifications, but ere he could complete the same a heavy downfall of rain took place, causing a pronounced fresh in the creek, which overflowed its banks, and in a short period filled up the tank. The great bulk of the work had been done, and it is rather unfortunate that the work had not been wholly executed and the tank lined prior to the rainfall obtaining. Still there is now a supply that will meet the local requirements for many years to come, unless there be an unprecedented increase in the population of the locality. The water has at present a discolored appearance, and it is questionable if it will become clear for a considerable time, consequent upon the tank not being lined with pitchers or metal. The contractor has made some progress with the other details in connection with this job, and should have the whole in a complete state in a very short time. Mr. Robinson, the person arranged with for the putting in of the weighbridge at Middle Creek, has completed his work, and, as far as I could see when visited on Tuesday last, has done so in an efficient manner, though no certainty can be arrived at until it has had a really practical trial. If found, on inspection, that proper approaches would have to be put in, also a buffer log at each end to prevent direct collision with the iron platforms and consequent injury. These I have arranged for being done immediately. An office, of about 10 feet by 8 feet, becomes a necessity, and I await your instructions to have the same erected. I have made inquiry with respect to the best means of the bridge being attended to, and think the payment of a commission to the resident stationmaster, who is a responsible person, would be the best method of securing the safety of the bridge and satisfaction to the people using it. The question of fees to be charged for weighing will require your immediate attention, that those desirous of using the bridge may not be longer prevented from doing so. I may state that the machine is at present well covered with a good tarpaulin, and no injury can occur. The chairman drew attention to the fact that the weighbridge at Middle Creek was completed, and should be made available. He moved—"That the secretary write to the Railway Department, and ask permission for the stationmaster at Middle Creek to attend to the bridge." Seconded by Cr. Milleau, and carried. Cr. Stewart asked what could be done with the tank at Buangor now that it was filled by the flood. The engineer said that nothing could be done until the water subsided, when it might be possible to finish the work. He had measured the work done before the dam filled, and in the event of a dispute the water could be dipped.

The annual meeting of the Beaufort Agricultural Society takes place at 2 o'clock this afternoon in the Shire Hall, when a motion by notice to alter the date of holding the show will be dealt with.

An A.N.A. excursion to Melbourne from Horsham and all stations to Beaufort runs on Friday, 23rd inst. The second class fare from Beaufort is 9s 7d, and the first class nearly 50 per cent. additional. Tickets close at noon of 21st inst.

Fitzgerald Bros. circus and menagerie appeared at Beaufort before a very fair audience on Thursday night. The chief attractions were the "Cycle whizz" (which was very clever and exciting), the intelligent performance of the war horse, "St. Just," and the sensational tiger act. All the animals showed a great amount of careful training, especially the well-known pony, "Commodore," and the elephant, "Lizzie." A trick bicycle performance by a female and a male rider was exceptionally clever, and was loudly applauded. There were several skilful chair-balancing feats, trapeze and tumbling acts, and exhibitions of high jumping by two horses, the height cleared being 6ft. 3in. The performance throughout was greatly appreciated.

While a party of blacks were camped on the beach near the Endeavor River, in the Cooktown district, a large alligator emerged from the river, seized a piccaninny, and swallowed the child in the presence of its mother.

DYSENTERY causes the death of more people than small pox and yellow fever combined. In an army it is dreaded more than a battle. It requires prompt and effective treatment. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhœa Remedy has been used in nine epidemics of dysentery in the United States with perfect success, and has cured the most malignant cases both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

The Drought Relief Fund committee held a meeting at the Town Hall, Melbourne, on Tuesday, the Lord Mayor in the chair, when the treasurer reported that the receipts to date were £15,090 4s 2d. The expenditure of £4322 7s 10d had been authorised, leaving £5767 16s 4d in hand. The secretary stated that subscriptions were coming in from Tasmania, and it was stated that at the present rate of disbursement the amount to the credit of the fund would last till April.

Mr Philip Russell, (of Mawallok), president of the Geelong Agricultural Society, and his wife have been elected life members in recognition of their liberal support.

Obituary.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN PARKER.—About midday on Friday last, the death occurred of a very old and well-known resident of Heathcote, namely, Mr John Parker, at the age of 71 years. The cause of death was an internal complaint, and the duration of the illness about three weeks. About a fortnight ago an operation was found to be inevitable, which the deceased underwent very satisfactorily, and which afforded relief. At times during the illness, owing to its nature, the deceased suffered great pain, which he bore very patiently. Mr Parker was a native of Brighton, Sussex, England. He arrived in Victoria in 1853 by the Browershaven, a sailing vessel, taking four months to come from London, he and Mrs Parker having been three weeks married when they sailed for Australia. The deceased followed his trade in Melbourne for two years. He then went to Maryborough, and followed up the rushes at Avoca, Dunolly, Chinaman's Flat, Burnbank, Fiery Creek, Inkerman, Jim Crow, and others in the early fifties. He came to McIvor in 1858, and settled down in business here. He was one of the first to own a steam puddling plant on this goldfield in Possum Gully. During his long residence at Heathcote, Mr Parker was for many years connected with the local cricket club, and played in many matches, both local and against teams of distant towns, such as Rushworth, Bendigo, Kilmore, etc. He was one of the founders of the old Mechanics' Institute, in which he took much interest, and of which he was president on several occasions, and a member for over 25 years. He had been often urged to stand for the Borough Council, and had more than once a nomination paper brought to him for his signature, on one occasion the nomination paper having been signed by the ratepayers, but he always declined, having an aversion to canvass for votes, considering a man's vote his private affair. He, however, took great interest in and could always give his opinion on public matters generally, including questions having regard to the welfare of the town. He was a man of very decided political views, the Liberals always finding him a staunch supporter and hard worker for the cause. He was also a man of the strictest integrity, whose word was his bond—one who stuck to his principles, no matter at what personal loss. Had he lived till the 14th February next he would have celebrated his golden wedding. His widow and five children are left to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and the best of fathers. A very nice reference to the deceased was made by the Rev. J. G. Miller, at the Presbyterian Church, on Sunday last, "The Dead March in Saul" being played on the organ by Mr C. Hamilton. The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon, and as an evidence of the respect in which the deceased was held, was very numerously attended, relatives from a distance being present. The burial service was read by the Rev. Mr. Miller, who, at its conclusion, gave a feeling address in regard to the deceased. The funeral was conducted by Mr Jas. McDonald.—*McIvor Times*, of 8th inst.—[The deceased was the father of Messrs Arthur and Herbert Parker, of Beaufort.]

Snake Valley.

A number of young men of this district will depart early this month for West Australia in search of employment.

A valuable pony, belonging to Rev. J. S. Drummond, was badly torn about in endeavoring to jump a barb wire fence.

The fortnightly meeting A.N.A. was held Wednesday; the president, Mr W. Woolard, in the chair. One guinea was received from the Brunswick branch towards the Nicholson fund.—"Courier."

A SEVERE SPRAIN usually disables the injured person for three or four weeks. Cures have often been effected in less than one week by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This liniment has great healing powers. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Opening of a New Presbyterian Church at Stockyard Hill.

The Presbyterians of Stockyard Hill and district have erected a handsome and imposing brick church, at a cost of about £830, and, what is more to their credit, have opened it free of debt. The opening services were conducted on Sunday morning and evening by Dr. McDonald, Professor of Ormond College, assisted in the evening by the Rev. F. McQueen, pastor of the charge. Able and appropriate sermons were preached to crowded congregations. The offertories amounted to £20.

On Wednesday evening a tea meeting was held in the old school-room, and passed off most successfully. An excellent tea was partaken of by 190 guests, the catering of Mr J. R. Hughes, of Beaufort, giving the utmost satisfaction. The following ladies presided over the tables, and were most assiduous in attending to the wants of visitors:—Mrs Kerr, Misses Bain (2), Kirkpatrick (2), Exell, Hannah (2), Lewis and McQueen.

A public meeting was afterwards held in the Church, the building being crowded to overflowing. The Rev. F. McQueen presided. The proceedings commenced with the singing of "All hail the power of Jesus' name," after which the Rev. T. R. Cairns (of Ballarat) engaged in prayer.

The Chairman said he occupied a very proud position—he was proud of the new church and proud of his people. They would agree with him that they had a very fine church to worship in—the contrast was very marked between the old and the new. He was proud of his people for the magnificent way in which they had responded to the appeal, so that they hoped to open the church quite free of debt. The subscriptions were not quite completed, but some of the church people were determined that the church should be opened free of debt. That was very gratifying to him. Every minister would be thankful to say the same. He hoped God would spare him to appear before them many times in this building.

Mr J. R. Wotherspoon gave a capital rendering of "Bonnie Dundee," but owing to a lengthy programme did not respond to an encore. Interesting addresses, mostly of a congratulatory nature, were delivered by the Revs. T. R. Cairns (of Ballarat), Professor McDonald (of Melbourne), J. A. Barber, B.A., (of Beaufort), and J. S. Drummond (of Snake Valley.) The following musical programme was also pleasingly rendered, and heartily applauded:—Song, "Callen Herrin'," Mrs Craig; duet, "Life's dream is o'er, farewell," Misses Hannah and McQueen; song, "My love is like a red, red rose," Mr J. R. Wotherspoon; song, "The Man of Sorrows," Mr Imray. The accompaniments were played by Misses McQueen, Hannah, and Bain. Very nice books as prizes were presented by Professor McDonald to the Sunday school scholars as under:—1st senior division, Pearl Sutherland; 1st junior division, Isabella Dunnet; 2nd, senior division, Margaret Ashton; 2nd, junior division, Ivy Sutherland. Books were also given to May Gillespie, Ruby Gillespie, Norman Anderson, Hannah Sutherland, and Murray Exell. The Chairman expressed pleasure at the children attending so well, and being especially good with their lessons. Professor McDonald also spoke in eulogistic terms of the interest taken by the Rev. Mr McQueen in Sunday school work. A comprehensive vote of thanks was proposed by Mr D. R. Hannah to the contractor, architects, singers, Professor McDonald, the speakers, the ladies, Mr McQueen, and all who had in any way assisted towards bringing the gathering to such a successful issue. This was seconded by Mr G. A. Dunnet, accorded by acclamation, and suitably acknowledged by Professor McDonald, who also proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which the Rev. J. S. Drummond seconded. The Rev. F. McQueen returned thanks. The gathering dispersed with the singing of the doxology and the pronouncing of the benediction.

[A description of the building will be given in our next issue.]

Commonwealth Charity Fete.

The following letter has been addressed by the Chairman, the Hon. Sir John McIntyre, K.B., to the leading newspapers in Victoria, and was published by "The Argus," "The Age," and "The Herald" on 26th and 27th December respectively:—"Sir,—By request of the committee I desire to bring under the notice of your readers the aims and objects of the above movement. The appeal we are making to the people of Victoria is in such a shape as all can help those of our charities which are so much in need of financial aid at present. It practically means a shilling subscription, an amount which we feel sure will be willingly contributed towards the relief of the unfortunate Mallee sufferers, who are to share in the fund with our charitable institutions. We purpose holding a series of indoor and outdoor public entertainments, both in the metropolitan area as well as in the larger centres of population in land, and it is by this means that we hope to achieve the object aimed at. The committee, being in strong sympathy with, and recognising the importance of the undertaking, are anxious to secure the active co-operation of all those who also are in sympathy with such work. The help of no one can be disregarded, and we cordially invite each and everyone who is willing to assist in the organising of any entertainment, in Melbourne or elsewhere, or who can contribute cash or goods to the prize fund for the sport and other competitions, or those who can assist by interesting themselves in the disposal of the shilling admission tickets, to kindly communicate with the hon. secretaries, Broken Hill Chambers, without delay. The only aim of the committee is to secure such a result as may prove of substantial assistance to our charities, and be a credit to the public of Victoria."—Yours, &c., (signed) JOHN MCINTYRE, Chairman.

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d) JOHN McINTYRE, Chairman.

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THE LOOMS OF DESTINY.

BY J. MONK FOSTER.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOVE OF AN HONEST MAN.

"You love me! Will marry me to-morrow! Oh, Master David! Master David!"

These words fell almost mechanically from Doris Lonsdale's astonished tongue. The conversation between herself and her companion had taken such a sudden and utterly unexpected turn that for the moment she was not mistress of herself. It was impossible, however, to mistake David's absolute sincerity. The rush of his amatorial confession, the perfervid warmth of his swift declarations had swept the girl from her balance for a moment, and she hardly knew whether to laugh, cry, or bless him.

"Yes, Doris," he added, solemnly, passionate, "I love you and am ready to marry you whenever and however you will. This is the plainest God's truth that I am telling you. The sight of your face, when I first saw it two years ago, stirred me as I had never been stirred before; and I went on thinking and wondering and dreaming about you, hardly understanding all that was in my heart, till the other week. Then, when I saw you and heard you at the concert, I understood. You were the one woman under heaven for me; the one woman whose feet I could kneel at and kiss; she for whom I had been waiting all my life, it seemed. I want you to be my wife! Will you marry me a week to-day?"

"Oh, no, David! It is impossible!" she cried, brokenly, her head and thoughts still in the clouds.

"Impossible! Why?" he demanded. "Because you are a poor weaver-lass and I a factory-master's son? What of those things? They are less than nothing to me! You are Doris Lonsdale and I am David Blandford. Your beauty and goodness and charm lift you above all men. In becoming my dear wife you will be the giver—not I."

"I do not mean that! There are other considerations," she murmured, wondering vaguely how she was to break the real, the whole truth to him.

"There is nothing I fear—nothing I will not sweep aside. I am a man who cares nothing for the world and its opinions. I have no petty ambitions for which I must pander and debase my manhood in order to gratify them. I only want the woman I love to bless my life—all else I would count well lost. And as for——"

She strove to interrupt the flow of his speech, but he would not listen to her faintly-phrased negative whispers. He compelled her to silence, with a loving insistence, and went on anew.

"Let us say good-night now, please," continued, "that is nothing, I tell you, Doris! I have but my own wishes—and yours—to consider, and care to think of nought else. My father will commend my honesty of purpose, when I tell him that I am about to marry for love alone; and as for the rest there is no-one thing I will not do for your sweet sake. Now, Doris, tell me what my answer is to be!"

She was hushed for a space, and he did not hurry her to speak. He only wondered what she found necessary to be considered. She was cudgelling her wits as to how she was to extricate herself with grace from the quandary in which his vehement declarations had fixed her. They had paused for a little time in the deserted street, and now were pacing measuredly along again.

"You will tell me, Doris?" he pleaded, at length, when her silence was chafing his patience.

"I scarce know how," was her faint response.

"Why? Why?"

"If I loved you, David Blandford," she said, her voice clearing as her self-control returned, "there is no man to whom I would give myself more willingly than to you. God knows that I think you are one of the kindest and noblest men I ever met.

She spoke with the ring of sincere conviction in her low musically vibrant tones, and she meant it, too. Vaguely also at that moment she felt herself contrasting the attitude of the two brothers with regard to herself. The one she did not love was willing, eager, burning to do all that a man might do for a woman's sake: was careless of the world so long as he won her—had even said that his father would honour him for marrying a poor girl; and the one she loved seemed afraid that his relatives and connections would oppose their union—had consented to allow their engagement to remain secret yet.

"If you loved me, Miss Lonsdale!" David cried, in a voice so changed that it told how violently all his high hopes had been flung to earth.

"If I did!" she murmured, sorry beyond words for his woe.

"Then you do not?"

"You admire, truth, I know; and if I said otherwise I should be a false and lying woman. I respect you much, admire you more, I like you beyond the telling in words, but I—I——"

"Do not love me! And there ends my dream!" His voice was inexpressibly sad, there was an undercurrent of bitterness in it, too, but it was not for her. Then he added: "If I had not thought differently—if a fancy, a whim of yours had not made me believe you loved me, I should have spared both of us some pain!"

"A whim of mine, Mr. Blandford?" she demanded in amazement, and pausing suddenly, she faced him.

"A whim!" he echoed. "When I saw that ring upon your finger, when you told me that you wore it because you honoured the giver so much, my wildest hopes seemed on the verge of realisation—and I spoke!!"

"Oh, my God!" she whispered, brokenly, a flash of fierce white light irradiating her wits. "You, Master David, sent this ring?"

"I did. Sent it because I honoured you for your virtue, admired you for your ability, and revered you for your great beauty!" he answered, solemnly. "And you wore it because you believed some other and more fortunate man had sent it to you?"

"Yes. That accounts for your misunderstanding and my own. But I am glad to know the truth now. Here, Mr. Blandford, take back the gift which has caused such pain to us both."

She had slipped off the jewelled ring and was holding it at arm's length towards him. He put it from him with a gentle gesture of refusal.

"No! No! Keep it now, I implore you. After it has graced your finger, no other living person must wear it."

"But how can I retain it now?" she cried, tears in her voice and gathering in her eyes.

"I do not wish to crush it under my foot, and I implore you to keep it. Let it at least be a sign of friendship between us for ever," he pleaded. "You say you respect me much, admire me more, and like me beyond mere telling. Prove that is so by keeping my poor gift. As it was tendered in all purity of thought you may wear it without loss of self-respect. Say it shall be so and I will never again trouble you with talk of my buried hopes?"

"If you wish it so much, Mr. Blandford," she answered, softened strangely by his earnest pleading, "there is no reason why I should not keep and wear it always."

"Then do, and God bless you! Shall I say good night here or see you to your door?"

"Let us say good night now, please."

"Good night then."

"Good night."

He clasped her hand a moment, touched it reverentially with his lips, and then raising his hat turned swiftly away.

She watched his retreating form an instant, thinking how gracious and noble a gentleman was this near kinsman of her lover. Then she, too, paced swiftly homeward, thinking moodily of the startling knowledge that night had brought to her.

CHAPTER XX.

JOHN BLANDFORD'S SKELETON.

Just four and twenty hours after his first visit to Parkhurst House Levi Crane made his re-appearance there. He was an altered individual in many ways, which were at once apparent to the observer. Seedy garments, battered hat, and disgraceful boots had vanished; his scraggy hair and beard had been decently trimmed; the man's cadaverous face had filled out after various satisfying meals and to-day he was unctuous, contented, quite decent-looking.

On the second afternoon the grim-visaged Hannah Plimmer made her reception of him correspond with his improved condition. He was admitted at once to the house, and shortly afterwards was ushered into the mill-owner's cosy den with the words:

"Mr. Levi Crane to see you, sir."

The weather was still somewhat frigid, and again a good fire was blazing away in the wide, low fireplace. John Blandford was sitting on one side of it, with his back to the great oriel window, and although he nodded to his visitor and duly placed for his reception on the other side of the hearth, he did not rise.

"You are looking every bit a gentleman to-day, Mr. Levi Crane," the man of means remarked drily as the erstwhile ne'er-do-weel settled himself uneasily in the easy chair.

"An' feel ever so much better, too, Mr. Blandford, thank you," was Crane's response. "Twenty years' knockin' about the world does tell on some men, when luck's always against 'em, sir."

"Some men have pluck enough to play with pilfering, but lack the ability to make the game pay," was the other's caustic rejoinder.

"That's as it may be, sir," was the sullen response, and the visitor shifted on his seat.

"You say you left Ellsbury within a week of the inquest?"

"I did, sir."

"I needn't ask why, for you have told me that you found my last letter to Carington, read it, kept it, and then vanished quickly, fearing, I suppose, that certain inquiries might be made?"

"You can put it in that way if you like, sir," was Crane's response, but his chair was not quite comfortable still.

"I prefer to put it in the right way," was the grim reply. "In plain English, this is what happened. I had ruined my friend and myself by gambling with his fortune; had lost all there was to lose; and before flying from the bitter consequences of my own folly, I confessed everything in a letter to him. You found that letter lying near the dead man?"

"That's it, sir."

"And also the two hundred and fifty pounds in Bank of England notes which I had sent with the letter?"

"And what if I did?" the man snarled.

"You had collared thousands, and so I thought I might as well make a bit, too. But if I did collar the notes and fly with 'em, didn't I shelter you?"

"In which way?"

"By gettin' and keepin' that letter which would have given you away in a lump!" Crane exclaimed.

"I have only to thank you for an act which was intended not for my salvation, but your own," was the cold response. "How could you unearth that letter without exposing your theft of the notes? My own last petty act of grace saved me. But for the notes the letter would never have been hidden."

"Perhaps so. But, anyhow, the deed saved you, if not my will, sir," and Crane smiled weakly at his own wit.

"We will discuss that point, soon. Now what I want to know is this. How and why did you drift back to England and to that corner of it which held me?"

"'Twas an accident—as I said yesterday. In New York I ran against a man named Joseph Bent. It was in a saloon, and I could tell from his garb that he was English. Then we liquored, and he was confidential like. He was a Spindleford man; a carder or somethin' here under you; and he told me lots of things I wanted to know."

"And you came back to find me?"

"That's it."

"Why?"

"Well, that Joseph Bent reckoned that you were worth fifty thousand if you was worth a penny, and I thought like that you wouldn't see me hard up, seein' what I'd done for you."

"And seeing what you might do still, eh?"

"What's the use of puttin' it that way, sir?" Crane whispered, with a grimace of disapproval. "Because I saw that there letter, and have it still, it doesn't follow that anybody else needs to know, does it?"

"Which means that if I care to make it worth your while you will keep my secret, Levi Crane?" The mill-master's voice was biting as acid, and his eyes glinted like bright steel.

"If you will put it that fashion so be it!" was the sullen retort. "What I know is worth somethin', I reckon; an' a few thousands won't be missed out of fifty."

"Blackmailers have fallen on evil times in this country of late. Only the other month two or three of them got five years. And you are a thief, remember. I'm afraid, Levi Crane, that it won't run to thousands this deal."

"What do you offer then?"

"Not one penny piece for your silence!" was the grim reply. "That letter of mine, if you keep it still, you may use as you like. Show it to my friends—or foes; print it in the newspapers and cause a nine days' wonder; but if you are wise you will light your pipe with it, or keep it as a curiosity."

"It's no use me comin' here, then?"

"At least you have made yourself less offensive than you were by coming here."

"What do you mean to do—want me to do?"

"I want you first of all to get rid of the notion that you are about to enrich yourself at my expense because you know of the skeleton in my cupboard. That skeleton has been my life's curse, but I have slept with it for years; have lived with it so long that I fear it no more. For ten years I have been preparing myself for this, Levi Crane, and I am ready now."

"Ready for what?"

"Anything. Either your exposure of my own and your own knavery, or a public confession of my crime, and the amplest of restitutions. How would such a step fit you? I can—I will restore every penny of my plunder, with interest for all the years I have kept it; and that done the world may see fit to pardon me. Are you, too, prepared to do as I intend to do?"

"What's the game now?" Crane demanded, again stirring uncomfortably in his chair. "You're bluffin' me, eh? You can't mean to blow on yourself! You daren't!"

"What I do mean you will learn soon. Your turning up at this period only serves to put forward my plans a little. I am glad even that you have come, for you can help me now to realise my scheme of redemption."

"What scheme? What do you mean? How am I to help you? And what am I to get if I do?"

"Didn't your old master, George Carington, leave a young child behind him?"

"Yes! Of course. I'd forgotten that."

"What was the child—girl or boy?"

"A lass, I believe."

"If that child is living it must be found. If it is dead the next of kin of George Carington—no matter how remote the relationship—must be unearthed."

"To what end, sir?"

"This, Levi Crane!" John Blandford answered, sinking his voice to a low, intense whisper, which was as solemn as it was dramatic. "I have twenty thousand pounds to hand over to the heir, or heiress, of your old master and mine."

"Good heavens! You mean that?" the man gasped.

"As God is my judge I do! I have meant it for half-a-score of years, and am ready to act now."

"And me? What am I to do? You said I could help you to work out your scheme."

"And so you can—and perhaps better than another man might. You have shared my secret for all these years, you have even played your own little part of second villain of the piece, and what more fitting than that you be in at the end of the drama? You will know Ellsbury very well, I daresay?"

"I did know it before I skedaddled to the States. And from what I hear it is the same quiet, old, stick-in-the-mud place still as always."

"You will go there and make inquiries."

"Oh, play the private detective fake, eh?" Crane cried with a small snigger of pleasure.

"Your cousin, Geoffrey Blandford, is much smarter man, no doubt, but at this stage of affairs it might be better to keep the fact of your relationship secret. You have already shown that you possess a low sort of cunning, and in this business no Napoleon of detective craft seems necessary."

"I'm to find out all about that kid of Mr. Carington's?"

"Find out, of course, without showing your own hand, or what lies behind your investigations."

"And what about the dibs—the monish—the ooftish? Crane exclaimed, with the tone and gestures of that strange animal—the stage Jew.

"I will allow you three pounds a week—paid weekly—neither more nor less. If you incur exceptional expense a due allowance will be made; and for all your preliminary expenses I will give you to-day a sum of ten pounds. You will write to me here when it is necessary, and send me an address to which I can write and remit you. But you must go to work cautiously and carefully. Above all things keep your mouth shut, and don't wear your heart on your sleeve."

"Trust me for that!" was Crane's emphatic response. "And when I have finished the job, what then, sir?"

"Just the price you got when you stole that letter I sent to your old master."

"Two hundred and fifty pounds?"

"If you manage the business to my satisfaction, remember. And you shall have a place of some kind at my mills as long as you live."

"I'm on to it like wax on a cobbler's paws. And when am I begin to hunt?"

"At once. Here's the sum I mentioned, and recollect that you are not to show your face here again until I bid you come."

"Thanks, Mr. Blandford! I'll remember what you say!" and counting the gold Crane slid it into his pocket, adding earnestly, "Now that I find you are treating me like a man, I would lay down my life for you and work like a slave!"

"Work like a ferret, or a sleuth-hound instead!" was the grim response. "And now, good afternoon, and never a whisper of all this to a living soul as you value your own freedom and well-being!"

Again Blandford saw his visitor to the door, and again he watched him away from the house—not slouching now and badly garmented, but alert and presentable. And a quarter of an hour later, as Levi Crane swung through the town, footing it bravely over the pavements as if he owned half the place, who should he run against but Geoffrey Blandford.

The mill-owner's son stared in amazement at the change one brief day had wrought in the other's appearance. He could scarcely credit the evidences of his senses, and yet there was no mistaking that long, lean visage and the sinister spot of velvety flesh. Geoffrey would not have resented now the other's conversational advances, but Crane swung on, apparently heedless of the other's dumb wonder, a sneer on his pursed lips.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOVE'S GLOOM AND GLORY.

One morning, among the letters forwarded to Parkhurst House the elder son found one bearing his own name. It was in an unfamiliar hand, but evidently a woman's, and thrusting it into his pocket, Geoffrey went on calmly with his breakfast. That letter had been written by Doris after returning home from the Beaumont's party; and she had posted it the next morning on her way to the mill.

"Dear Sir;" the missive ran, "if it will not put you to any great inconvenience, I should like to have a few words with you as soon as possible. This evening I shall visit a friend of mine who lives at the upper end of Tyldon New Road. I shall leave there at nine, and if you care to be about at that hour I can tell you what I have to say.

"I am, yours most respectfully,

"Doris Lonsdale."

"What the devil is up now?" Geoffrey muttered between his teeth, as he read the letter on his way to the works. "Has she heard something, or what? No, it can't be that. Somebody must have seen us together, and has been warning her against me. In what a strain she writes, too. 'Yours most respectfully,' eh? But I'll make everything right."

Nearly a dozen hours after this Geoffrey Blandford did make it convenient to stroll along the suburban high road Doris had indicated. He knew it well—had even walked along it twice in the girl's company, and at nine p.m., muffled up well and eager, he was sauntering past a row of humble cottages, all with lit lower windows. At the farther end of the block he paused, the click of a raised latch falling on his ear; and glancing back he saw a tall shapely woman's figure pacing the way he had come. In a moment he had made a right-about-face, and was speeding after the dark gliding form which he knew.

"Doris! Good evening. How are you?"

"Quite well, thank you, Mr. Blandford," was the almost cool answer. She had either not seen, or had seen fit to overlook, the hand he had extended.

"Well, you see, I have come to see you. But in what way have I offended you? On my soul, I don't know, and I would not offend you for the world! And to think that the first note you ever have written to me should be in such a strain. Now, my dear Dorrie, what is it all about? I vowed to kiss you a hundred times as a punishment for that cold and formal 'Yours most respectfully,' with which you ended your note."

He was voluble as a bar-parlour orator, and his handsome face was all smiles. But the infection of his careless high spirits left her cold still.

"I am really annoyed," she said, more bitterly than he had ever heard her speak before, "because you misled me so cruelly the other night."

"About what?" he cried, in honest amazement.

"That ring which I was wearing."

"Oh, that! But recollect, my dear, that I told you no lies. You jumped to the conclusion that I had sent it, and I allowed you to think so. That is all I did."

"But why not have told me at once that you had not sent it, and then I should have worn it no longer?"

"I wanted to learn myself who could have sent it. But you have found out. Why are you wearing it still!" he cried, as he grasped her hand and saw the gemmed band glittering on her finger.

"Yes, and shall always wear it now in memory of one of the best and truest men I have ever known!" was the girl's earnest rejoinder.

"To-morrow night one of my own must displace it!" he cried, a sudden, passionate, masterful tenderness ringing through his tones. "Doris, you must never wear any man's ring save mine!"

"But I have promised; and I shall keep my word," she said, firmly. "I shall wear it always, as I wear it now, as a token of friendship for the man whose friendship no woman need fear."

"Who is he, Doris?" he demanded, jealously.

"That I may not tell you!"

"He made you promise that?"

"He made me promise nothing. He does not even know that we—we care for each other; but he does know that he and I can never be more than friends."

"Then I am not to know my unknown rival's name?" he cried again, chafing more at her resolute opposition to his own wishes than to aught else.

"He is no rival of yours, Geoffrey. A blunder of yours caused me to receive the ring; he saw the wearing it; and then, jumping to wrong conclusions from that much-misunderstood incident, he—"

"I know this much, anyhow," he grunted. "You did not care to be his wife, although he could afford to give you a ten-guinea ring, which you are wearing."

"His wife! How could I be his wife—any man's wife, when I loved you? Is your opinion of women so low, Geoffrey, that you think them all mercenary?"

There was a little break in her voice which spoke of impending tears, and the sound touched even his cynical heart with a shaft of compunction.

"Let us say no more about it, dear?" he cried, tenderly. "I am a brute and you are an angel, Doris. It was all my fault, and it is right you should scourge me. But kiss me now, and let's be friends—lovers again."

He paused in the quiet lane, turned up the sweet face with a hand on either cheek, and saw the great eyes shining like big dusky jewels through a film of moisture. Then he kissed her many times on lips, cheeks, brow, and eyes, kissed her in that ardent, yet reverent way in which every daughter of Eve desires to be kissed by the man she worships; and the sorrow fled from the pensive face like a shadow, and Doris was radiantly beauteous again.

"And now that we are good friends again, Dorrie," he said confidentially, as they resumed their walk, "there is something I feel I ought to tell you. Now, of all times, we can least afford to misunderstand one another."

"What is it, Geoffrey?" she queried, some loving anxiety in her voice now as his own was pitched in a somewhat serious key.

"Little, perhaps, and yet they say that even straws show which way the wind is blowing. The other day father dropped a hint that he wouldn't be displeased to see me make up to one of the various rich mill-owner's daughters in the town."

"And you, Geoffrey?" she said eagerly.

"Oh, I laughed his hint away. But he may return to the subject any time."

"And if he does? If he insists that you marry some woman whose station is equal to your own, what will you do then, dear Geoffrey?"

"That will depend upon yourself, Doris!" he cried, bravely. "So long as you are true to me there is no mill-owner's daughter in all the world whom I will ever marry!"

He felt her hand quivering on his arm, and, although she did not speak, he knew that every pulse of her great pure heart was for him, as was every thought of her mind. Then he added, significantly,

"I thought it better to tell you this, Dorrie dear, so that you might think it all over. If the worst comes we shall know how to act then!"

(To be Continued.)

DACHSHUND AND COLLAR BUTTON.

"Stimler's collar button rolled into the bureau."

"Yes."

"And he sicked his dachshund after it."

"Go on."

"The bureau is heavy and stands close to the floor."

"Proceed."

"The dachshund is the thinnest dachshund that ever breathed, and he could just squeeze under the bureau."

"Well?"

"Well, the dachshund reached the collar button and at once wallowed it. It stuck half-way down and thickened the dog so that he couldn't pull himself past the lump. So Stimler had to call in the janitor of the flat and they lifted the bureau off the dog."

"What about the button?"

"Stimler said he'd let the dog keep the button. He might need it."

"Need it?"

"Yes, in case somebody collared him."

A KING'S LOVE STORY.

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF KING HENRY VIII.

The love-letters between Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn are of considerable interest, both to the student of history and the dabbler in literary curiosities. To the former the historic duel between King and Pope, which raged round the name of Anne, is an incident of the greatest importance. For from it the Reformation indirectly sprung, and the final denial of the arrogant right of the occupier of the Papal throne to meddle in the affairs of our sea-girt shores. To the latter they afford an excellent example of the saying "that love levels all things." For they discover the autocratic and despotic Tudor beseeching, cajoling his mistress in the every-day manner of the devoted lover. This self-willed King, who let nothing stand in the way of his desires, "roars him as gently as any sucking dove"; while the object of his fickle affections is not a wit less artful than the rest of her sex under similar circumstances.

The facts that led up to the writing of these letters are of historic interest, and I will here briefly relate them. The unfortunate Catherine of Aragon was married to Prince Arthur, the eldest son of Henry the Seventh, in the year 1501, her father, Ferdinand of Spain, promising her a dowry of £200,000, half of which was paid down immediately. But four months later Arthur died. It was then Ferdinand's wish that the widow should marry Henry, the King's second son. To this the King objected on the refusal of the King of Spain to pay the remaining half of the promised dowry. Catherine was retained in England, and on the death of his wife Elizabeth, Henry the Seventh wished to marry her himself, but Queen Isabella, her mother, declared "that such a

MARRIAGE WAS TOO WICKED

to be so much as named in Christian ears." On the advice of Fox, Bishop of Winchester, a bull of dispensation was obtained from the Pope, and this much-disputed Princess was married to the future Henry VIII., while he was yet under age.

But Catherine's position was not even then assured. Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, so possessed the King with scruples against the marriage that, on the day the prince was of age, he, by his father's orders, protested against the marriage, as null and void. Despite the fact that with his dying breath Henry VII. implored his son to break off the connection entirely, it was resolved in council, soon after his accession, that the match should be renewed.

In 1527, the fact that his wife had borne him no son, and her pronounced advocacy of her nephew, the Emperor Charles, caused the King to re-awaken his tender conscience. The same year the French Ambassador came to England to arrange a match between Mary, Catherine's daughter, and the Duke of Orleans, the second son of the King of France. But questions arose as to Mary's legitimacy, as Henry's daughter by his brother's widow, and the match was consequently broken off. After this circumstance Henry was determined to sever his connection with Catherine. Wolsey was sent to France to commence negotiations for the hand of the Duchess d'Alencon. In a letter dated August 1st, 1527, the Cardinal laboured to satisfy the King that the Pope's dispensation was null and void.

In the same month Lord Rochdale arrived in England with a picture of the Duchess for the king. His daughter Anne who, on the death of Queen Claude of France, had entered the service of the Duchess d'Alencon, accompanied him. Henry seems to have fallen in love with her immediately. For in the letter which is placed fourth in the Harleian Miscellany and which from internal 1528, he declares that he has been f[illegible] Catherine's Court, soon after her arrival in England. On the Cardinal's return from France, the negotiations for the King's marriage were broken off, and he was informed of his royal master's affection for Anne Boleyn. But Anne was not without other suitors. It was found necessary for Wolsey to restrain Lord Percy's admiration for her; and only just in time. For it was discovered that they were on the point of being married. Towards the end of 1527, Wolsey solicited and finally obtained

A PAPAL BULL,

dated April 15th, 1528, empowering him, with another English Bishop or Archbishop, to try the validity of the King's marriage. But this was not used; Henry desiring that the trial should at least have an aspect of impartiality.

At this juncture a scandal began to spread with respect to the King's relations with Anne Boleyn, and, though it was undoubtedly false, the king deemed it necessary and advisable to dismiss her from the Court. It was during her absence that the collection of love-letters, still extant, were written. They are for the most part in French, and though they are all undated, were probably commenced in May, 1528.

The first letter is an attempt to conciliate her for her abrupt dismissal from Court.

"My mistress and friend, I and my heart put ourselves in your hands, begging you to recommend us to your favour, and not let absence lessen your affection to us. For it were a great pity to increase our pain, which absence alone does sufficiently, and more than I could ever have thought; bringing to my mind a point of astronomy which is That the farther the Moons are from us the farther too is the Sun and yet his heat is the more scorching; so it is with your love, we are at a distance from one another, and yet it retains its heat, at least on my side."

This analogy is not quite apparent. The original runs "tant plus loing que les mores font, tant plus eloigne est le soleil, et non obstain plus ferredt, etc." By the messenger he sends her his portrait set in bracelets, and wishes himself in their places. The letter is signed "your servant and friend, H.R."

Anne appears to have taken umbrage at her dismissal from Court, and to have stated her intention of never again returning thither. Perhaps, however, that was a feminine device to increase the fervour of

HER LOVER'S AFFECTION.

In the next letter the king complains of her unwillingness to return to Court, although he himself had dismissed her. It is somewhat colder in its tone, and is unsigned.

"The great affection I have for you has obliged me to send this bearer to be better informed, both of your health and pleasure, particularly, because, since my last parting with you, I have been told that you have entirely changed the opinion in which I left you, and that you would neither come to Court with your mother, nor any other way; which, report, if true, I cannot enough wonder at, being persuaded in my own mind that I have never committed any offence against you."

In the third letter, which was written, probably, in July of the same year, he is disturbed about her health, because of a certain distemper called the "sweating sickness," which was very prevalent at the time. The letter is signed "Ma H. R. Amiable."

Meanwhile a Papal Commission was obtained, on June 6th, in which Cardinals Wolsey and Campeggio were appointed joint legates to try the petition for divorce. To assure the matter still further, a promise was obtained, dated July 23rd, that the Pope would never revoke this commission. It was the Papal policy at the time to remain on friendly terms with Henry, for his support was needed against the all-conquering arm of the Emperor Charles, Catherine's nephew.

The next two letters were evidently written within a few days of each other. In the first he desires to know what are her real feelings towards him:

"Though I have for a whole year been struck with the dart of love, I am not yet sure whether I shall fail, or find a place in your heart and affection. This uncertainty has hindered me of late from naming you my mistress, since you only love me with an ordinary affection.

I beg you to give an entire answer to this my rude letter, that I may know on what and how far, I may depend." This is signed "written by the hand of him who would willingly remain yours, H. Rex."

Having received a reply, stating that his feelings were reciprocated, he immediately writes a further letter, expressing his gratification and delight:

"For a present so valuable, that nothing could be more so, I return you my most hearty thanks, not only for the costly diamond and the ship in which the solitary damsel is tossed about; but chiefly for the one interpretation, and too humble submission, which your goodness had made me. . . . . The demonstration of your affection are such, the fine thoughts of your letter so cordially expressed, that they oblige me for ever to

HONOUR, LOVE, AND SERVE

you sincerely, beseeching you to continue in the same firm and constant purpose; and assuring you that, on my part, I will not only make you a suitable return but out-do you in the loyalty of heart, if it be possible."

Poor Anne! Eight years later she was led to the block, at the caprice of her fickle husband.

Henry visited her in the full blush of his assured affection, shortly after the writing of this letter. For they composed a joint epistle to Cardinal Wolsey, urging him to hasten the legate's journey.

The sixth letter, written in English, informs her of the arrival of Campeggio in Paris, and expresses the hope that in a few days he will have news of his reaching Calais. But Anne was getting impatient at the delay; for in his next, her Royal lover assures her that "there can be no more done, or more diligence used."

There would not be space, in an article of these pretensions to give extracts from the remaining letters. It is only possible to give a very brief account of the remainder.

The King assures Anne that the matter of her sister, her father's natural child, who was in "extreme necessity," has had his attention. He regrets her illness, and sends his only remaining physician to attend her. He gives her reasons for not appointing a certain woman, who had been proposed to fill the vacancy of the Abbess of Wilton, because of her bad character. He excuses himself for not writing at greater length, as he had been for four hours working at his book, and this literary labour had caused the royal author "some payne" in his head.

The conclusion of some of the letters are amusing, the favourite being "H. autre (AB) ne cherche Rex," which presumably means "Henry who seeks no other than A.B." During this correspondence, Campeggio had at last reached England, and showed to the King and Wolsey a decretal bull, containing an absolute decision of the cause in favour of Henry. In the seventeenth letter, which was written about April, 1528, he expresses his joy at her conforming to reason (probably concerning the delay), and mentions the pretended sickness of Campeggio. This is the last letter in the collection.

In May, Campeggio opened his court. But there was now no necessity for the Pope to ingratiate himself with Henry. Charles and Francis had made a treaty to support him, and he was consequently not willing to injure the aunt of one of his powerful allies. Campeggio had orders to procrastinate. A certain Campana was sent over to see the incriminating decretal bull

SECRETLY BURNT.

At the same time the Pope seems to have suspected that Henry was engaged in illicit intercourse with Anne. The legate had already been informed that the case must be submitted to Rome. If the relations between Henry and Anne could be proved to have been immoral, it would prejudice the King's case. It was thought that the proof would, of course, have been found in the correspondence between the lovers. The Pope was determined to be restrained by no qualms of conscience. The cabinet in Anne's chamber was broken into and the letters stolen. They were of no advantage to the Pope, and were therefore never published. They are now preserved in the Vatican Library.

Henry made an attempt to recover them as well as the decretal bull which contained the Pope's decision, and which had been burnt. The ship which was to take Campeggio across the Channel was detained, and all his coffers, bags, and papers carefully searched, of course without success. For Campana had carefully carried them to Rome some time beforehand.—L. L, D. B., in the "Morning Herald."

[illegible]

To show how absurd are popular marriage superstitions, the old proverb, "Happy the bride the sun shines on," may be instanced. Many English girls would think a wet day for their wedding little less than a calamity. Yet in Eastern Russia the absolutely opposite idea holds good. A sousing downpour is looked on as the happiest possible omen. And if it is fine the attendants at the ceremony actually fetch water and splash it over the bride and groom.

AS TO SALT.

There is no more common superstition than that connected with the spilling of salt. Perhaps it may prove intresting to readers to point out that the superstition about spilling salt can be easily traced to the ancients, who placed salt upon the head of a victim in sacrifice, since it was regarded as an emblem of purity or sanctification. It was considered a bad omen if the salt was spilled in doing this. The Greeks and Romans took this custom of the Jews, and came eventually to regard the spilling of salt on any occasion as a portent of evil. To avert this, the practice of throwing some of the spilled salt over the right shoulder was adopted by the Romans. Among the augurs any movement or appearance on the right side was lucky, and any on the left side unlucky.

HELD IN THE SOUDAN.

It is curious to notice that the Soudan Arabs have firmly conceived the idea that with every flash of lightning a piece of meteoric iron is thrown to the earth. They believe that whoever is able to secure such a piece of iron has gained a great treasure, because they think that swords and knives made out of it can never be surpassed in quality, and that their possession gives immunity from danger in battle, and affords protection against lightning strokes. Sheik Nasr, who is the Chief of the Takkala Mountains, is said to have resisted all Egyptian attacks, and preserved his and his people's independence on account of his possession of such a sword. Another superstition, according to Emin Pasha, is that fire kindled by a flash of lightning cannot be extinguished until a quantity of milk has been poured over it. There seems to be some connection between these beliefs, inasmuch as water is believed to spoil meteoric iron; when working it the blacksmith uses milk instead of water.

PECULIAR TO THE STAGE.

Among the many superstitious classes of people, actors may take the front rank, although Naval men are hard to beat. For instance there is the theatre cat. If she, it is generally a 'she,' attends rehearsals regularly it means a long run for the piece about to be produced. Then again the "tag," which is the last line of the play, is never uttered during rehearsals in any theatre, as it is believed it would spoil the run of the piece. Then there are peacocks' feathers. Many dramatists and managers, as well as actors, have attributed their failure to the baleful presence of peacock's feathers. Charles Reade, in particular, attributed the failure of two of his pieces to this unlucky influence, and once dismissed an actor who came to rehearsal with a peacocks' feather in his buttonhole. Even the great G. R. Sims is not without dread of this terrorising superstition. Open umbrellas, too, play an important part. It is quite sufficient for an actor to open an umbrella within the sacred precincts of the stage-door to have him summarily ejected, for the stage door keeper is a truculent being, and is no respecter of persons. There are certain tunes, too, which are rigorously tabooed as being unlucky, among others the music in "Macbeth." Whistling in the dressing-rooms is looked upon as little less than a crime, as the actor who happens to be nearest to the door will certainly lose his engagement in consequence. This is known as "whistling a man out of the theatre," and is much resented. There are many other odd superstitions equally difficult to explain.

Miss de Fad: Oh; there's nothing like keeping a dairy farm. I get up at 4 o'clock every morning. Her Friend: Indeed? When did you begin? Miss de Fad: Oh—er—this morning.

***

Bacon: I see the Western Undertakers' Association had a dinner, and one of them gave a funny toast. Egbert: What was it? Bacon: May we each of us live long enough to bury one another.

***

First Convict: De unions object to us doin' any kind of work dat competes wit' "honest labour." Second Convict: Maybe dey'd be willin' to let us spend our time makin' burglars' tools.

THE RISKS OF WAR

NOT GREATER THAN OF YORE.

England's losses in South Africa are large compared with very recent wars, because there has hitherto been no great struggle between two civilised nations since the Franco-German war, and in fighting with half-civilised peoples the per centages of loss have invariably been all one way—in favour of the modern equipped armies. Even in the short war between the United States and Spain, which was not a stubbornly contested conflict, the importance of modern military tactics and scientific inventions could not be fairly estimated. The equipment of the English Army with all

The BLACKMAILERS.

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A Stirring Romance of England and Australia.

By W. Murray Graydon,

Author of "The Thirlstones of London," "Reaping the Whirlwind," &c.

SUMMARY of Opening CHAPTERS.

Malcolm Frazer, the owner of a cattle station, is standing at the hut, in the wilds of Western Australia, when his mate, Jim Connop, returns from the nearest settlement with letters and papers. From the latter they learn that funds are being raised in Melbourne and Sydney for an expedition to search for Sir John Vallenger and his companions, who have been lost while exploring. While they are discussing the question, a stranger, hatless and bootless and in rags staggers up to the hut and appeals for help. He is Charles Travers, one of Sir John's companions. Of the sixteen who formed the expedition, all but Sir John, Travers, and Maurice Yorke, the scientist, have perished. Sir John, is lying almost unconscious at the traveller's hut at a short distance from the home station. He remains conscience just long enough to enable him to sign a will, by which he leaves five hundred a year to his nephew, Osbert Challoner, and the remainder of his estate, real and personal, to his adopted son, Laurence Douglass Vallenger. Before starting on the expedition, Sir John had willed his fortune to Challoner, and had cut off Laurence with the proverbial shilling. In the moment of repentance he never dreamt that his adopted son was settled in Australia and known as Larry Douglass. Meanwhile, in England, Sir John's death had been practically assumed, and though legal formalities demanded time. Osbert Challoner, ignorant of the tragic happenings in the bush, was enjoying his uncle's riches on the Norfolk estate of Burlingham Manor. But while congratulating himself on his good fortune, he gets a rude shock in the shape of a letter from Sir John's solicitors, narrating the real circumstances of the famous explorer's death, and also telling of the new will which is to evict Challoner from the estate and bree tragedy, and also much bloodshed and sorrow. In Australia Larry Douglass had not met with success. He had married an adventuress, and rued the day. Selling his station he decides to try his luck in another part of the country, but on the eve of his departure, his wife betrays him to Gentleman Jem, a notorious bushranger, whose gang attack the homestead, and get away with Larry's money. The treacherous wife, naturally left when a posse of police arrives. Gentleman Jem is shot, and so also is Larry's runaway wife. Shortly after Larry hears of his uncle's death and his own good fortune. He sails for England and takes up his inheritance at Burlingham Manor. One of his tenants, a retired Colonel, is engaged in some secret work, and resents all attempts to cultivate his friendship. His daughter is out riding one day, when her horse bolts. Larry, seeing her danger, rides to the rescue. This and a subsequent service wins for Larry the friendship of Colonel Lovering, and he visits the latter's house. Meanwhile Challoner and his friends Gontran and Margrave are yachting in the vicinity. They are likewise plotting against Larry, who is seen to be on the best of terms with the colonel's daughter whom he sees much of and to whom he becomes engaged. On the strength of this the colonel reveals to Larry the secret of the shed. He has constructed a submarine boat. Preparations are in full swing for the wedding when Gontran seeks an interview with Larry in London.

The story proceeds with

CHAPTER XI.

A FATEFUL INTERVIEW.

Gontran's off-hand manner and cordial air were obviously forced, and his caller noticed this with quick perception so a slight awkwardness marked the situation at the start. Larry disregarded the proffered whisky, and remained standing.

"Yes, I got your letter," he said. "It was rather a surprise."

"I knew you were in town, last week," Gontran replied, "and I wrote to you at Bailey's Hotel on the chance that you had not returned home. Otherwise I should have run down to Norfolk to see you."

"In regard to that matter of urgent importance which you mention?"

"Yes, and I do not exaggerate the importance, Vallenger."

"I am at a loss to understand what it can be. If it relates to Osbert Challoner"——

"It has nothing to do with Challoner."

"Myself, then?"

"Yourself—and others."

"Well, will you please be as brief as possible? I am leaving Liverpool-street by the one-thirty express."

"I am very much afraid that you will have to take a later train," replied Gontran. "I have a great deal to tell you, to talk over with you, and it can't be done in a few words."

Gontran proceeded to lay bare his blackmailing scheme, demanding a sum of £18,000 down, and £2,000 a year for Renee to keep her out of England. He would guarantee her departure for Australia, where she would remain till she died.

Larry became furious.

"Keep cool," urged Gontran. "Don't excite yourself, Vallenger. Your secret is safe with me—absolutely safe."

"Safe? And what does that mean? Your silence to be purchased for a consideration?"

Larry hesitated for a moment, than came forward and seated himself on the edge of the table. His hot wroth had cooled down, and he was in a contemptuous, indifferent mood.

"I don't need to hear any more; it's all as clear as daylight," he said with a laugh. "But I may as well have the satisfaction of telling you that you will never have the satisfaction of touching a shilling of my money. You have built your house of cards on the most flimsy foundation. You are more of a fool than a rogue, Garnet."

"Am I? But go on."

"You must know that you are, when I tell you that for all I care the world may learn the history of those past two years of my life. At the worst it is only a record of youthful folly and inexperience of a too-credulous man deceived by a designing woman. Yet you and Margrave, knowing the story of Laurence Douglas, and knowing that I am shortly to be married to Miss Lovering are mad enough to believe that I will pay you to hide the fact that I was married before to a music-hall dancer, who dragged my name in the dust, and finally ran off with a swashbuckler of the bush. I made one mistake, I admit and that was in not telling all to my future wife. But I intend to tell her before the dawn of another day and I am not afraid of the result. Your weapon is powerless, Garnet. You and Margrave will have to turn your knavery into a different channel if you want to line your pockets by blackmailing. Good-morning I'll give you a week in which to resign from your clubs and get out of town."

"Hold on," said Gontran, with easy confidence. "Beauty Margrave is not in the game as I have told you. And me you credit with a lack of intelligence, which would be lamentable if it were true. The trump card is in my hand, Vallenger and it is not to be beaten. There is one simple fact of which you are naturally ignorant—a fact that shatters at a blow the whole fabric of your boasted security. You believe your wife to be dead?"

"I know that she is," Larry answered calmly, though he involuntarily caught his breath and changed colour.

"You are wrong. Your wife Renee is alive and well. She is in London."

"It's a lie," Larry hurled the charge at him, but his face twitched, and his hands were clenched. "I say it's a lie," he repeated. "And you know that as well as I do. Can the dead rise from their graves?"

"Your wife never died."

"Do you expect me to believe such nonsense?"

"I can prove it, Vallenger."

Larry's breath came quick and short as he stared into the other's quiet and unflinching countenance. His own eyes fell.

"I am sorry for you," said Gontran. "But you must face the truth and I am only telling you that. Renee is alive."

There was a ring of conviction in the words that bit their way to Larry's soul. The room seemed to be whirling round him; the sun had ceased to shine. He poured himself some whisky and drank it at a gulp Then he sank into a chair and laughed—a harsh unnatural laugh that was ugly to hear.

"You blackmailing scoundrel!" cried Larry, after a few second's pause.

"There's gratitude for you. And I am trying to be your friend!"

"You are trying to trick me. No I won't believe it. If Renee is in London, prove it. Show her to me. Let me stand face to face with her."

"You shall do that," Gontran declared, with an air of easy assurance, "in good time."

"Bring us together at once—today."

"That is impossible for she is out of town. She has gone down to Suffolk, to a quiet little place by the sea, leaving matters entirely in my hands."

"If she was alive," said Larry, "you would have had her here in readiness to produce her—to back up your damnable tale of inventions!"

Gontran smiled.

"If you still doubt," he replied, "perhaps this may convince you. It is a letter I received from your wife this morning."

He tore a fragment from the sheet of paper and handed it to Larry, who took it with eager fingers.

"Yes," he said as he looked at it, half to himself. "It is her handwriting. I should know it from a hundred. And yet you are clever enough to have counterfeited it."

"Do you believe that I did, Vallenger?"

Larry made no reply. He sank back in his chair, covering his face with his hands. His misery was too great for words, for clear analysis. The impulse to leap up and throttle Garnet, the blackmailer, passed and left him indifferent to all save the fact which his stupefied brain was trying to grasp. If this incredible thing were true, it meant that Lorna was lost to him for ever, that his happiness and future were wrecked, and that he was tied once more to the woman who had betrayed him at Yarram Yarram. Renee alive! Little wonder that he could not realise it, could not accept it.

"You are taking it too hard," said Gontran. "There is a way out of the difficulty."

"By divorce—yes. I should find that easy enough."

"But the publicity, the scandal. What would Colonel Lovering and his daughter think of it? No there is a simpler and a better way, Vallenger. Your marriage need not be put off."

For half an hour in smooth, persuasive tones, Gontran talked; and Larry, while apparently an attentive listener, barely grasped the import of the devilish words. Temptation had not yet assailed him. His wretchedness was too acute to leave room in his mind for anything else.

"I will guarantee that you never hear of her again," Gontran concluded. "She will go back to Australia, and the drink habit she has acquired will be sure to carry her off in a year or two."

Larry rose, his face pale and haggard.

"It's a lie," he said, fiercely. "Show me Renee, and I'll believe you."

With that he unlocked the door and left the room, and making his way unsteadily down the stairs, he passed out into the bright sunshine.

CHAPTER XII.

A FLASH OF CONSCIENCE.

There were many aching hearts in London and elsewhere, that night, but none perhaps throbbed to more bitter anguish than did Larry Vallenger's. When he left Gontran's chambers in Jermyn-street his course was aimless, void of purpose. He forgot his luggage at Bailey's Hotel, forgot the three-twenty express to Norwich. He felt a desire to be constantly on the move. He wanted to think clearly, to reason out the situation, but his mind wandered like a man who keeps reaching for something that is beyond him. He was stupefied by the blow. He could not as yet realise—if Gontran had told the truth—that his wife was alive, and that he had lost Lorna for ever.

"I must get away—anywhere," he told himself. "I must keep on till I drop. If I go back now, I'll kill Garnet."

He was a good pedestrian, and his long strides covered ground rapidly. In the cool dusk of evening, weary, hungry, thirsty, he entered the sequestered little village of Denham.

The dark of an autumn loomed forbiddingly. The faded signboard of the Green Man attracted him, and in the tiny, old-fashioned parlour of the inn, under the sagging oaken beams, the young lord of Burlingham Manor ate and drank. They gave him a room, and he slept in a bed that was in use before King Charles reigned—slept soundly from fatigue and brain-weariness. And in the morning, when he had made himself as presentable as possible, and had partaken of a light breakfast he faced his troubles in a clearer, if not a more hopeful light.

"I'll go direct to Gontran," he vowed, "and wring the truth out of him. If Renee is alive, let him produce her. I'll believe him then, but not before."

He travelled up to Paddington, reaching there somewhat past the middle of the afternoon. Gontran had recently been out, and had just returned to his rooms, for he was putting off a light overcoat, when his visitor was announced. His relief at sight of Larry was apparent.

"So here you are!" he exclaimed "I've been trying to look you up. But what have you been doing with yourself? I don't believe you've eaten or slept."

"What's that to you?"

"Let me order you some breakfast."

"No. Your hospitality? The food would choke me."

Larry's voice was low and fierce. His face was haggard and unshaven, and there were dark blotches under his eyes.

"You know what I want," he went on. "Where is my wife? If your story is true she is in London. Bring us together."

"She is not in London. I told you she was down in Suffolk."

"Then fetch her up to town by wire—by the first train. Or give me her address."

"Your suggestions are impossible for several reasons," Gontran replied "Don't be in too great a hurry, Vallenger. For one thing you must pull yourself into condition before this interview takes place. And for another thing you had better see your wife somewhere down in the country—say in the grounds of Burlingham Manor, and by night. It will be much easier to arrange. And there will be absolutely no risk of observation."

"Let it be to-night."

"That is too soon—I can't leave town before evening at the latest; but to-morrow night for certain."

Larry agreed to the proposal without further remonstrance. A ray of hope had flashed into his mind and slim and dubious as it was, hardly worthy of the name, he was already building on it. Gontran turned over the pages of a Bradshaw's guide and scribbled a few notes on a scrap of paper.

"A train from Yarmouth reaches Lingwood station at about ten minutes to eight in the evening," he said. "Renee and I will come by that, and we will walk over. We can meet you anywhere in the grounds at half-past eight. What place would you suggest?"

"The South Lodge," replied Larry. "It is unoccupied at present. I will see that the gates are unlocked."

"Couldn't be better," assented Gontran. "I know the locality well. The drive, which is rarely used, leads out to a quiet, lonely lane. The cottage stands back among heavy timber and shrubbery. And by the hour we have fixed upon there won't be a soul stirring in the neighborhood."

There was a moment of awkward silence. Larry, though outwardly calm, was able with difficulty to keep his hands off the gentlemanly blackmailer who could so coolly plan an infamous deed.

"You remember what we spoke of yesterday—the terms?" Gontran resumed. "Business is business, and you will benefit the most by the transaction. Twenty thousand pounds"—

"You said eighteen," interrupted Larry.

"Eighteen thousand pounds then—we won't haggle over it—and an annual allowance of two thousand to your wife, paid in advance. She won't live two years, you can take my word for that. And in the mean time she will be just the same as dead, so far as you are concerned. She will go back to Australia, and you will never see or hear of her again. Do you consent, Vallenger?"

"We will discuss that matter," Larry answered, with forced calmness, "when I have seen and recognised Renee."

Gontran, to hide the satisfaction that he felt, turned his back and mixed a whisky and soda. "It's all right," he thought. "I knew he wouldn't give up Miss Lovering. The money is as good as paid." Aloud, he added, "When are you going home?"

"By the one thirty express. I must get my bag first."

"Let me send for it," urged Gontran. "I wouldn't show myself at the hotel in this condition. You look like a wreck."

Larry offered no objection. He wrote a note on a sheet of paper, and the boy whom Gontran despatched on the errand returned in half an hour with the bag.

"I can't lend you a razor," said Gontran.

"I don't want to shave," replied Larry, "and I haven't the time."

He rose and opened the door.

"The South Lodge, at half-past eight to-morrow night," reminded Gontran.

"I will be there," was the curt answer as the door closed.

"What an idiotic fool and scoundrel Garnet must take me to be!" he said to himself, as he watched the grey, dismal panorama of London from the window of an empty first-class compartment. "Does he suppose that I would be mad enough to marry Lorna under such circumstances? If my wife was alive, I would pay any sum in reason to keep her out of England. And it would stop at that; Garnet should never see a penny of the exorbitant bribe that he demands. But I can't—I won't—believe that Renee does not lie in the Australian bush. The refusal to produce her at once, the delay, the lonely spot fixed for the meeting, and the darkness of night—it points to trickery. There is another woman who resembles Renee, perhaps. And Garnet thinks that I shall be deceived. God grant that I am right!"

(To be continued.)

The famous sphinx is wasting away. After surviving so many centuries, it now feels the effects of the alteration in the Egyptian climate due to the irregation improvement of late years.

For hundreds of years scarcely an hour's rain fell during the whole year, but tree planting and irrigation works in the delta have so changed matters that from fifteen to eighteen days' heavy rain is. Thus a few years' rain have done more harm to the Sphinx than the scorching of centuries.

The Dutch did not free their West Indian slaves till 1863. They paid their masters £32 a head for forty-six thousand of them.

Of Australians, 97 per cent. can write their names, but only 60 per cent. of the South African population can do so.

DANGEROUS DERELICTS AT SEA.

It is estimated that at least eight vessels are wrecked annually through collisions with derelicts, and as the danger lurks beneath the sea, it is one which cannot be avoided through any power or wisdom of the ship's crew. When a wreck is sighted, boats are sent out to fasten torpedoes to the hulk and those are exploded beneath the keel by electricity. Sixteen-pound torpedoes are used. They are filled with gun-cotton, which has seven times the explosive force of gunpowder.

The average derelict remains afloat about 30 days. In exceptional instances, however, they pursue their voyages with neither crew or port for years. They are apt at times to get into the current of the Gulf Stream and are frequently carried in a north-easterly direction into the track of the great passenger steamers which ply between Europe and America. At all times, it is estimated, there are about 30 derelict vessels floating about the Atlantic. The great ocean grey-hounds each bearing the population of a small town, rush across the great waste of waters through storms and fog, the wonder being that accidents so seldom occur.

The voyage of the derelict schooner "W. L. White" is the most remarkable case. Her cruise came to a close January 23rd., 1889, when she stranded on one of the Islands of the Hebrides. The "White" was one of the many wrecked or abandoned during the great storm of March 1888, when so many lost their lives on sea and shore. It is estimated that 138 vessels were blown ashore, sunk or damaged at this time along the coast of the United States. West of the fortieth meridian, some 20 vessels were sunk or abandoned, among them the "White." She was a three-masted schooner, and was abandoned off Delaware Bay March 13th, 1888. She started off southwards under the influence of the inshore current and the north-west gale, with mast and portions of her sails standing, and with ensign set.

Reaching the Gulf Stream she turned to the eastward and commenced her long cruise directly in the track of thousands of vessels engaged in transatlantic commerce, drifting about at the mercy of wind and current. In her cruise of 10 months and 10 days she traversed more than 5,000 miles and was reported 45 times. How many vessels passed dangerously near her at night and in fog it is impossible to estimate. "Science Siftings." 1385)

OUR SUBMARINES.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE IN THE WORLD.

The submarine boat is now a part of the British first line of defence, and it may not be out of place to briefly state what their capabilities and qualities are, as proved by the many trials which have taken place in the Devonshire and Buccleuch Docks at Barrow-in-Furness (where they are being built by Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, Limited), and also by the submerged trials which have been carried out by experts in the Irish Sea off Walney Island, near Barrow.

The Admiralty order for five of these boats was entrusted to Messrs. Vickers, as it turns out, more as an experimental contract; and the contractors have fully taken advantage of the early experiences of the working of these boats, with the result that in the last submarine launched the production is a very practical and formidable engine of war.

During the past two or three months the boats have been put to severe tests of all kinds. Submerged they have been made to travel at varying speeds up to 10 knots per hour, and when once below the surface it is practically impossible to follow their movements, even in day-light.

SOME FEATURES OF THE BOATS.

The first five sub-marines, four of which have been handed over to the Admiralty, are of 63ft. 4in. length, with a beam of 11ft. 3in. and a displacement of 120 tons.

The boats carry one torpedo expulsion tube at the forward end, and four of the 18in. Whitehead torpedoes are carried, the gear being arranged so that the torpedo may be discharged with the boat stationary or running at any speed, or when she in on the surface of the water or below it.

The boats will withstand the pressure consequent upon a submersion to a depth of 100ft. below the surface. When on the surface the vessels are propelled with gasolene engines and when below this power is obtained by electric motor.

During the trials of the earlier boats much progress has been made in the direction of determining the angle of diving and of rising to the surface, and also to obviate submergence to an excessive depth. This is done by automatic means, but in every respect throughout the fittings of the submarines it has been found advisable to supplement all mechanical appliances by hand-gearing.

AN ADVANCE ON THE PERISCOPE.

In the French submarines a view gained by those on board by means of the periscope, which enables them to see through from 30deg. to 50deg., and so steer the boat directly for a risible point In the later British boats a great advance has been made by an appliance which will effect an even wider purpose while enabling the boat to travel below the water at a depth which leaves no possibility of the submarine being detected from above the surface of the water.

Exhaustive trials have been made in steering, turning, diving, rising, and speed and in all these directions the new additions to the British navy have been found to be absolutely perfect. From time to time alterations have been made in the engines and tanks, with the result that No. 5 boat is probably to-day the most effective submarine in the world.

THE NEWEST BOAT THE BIGGEST

The most recent additions to the flotilla of submarine boats is much larger than those ordered in the first place.

It is fully 100ft. long and carries with it a greater displacement, a greater speed, and some very marked improvements. Perhaps the principal advance has been made in the steering gear which includes quite a new feature of submarine work, by means of which it will be possible to advance or retreat through reversing the engines.

SUBMARINES AT PORTSMOUTH.

Two of the submarines—Nos. 2 and 3—have arrived in Portsmouth Harbour. They were brought from Barrow-in-Furness by H. M. S. Hazard. As the Hazard steamed into harbour, towing on either side of her one of the submarines, it looked as if she were dragging a couple of porpoises, their shiny backs just peering above the water.

When Captain Bacon was convoying submarines Nos 3 and 4 into Portsmouth, No. 5 was being towed from Barrow to the sea. When deep water was reached she was immediately submerged several feet below the surface, and in this position travelled several miles hidden from sight. Like all the latter tests to which these boats have been subjected, the trials were in every way satisfactory, stability, air supply, and control being all that could be desired. Now the work will be to train officers and men of the Royal navy to control them.

The trial of No. 3 submarine in the Solent proved very successful. The experiments were of a prolonged character, lasting from 10 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the evening. Altogether the vessel was submerged about three times, the longest period she remained under water being about 20 minutes.

Long engagements are rather expensive affairs in Russia. The bridegroom-elect is expected to send his fiancee a present every day.

A good cow in Canada produces £7 worth of cheese a year. At Camembert, in France, the cheese product of one cow is valued at £36.

FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

"War is war," as "An Irregular" remarks in the "Daily News," but in the midst of its din and merciless crash the heart of the soldier may yet beat with sympathy for a brave foe fallen and for his grief-stricken family.

The correspondent tells how he and others went to a farm, and a grey-haired man fired upon them. It was inevitable that he should be shot, and so he fell, rifle in hand, hale, straight and lusty; there was not a crinkle on the dead face.

"An old woman bent over him, weeping aloud and clapping her hands in a horrible ecstasy of grief. This was his wife. The story is clear. The man had come from the neighbouring commando to spend the night with his family, and on our approach had taken his rifle and come forward to hold the door of his house against all comers. It was beyond pluck, apart from heroism. No spirit but one of the blindest fanaticism, wedded to hereditary, unreasoning hatred of the rooiniek, could have inspired that desperate stand. Some of the men who had been searching the premises, brought out two boys, sons of the dead man. At the sight of them the old woman redoubled her cries. "Oh sirs," she cried, in plaintive Dutch. 'Don't take away my boys. Leave my boys. Leave them to bury him. Please don't take my boys. Won't someone speak to the officer for me?"

The correspondent adds:—"It was heartbreaking but there was only one thing to do. War is always, and must always be inhuman, and sentiment, most human of all things does not enter into it."

There were sheep in the kraal close to the house, and fowls in plenty. We did not touch them, though we knew the Boers in the field drew on them as they pleased. But the boys had to go."

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

A well-known business man frequently lectured his wife on the habit she had of carrying her purse carelessly in the pocket of her coat. His lectures had no effect, and he determined to teach her a lesson.

Several days after his latest homily he saw a woman from whose pocket a purse protruded invitingly. A second look convinced him that the woman was his wife, and a few minutes later he was at her side and had filched the purse. He retreated immediately, but no one had seen him, and when he reached home in the evening the purse was in his overcoat pocket.

At dinner he was expecting every minute to hear his wife bemoan her loss, and he was framing in his vel of logic, and a convincing example of the superiority of man over the wifely confidence, and he felt rather uneasy when he left for his office next morning, and no mention of the loss had been made That evening there was still no complaint and, of course, no chance for the lecture. Something must be done and he hit upon the proper thing.

"My dear," said he in an unconcerned way, "I have a five-pound note I want changed. Can you manage it?"

"I think I can, Tom. Just wait a minute."

The husband waited in anticipation of a denouement. His wife returned with her purse in her hand.

"Why? What—where did you get that purse?" he stammered.

"From my pocket, of course," she said.

"Wait a minute," he exclaimed, as he ran from the room.

In a few minutes he returned with a purse in his hand. "Isn't this yours?" he asked.

"No, certainly not," she replied.

"Great Scott! I've picked some other woman's pocket!" he exclaimed, as he dropped into a chair.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

To make potatoes white when cooked they should be allowed to lie—pared—in cold water for about two hours.

* * * * * *

When an eiderdown quilt has got hard, and lost all its elasticity, hang it in the sun for a few hours, and all the life will come back to it.

* * * * * *

If a lamp gets overturned water will be of no use in extinguishing the flames. Earth, sand, or flour thrown on it will have the desired effect.

* * * * * *

If you soak the wick in vinegar for two or three hours before using, your lamp will give a better light and will not smoke. You should dry the wick before lighting

* * * * * *

When papering a room with a thick or heavy paper it is sometimes found difficult to get it on even. After pasting it the first time all thoroughly well, hang the lengths on a line until very nearly dry. Then re-paste again, and it will lie on quite even and without any creases.

* * * * * *

When washing blankets make a lather of boiled soap and tepid water, and allow a tablespoonful of household ammonia for every pailful and a half of water. Wash them in two or three waters, put them through the wringer, and hang out to dry. Choose a fine windy day for this work, as blankets spoil by being kept damp.

* * * * * *

When it is necessary to keep a meal warm for a late comer do not set the dish in a hot oven, thus discolouring the china as well as drying the food. Instead place the plate or dish over a pan of boiling water, covering with a cover that will just fit over the edge. The food will keep hot, and there will be enough steam from the boiling water in the lower pan to prevent it getting dry.

TWO COMRADES.

I have trod life's path alone,
Companions two my heart hath known.

First Hope, fairy image bright.
Flashed in upon my dazzled sight.

Often I saw her like a fay,
And dancing by the twilight way.

She beckoned, whispered, and beguiled
My heart, and ruled me when she smiled.

She showed me her deceptive treasures,
Her hidden hoards of rainbow pleasures,

And tempting me my days to waste,
She promised I should share and taste.

She faded, brightened, vanished fled—
And still returned, and still misled.

* * * * * *

Then came when I was lone and sad,
Patience in convent veilings clad.

Her eyes were like that star of even
That first leads forth the hosts of heaven.

Her touch, her voice were healing balm,
And all my spirit sank to calm.

She smiled not; but, compassionate,
She took my hand, and led my fate.

And very weary, I resigned
Wholly to her, my fevered mind.

And docile found in daily duty
That all my hands may grasp of beauty.

* * * * * *

Siren, you have no more the power
To tempt me forth to waste an hour.

You promised joy—you gave regret—
But—would you were my comrade yet!

A. S. Falconer.

A GHOORKA'S OBEDIENCE.

The following remarkable anecdote of a Ghoorka is told in the "Scotsman" by a correspondent, to whom it was related by the surgeon of the regiment, who was present on the occasion.

In days before the Mutiny, the commandants of irregular regiments had great authority over their men, and one of them, whose stationed in the hills, used often to take him out with him when he went tiger-shooting.

On one occasion, he, his officers, and a visitor, were out tiger-shooting on elephants, accompanied as usual by a number of men on foot.

They raised a tiger, which rushed away down a steep ravine where the elephants could not follow, and they had to go up to its head in order to cross it. One of the men, however, followed the tiger on foot down the ravine and up the opposite side and when he reached the top levelled his rifle to fire. The visitor saw this and said to the commandant—

"There's that man going to fire."

The commandant shouted across the ravine,

"Recover arms," which the man immediately did, and stood like a statue for about half an hour, till the elephants, having rounded the head of the ravine, came up to him.

"What were you going to fire at?" said the commandant.

"The tiger, sir."

"Where is it?"

"There," said the man pointing to a bush about 10 yards off.

The officer was greatly put out at finding that he had exposed his man to such imminent risk for such a long time, so he got down from his elephant and stood beside him to share the danger.

"Where is it?" said he to the man.

"There," said the man pointing to the same bush.

The officer looked into the bush for a long time, but could not see it, so at last he said to the man, "You fire."

The man fired, and shot the tiger dead.

Belgium can produce a ton of steel for £6 11s. England for £8 and France not less than £11.

Like Queen Alexandra, the German Empress's hobby is photography and she has infected her eldest son with the enthusuasm she feels for the pursuit. Her Majesty is a very talented photographer and very artistic. She also understands developing her own plates, and is capable of doing the entire process herself.

For many years the Empress has found her greatest relaxation in photography, and she goes nowhere without her camera. Her collection of pictures is unique, and comprises every kind of scene beautiful views and curious people she met on her Eastern travels; portraits of her children, her husband, and other relations; pictures of her children's pets, and a collection of photographs of the game killed by the Kaiser at Hubertusstock and Rominthen.

Her children look upon their mother as a very wonderful being, and every time they receive a new pet the first thought is to ask mamma to photograph it.

The photographs taken by the Empress during her journey to the Holy Land were exhibited with a magic-lantern for a charity after her return home. They were a most interesting collection, and especially interesting as showing types of the inhabitants through whose countries her Majesty had passed. 1385)

LOST LOVE.

Who wins his love shall lose her,
Who loses her shall gain,
For still the spirit woos her,
A soul without a stain,
And memory still pursues her
With longings not in vain!

He loses her who gains her,
Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her gray,
The flesh that yet enchains her
Whose grace hath passed away!

Oh, happier he who gains not
The love some seem to gain.
The joy that custom stains not
Shall still with him remain,
The loveliness that wanes not,
The love that ne'er can wane.

He dreams she grows not older
The lands of dream among.
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung,
In dreams doth he behold her
Still fair and kind and young.

—Andrew Lang.

FLOWER TRADE ABBREVIATIONS.

Short and Expressive Names For Popular Flowers as Used by Florists.

That florists and florists' clerks have a language of their own when it comes to the making up of orders is an interesting fact not appreciated by the young man who wishes to send a bunch of violets or roses to his best girl, or the father of a family in swelldom who receives a large monthly bill for the decoration of his parlors. Respectfully and deferentially does the florist stand by a customer and murmur the longest floral names without abbreviations.

But when he and his assistants are alone horticultural titles are clipped short. The most cherished and expensive blossoms, no matter how great their dewy fragrance may be, are treated with scant respect.

It is "Hey, Jimmy, a dozen of those 'mums,'" a voice will cry. "And don't forget that lot of 'tubies' for Mrs. Smith-Smith." Indeed the ardent lover of blossoms would be disenchanted if he listened to the talk of the trade for a brief half hour.

There are no rules of abbreviation, and some of the longest floral names are never clipped, but spoken exactly as they are written. Even the most ignorant florist's clerk speaks precisely of hyacinths, geraniums, mignonette, lilacs, violets, poppies, magnolias, orchids, ivy, jasmine, phlox and carnation pinks. His abbreviations are logical as a rule, and oftener than otherwise he makes use of the first or last sound of a name.

Here is a brief sample of the Florists' Ready Guide:

Chrysanthemums, "mums;" tuberoses, "tubies;" lilies of the valley, "valleys;" Jacqueminot roses, "jacks;" bride roses, "brides;" primroses, "prims;" Maria Louise violets, "Louisas" goldenrod, "rods;" stephanotis, "steps;" cape jasmine, "capes;" japonicas, "japs;" amaryllis, "rills;" China asters, "chinas;" morning glories, "glories;" lemon verbena, "lemons;" narcissus, "cissus;" rhododendrons, "dendrons;" immortelles, "everlastings."—New York World.

The Postal Whistle.

New York undoubtedly has an admirable mail service. A city letter sent on its way within business hours will get there almost as quickly as a telegram, and not infrequently quicker than a messenger. The deliveries and collections are frequent, the carriers careful and courteous, and blindly directed missives are generally delivered to their owners after a very short hunt. How letters bearing only the name of comparative strangers are promptly deposited in office or flat boxes surprises strangers. When the postman drops a letter in your house box, or deposits paper or packet on the tiles beneath it, he pulls your bell and whistles. These postal whistles are similar to those used by the police. So when the bell jingles and the whistling follows there's no need to open the door or wonder who's there. You know all about it. The postal whistle could be adopted with benefit elsewhere.—New York Letter.

An Illinois Girl In Washington.

I sat next an Illinois girl in the house gallery and marked the manner of her speech, which was strange to a Washington ear. She did not slight a single "r." The broad English "a" eastern people affect was unknown to her. She asked me what time congress "took up" and when it "let out." She spoke of a brook in her home and called it a "branch." She said it seemed so funny to get six car tickets for "2 bits," and she told me she had not attended the opening of congress because she "could not get to go," but that she meant to hear just as many great speeches as she could "get to hear." Then she excused herself and went away, as she said she had "some trading to do for ma."—Washington Post.

Tying the Knot.

One part of the wedding ceremony among the Babylonians was very significant. The priest took a thread from the garment of the bride and another from the garment of the bridegroom and tied them into a knot, which he gave the bride. This is probably the origin of the modern saying about tying the knot in regard to marriage.

A Different Question.

Father (impressively)—Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you, my boy?

Irreverent Son—I'd stay here. The question is, What would become of you?—West Chester Critic.

Galen says that oats were grown abundantly in Asia Minor; were used as food for the horses and by men in times of famine.

The lowest order of animal life is found in the microscopic jellyfish. It is simply a minute drop of gelatinous matter.

Groton is an Indian word meaning "The Wind." The river was named for an Indian chief.

New Insolvent.

Selina Welsh, of Beaufort, formerly licensed victualler, but now out of business. Liabilities, L1186 17s 6d, of which L975 is on account of debts due to secured creditors; assets, L975; deficiency, L211 17s 6d. The whole of the assets, consisting of furniture, stock-in-trade, etc., are held as security under bill of sale. Cause of failure, losses in business, and working expenses being too great in proportion to receipts. Assignee, Mr W. D. McKee.

Riponshire Council.

MONDAY, 5TH JANUARY, 1903.

Present—Crs. T. Beggs (president), Sinclair, O'Shaughnessy, Flynn, Stewart, Douglas, Lewis, and Stevenson.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Francis Jope, Neill-street, Beaufort, drawing attention to the imperfect drainage adjacent to her property. When heavy rain occurred the water was backed up on to her property, causing much trouble, besides being injurious to health.—Referred to engineer for report.

Messrs Alex. McKay, Beaufort; Richard Pitcher, Raglan; Samuel Martin, Beaufort; William Kelly, Eurambeen; David Brown, Chepstowe; and George Snell, Carngham, applied for a renewal of their slaughtering licenses. The licenses were granted, subject to the usual conditions.

Dr. G. A. Eadie reported two cases of typhoid fever at Beaufort.—Received.

From S. Young, solicitor, Beaufort, stating that the letter from the council, dated 4th Decr., to Mr J. Jess, had been handed to him. Under instructions he wished to inform the council "that the complaint referred to is quite untrue, and even if the published statements were true, we deny the right of the council to interfere in the matter. Should process be issued by the council, I shall be pleased to accept same on my client's behalf."—Cr. Sinclair said he thought the opinion of counsel for the Municipal Association should be taken on this matter. Cr. Flynn said the people who travelled the roads with stock, so long as they were ratepayers, should not be interfered with. The President said he would like to know how we stand. "Go to law if you like, but the council may probably suffer. We can remove the stock from the roads. If the council allowed themselves to be bounced, there would be no end to the trespassing of stock on the roads." Cr. Lewis—"Find out what power we have." Cr. Sinclair—"Have we the power to remove sheep off the roads, providing they are the property of a ratepayer?" Cr. Flynn—"This trespasser did not happen to be a ratepayer." It was resolved that the opinion of the Municipal Association's counsel be taken on the question.

From H. R. Kewley, Beaufort, stating that he would like to have the window broken by the surfacemen replaced.—Attended to.

From the Secretary for Lands, in regard to the Beaufort Recreation Reserve, informing the council that the term "children" applies to persons of the age of 12 years or under.—Cr. Sinclair objected to not charging children under the age of 12 years, and moved that the Government be asked to make the age six years. Seconded by the President, and carried; Cr. Flynn interjecting—"You might as well ask them to fly."

From M. Davies, Newstead, enclosing postal note for 10s, in payment of his water supply at Snake Valley up to 31st December, 1902, and asking that the supply be cut off, as it was no longer required.—Cr. Douglas thought the water should not be cut off. Crs. Sinclair and Flynn thought it would be a bad precedent to cut the water off. The engineer drew attention to the fact that there were no regulations applying to the water supply at Snake Valley, and the officers were instructed to draw up regulations in order that people using the water could be compelled to pay the water rate.

From Secretary Shire of Ararat, pointing out that after a considerable amount of correspondence, etc., Riponshire had expressed their willingness to bear half the cost of the erection of a weighbridge at Middle Creek. Tenders had been invited for supplying one ten ton Foley & Sons' weighbridge, delivered at Spencer-street railway station, and the tender of Messrs Jas. McEwan and Co., at L150, had been accepted, net cash. The bridge was now in course of erection. The Riponshire Council was asked to bear half the expense attending the procuring, carriage, erection, and rent of site. A site had been obtained within the railway reserve from the Department at a rental of one shilling per month.—Some discussion ensued over this matter, as the secretary pointed out that from correspondence received the understanding was that Riponshire would bear half the cost of the bridge, providing it did not cost more than L100. Cr. Sinclair said the weighbridge was wanted badly, and the matter was ultimately referred to the North riding members, with power to act.

From C. Tomkins, Beaufort, drawing attention to the state of a drain near his property, which wants cleaning out. It would not take the flood waters away, with the result that his clay-holes had got filled up with water, hindering him in his work for a month.—Referred to engineer.

REPORTS.

The engineer (Mr E. J. Muntz) reported as under:—

(1). I regret to have to report the death of Mr R. Gibson, caretaker of the Beaufort water supply race. During his illness the work has been carried on by a temporary man. It might be advisable now to make a permanent appointment. (2). Heavy rains have fallen since last meeting, averting all danger of a serious water famine in Beaufort and Waterloo. Since the 18th December the supply has not been cut off in either place. (3). In reference to Mr R. Humphreys' complaint that the trees in the Beaufort Park were injuring his property, the North Riding councillors and myself interviewed him on the ground, and arranged that the council should cut a trench near the line of his property, and Mr Humphreys to indemnify the council against damage, or else fence the trench off.—Received. Clause (1).—Referred to the engineer, and on the motion of Crs. Sinclair and Flynn, a letter of condolence was ordered to be sent to Mrs Gibson on the death of so good and faithful a servant as the late Mr Gibson had proved. Clause (3).—Adopted.

The North Riding councillors held a meeting on 1st December, when Crs. Beggs, Sinclair, and Flynn were present. It was resolved—"That the stuff taken from drain from Mrs Hodgson's towards railway line be removed, and deposited in the diggers' holes; also that the rubbish on the north side of the cemetery road be removed. It was also resolved that the North Riding councillors and the engineer interview Mr R. Humphreys relative to his complaint of damage to his land by reason of the trees growing in the Beaufort Park reserve."—Adopted.

The Treasurer reported that since last meeting £459 17s 6d had been received. The balance due the bank at the date of this report was £668 4s. There was a credit of £5 9s in favor of the Vermin Destruction account.—Received.

FINANCE.

The following accounts were passed for payment on the recommendation of the Finance Committee:—Salaries, £39 11s 8d; Mrs Taylor, £1 10s; engineer (postage, etc.), £1 10s 3d; secretary (postage), £5; for rewards, £5; A. Parker, £7 12s 6d; Municipal Association, £4 4s; Country Fire Brigades' Board, £22 8s 3d; W. G. Stevens, £7 9s 8d; John Daly, L6 4s; J. Tompkins, L1 8s 3d; C. Wright, L1 4s 6d; J. Whitfield, L10 10s; E. Hill, L10; C. Tomkins, 7s 9d; J. W. Harris, L1 15s 8d; J. Gillespie, L10 3s; W. Anderson, L4; R. Ward, L3 8s; T. Nugent, L10 10s; C. Campbell, L8; A. Corrigan, 7s 6d; W. C. Redder, L1 18s 6d; Hawkes Bros., L3 0 7d; S. George, L10; S. Merley, 13s 4d; G. Carver, 15s; H. F. Watkin, L3; W. T. Hayward, £2 11s; E. Schlicht, £2 5s 9d; H. M. Stuart, £1 5s; G. M. Glenister, 12s; A. H. Sands, 10s; W. J. McIntosh, 15s; L. Hains, £10 8s 4d; T. Haggis, £4; T. Cheeseman, 10s 6d; H. F. Watkin (contract payments), £33 6s 7d; do. (deposits), L5 10s.

PETITION.

F. Fenton and nine other residents of Preston Hill protested against the action of J. Greenbank in fencing in and closing the road known as the Marquis of Lorne lane, the said road being a continuation of the road passing Mr J. Burdett's and Mrs Coughan's properties, and running on the west of Mr T. Cheesemans and Mr F. Fenton's properties. The petitioners requested an immediate inquiry, and the removal of the obstruction.—Referred to East Riding members.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

The President said that two or three loads of tins and refuse had been deposited on the road about a mile from the Middle Creek railway station, on the Beaufort side. The tins were dangerous to travelling stock, as sheep were liable to pick them up on their feet. The council should find out who placed the rubbish there, and compel them to remove the nuisance.—The engineer was instructed to have the rubbish removed.

Cr. Sinclair pointed out that some residents of the town were in the habit of depositing refuse near the Cemetery road, which was very objectionable, as it was the wrong place to deposit such rubbish.

Cr. Flynn said there was a depôt set apart for the purpose of depositing refuse from the town. It was arranged that a hollow place should be used, but he now found that the refuse material was being deposited near the railway line.

Cr. Sinclair moved, and Cr. Flynn seconded, that notices be printed prohibiting the deposit of rubbish near the Cemetery road. Carried.

The President wished to draw the attention of the Council to the prevalence of people cutting the timber on the roads. He had himself, on Tuesday last, noticed a man fell a tree on the Trawalla road, and on his journey to Beaufort that morning had seen one tree cut down. The trouble was increasing, and should be put a stop to.

Cr. Sinclair pointed out that woodcutters could get the permission of the council to cut the timber on the roads, but some of them would not take out licences, and would sooner cut the timber on the roads.

On the motion of the President, seconded by Cr. Stewart, the engineer was instructed to prosecute all persons found cutting wood on the roads of the shire.

Parliament and Reform.

In responding to the toast of "Parliament," at the christening of mining machinery at Moyston on Thursday, the Hon. Hans W. H. Irvine, who had a most cordial reception, expressed his very great pleasure at being present, to show by his presence his sympathy was not only with the work they were engaged in, but also his respect for a gentleman whom he had known for many years past—the mining manager, Mr Smith. That gentleman had managed one or two mines for him in the past, and he trusted a new area had commenced for him as mining manager. He (Mr Irvine) had every faith in the venture, and believed that the North Star and Kangaroo Lodes would be found to junction in the property, and he believed the mine would prove a profitable one. He wished the company every success. They had had many struggles, and were deserving of success. Their list of shareholders had been but a small one—practically a syndicate—but they went to work in the proper way, and he hoped it would be sufficiently remunerative for them to receive profits. In regard to Parliament, he believed there were stirring times ahead, and the people of Victoria could rest assured that the Council would try to do its duty. They were with the Government in regard to reform, but they were not with them in regard to the reduction of the members of the Council. He believed the ratepayers' roll would be accepted by the Upper House, but he did not think woman's franchise would, and the reduction of the members of the Council certainly would not. The Council could not dot an I or cross a T in a money bill, but it would have been better for the country if they had possessed that power, for millions that have been spent in the past would have been saved. The Council cost £4,000 per annum. Their members were not paid, and surely that was a small amount for the work of 48 men. If the ratepayers' roll were to be accepted as the basis, then there should be two members of the Council for every three members of the Assembly; so that in cases of dissolution, when both Houses sat together, the Council would not be outvoted, and the interests of their constituents safeguarded. They could rest assured that the Council would prevent unnecessary taxation, and do what was best in the interests of the country. He had great pleasure in being present to wish success and a long era of prosperity to the mine and shareholders. (Applause.)—Abridged from *Ararat Advertiser*.

Judge Slowly.

It is not always an easy matter to judge correctly of the quality of things. Less than one in a thousand of us is capable of accurately estimating the worth of a picture; not more than one in a hundred the quality of a horse. In general, judgments rapidly made are of small value. "Did you ever notice," recently inquired a visitor to an English University town of his companion, as they sat together on a verandah, "that queer-looking old fellow with the idiotic face, turned-up coat collar, and boots seven sizes too large, who passes here every morning at eleven?" "Many a time," replied the other, "He is Professor of Comparative Grammar to the University of ——, and speaks fourteen modern languages, to say nothing of his mastery of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew." The incident will serve to show the futility of superficial judgment. Many judgments which pass unchallenged are none the less deplorably wrong, more especially in matters which require a practical test. Who can say positively whether a certain medicine has the power to cure some particular malady or not without giving it a trial?

When the friend of Mr Michael Fitzpatrick, of 66 Forbes Street, Woolloomooloo, Sydney, N.S.W., advised him to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup for the cure of indigestion, he backed his advice with some excellent reasons—excellent because his judgment of that remedy was based upon actual experience of its merit. Says Mr Fitzpatrick in a letter written on the 20th June, 1902: "For many years I suffered terribly from indigestion and biliousness, and spent pounds and pounds on doctors' medicines and so-called cures, but without avail. In those days I had no appetite, and the little food I ate turned sour on my stomach, causing severe attacks of heartburn. I was also troubled with pains in the chest, violent headaches, and habitual constipation. In fact, at one time or other I suffered from most of the symptoms which characterise a sluggish liver and impaired digestion. My worst affliction, however, was a total inability to obtain sufficient sleep. I would go to bed feeling worn-out and sleepy, but as soon as my head touched the pillow my brain would become unnaturally active, and I would think of every kind of subject, and roll and toss about between the sheets, listening to the Fish Market Clock as it chimed hour after hour, until all my nerves were in a quiver. Then I would rise and walk the floor, backwards and forwards, the greater portion of the night. For years I had been in this wretched state when one day a friend fortunately called to see me. I was trying the hot water cure at the time, and was just in the act of drinking a cupful of steaming liquid. He asked me what I was taking it for. I described my troubles to him, and in reply to a further question informed him that I had not, so far, gained any relief from the hot water treatment. He advised me to abandon it and try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup instead. He gave me such excellent reasons for doing so that I accepted his advice—advice which, I am thankful to say, has had the very best results. After taking only one small bottle I felt very much better. As I continued to take the Syrup, so did I continue to improve in health, and in less than two months my cure was accomplished. That was three years ago, and I have remained in good health ever since, which proves conclusively that it is not mere passing relief that Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup affords to sufferers from indigestion, but permanent cure. Now I am careful never to be without a bottle of the Syrup on hand, as I take a dose occasionally to counteract the ill effects of my sedentary occupation—for I am a bootmaker by trade—and for this purpose I find it acts like a charm."

Mining News.

The All Nations Consols tribute party at Poverty Point, Beaufort, washed off on Wednesday, and obtained 9oz. 3dwt. from 5 sets.

The final dividend of twopence per share has been declared payable to shareholders in the Sons of Freedom G.M. Co., on surrender of scrip to the manager, on 15th inst.

Sons of Freedom Central, Raglan.—No. 5 rise off north-east intermediate—South-east drive extended 20ft.; payable wash. North-west, off same extended 26ft.; wash fair quality. No. 3 rise off west main drive—North drive extended 28ft.; payable prospects. Four parties blocking. Yield for 3 days, 61oz. 5dwt.

Sons of Freedom South, Raglan.—No. 1 rise west—South-west drive now in 190ft.; wash at points of back laths; this drive temporarily stopped. Started crosscut to go north-west; same in reef; expect wash in a few days. No. 1 rise south, west end—East crosscut off south from V now in 39ft.; fair prospects at times. No. 3 rise—North wash drive now in 49ft.; reef rising; prospects poor. Truck-roading and panelling in fair dirt.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sons of Freedom United, 5oz. 7dwt.; Trompf and party, 1oz. 7dwt. 6gr.; sundries, 5oz.

FLORILINE.—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly-whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in parts of Honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depôt 33, Farring on Road, London, England.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all. 1902-1903.

HAWKES BROS.,

THE IMPORTERS, of

Neill Street, Beaufort.

To the gentle public of Beaufort and surrounding districts. Come one, and come all, and inspect our splendid Exhibition of

FURNITURE.

No need to go to Ballarat or elsewhere, when you can get such a first-class selection for cottage or mansion, at lowest prices. BEDSTEADS from makers direct, in great variety. BEDDING.—Best sanitary of purest materials. WIRE MATTRESSES in wonderful weavings, the some of comfort and convenience.

PAPERHANGING.—We have just opened up the largest line of Papers ever shipped to Beaufort. Pieces from the best English Mills. Absolutely the best value and an immense assortment to pick from. Call early and see for yourselves.

In CROCKERY and GLASSWARE we are second to none, both for value and selection, and invite your kind inspection. Come and bring your friends, and you shall not be disappointed. TEA SETS, DINNER SETS, BEDROOM SETS. LOVELY GOODS. GREAT NOVELTIES.

Do not forget us for LINOLEUMS and OILCLOTHS. The newest and prettiest patterns ever seen in Beaufort town.

Remember we have over 5,000 feet of floor space to show our immense Stocks of Goods in, and never before have we held such large and well assorted stocks in all departments. We have New Goods arriving every week, and all orders receive our prompt and personal attention.

HAWKES BROS.,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

AND AT GEELONG.

Cricket.

MIDDLE CREEK v. WATERLOO.

(FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.)

The above clubs met on ground of former for a friendly game on Saturday, 3rd inst. Although a light rain fell early, the game was a very enjoyable one, and resulted in an easy victory for the local team, Middle Creek winning the toss, sent Waterloo to the wickets. The first three wickets fell for as many runs. The only double-figure scorers were J. Robertson (14) and M. Robertson (11). A. Baker, bowling in fine form, took six wickets for 16 runs, A. McDonald 3 for 14, and B. Baker 1 for 12; the total reaching 53. Middle Creek were not disposed of until the score reached 120. J. McDonald, batting in fine form, made 61. M. O'Brien (12), and A. Baker (10), were the only other double figures. The following are the scores:—

WATERLOO.

J. Landells, b A. Baker	0
T. Lewis, b A. Baker...	0
M. Robertson, b A. Baker	11
J. McCracken, b B. Baker	1
J. Robertson, b A. Baker	14
A. Robertson, c McDonald, b A. Baker	6
C. Frusher, b A. McDonald	1
H. Smith, b A. McDonald	7
G. Smith, b A. McDonald	5
W. Scharp, b A. Baker	1
Goodrem, not out	0
Sundries	7
Total	53

Bowling analysis not kept.

MIDDLE CREEK.

Richards, c Lewis, b Landells ...	2
A. McDonald, b H. Smith	4
M. O'Brien, l.b.w., b H. Smith ...	12
J. Pearson, b H. Smith	3
J. McDonald, c Robinson, b Landells	61
A. Baker, b Landells	10
B. Baker, b H. Smith	3
E. O'Brien, b Landells	9
Goodrem, c McCracken, b Landells...	0
Gardner, run out	0
Smith, not out	7
Sundries	10
Total	121

Bowling analysis.—Landells, 5 for 51; H. Smith, 4 for 28; J. McCracken, 0 for 19; J. Robertson, 0 for 13.

PERSONS found illegally USING or SELLING BOTTLES with my BRANDS will be PROSECUTED. J. A. HARRIS, Aerated Water Manufacturer, Beaufort.

SWALLOW THIS.

They have stood the test of many years, and will stand it for many more.

WHAT?

The "Swallow" Cycle!

Those who want to save money and get good value, READ THIS—

"Swallow" Roadster, £12 10s;
"Swallow" Special Road Racer, £14;
"Swallow" Special Path Racer £14 10s;
Ladies' "Swallow" Cycle, £14.

The price appeals to you.

B.S.A. parts, ball bearings, guaranteed for 12 months. Inspection invited.

SOLE AGENT—

C. W. JONES,

Tobacconist and Fancy Goods Depot,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

United Ancient Order of Druids.

THE usual FORTNIGHTLY MEETING will be held in the LODGE ROOM, SOCIETIES' HALL, on TUESDAY Evening next, at 8 o'clock sharp.

H. McKINNON, Secy.

Beaufort Jockey Club.

A MEETING of Members and intending members will be held in the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE on WEDNESDAY evening next, 14th inst., at 8 o'clock, to make arrangements for holding the annual races. A full attendance requested.

A. PARKER, Hon. Secy.

Buangor Athletic Club's SPORTS MEETING.

Monday, 26th Jany., 1903.

LIBERAL PRIZES.
Programme of 17 Events.
A. E. NEATE, Hon. Secy.

THE public are cautioned against negotiating a Cheque for £5, drawn by the undersigned in favor of Church Building Fund, and of which payment has been stopped. ANDREW GILLESPIE.

MISS NORA TROY RESUMES TUITION in MUSIC on MONDAY, the 12th inst.

OUR BUSINESS EXISTENCE

Depends on our ability to furnish our customers with exactly what they require.

We Have the Stock to do Business with,

And when a customer asks for some line he has seen or read about, we don't have to make excuses or try to persuade him to take something else in its place. We either have it in stock or secure it for him at once.

Our Big Promises were never so superior as they are now; our stock was never so splendid. We cannot attempt to enumerate our immense stock. Walk in and see for yourself what we have. We never press anyone to buy.

Inspect our Millinery Show Room,
Clothing Department,
Dress Department,
Manchester Department,
Boots and Shoes,
As well as our Groceries,
Wines and Spirits,
And our Splendid Crockery Show Room.

We are not in Business for our Health,

But we always strive to keep a healthy tone about it by keeping the best goods that we can buy, and as we are spot cash buyers, know where to get the goods, and crediting ourselves with being keen buyers, we are in a position to do well for our customers.

In wishing our numerous clients a happy, prosperous, and successful 1903, we take this opportunity of thanking them for the splendid measure of support accorded to this business for over 40 years, and in soliciting a continuance of their support, we may say that it will in the future (as in the past) be our sole aim to conduct our transactions as honestly and as fairly as we know how.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

BEAUFORT.

N.B.—

"The cows are in the Corn"
When eating our Pure Hay Chaff.
We pride ourselves on the quality of our Chaff.
Try it.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS.

A.N.A. EXCURSION.

Friday, 23rd January.—To Melbourne from Horsham at 10.45 a.m., and all stations to Beaufort. Fares:—2nd class from Stawell, 13s 6d; Ararat, 11s 11d; Beaufort, 9s 7d; 1st class nearly 50 per cent. additional. Tickets close noon of 21st January. Particulars at stations.

R. G. KENT, Secretary.

E. R.

Electoral District of Ripon and Hampden, St. Enoch's Division.

THE GENERAL LIST for the above Division is now printed, and copies may be inspected, free of charge, until the day appointed for revision, at my Office, and at every Post Office within the Division.

EDWARD C. EARLES, Registrar.

Skipton, 26/12/02.

FOR SALE, two Lennon's double-furrow PLOUGHS. On view at BUCHANAN'S Blacksmith's Shop, Beaufort.

SONS OF FREEDOM GOLD MINING COMPANY, No Liability, Raglan.—Notice.—A DIVIDEND (No. 16—FINAL) of Twopence (2d) per share has been declared payable on surrender of scrip to the undersigned, on Thursday, 15th January, 1903, at the office of the Company, 28 Lydiard-street, Ballarat.

J. A. CHALK, Manager.

J. J. NAYLOR wishes to inform the public of Beaufort and district that he has secured the services of a first-class COACH PAINTER from Melbourne, and all orders entrusted to him will be executed with neatness and despatch. Inspection invited.

Bicycles. Bicycles.

IF you are in want of a BICYCLE, or any accessories, go to W. GIBSON, Corner Neill and Lawrence Streets. New Machines from £10 10s. Second-hand at all prices. Repairs done below Ballarat prices.

W. GIBSON.

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

THE PROPRIETOR of the above well-known Hostelry, in thanking residents of Beaufort and district for the very liberal patronage bestowed on the house during the past twelve months, takes this favorable opportunity to let them know that the HOTEL has lately been thoroughly RENOVATED, PAINTED, and where necessary, RE-FURNISHED, and patrons will now find the

Accommodation Unsurpassed in the District.

Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales will be retailed, as heretofore, with every civility.

WILLIAM J. HILL,
Proprietor.

THE PROCLAMATION.

WORKING UP SENTIMENTS APPROPRIATE TO THANKSGIVING.

A Rough Draft Goes the Rounds and Picks Up Additions In Inks of All Colors—Finally Engrossed on Cream Colored, Gilt Edged Paper and Signed.

The concoction of that time honored document, the Thanksgiving proclamation, which sails forth annually as the impromptu expression of the national executive's religious gratitude, is the terror of the state department. Every year it is called upon to produce something new in that line, and its efforts to say the same thing in a different way, to avoid if possible verbatim copying of last year's letter, is one of the venerable jokes of the diplomatic greenroom.

About the first or second week of November, everybody knowing that the day falls on the last Thursday of that month, the chief clerk or some assistant secretary suggests that it is time to think about the "proclamation."

The chief clerk accordingly runs down the list of drafting clerks, ascertains which of Uncle Sam's servants is at the time basking in innocuous desuetude and dispatches to the delinquent by messenger an order to get up a draft for the proclamation.

This rouses the clerk from his lethargy. He rises to the situation with alacrity. His first inspiration is to turn out a paper different from its predecessors. The second arrests the divine afflatus. What on earth can he say that has not been said?

He writes the word "whereas" and pauses. In despair, at length, he turns for help to the classics—that is, he consults what Van Buren, Tyler and Fillmore have said in past years and makes that a groundwork for a draft. This embryo proclamation is then sent, through the chief clerk, to the assistant secretaries.

The first touch up the document receives is the insertion of a lot of capital H's for deification, which the clerk has forgotten in the throes of composition. Then an assistant secretary, finding it remiss in pious fervor, proceeds to insert piety with red ink marginal notes.

Thus the word prayer is followed by "songs of praise," and "tribute of gratitude" is bracketed after worship. So long, so faithfully has this servant of the people discharged this self appointed task that he is known in office parlance as the "divine invocator."

Thus revised the draft proceeds to some other grand mogul of the diplomatic greenroom, who finds that now that the Deity has been duly attended to something complimentary is due the nation at large. So carets, in blue pencil, insert "our prosperity and greatness," the "labors of our people" or "our marts of trade and traffic."

This tricolor draft is now handed around again and encounters an official in a new vein. His lunch did not agree with him. He is in a penitent mood. Seizing a pencil, he adds "that we have not been visited with swift punishment for our shortcomings."

Another handles the document and finds that it is too general, fails to identify the year, so he brings in a few master strokes in purple indelible pothooks alluding to the "deadly march of pestilence," "afflictive dispensation" and "fury of the elements."

The document now seems to meet the requirements. It is sent to an engrossing clerk, who proceeds to "fecit secundum artem," like a drug clerk making up a prescription. There are rules to be observed, rules as inviolable as those governing the Bank of England. A certain cream colored gilt edged paper is used. An elaborately ornamental title is flourished half-way down the page in old German capital script announcing "A Proclamation by the President of the United States." The original whereas has met with many vicissitudes during the travels of the draft.

Restored to its proper dignity, the chief difficulty now is to disentangle the many colored insertions which crawl like caterpillars all over the sheet. By standing on his head, squinting on the bias or thumping his guessing bump to its utmost the engrossing clerk at last turns out a highly respectable and decorous looking document.

He submits it to the chief clerk. Meanwhile he waits in nervous suspense lest it be returned with a request for another copy or be disfigured by the insertion of more colored caterpillars.

If the engrossed copy is approved, it is taken to the White House. The executive may or may not read it. It's pretty safe to say he does not, but he never fails to sign it. With the president's signature it returns to the state department.

A lithograph copy is struck off and sent abroad to our ministers and consuls.

The original is filed in the "Book of Credence," a somber, venerable volume exhaling an old time aroma from its yellow time stained pages, which preserves from the foundation of our glorious republic the proclamations of all our executives in exquisite script, for the typewriter, that cruel electrocutor of the epistolary art, has yet to desecrate the precious files of the state archives.

Before seeking its mausoleum, however, a typewritten copy of the Thanksgiving proclamation is given out to the press, and the millions of readers think what a very pious, God fearing man is the president.—New York World.

Economical.

The Boston Transcript has heard of an economical man. He is a locksmith, and needing a sign he went to a sign painter and got an estimate for lettering. Then he nailed two locks to a board and asked the painter to paint after them the word "mith." The Philadelphia Ledger suggests, however, that it would have been cheaper to have used only one lock and paid the painter for an "s."

CLARKE'S 41 B PILLS are warranted to cure in either sex, all acquired or constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs, Gravel, and Pains in the Back. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes, 4s. 6d. each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

A FIN DE SIECLE IDEA.

SEWING AND HOUSEWORK NOW "BELATED TRADES" FOR WOMEN.

Such Employment Infra Dignitatem as Applied to the Fair Sex—An Up to Date Address—"What's the World A-coming To?"

I recently heard Miss Jane Adams of Hull House fame read a paper on "Two Belated Trades." Her ideas, if carried out, would create a revolution in society, for she asserts that sewing and housework are "belated trades" and no longer in keeping with the progress of the times. The old time method of keeping one woman in every family tied to a cookstove and a kitchen sink is far behind the advancement of the age, and the incongruous arrangement is the cause of the unsolvable servant girl problem and other domestic difficulties. The idea that there is anything immodest, unworthy or lazy about avoiding that kind of work when a woman is better fitted for something else is becoming obsolete, or should be very soon.

The discontent of middle class housekeepers, the troubles of mistress and maid, the intolerable drudgery accompanying the satisfying of our daily wants, can never be done away with until housekeeping is placed upon a scientific basis and housework elevated to the dignity of a trade, or of many trades, for it is now a conglomeration of numerous crude occupations. When this has been done and men and women left free to choose their trades or occupations without fear or favor, homes will be happier and society in general more harmonious.

The old fear that women would lose the qualities which make them lovable should they cease to consider cooking and cleaning sacred duties is unfounded. Woman grew only more charming as various kinds of work were gradually weeded from her province. Even now the woman who is most assiduous in the kitchen is least attractive in the parlor. This should not be so, but the cold fact remains, and the only solution is the elimination of isolated, individual kitchens.

These new ideas of woman's position seem to be making havoc with economic, social and domestic arrangements. The introduction of machinery, with women newly aroused and looking about for new fields ready to attend them, apparently caused great disturbance and mischief in the labor world. The growing ideas of woman's independence and freedom of action have a tendency to disturb and shatter old societary institutions which have been the landmarks of our civilization so many centuries, and in the so called higher classes a species of womankind has been evolved that was never known in the past.

I refer to the cultivated woman, the beautiful, delicately attuned, sensible, fin de siecle woman, with the soul of an artist, the ambition of a successful financier, the activity of a bricklayer, the fine, nervous strength of a thoroughbred and, alas! the heart of a tender young girl. Society as it exists has no place for her. It is not necessary that she should toil for her daily bread, and she is not needed in the business world. If she paints or plays or sings or models dainty little clay heads, it is only for the amusement of her friends, who envy rather than thank her. She longs to be active, useful—great in some work—and no one needs her except as she brightens their leisure moments.

Yet with all these seemingly bad results of woman's newer freedom and her introduction into industrial fields, no really thoughtful person can regret that the change has begun. The path to liberty and truth has never been an easy one, but the way out of its difficulties is not backward. Repression now, or any attempt to put woman back into the old seclusion with penalties attached, could but work more mischief and suffering. In time all society will adjust itself to the advancements of science.

But the time is approaching, is here now, when it is not so necessary to plead woman's cause as a cause apart from the rest of the race. The cause of humanity is sufficient. Too many reformers of the present day seem to forget that women are people—just a part of the people, with faculties, needs, sympathies, abilities, not so very different from the rest of them. When women were really expected to "obey," to keep silent, to keep solely within the seclusion of home, no matter what her circumstances or powers, this was necessary. But now, wherever woman's interest is identical with those of men, common sense would dictate that she be not singled out, but classed as part of the human race.

The establishment of a woman's building at the World's fair is a case in point. Why a "woman's building" any more than a "man's building?" Why should not her productions be classified as other exhibits are? The fair is free for all, and the starting of a little exposition by itself seems to admit of either inferiority, exclusiveness or peculiarity, as precocious children sometimes do to show what they can do "all by themselves." Woman suffragists who see no other cause in the world worth working for form another illustration. Many of them are willing to promise allegiance to any party, no matter what its principles, so that it will help them to a vote. If the franchise is not the means by which we hope to establish the highest principles, why in the world should we strive for it? It should be a means, not an end.

If woman is left free to develop and act, she will find her true limitations. If better fitted for seclusion and domestic relations, eventually she will find her equilibrium there. If in developing her brain and physical powers she must sacrifice the sweetness, nobility, beauty of her nature, development will cease. But this seems absurd. The most intelligent and active women are the most loving and tender.

Freedom of opportunity is the great principle. Only through it can men and women find their "proper spheres" and reach their highest possibilities of development.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago, Oct. 8.

SUMMER COMPLAINT is the children's most dangerous enemy and the mother's most dreaded foe. Immediate and proper treatment is always necessary. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, given according to directions, is the most effectual remedy known. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. B. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Carngham Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

NEW YEAR'S DAY SPORTS.

President, J. Russell; vice-presidents, W. H. Wilson, W. R. Baker, A. C. Cork; patrons, Hon. W. H. Irvine, M.L.C., D. Kerr, M.L.A., A. A. Austin, M.L.A., Cr. J. O'Shaughnessy, Cr. L. Stevenson, J. Lynch, jun., A. Kopke, J. Williams, C. Hull, T. Storey, C. Fenley, P. Jones, C. Hyland, J. Castles; judge and treasurer, Cr. J. S. Douglas; hon. surgeon, Dr. Naylor; clerks of scales, V. Wendt and W. C. Roddis; clerk of course, W. Martin; stewards, J. S. Douglas, A. C. Roddis, W. Murray, W. Wookey, W. Hayward, M. Kilfoyle, T. Cheeseman, P. Mark, W. E. Baker, E. Anderson, J. Burdett, F. Smith, L. Stevenson, W. Wright, J. Ryan, W. McIrvale, H. Hayward.

No one, to judge by the number and the outward appearance of the patrons at the Carngham Widows' and Orphans' fund sports on New Year's Day, would deem that such a thing as depression existed in this district. From early in the forenoon until Old Sol had some hours passed his zenith, a constant stream of vehicles, horsemen, cyclists, and pedestrians wended their way to the recreation reserve, on enjoyment bent, and the largeness of the attendance may be gauged by the fact that £45 6s 6d was taken at the gates, being about £5 more than last year. The weather was fine, and no unpleasant circumstance occurred to mar the harmony of the day's proceedings. The programme was, as usual, a large and varied one, the events including horse, foot and cycle racing, and additional attractions were provided by Messrs W. Abley, the veteran walker, and O'Hehir, who gave exhibitions, the former of his natural powers of locomotion, and the latter of the speed to be attained by a motor cycle with a light pneumatic tyred vehicle attached. In addition, the Beaufort Brass Band, engaged for the occasion, rendered several lively airs, and materially assisted in keeping the crowd in the best of spirits.

The officers, as usual, performed their arduous duties with credit to themselves and to the satisfaction of the public. Cr. J. S. Douglas made a safe and conscientious judge, Messrs A. C. Roddis and W. Martin were in their old positions as starter and clerk of course respectively, while the other working officers were present almost without exception and worked like Trojans to get the items off and the proceedings to a successful close. The secretary, Mr. P. J. O'Sullivan, carried out his multifarious duties with his usual tact and efficiency. Among the workers must be mentioned Mesdames Douglas and Brown, and the Misses Brown, McDonald (2), Murray (2), and Rowe, who ran the refreshment booth and attended to the wants of children. The publican's booth was in the hands of Mr Jenkin Williams, who gave £25 for the privilege, and appeared to do a good business. Constables Stephen and Robinson were in attendance, but their duties were light, the crowd being most orderly.

The first items to be negotiated were some of the foot races, and though, since the introduction of the ubiquitous bike, pedestrianism is going out of fashion, a lively interest in the sport is still maintained at Carngham. The principal event, the Carngham handicap, was won by T. Richards, a promising young runner from Scarsdale. The cycling events, of which there were four, were all keenly contested, and were of quite an exciting nature. A splendid track and moderate fields of competitors combined to render the racing both safe and pleasant to riders and onlookers. Smith and W. W. Anderson were the most successful competitors, each securing two firsts. The horse racing was hardly up to the usual standard, the finishes being generally foregone conclusions. About the best event of the day was a two-horse race, and even in that it was not certain that both were tryers. The following are the details of the different events:—

Maiden Race, 100yds.—1st heat—C. C. O'Brien (Pitfield), 1; F. Whelan (Linton), 2. 2nd heat—J. H. McCracken (Nerring), 1; M. White (Beaufort), 2. Final—McCracken, 1; O'Brien, 2. Four started in each heat. The final saw a good contest between McCracken and O'Brien, White being also close up.

Boys' Race (under 14).—P. McIndoe, 1; H. Gardiner, 2. Won easily. Seven started.

Carngham Handicap, 120yds.—1st heat—T. Richards (Scarsdale), 10yds, 1; A. Blight (Pitfield), 11yds, 2; E. Conroy (Cape Clear), 9yds, 3. 2nd heat—T. Schlicht (Beaufort), 3yds, 1; R. Rafferty, 6yds, 2; M. White (Beaufort), 8yds, 3. Final—Richards, 1; Rafferty, 2; Conroy, 3. There were 17 entries. Some difficulty was experienced in getting off this event, owing to the encroachment of the crowd on the running course. The final was a good race, Richards winning in first-rate style.

District Cycle Race, 1 mile.—1st heat—W. V. Anderson, 60yds, 1; J. Pearce, 40yds, 2; W. Riley, 110yds, 3. 2nd heat—W. W. Anderson, 60yds, 1; T. M. Jude, 80yds, 2; T. Meehan, 110yds, 3. Final—W. V. Anderson, 1; J. Pearce, 2; W. W. Anderson, 3. The final was an interesting race, W. W. Anderson going out in the last lap, and just beating off an exceptionally game challenge from Pearce. W. Riley fell, but was not injured.

Open Cycle Race, 1 mile.—1st heat—T. A. Rodwell, 70yds, 1; L. Smith, 80yds, 2. 2nd heat—A. H. Harvey, 80yds, 1; M. Tyrrell, 100yds, 2. 3rd heat—T. M. Jude, 130yds, 1; F. Taylor, 10yds, 2. Final—Smith, 1; Rodwell, 2; Harvey, 3. Thirteen riders started. The second and final heats were the most interesting. In the latter the field bunched at the commencement of the last lap, and a ding-dong race ensued, Smith only staving off Rodwell's run by half a wheel.

District Cycle Race, half-mile.—1st heat—W. W. Anderson, 40yds, 1; T. M. Jude, 40yds, 2; W. Riley, 55yds, 3. 2nd heat—W. V. Anderson, 40yds, 1; J. Pearce, 20yds, 2; E. L. Pearse, 95yds, 3. Final—W. W. Anderson, 1; T. M. Jude, 2; W. V. Anderson, 3. These short flutters were productive of good racing, the riders making the pace a cracker from the jump.

Open Cycle Race, 2 miles.—1st heat—F. Taylor, 20yds, 1; T. A. Rodwell, 140yds, 2; A. H. Harvey, 180yds, 3. 2nd heat—M. Tyrrell, 200yds, 1; J. Hornby, 160yds, 2; J. Pope, 200yds, 3. 3rd heat—L. Smith, 160yds, 1; J. Morrissey, 180yds, 2; W. H. O'Callaghan, 240yds, 3. Final—Smith, 1; Rodwell, 2; Tyrrell, 3. At the last lap but one, Morrissey collided with O'Callaghan and came down, smashing his machine. Smith rode a good race, coming out in the last 50yds from third place, and winning by a wheel.

PONY RACE, 4 furlongs.

W. Bradshaw's Miss Enoch, aged, 8st 10lb (Corbett)	1
C. Christie's Butterfly, aged, 8st (Martin)	2
T. Rodgers' Topsy, 4yrs, 7st (Simmons)	3

Betting—5 to 1 on Miss Enoch, 2 to 1 Butterfly, 5 to 1 Topsy.

Miss Enoch quickly assumed the lead, and though Butterfly drew almost level at half the distance, the result was never in doubt, and the favorite won in a canter.

FLYING HANDICAP, ½ mile.

F. S. Morgan's b g Fidelus, aged, 9st (Sandow)	1
N. Richard's b g Silver King, 5yrs, 8st 13lb (owner)	2
C. Grist's br g No Trouble, 8st 3lb (Corbett)	3

Other starters—Monopolist, Ginger, Liberty II., Bermuda, Venus, Surprise, Fairwell.

Betting—3 to 4 on Fidelus, 2 to 1 against Surprise and No Trouble.

Fidelus went out early in the race, and won as he liked. There was a good gallop for second place.

HANDICAP TROT, 2 miles.

L. Williams' blk m Unknown, aged, 40sec. bhd (owner)	1
L. Reitze's b g Little Jack, aged, scr. (owner)	2
P. Gilday's b m Belle, aged, 30 sec. bhd (R. Knight)	3

Other starters—Jubilee, Ripple, Lady Parker, Dreadnought, Tommy Dodd.

Betting—Evens Unknown, 2 to 1 against Jubilee, 3 to 1 Little Jack.

Little Jack was the first to show out prominently, with Unknown coming up fast. This mare showed exceptional trotting powers, and before the first mile was reached had assumed the lead. From this out the event was a foregone conclusion, Unknown winning as she liked by about 100yds. from Little Jack.

GALLOWAY HANDICAP, 4 furlongs.

A. Nimon's g m Venus, aged, 8st. 7lb. (Simmons)	1
W. Bradshaw's ch m Miss Enoch, aged, 9st (Corbett)	2

Betting—5 to 2 Miss Enoch, even money Venus.

Though there were only two starters, this was the best race of the day. Coming up the straight neck and neck, Miss Enoch's rider had the misfortune to lose his whip, and with it the race, being beaten by half a length.

PONY TROT (14 hands and under), 2 miles.

W. Stokey's b g Tommy Dodd, aged, 25 sec. in front (owner)	1
L. Reitze's Jack, scr. (owner)	2
R. Knight's b m Jubilee, aged, 150 sec. in front (owner)	3

Other starters—Star, Paddy, Irene, Daisy, Belle.

Betting—Evens Belle and Jubilee, 2 to 1 Jack, 5 and 10 to 1 others.

The running was not altogether satisfactory to the stewards, as Tommy Dodd could evidently have been beaten on his merits. However, as the horse backed by the stiff 'uns did not get home, the officials "winked the other eye."

BRACELET STAKES, 1 mile.

F. S. Morgan's b g Fidelus, aged, 10st. (owner)	1
L. Reitze's Monopolist, 11st. (owner) ...	2

Other starters—Constant and Silver King.

Betting—10 to 1 on Fidelus, any price others.

There was nothing in the race but Fidelus, who won all the way, hard held.

Mr W. Abley, who is 70 years of age, set himself the task of walking two miles in 18 minutes, and accomplished the feat with half a minute to spare. He was timed by Captain Lynch. A collection on behalf of the veteran was made, and realised a fair amount.

A successful ball was held at the Mechanics' Hall in the evening. Messrs Broadwood and McMenemin provided the music, and Messrs A. C. Roddis and W. Martin carried out the ceremonial duties.—*Grenville Standard.*

Snake Valley.

Mr John Ryan discovered a ghost robbing his hen roost last Saturday, and gave chase; but being threatened with a revolver, went off to seek the aid of Constable Stephen. The ghost disappeared in his absence, and is still invisible.

A ducking was experienced by Mr J. Edwards while carting water, owing to the horse suddenly bolting, and pitching him into the dam. No damage was done to the horse or vehicle, and Mr Edwards also escaped unhurt.

A ball was held in the Mechanics' Hall on Boxing night, in aid of the Carngham Widows' and Orphans' Fund. About 35 couples danced to the strains of music supplied by Messrs Hayward and Ryan (violins), and W. C. Roddis (piano.) Messrs W. Mitchell and A. C. Roddis carried out the duties of masters of ceremonies.

Miss Mary O'Shaughnessy, eldest daughter of Cr. O'Shaughnessy, has been in a critical condition, suffering from an internal growth.

A snake, 4½ft. long, which made its way into the Carngham hotel, was killed on Wednesday by Cr. O'Shaughnessy after an exciting hunt. Miss E. O'Shaughnessy discovered the reptile in the passage as she was coming downstairs, and gave the alarm. Another snake, 5½ft. in length, was killed in the recreation reserve the same day by Mr Cheeseman, who was helping to get the ground ready for the New Year's Day sports.—*Grenville Standard*, of 3rd inst.

Business man—"You remember that 'ad.' I had in your paper, and took out two months ago? Well, I want to have it put back again." Editor—"Why, I thought you said no one noticed it while it was in." Business man (humbly)—"They didn't seem to until I took it out." The mere fact of your advertising lets people know you are still in business; also that your business is sufficiently important to stand advertising. If you are in business you cannot afford to do without advertising, as it is too much of an admission to the world at large.—Extract from an interview with a man who has profited by newspaper advertising.

NOT A MINUTE should be lost after a child shows symptoms of cholera infantum. The first unusual looseness of the bowels should be sufficient warning. If immediate and proper treatment is given, serious consequences will be averted. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy is the sole reliance of thousands of mothers and by its aid they have often saved their children's lives. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Of you dry to do peesnis mitowt advertising, you will find yourself already like a boy drying to shlide a hill down mitowt shnow. Pesides dere ish dese tifferences: ven you don't got some shnow you gant make 'em; but you can somedimes shenerally always make der advertising come right away quick off, all der year rount, mit some moneys.—*Joseph.*

THROAT AFFECTION AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight" cold, or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. European Depôt, 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

THROUGH THE MILL

LUNGS, LIVER AND KIDNEYS AFFECTED.

A Sensational Cure.

The Case of Mr. H. BEHENE.

(By a Melbourne Reporter.)

The more some questions are discussed the more perplexing they usually become. Numerous opinions combine to form such an inextricable web of conflicting ideas around most matters that, in order to avoid doubt or confusion it is wise to confine one's inquiries to the most reliable authority at hand. The observations of one who has been "through the mill" are more valuable than those of a person who speaks from mere hearsay, and when such authentic information is obtainable as that given by Mr. Hugh Behene of No. 5 George-street, South Melbourne, it is a pleasure to be able to submit to readers generally something of inestimable worth to themselves. Speaking to a special writer, Mr. Behene said:—

"My illness came as a great shock to me, as I seemed to be breaking up in every way possible, and I felt that I could not survive so many ailments, especially as they all came at once. Pneumonia was the first enemy to attack me, and I shall always remember the day when that disease was ushered in by a severe shivering fit, as if I had been frozen to the very marrow. A rapid rise of temperature soon followed, and I became conscious of a most excruciating pain in the side. I felt awfully ill, and was so weak that I could scarcely do a solitary thing for myself. My skin was hot and dry, so was my throat, in spite of the water I drank in trying to allay my thirst, and my tongue was as white as if it had been covered over with paste. The action of my bowels was very irregular, besides which my water was thick and scanty—a sure sign, I afterwards learned, that my kidneys were in a bad way. A nasty, short cough gave me a lot of uneasiness, as I naturally thought my lungs were affected, and I knew that if such was the case my chances of getting better were extremely bad, as my stomach was too weak to hold the medicine I was taking."

"How did you manage about your food?"

"Well, my appetite was so poor that it was very seldom I wanted any. Eatables of any kind were equally objectionable in their effects, for I felt an uncomfortable sensation in my stomach as if my food had turned to yeast, and I had the utmost difficulty in keeping anything down. My liver was so disordered that I was never without a nauseous taste in the mouth, besides suffering from dreadful sick headaches and pains under the shoulder blades. Even my eyes turned weak, with sometimes a swollen feeling in them, and I could see little dark specks jumping up and down in all directions. Only those who have suffered like myself can form an idea why my life was a curse, and when to these maladies I have to add that I could scarcely breathe for dull pains in the chest, you can understand for yourself how miserable I was, and why I felt that my life was only a burden."

"Undoubtedly, you had a lot to put up with."

"Yes, but the worst has yet to be told. On the top of all these complaints came a frightful attack of rheumatism, the pains being so great that I was completely prostrated by them. Starting in my back, the paralysing agonies worked their way down to my knees, and if I wanted to stand or walk I found myself almost powerless. Then the joints of my arms were affected in a like manner, whilst my wrists ached so violently that I could not lift a pen without increasing my torture. For a long time past my sleep had been broken by suddenly starting up from repulsive dreams, but when my body was racked with rheumatic pains I hardly ever slept at all. It would not have been so bad if I could have slumbered a few hours away, but to lie awake in intense agony both night and day was too much for me to bear with patience. My nervous system was shattered and the least thing upset me and put me in a bad temper. The ravages of my diseases resulted in every particle of flesh being worn off my bones, and if I had been valued according to the strength that was left in me I would not have been worth twopence. I never had much sympathy for people who lost heart through sickness, but my own experiences taught me to be more sympathetic in future. My life was so full of pain and devoid of pleasure that I did not care how soon it ended."

"Did you get any advice?"

"I did; but I did not act upon it. After receiving the best treatment I thought it possible to obtain, without getting any better, I was advised to go to a hospital; but I did not like the idea. I considered that if I could not be saved by the medicines I was taking that nothing on earth would cure me, and I preferred to die at home. Endless pills, syrups, and physics had proved abortive, so it was useless going to a hospital. I'm glad I did not go, for my employer afterwards gave me some advice which enabled me to defeat all my complaints. 'Try a few bottles of Clements Tonic,' he said."

"Did you do so?"

"Yes, and I was made a new man. Clements Tonic lessened the pains in my side after a few days' treatment, and gave my bowels a healthy activity. My blood seemed to get warmer and richer after taking Clements Tonic, for I soon commenced to feel quite vigorous during the day, whilst at night I was able to sleep soundly. A good appetite appeared, but the old discomforts did not return after eating, for they were under the controlling and curative influences of Clements Tonic, which also made me feel lighthearted and contented. My cough died away, and the oppressive feeling left my chest. After a while I found, to my intense delight, that the painful symptoms of rheumatism were leaving me. I continued taking Clements Tonic in the hope of getting my system thoroughly free from all its diseases, and I am thankful to say that my hopes were realised. My hands used to swell up, as if to indicate the agony I experienced in my wrists and arms, but when Clements Tonic had driven the rheumatism from all my limbs my hands became their normal size again."

"Did you return to work, then?"

"Yes: as soon as my bodily aches were banished I started work again. My nerves were made wonderfully steady by Clements Tonic, and by the aid of that medicine I regained all the strength I had lost, besides getting a great amount of extra weight into the bargain. The narrow escape I had had made me particularly careful not to run the risk of any of my ailments coming back, so, to avoid such a possibility, I took, perhaps, a little more Clements Tonic than was absolutely necessary; but I always like to be on the safe side, and my carefulness to make sure that I was permanently cured has been amply rewarded, for I have enjoyed the best of health from the day that the last of my ailments was obliterated by Clements Tonic, and in acknowledgment of my gratitude you may publish these facts as you think fit."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, Hugh Behene, of No. 5 George-street, South Melbourne, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of four folios and consecutively numbered from one to four, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my statements, which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

Hugh Behene

Declared at South Melbourne, in the State of Victoria, this fourth day of May, one thousand nine hundred and one, before me,

F. PETERS, J.P.,
A Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J's.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday.—Messrs F. Beggs, H. Cushing, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridges. Fourth Tuesday.—Messrs M. Flynn, G. Topper, and T. Beggs.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READERS

You want to see the local paper a successful institution.

Talk about it wherever you go

Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business.

If they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so.

If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.

Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery, and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup is sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

☞ The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, bill-heads, letter-heads, envelopes, and all business printing to execute. The newspaper man needs it, and it helps him to pay his printers for setting up the thousand and one free notices he gives you and your town; but don't give it to the printer or job printing office that can give you no such return, and is spending neither time, money, nor brains in helping you to build up your town. The time may come when a newspaper can live simply upon the revenue derived from advertising and subscriptions, but no ordinary news paper in any ordinary town can exist without the auxiliary support derived from job printing. Therefore, if you want a *good* newspaper—one that can still further help you and your town—give *it* your job printing.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," for it *will positively restore in every case Grey or White hair* to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Ask your Chemist for "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Wholesale depôt 33, Farrington Road, London, England.

A Wonderful Medicine.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be "WORTH A GUINEA A BOX." BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. They promptly remove any obstruction or irregularity of the system. For a

Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver;

they act like magic. A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the Muscular System; restoring the long lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and debilitated is that *Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the world.* Full directions with each box.

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere, in Boxes 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each.

Michaelis, Hallenstein & Co., Proprietary Limited, 382-384 LONSDALE STREET, MELBOURNE, Are now Buying

WATTLE-BARK For Cash,

In any quantity, remitting highest market value on consignments without delay.

All Bark to be consigned to Footscray Railway Station, where a Government weighbridge has been erected.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED.

W. EDWARD, Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Dealer in Paints, Oils, Colors, Paperhangings Window Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, etc., etc.

All sorts of Vehicles Re-painted. Estimates given in town and country. All Painters' Requisites kept in stock.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT WATCH REPAIRS.

Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.

When you want your watch or clock done up so that you will have no further trouble with it, bring it here, and the result will be all you desire.

The most expert tradesmen obtainable are employed at PAYNE'S, and only the very best material procurable is used in all repairs.—Near the Post Office.

Hundreds of watches are laid aside every year as valueless that could be made equal to new if they only got into proper hands.

These are the kind of watches we want—watches that you have no end of bother with, and perhaps given up as hopeless.

We would like you to know what kind of work is turned out of Payne's shop, if you do not know already.

Jewellery repaired, altered, or made to order. Stones reset or mounted. Gilding and engraving done. GEO. PAYNE, near the Post Office.

In ladies' and gents'. rings of every description we show twice the stock of any other shop in the city, and all rings supplied by us are manufactured by the leading ring makers of the state.—PAYNE'S.

Band rings from 9s 6d to 35s; with stones, from 11s 6d upwards. A special line of gents.' wide buckle rings, all sizes, at 26s 6d, set with various stones. Gents.' rings, new designs, at 20s to 50s each. Gents.' buckle rings set with real diamond, at 50s. Wide heavy band rings set with good diamond and rubies, at 90s.

A new selection of ladies' gipsy set 18-ct. diamond rings, beautiful designs, at 45s, 55s, 65s upwards.—Near the Post Office.

Five stone diamond, diamonds and sapphires, diamonds and rubies, diamonds and opals, at 55s, 65s, 75s upwards.

Five stone half-hoop opal rings, well made, an stones well matched, at 25s upwards.

Also a good selection of ladies' rings at from 12s 6d to 25s.—PAYNE'S.

Wedding rings and keepers have always been a specialty at Payne's. We keep one of the largest stocks in the State, in all sizes and at all prices. No place like Payne's for wedding rings and keepers.

Nickel and gun metal watches regulated and guaranteed, at 8s 6d, 9s 6d, 12s 6d, and 15s. Best makes in nickel and gun metal watches imported to the colony at 20s, 22s 6d and 25s each. Remember, in buying a watch here you run no risk whatever, as all watches, even to the lowest-price ones, are all tested before being offered for sale, and furthermore, any watch sold, if not satisfactory, will be replaced by one that is. No place like PAYNE'S for watches of every description.

In gold brooches a splendid stock is shown, our large sales enabling us to get the newest goods as soon as they are designed. Don't you buy a brooch without first inspecting PAYNE'S stock.

A stock of 200 pairs of gents'. gold sleeve links to select from. Gold curb bracelets; plain band and padlock bracelets; and fancy set bracelets of every description. Gents'. gold and silver chains, lockets, medals, collar and front studs, and sets in great variety. New designs in scarf pins just received; match boxes, sovereign cases, muff chains, fob chains, gold-mounted hair guards, gold-mounted silk ribbon guards (double and single), bangle rings, ladies' gun metal and fancy watches of every description. Ladies' gold watches from 45s upwards. Gents'. gold watches from £5 upwards. Gents'. silver watches by all the leading makers, including Walthams, Elgins, Baumes, Ehrhards, Rotherhams, Settle Brothers, &c., at from 45s upwards. Payne's. Alarm clocks, fancy clocks, eight-day striking clocks, by all the best makers; 200 different kinds of clocks to select from. Don't you buy a clock without first inspecting Payne's stock. All kinds of spectacles kept in stock from 1s pair. Gold frames spectacles from 30s to 45s pair. Sight tested and spectacles made to measure. Good stock of opera and field glasses, finest quality. Teapots, butter dishes, cruets, hot water kettles, pickles, biscuit barrels, hot water cans, toast racks, &c., in new designs.

Knife, fork, and spoon, in beautiful case, finest quality, 25s; Children's silver-plated mugs, nicely engraved, 8s 6d, 10s 6d each; salt cellars, silver mounted, 2s 6d each; ladies' silver-plated belts, 5s 6d to 12s 6d; silver-mounted purses, 3s 6d to 22s 6d each; gents'. solid silver cigarette cases, 35s each; gents'. cigarette cases, in Russia leather, silver-mounted, 15s each; gents'. silver-mounted pocket book and purse combined, 10s 6d to 17s 6d; silver tooth picks, 2s 6d and 3s 6d; gold, 15s; gold spectacles, 35s and 45s pair; napkin rings, 2s to 7s 6d; solid silver napkin rings, in case, 21s pair; tobacco pouches, silver-mounted, 5s 6d and 6s 6d; gold-mounted, 15s. We just received a new assortment of gents'. genuine gold-filled alberts, English made, at 17s 6d; ladies' gold-filled chain and padlock bracelets, at 15s. These are really good, and remember are not what are usually sold as rolled gold. A splendid assortment of gents'. scarf pins, in all the newest designs, at 10s to £5 each; teaspoons, 10s doz.; dessert spoons, 16s doz. These are the best quality imported, and the only kind stocked; sterling silver salt spoons, 3s 6d pair; best quality rolled gold spectacles, 5s pair; Oak trays, silver-plated mounts, 35s each; Oak liquor stands, three bottles, silver-plated mounts, 35s each; repeater alarm clocks, keep on alarming at intervals for half-an-hour, or by altering an indicator you can make it ring for 20 minutes continuously, 10s 6d each; ordinary alarm clocks, 3s 6d to 5s 6d each; silver teapots, 22s 6d to 47s 6d each.

GEO. PAYNE, JEWELLER,
Near the Post Office, Sturt street, Ballarat.

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COLD.

TAKE—

Curakof

The most efficacious Medicine yet known for the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. True to its name.

Price 2s., from

R. SCHLICHT, BEAUFORT;
I. ELDER, SKIPTON.

AGENTS FOR—

BAIN & CO., CHEMISTS,
Opposite Cathedral, Swanston-st.
Melbourne, and St. Kilda.

Give your orders for JOB PRINTING to the newspaper in your district, because it prints thousands of reports and notifications for which it receives no payment whatever. It is always spending its time and money to benefit and improve the prospects of the place through which it circulates. It gives you value in return for your printing order.

Printed and published by the Proprietor, ARTHUR PARKER, at the office of *The Riponshire Advocate* newspaper, Lawrence-street, Beaufort, Victoria.

No. 1312

Police Magistrat...

The following are t... states permanent en... Ballarat district, wit... proviso, added by Mr ... otherwise engaged":—
Ballarat—10 a.m., ...
Ballarat East—10 ...
day and fourth Thursd...
Beaufort—1.30 p.m...
and fourth Tuesday.
Burgaree—9 a.m., ...
Buninyong—3.15 p....
Carngham—2 p.m., ...
Gordon—9 a.m., 2n...
Linton—2 p.m., 1st...
Learmonth—12.30 ...
Kaleno—11 a.m., 2...
Scarsdale—Noon, 3...
Sebastopol—3.30 p.m...
Skipton—10 a.m., ...
Smythesdale—Noon...

RHEUMATISM, SCIATIC... other Acid Diseases hav... and Thoroughly Cured t...

DR. PARK...

GREAT INDIAN ... RHEUMAT...

As the following Cases can...

Severe Cases of Lumbago...

JAMES McGUINESS, Es... fingham, near Warrnamb... throughout the Western Distr...

Severe Sciatic...

Further particulars ca... Agencies.

AGENT FOR B...

D. Troy & Son, ...

Ararat—J. J. Fawsey ...
Creswick—J. Tait & S...
Maryborough—Mr. S...
Daylesford—Hamilton... etc.
Kyneton—Mr S. P. H... High-street.

ARNOLD'S ...

ARNOLD'S BALSAM ...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM ...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM ...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM ...

SOLD BY ALL TO...

Agent for Beaufort—...

J. E. CRO... ARCHITECT, ...

Plans drawn. Specific... made up. Estimates giv... work at shortest notice... Ranges, and Undergroun... Sample Plans and pecific... tion. Government refer... M. Thomson's Monume... &c. Address—C/o G. ... Speke and Cummins Stree...

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STREET, MELBOURNE,
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LE-BARK
Cash,
emitti g highest market
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consigned to Footscray
where a Government
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CHARGED.
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Oils, Colors, Paperhangings
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your watch or clock done up
ve no further trouble with it,
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rt tradesmen obtainable are
N'E'S, and only the very best
ie is used in all repairs.—Near

No. 1312 | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1903 | PRICE THREEPENCE

The Riponshire Advocate.

Police Magistrate's Fixtures.

The following are the police magistrates permanent engagements in the Ballarat district, with the necessary proviso, added by Mr Dickson, "unless otherwise engaged":—

Ballarat—10 a.m., daily.
Ballarat East—10 a.m., 3rd Wednesday and fourth Thursday.
Beaufort—1.30 p.m., 1st Thursday and fourth Tuesday.
Bungaree—9 a.m., 4th Monday.
Buninyong—3.15 p.m., 3rd Friday.
Carngham—2 p.m., 2nd Wednesday.
Gordon—9 a.m., 2nd Monday.
Linton—2 p.m., 1st Saturday.
Learmonth—12.30 p.m., 1st Tuesday.
Kaleno—11 a.m., 2nd Tuesday.
Scarsdale—Noon, 3rd Thursday.
Sebastopol—3.30 p.m., 2nd Thursday.
Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd Wednesday.
Smythesdale—Noon, 3rd Tuesday.

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, and other Acid Diseases have been Completely and Thoroughly Cured by—

DR. PARKER'S

GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

As the following Cases can testify. . . . .

Severe Cases of Lumbago and Sciatica Cured.

JAMES McGUINESS, Esq., Grazier, of Framlingham, near Warrnambool, who is well-known throughout the Western District, testifies:—

DEAR SIR, For about sixteen years I had pains in the back and legs, and about five years ago got Sciatica in the hot leg. I tried various remedies, Morrison's Pills, Liniments, &c., and had the best medical advice with only poor results. In September, last year, after a severe attack, I had to go to bed, and could not move without crutches, the pains being so intense, having no rest night and day. In November, hearing of the wonderful cures Dr. Parker's Great Indian Rheumatic Remedy, and in two days had ease from pain, and before the bottle was finished the Sciatica was in Well. I am happy to say I have not had a pain since March, may, could ride and walk anywhere without assistance. I am 70 years of age. I can recommend for trial, with the assurance that you will be well pleased that the cure is effectual, as it is now over six months ago since I took the remedy. I will do anything in my power to recommend the remedy to other sufferers.—Gratefully yours,

(Signed) JAMES McGUINESS.

'Riverview,' Framlingham, March, 1898.

Severe Sciatica and Lumbago.

MR EDWARD McEVOY, of East Pocrwong, South Gippsland, Victoria, says: "My wife was cured for sciatica by your Remedy, and have had no return since October, 1899."

Severe Sciatica Cured.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the cure effected in my case, having been a sufferer from severe attacks of Lumbago and Sciatica in each hip, which incapacitated me for all work and I was a cripple during the past three years. I tried doctor's electric baths and various medicines, &c., without derriving any benefit. In fact, I was worse for it. I was confined to my room, and was in great pain. I took Dr. Parker's Great Indian Remedy, made in this State, and obtained relief from the first bottle, and after using five bottles I completely recovered, and have kept well ever since.

(Signed) HELEG EXTRCM.

22 Mountain-street, South Melbourne.

(Working at Moorhead's Big Brewery, Melbourne.)

MESSRS. HEARNE'S CHEMISTS, at 63 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, and Bridge-road, Richmond, could not procure from their stock sufficient of Dr. Parker's Indian Rheumatic Remedy, but have since received a supply from the Agency, and have found it to be all that is claimed for it.

DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN REMEDY is perfectly Harmless, and is the true antidote for all Acid Diseases, the cause of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, &c. It has cured the above and many hundreds of others in this State. It will relieve the pain in a short period, and with a fair trial will cure the most obstinate case. It has been now in use for seventeen years, and owing to the large demand is now sold by the principal storekeepers throughout the Commonwealth. The above statements are true to facts, and can be verified, being well-known people residing in Victoria.

Be sure and ask the local agent for DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY. Price, 20s., which contains a sufficient supply to last from ten to thirty days, according to case.

Further particulars can be obtained from Agencies.

AGENT FOR BEAUFORT:

D. Troy & Son, Merchants.

Ararat—J. J. Pawsey & Son, Merchants.
Creswick—J. Tait & Son, Storekeepers.
Maryborough—Mr. S. Ead, Grocer.
Daylesford—Hamilton Bros., Stationers, etc.
Kyneton—Mr S. P. Hayes, Storekeeper, High-street.

ARNOLD'S BALSAM

ARNOLD'S BALSAM — For the Chest and Lungs.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — For Whooping Cough.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — For Coughs and Colds.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — Best for Influenza, In Bronchitis and Loss of Voice. For Croup.

STOUTNESS—abdominal or other—is quickly reduced by PYRALENE PELLETS. They are quite safe and don't stodge. Full instructions with each bottle. Small, 2s. 6d.; large (for a course), 12s. 6d.; or by post, 3s. 3d. and 13s. 3d. all in chemist, or from ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., St. Kilda, Melb.

THE ROMAN HAIR RESTORER. Produces a luxuriant growth and Black Hair. Price, 1s. 6d., by post 2s. 2d. — An invaluable and certain preparation for renewing and restoring to its original color the hair of the head, beard, and whiskers.

Ladies may rely on the Roman ladies for preserving their magnificent tresses. Nourishes the roots and removes dandruff; increases the quantity, and renders it glossy and supple; does not stain the skin nor soil the linen. If your hair is falling off or turning grey, use this. ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., St. Kilda, Melb. (late Brunsdon & Co.) At Chemists, etc.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND CHEMISTS

Agent for Beaufort—D. TROY & SON.

J. E. CROWLE,
ARCHITECT, BEAUFORT.

Plans drawn. Specifications and quantities made up. Estimates given for all kinds of work at shortest notice. Chimneys, Ovens, Ranges, and Underground Tanks a specialty. Sample Plans and Specifications open for inspection. Government references. Agent for I. M. Thomson's Monumental Railings, Ovens, &c. Address—c/o G. E. CROWLE, corner Peake and Cumming Streets, Beaufort.

Purakof

most efficacious Medicine yet known for Cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Phthisis, etc. True to its name.

Price 2S., from
SCHLICHT, BEAUFORT;
L. ELDER, SKIPTON.

FOR—

BAIN & CO.,
CHEMISTS,
Opposite Cathedral, Swanston-st.
Melbourne, and St. Kilda.

your orders for JOB PRINTING to newspaper in your district, because it thousands of reports and notifications for which it receives no payment. It is always spending its time money to benefit and improve the ts of the place through which it es. It gives you value in return printing order.

and published by the Proprietor, R PARKER, at the office of The Ripponshire Advocate newspaper, Lawrence-, Beaufort, Victoria.

An advertisement is a paper man's marketable commodity, and it is quite as much so as a side of bacon, a pound of butter, or a ton of flour. No man can afford to give away the things he sells for a livelihood, and the man who does so in order to get business is generally in a bad way. Don't try to put the paper man "in a bad way." But exercise a little human nature. Support him; he needs encouragement and support; but do it in the legitimate way. If the printer gets a few pounds worth of printing orders from you, he is not in a position to give you a pound's worth of advertising for nothing. And you have bad value for the printing already. Go into a grocer's or draper's for £5 worth of goods, and the grocer or draper will not throw in gratis £1 worth of something else that you may ask for. Try him; you don't believe us.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Clarke's Blood Mixture

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

IS WARRANTED TO CLEAR THE BLOOD from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, it is a never-failing and permanent Cure. It

Cures Old Sores.
Cures Sores on the Neck.
Cures Sore Legs.
Cures Blackhead or Pimples on the Face.
Cures Scurvy.
Cures Ulcers.
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
Cures Glandular Swellings.
Clears the Blood from all Impure Matter, From whatever cause arising.

It is a real specific for Gout and Rheumatic pains.

It removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

The world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blotches, Spots, Blackheads, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous.

It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

As this Mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it, such as the following:—

Mr James Balcombe writes:—"I suffered when in the Army from a severe case of Abscess of the Liver, and was sent home from India to the hospital. It was one of the worst cases known in the hospital, where I remained for eight months. I was then told nothing more could be done for me, and was discharged and sent home. I tried other doctors, but they could not stop the discharge, which was very great. I was on my back for two years altogether. At last, having seen Clarke's Blood Mixture advertised, I tried some, and after the first large bottle found myself very much better. I continued with it, and it made a perfect cure of me. I can truly say Clarke's Blood Mixture is a wonderful medicine.

"50 Falmouth-chambers Falmouth-road, New Kent-road, S.E., July 8 1899.

"Sir,—I should like to mention that, when sending a relation for the second bottle from the neighbouring drug stores they persuaded her to take a preparation of their own, which they declared was 'just as good.' I found this did me no good at all. It was, therefore, sent back, and the genuine article procured, which above result."

Mr W. Pauley, Broad Lane, Cottenham, Cambridge, writes:—"Three years ago I had a slight skin disease and was obliged to see a doctor, who told me it was Eczema. I was under his treatment some time, but got no better. I tried, I may say, scores of other medicines, but all to no purpose, and I was, therefore, persuaded to go to the Infirmary. There I was under special treatment, but gotno better, and came out discouraged; in fact, worse than when I went in. I was now covered from head to foot, and was so tormented that I almost wished myself dead; one medical man old one I never should get better. I think I may truly say that my case was one of the worst it was possible to have, and everyone said they had never seen anyone like me. Well, at last I read about 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and decided to give it a trial. I purchased some from Boots, the Chemists, and took it according to rules for three months, mine being a dreadful case, and I am thankful to say I am now perfectly well, with my skin as clear as possible. It was 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' which effected this wonderful cure, and I cannot recommend it too highly. January 20, 1900."

Colour-Sergeant Instructor Jno. Howarth, Cheshire Regiment, Chester, writes:—"Suffered from Rheumatism in my arms and legs for over five years. I also had a bruised shin bone, through which I could rest only for a few minutes at a time. All sorts of remedies were applied, but none did me any good for more than a few days. After a while I was recommended to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' which I did, and on taking the first bottle I felt relief. I therefore continued with this excellent medicine, and it effected a perfect cure. This was more than a year ago, and I am pleased to say I have not felt the least pain since—in fact, I am in as good health as ever I was in my life.

"Moreover, I told two friends of mine who were laid up with Rheumatism of my case, and they tried 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' They are tailors by trade, and in seven days they were at work again. They say this medicine cannot be too highly praised. May 18, 1899."

Mr George Price, St. Margaret's-on-Thames, writes:—"I feel that I should write you a few lines in praise of Clarke's Blood Mixture. I have been suffering these last few years with Eczema and Blotches, which prevented me following my occupation, and I can safely say I have spent scores of pounds in all sorts of other medicines. A little while ago, however, I was advised by a friend of mine who has taken Clarke's Blood Mixture to try a bottle, and to my great relief I am a new man and about the present time to go on with my business, being now quite well. In fact, I cannot give it too much praise. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial for the benefit of others who may be suffering from the same complaint." December 20, 1899.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS OF WONDERFUL CURES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Clarke's Blood Mixture is sold in Bottles 2s. 9d. each, and in cases containing six times the quantity, 11s.—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases—BY ALL CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world. Proprietors, THE LINCOLN AND MIDLANDS COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln, England.

TRADE MARK—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

Clarke's Blood Mixture.

CAUTION.—Purchasers of Clarke's Blood Mixture should see that they get the genuine article. Worthless imitations and substitutes are sometimes palmed off by unprincipled vendors. The words "Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England," are engraved on the Government Stamp, and "Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture," blown in the bottle, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE.

RE MINING LEASES.

It is notified for general information that applicants for Mining Leases are required, within seven days previous to lodging the application, to insert in a newspaper published in the district where the land is situated, or if no such newspaper, then in one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked "A" in the schedule relating to Mining Leases.

SUPPORT LOCAL INDUSTRY,

AND

SUBSCRIBE

TO THE

LOCAL PAPER,

THE

RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

We ask that our efforts for the district's good shall be recognised. An increased circulation means still greater usefulness on our part. When a neighbour or friend asks for the loan of the local paper, tell him or her that for the small sum of

3s per Quarter

It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

In addition to complete and impartial reports of all local meetings, an interesting

14-Column Supplement

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR

Plain and Ornamental

JOB * PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

Bear in mind that

ADVERTISING

ALWAYS PAYS.

Business men should note that as the Local Paper is extensively read in the district, it therefore affords a splendid advertising medium.

HOLLOWAY'S

PILLS AND OINTMENT

Have stood pre-eminent during the past sixty years as

RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINES.

They are invaluable Remedies for

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Feverish Attacks, Ague, Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Skin Diseases.

They have no equal for Affections of the

THROAT, CHEST and LUNGS.

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford St. (late 533, Oxford St.) London. Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.	Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne ...	8.15 and	4.50
Ballarat ...	8.15 and	4.50
Geelong ...	8.15 and	4.50
Trawalla ...	8.15 and	4.50

Registered mail, 8 p.m. previous evening and 4.30 p.m.; p.p., 8 p.m. previous evening and 4.30 p.m.

Ararat ...	11.50 and	8
Stawell ...	11.50 and	8
Middle Creek ...	11.50 and	8
Murtoa ...	11.50 and	8
Buangor ...	11.50 and	8

Reg. mail and p.p., 11.30 and 7.40.

English mail per Mail steamer, 5.15 p.m. Tuesday; via Adelaide, 8.15 a.m. and 8 p.m. Wednesday.

COUNTRY.

Daily	a.m.
Raglan ...	9.15
Waterloo ...	9.15
Waterloo S.,	9.15
Main Lead,	9.15
Chute ...	9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Nerring ...	9.15
Lake Goldsmith ...	9.15
Stockyard Hill ...	9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 8.50.

Eurambeen ...	12.45
Shirley, ...	12.45

Reg. mail and p.p., 12.20.

MAILS INWARD.

Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—7 a.m. and 12.30 p.m.

From Ararat, Stawell, Buangor, Middle Creek, and Murtoa.—8.30, a.m. and 5.30 p.m.

From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

From Stockyard Hill, Nerring, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.

From Eurambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Office is open daily for transaction of postal and telegraph business, sale of stamps and postal notes from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m., and from 7 p.m. till 8 p.m.

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.

From 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., Saturdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

SAVINGS BANK.

From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. for receiving deposits only.

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

From 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.

9 a.m. till 3 p.m.

G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten-inch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.
To such a man the noisy din
Of traffic may not enter in,
For bargain hunters by the score
Shall pass nor heed his dinky door;
For tho' his sign is on the wall
And on some barnyard gets a scrawl,
No people who have wish and sense,
Go prancing around to read the fence.
The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad. displayed
Cares more for rest than wildly gain
And patronage but gives him pain;
Tread lightly, friend, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsought except by men he owes.
And when he dies, go plant him deep
That naught may break his dreamless sleep,
Where no rude clamor may dispel
The quiet that he loved so well;
And that the world may know its loss
Place on his grave a wreath of moss
And on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

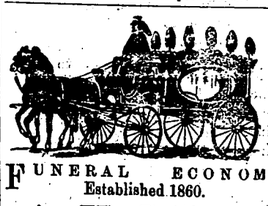
"KEATING'S POWDER" destroys BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals. In extermination lies the success of this powder's extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See the article you purchase is "KEATING'S," and, with the signature THOMAS KEATING on each tin, as imitations are noxious and ineffectual. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s. each, by all chemists.

STEVENSON & SONS,

UNDERTAKERS AND CARPENTERS,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT

(Opposite Golden Age Hotel), beg to inform the public of Beaufort and surrounding districts that they have purchased the UNDERTAKING BUSINESS of the late R. FARLEY, and hope by moderate charges and prompt attention, to merit a continuance of the patronage accorded to their predecessor.



FUNERAL ECONOMY.
Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS

(Late Wm. Baker),

UNDERTAKER,

Corner of Neill and Havelock Streets, and opposite State School.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country at stated charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

A. H. Sands has ON SALE the following lines:—Pine Shelving, Flooring, and lining boards; Californian, kouri, and clear pine, up to 36 inches; cedar, all thicknesses and widths; table legs, sashes, doors, architrave and other mouldings, window glass, white lead, oils, turps, and all the building requisites.

Sashes, doors, and all kinds of Joiner's work made to order at the lowest possible prices.

WM. C. PEDDER,

Blacksmith and Wheelwright,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Farm and Timber Waggons, Farm, Road and Spring Drays, Waggonettes, and all kinds of Vehicles made and repaired on the premises. Horses Carefully Shod.

P. J. O'SULLIVAN,

SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER

SNAKE VALLEY.

A large Assortment of Saddlery and Harness Requisites kept in stock.

All kinds of Harness bought, sold, or exchanged.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

Also Cash Buyer of Hides, Horse-hair, Beeswax, Furred Skins, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

We have resolved to REDUCE the SUBSCRIPTION to "THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" (with which is published a 14-column supplement containing well-selected reading matter) to 3s per (quarter, and trust that this concession will be largely taken advantage of.

The Advertising Rates have also been considerably reduced, and advertisers will find it to their benefit to avail themselves of the columns of "The Riponshire Advocate," which is the only newspaper that is printed and published within the boundaries of the Shire. As the advocate of the interests and for the welfare of this district, it has a claim for a considerable amount of support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a given radius of Beaufort.

Job Printing, plain and ornamental, of every description, is executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

We take this opportunity of thanking our patrons for past favors, and while respectfully soliciting a renewal of support, desire to state that increased attention will be given to all matters of local and general interest. As a record of news we will always endeavour to make our columns as comprehensive as possible. In all departments, in fact, we will aim at improvement, and, therefore, confidently appeal to the public for increased support.

ARTHUR PARKER,
Proprietor

Beaufort, 6th September, 1899.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS

Auctioneer, Valuer, Arbitrator, General Commission Agent.

AUCTION ROOMS:—
BARKLY STREET, ARARAT, and
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Correspondent and Valuer for the Ballarat Banking Company, Limited.

Trust and other Moneys to Lend at Current Rates

JOHN HUMPHREYS

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT

ACCOUNTANT ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

RENTS and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

Very few are too poor now-a-days to take their country paper, and it is false economy to try and get along without it. Hardly a week passes that something or other does not appear in its columns that will be of financial benefit to the subscriber, and by the end of the year he had made or saved or won twenty times the subscription paid for it. The city papers don't take the place of the country ones, though some people appear to think they do. The city papers are all right in their way, but they do not give you that in which you are most interested—your country news. You cannot learn from them when and where your country meetings are to be held, who are dying or who are marrying, who are moving in or who are moving out, court proceedings, who wants to buy or sell farm or land produce, in fact hundreds of things of which it might be of particular import ance for you to know. If you can afford to take only one paper, by all means take the one that is published in the country or district where you live. It will cost you less, and thereby you will be assisting yourself and keeping the money in the district.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, in writing, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible

5. The court has decided that is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncalled for, "*prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

A country paper kindly supplies this beautiful simile:—"You might as well try to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soapsuds as attempt to do business and ignore advertising."

FLORILINE.—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline" is being composed in parts of Honey and Herbs, is tenacious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Of all chemists and Perfumers, wholesale depot 33, Farring-don-road, London, England.

To our Readers and Patrons.

THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT DEPENDS chiefly upon the support and encouragement that is given by the population to local enterprise and industry. Every venture is to a more or less extent speculative and each, whilst aiming at the success of the Promoter, must offer certain returns to those whose support is necessary to achieve certain advantageous results on both sides.

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

The law of exchange was never satisfactory in its working; thus it was that the custom of buying and selling, using a standard currency was introduced. One form of that currency known as "paper money," and of paper money there is more than one kind. All kinds are useful, but not every kind retains its original value. The "paper" money most valuable to a newspaper proprietor is that which is sent him by

"*Subscribers and Advertisers*"

and he will do his utmost to entitle him to a good share of it.

"The Riponshire Advocate"

is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts, Set, and notifications of the Shire of Ripon and the

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

And as the advocate of the interests and the welfare of this district it has a claim for considerably greater amount of support, has a greater scope for extended usefulness any other journal or journals within a radius of the Shire Offices.

The Circulation

of the

Riponshire Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing,

And the Proprietor, recognising the increased support in this direction, will use his utmost endeavors to merit and sustain the patronage accorded him by giving the Latest possible Local and General News, and the most interesting and instructive information.

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Chute, Waterloo, Eurambeen, Buangor, Middle Creek, Shirley, Trawalla, Skipton, and Carngham.

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an
Interesting Serial Tale,
Amusing Anecdotes,
Pastoral News,
Poultry Farming
Agricultural Intelligence,
Recipes,
Gardening Items,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business."

And another writer has said that—

"He who in his "biz" would rise,
Must either 'bust' or advertise."

And advertisers cannot do better than make the *Riponshire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker,

Printer and Publisher,

LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
BILLHEADS, POSTERS,
DELIVERY BOOKS
DRAPERS' HANDBILLS,
CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
&c., &c.,

PRINTED in FIRST CLASS STYLE

AT MELBOURNE PRICES.

Office:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE"

OFFICE.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS.

MINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPT
DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,
Prepared on the shortest notice.

FINEST SELECTED AMERICAN LEAF.

HAVELOCK
DARK OR AROMATIC
TOBACCO

HIGHEST QUALITY MANUFACTURED.

A Query! { Why is it that COUGLE'S SHOP is always so popular? They are always busy! } ANSWER— The Public are Judges.

Economic considerations compel the public to buy at the cheapest place.

Comparison is **COUGLE'S** best traveller.

The summer is not over yet, and the following lines are worth inspection :—

Muslin (plain and floral), Mercerised Lawns, Prints, Sateens, Zephyrs, Blouses, Holland and Pique Skirts, &c.

Highly SEASONABLE GOODS, the very thing you will want for months to come. Inspection Invited.

In all HOUSEHOLD GOODS we have the right stuff at the right prices.

White and Brown Turkish Towels, White Twill Sheetings, White Linen and Cream Table Damasks, Serviettes, Sideboard Runners, Tray Cloths, Doyleys, Unbleached Herringbone and Twill Sheetings, White Marcella and Honeycomb Quilts, Lace Curtains. No Comments Needed.

Dress Materials. Dress Materials.

We have just opened a case of Dress Materials, bought cheap. We intend to give our customers the benefit of the bargain. You will have to act quickly—they will soon go at the prices they are marked. We think of our customers. We never let any bargains slip past us; that is why we have attractive goods, at moderate prices, which we are content to sell below their real value.

JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE.—We have some special lines in MILLINERY, UMBRELLAS, LACES, CORSETS, FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS, &c. Each item merits consideration. Send for samples or goods on approbation, and compare our prices.

Tailoring and Ready-to-Wear Clothing for Suits

That fit well, TROUSERS that sit well, and VESTS up-to-date. Leave your order at COUGLE'S. Satisfaction guaranteed. Try our QUARTZSTONE KICKERS and HARDWEAR SUITS for the boys to wear to school.

Our low prices will surprise you. Our reliable goods will please you.

LEST YOU FORGET.—In MILLINERY we have Trimmed or can take your order for prettily and stylishly TRIMMED HATS to come at 7s 6d.

You can Save Money at

G. H. COUGLE'S, } The People's Draper, HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

Mr J. W. HARRIS,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
REGISTERED DENTIST,
AND
DRUGGIST,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

In this established profession the first attention is devoted to the DISPENSING DEPARTMENT. Every care is ensured in the art and preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical Tinctures and British Pharmacopœa Preparations, the Purest Chemicals and Drugs being used. Medicines at Ballarat Prices, sent to all parts of the State by post, rail, coach, &c., and all letters receive prompt and careful attention.

HARRIS'S ANÆMIA MIXTURE, an excellent and invaluable remedy.
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HERBS.
Homœopathic Medicines. Horse and Cattle Medicines.

Mr J. W. HARRIS, B.D.S.,
Surgical & Mechanical Dentist,
HAVELOCK-STREET BEAUFOR

May be consulted DAILY from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m
Teeth fitted accurately in vulcanite or gold at lowest prices.
PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Teeth extracted painlessly with cocaine ether, chloride of ethyl, laughing gas, &c

NOTE THE ADDRESS—
HAVELOCK-STREET
(Next Mechanics Institute
BEAUFORT.

RICHARDS & CO.,
Ballarat's Leading and Fashionable Photographers.

The magnificent quality of our New Xmas. Show has created quite a sensation.

The *Ballarat Courier* says—Words fail to give an adequate idea of the beautiful works of art.

The *Ballarat Star* says—Nothing in modern photography that has been done in Ballarat could excel it.

The *Ballarat Echo* says—Few artists could give such a photograph as "The Little Font Tuckler, Silver Saints Bells."

Two distinct positions taken of each sitter. Prices same as others.

Bridal Veils, Wreaths, and Bouquets, the most fashionable kept at the studio.
ENLARGEMENTS from any old or faded photographs, at prices within the reach of all.

RICHARDS & CO.,
Famous Studio,
23 STURT ST.,
BALLARAT.

The secretary of the Lands Department has received close on 4000 applications for seed wheat, and expects to get at least half as many more before the list closes.

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG,
Barrister and Solicitor,
Proctor and Conveyancer,
BEAUFORT.

A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria for taking Affidavits.
TRUST and other MONIES TO LEND on freehold and other securities.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.
SUNDAY, 18TH JANUARY, 1903.
Presbyterian Church.—Lexton, 11 a.m.; Waterloo, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m. (ordination and induction of elders).—Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A. Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.—Mr J. M. Carroll.
Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m; Raglan, 3 p.m.—Rev. W. J. Bottoms. Raglan, 7 p.m. — Mr Lugg. Chute, 3 p.m.; Waterloo, 7 p.m.—Mr Chellew. Main Lead, 3 p.m.—Mr Waldron.

A. N. A.,
WATERLOO BRANCH,
Meets at 8 p.m. on TUESDAY next, at the SOCIETIES' HALL.
Subject—"Should the Totalisator be legalised in the interests of charities?"
All meetings open to the public.
W. T. HILL, Secretary.

THE
Ripon shire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, JANY. 17, 1903.

THE Waterloo branch of the Australian Natives' Association will engage in a debate next Tuesday night—the teams have been picked by the president and vice-president—on the subject, "Should the totalisator be legalised in the interest of charities?" At the present time the subject is a live one, and consequently more than usual interest should be taken in the debate. We consider that the movement inaugurated by the Victoria Racing Club for the legalisation of the totalisator deserves the hearty and active co-operation, not only of the various racing clubs, but of the public generally. The principle of the totalisator is such that the most indifferent sportsman should have no hesitancy in supporting it. The totalisator will have good effect in controlling and regulating betting, and also enabling stakes to be largely increased, as well as providing substantial contributions to charities. The opinion of racing men generally is that the totalisator would be a step in the right direction, but the bookmakers are, of course, decidedly opposed to it, because it will, to a great extent, deprive them of a very profitable and comfortable occupation. The metallicians reap a golden harvest invariably under the present method, and they are, naturally enough, averse to "Killing the goose that lays the golden egg." The bookmakers know very well that the shekels which now flow into their bags will, if the totalisator becomes law, be distributed amongst the sporting public, and provide a substantial annual contribution to the charities, which are much in need of assistance to enable these invaluable institutions to relieve and succour those who are too weak and helpless to provide for themselves. The heads of several religious denominations are also opposed to the totalisator being legalised, and, in a sense, they are linked with the bookmakers in the desire for the Totalisator Bill not to obtain legislative enactment. The clergy do not seem to recognise that any necessity exists at all for "choosing the lesser of two evils," and we maintain that the totalisator is far and away the lesser evil as compared with straight-out betting, as is now carried on at every race meeting. Right until the end of the chapter gambling will continue, no matter what steps are taken by religious or other bodies having the moral welfare of the community at heart. Why tolerate a system that only confers good upon a few to the exclusion of the many? The bookmakers now get all the profit, but with the totalisator the proceeds would be distributed in such a manner that charity—that great cardinal virtue—would be assisted to a most appreciable extent. The clergy do not view the matter in this aspect, and they appear to have the idea that the totalisator will tend to increase the number of those who speculate money on the result of horse-racing. We cannot be convinced that such would be the case. Were it so, the money would be more judiciously invested, and a great amount of good would be conferred. Betting on a racecourse would be controlled and regulated, and there would not be the same "plunging" in regard to bets as now prevails, as all bets would require to be made in cash with the totalisator. Whichever way the new system is looked at, it is certainly far preferable to that now in vogue. Another advantage that would accrue therefrom would be that racing clubs would largely increase the stakes, and the breeder of the thoroughbred would thus be encouraged to continue improving his stud with the likelihood of a profitable result. The V.R.C. has sent out circulars to all registered clubs, requesting their co-operation and support, and asking them to appoint delegates to meet the committee in conference on the 20th inst., with a view to furthering the movement. Every effort will be needed to carry the Totalisator Bill through Parliament, and the V.R.C. sets forth in the circular the desirability of each club enjoining the member for Parliament to support the Bill when it comes before the House. We are glad to observe that the Beaufort Jockey Club has accorded its support to the movement in the direction of endeavouring to secure the co-operation of their parliamentary representative, Mr D. S. Oman, M.L.A.

Local and General News.

A general meeting of the Beaufort Athletic Club is convened for Thursday evening next, at the Mechanics' Institute, at 8 o'clock.

Mr W. G. Stevens, caretaker at the Beaufort Park, complains that some persons are in the habit of removing the flowers from the reserve—in some cases root and branch. He finds that females are the worst offenders. Mr Stevens is determined to make an example of the next person he detects offending.

The common managers are laying poisoned wheat on the common for the purpose of destroying the rabbits, but it would be better if a little discretion were used as to the locality in which it is laid. One day last week Mr Allan Gonde, who lives on the Ararat road, had ten fat geese poisoned by wheat laid near his residence. To a poor man this is a loss, as the geese were all sold.

The secretary of the Waterloo Cricket Club desires to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following donations:—Rear-Admiral Bridges, £1; Messrs. Goller and Co, 10s. 6d.; Mr W. Hinchliffe, 10s.; Mr G. Vowles, 10s.; Mr T. D. Martin, 5s.

Notwithstanding the many wonderful developments of science, no rival has yet been found to take the place of Holloway's Pills and Ointment as reliable and speedy cures for the various diseases with which we are all liable to be afflicted. The Ointment is universally acknowledged to be a certain remedy for sore throat, bronchitis, coughs, colds, glandular swellings, gout, rheumatism, and all skin diseases. The Pills have justly earned a world-wide reputation for all female complaints; for infantile disorders they are invaluable, and they are an unfailing remedy for all disorders affecting the liver and stomach. It would be difficult, indeed, to name a complaint for which both the Pills and Ointment are not beneficial. Thousands of people in all parts of the world can testify to their merits. They are suitable for any climate or season of the year.

Messrs F. Beggs, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridges, J.'s.P., presided over the Beaufort Police Court on Tuesday. Constable Stevenson, of Waterloo, proceeded against Culbert Fisher for neglecting to have his child vaccinated. This case had been adjourned from the last court, as a medical certificate was put in as to the child's unfitness for vaccination. Defendant now pleaded that the child was not in a fit state to be vaccinated, as it had been unwell, and was not a very healthy child. He had not obtained a fresh certificate, nor had the child been vaccinated. Mrs Milligan, registrar of births and deaths at Waterloo, certified to the registration of the child's birth, and to not having received a return as to its vaccination. Constable Stevenson gave evidence of warning defendant to get the child vaccinated several times. Defendant told him that his wife would not say whether she was going to get the child vaccinated or not. He told her on Wednesday that the case had been adjourned, and she said she was told the doctor was not going to vaccinate again for six months. The doctor vaccinates at Waterloo twice a year. He warned defendant last time the doctor was there. Defendant said he had all the rest of his children vaccinated. The child was teething now. Under cross-examination by Senior-constable Jones (who conducted the prosecution), defendant said he went by his own judgment in saying that the child was unfit to be vaccinated, but would not say that Dr. Jackson would say the same. He, however, knew that when the child took hardly anything and vomited it all up it was not well. In imposing a fine of 10s, with 5s costs, the chairman (Mr Beggs) remarked that defendant had had sufficient warning and plenty of time to put in another certificate if the child was unfit. Defendant was allowed an hour in which to pay the fine. Jane McCracken proceeded against George Williams for the desertion of an illegitimate child. Senior-constable Jones stated this was a case in which a warrant was issued. The prosecutrix was communicated with by the Redan police, and said she would not appear. The case was accordingly struck out. James Austin sought to recover £1 from John Frisher, junr., for work and labor done, but as complainant did not appear, the case was struck out; defendant being allowed 5s costs.

The monthly committee meeting of the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute was held on Tuesday evening. Present—Messrs E. W. Hughes (president), C. J. C. Baker, Carroll, Robertson, J. Eastwood, J. Jackson, and Breen (secretary). The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. The secretary reported that the balance in the bank was £46 9s 5d. The following accounts were passed for payment, on the motion of Messrs Eastwood and Carroll:—Librarian, £4 6s 8d; Troy and Son, 9s 3d; Mrs A. Pedder, 15s; Hawkes Bros., 18s 2d; J. B. Cochran, £3 4s 9d; Wotherspoon and Co., 3s 10d; Shire of Ripon, 11s. The secretary submitted the balance-sheet, stating that although it would not be adopted at this meeting, members could see how they stood. The receipts amounted to £148 4s 5d, and the expenditure to £101 15s, thus leaving a credit balance of £46 9s 5d. The secretary stated that the subscriptions were £12 better than last year, while there was a reduction of £11 in the Government grant. The assets were put down at £46 9s 5d, and the liabilities at £10 8s 8d, leaving a balance of £36 0s 9d. The accounts were certified to as correct by Messrs G. Perry and A J. McDougall. The President drew attention to an item of 4s 9d for note paper, and asked what was notepaper used for, as all circulars in connection with the Institute were printed. The librarian was called in, and said the notepaper was given away to a great extent to members who came and asked for it. The secretary did not see why members should get notepaper. Mr Tompkins—Well, they do, and they get matches, too. Mr Eastwood did not think the Institute was a benevolent asylum. The librarian said that Mr L—— never came to the institute but that he wanted envelopes and paper, and he was the best payer-up of his subscription. The President did not think he would be offended if he were told that he could not be given notepaper. He also informed the librarian that this expenditure would have to be stopped, as the committee objected to it. The secretary told the librarian that if he wanted to write a letter he must come to him for the paper. The secretary informed the committee that in 14 months 42 dozen boxes of safety matches were used. It was considered that this expense should not come out of the library funds. One member asked if L—— smoked, and a reply was made, "No; I don't think so." A considerable amount of mirth was evoked by a second answer—"Oh, yes, he does; he's borrowed off me!" It was stated that the Institute was £4 better off than last year. Mr Carroll said it was gratifying to know that the subscriptions had increased so largely, as it showed the Institute was being used by a greater number. Dr. Eadie (who came in after the meeting had started) moved that the annual meeting of subscribers be held this night month. Seconded by Mr Carroll, and carried. Mr Carroll thought it a good idea to get the balance-sheet printed, as also a slip, notifying members of the annual meeting, and requesting their attendance. It might be the means of getting a bigger meeting. He moved accordingly; 75 copies to be printed. Seconded by Mr Eastwood, and carried; it being also decided to advertise the meeting in the local paper.

A SEVERE SPRAIN usually disables the injured person for three or four weeks. Cures have often been effected in less than one week by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This liniment has great healing powers. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Really artistic effects in Millinery don't mean lavish expenditure. Let J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co. prove this to you.—[Adv.]

The Beaufort Rifle Club fired a monthly match on Wednesday, at 500 and 600 yards, between A and B classes; Mr D. F. Troy winning 10s from scratch with a score of 58 in the A class, and the Rev. W. J. Bottoms 8s in the B class, with a score of 52, and with 6 points handicap.

The teams chosen to take part in the debate by the Waterloo branch A.N.A. in the Societies' Hall on Tuesday night on the subject, "Should the totalisator be legalised in the interest of charities?" are as follows:—President's team (negative)—Mr Menzies, Rev. J. A. Barber, Dr. Eadie, Messrs Sinclair, E. J. Jones, C. W. Jones, and W. T. Hill. Vice-president's team (affirmative)—Messrs Carroll, Eastwood, J. R. Wotherspoon, W. D. Smith, A. Sands, Breen, and Rev. W. J. Bottoms.

The marvellous Corricks, instrumentalists, vocalists, bellringers, dancers, and humorists (spoken of as absolutely the best combination in their line that ever appeared in Australasia), are announced to give an entertainment in the Societies' Hall, Beaufort, next Monday evening.

Grand vocal and instrumental concerts, in aid of Presbyterian Church Improvement Fund, are announced for Thursday, 5th prox., in the Raglan Public Hall, and Friday, 6th prox., in the Societies' Hall, Beaufort.

The returns of the Mines Department with regard to the gold yield for the past year do not endorse those supplied by the Mint. The latter gives an increase of 2000oz. over the total for 1901, but those just prepared by the Mining Department show a decrease of 11,824oz., the amount for 1902 being 777,738oz., as against 789,562 for 1901. Still this represents a substantial increase on the amount for 1893, when the total was 671,926oz. The largest yield was in 1899, when it amounted to 884,500oz. The total yield from the first discovery up to date amounts to 65,913,912oz.

A cheap excursion train to Melbourne will be run from Beaufort on Friday, January 23rd, in connection with the A.N.A. great Fete and Federal Exhibition, at the Exhibition Building and Grounds, Melbourne, on January 24th and 26th, to celebrate the second anniversary of the commonwealth. Tickets and all information may be obtained from local stationmaster; the time of departure, also fares, are advertised in another column. The A.N.A. fete is a comprehensive undertaking, and will be as gigantic and the programme as varied as ever. One of the great features of this fete will be the first appearance in Victoria of Major Taylor (the champion cyclist of the world), who will compete in the cycling events, viz.:—A.N.A. Great Wheel Race, A.N.A. Gold Stakes (scratch race), Australian Cup, and Federation Handicap. Some idea of Major Taylor's abilities and marvellous pace may be gathered from the fact that he had to concede 120 yards in a mile to "Plugger Bill" when he was in America with F. S. Beauchamp last year. He is now racing in Sydney, and showing splendid form, although only just landed after a severe sea voyage; and it is safe to predict that by the 24th and 26th January he will be riding in his true form, and the public who attend will see some marvellous sprinting. Major Taylor always receives about £100 for every race he rides in, and on the continent he could get enormous sums if he would consent to race on Sundays, but he resolutely sets his face against Sabbath breaking; no sum can tempt him. A Motor Race of 35 secs. is also to be run, and this will produce the fastest race ever witnessed. Competitions in instrumental and vocal music and elocution will be held, for which 2000 entries have been received. The admission to the fete will include admission to the Federal Exhibition, so that two great shows may be seen for 1s.

The Middle Creek weighbridge was opened on Tuesday. The first load—3½ tons of hay—to be weighed belonged to Mr M. Fay, farmer, of Middle Creek, his youngest son, Mr Jas. P. Fay, being the first to drive over the bridge; whilst Mr P. Gannon, the assistant stationmaster, did the weighing. A second load of hay—3tons 11cwt.— was also weighed for Mr M. Fay. There were nine spectators, including Mr Holly (of Ararat), the contractor for making the approaches. The bridge stood the test well, and after the loads were weighed, "Success to the bridge" was drunk in bumpers, as also were the healths of those present. The refreshment was kindly supplied by Mr M. Fay. The bridge will supply a long-felt want to the people of Middle Creek, as they will now be able to rely on the weight of their grain, etc. Had it been erected last year fully 2000 tons of produce would have passed over it, and it is estimated that quite as much will be weighed this year. Cr. Pickford had been invited to attend the opening ceremony, but like a number of farmers in the district, he was busy harvesting, and was unable to be present.

We are pleased to hear that the crops in this district, considering the unfavorable season, are turning out exceptionally well. Mr Keil, who has a threshing machine at work at Stockyard Hill, informs us that the crops there are yielding from 40 to 50 bushels per acre. The crops generally at Middle Creek are also turning out better than was expected. Mr Carmichael threshed over 50 bushels of oats to the acre off new land; while Mr M. Fay has obtained 38 bushels of oats to the acre and 1½ tons of hay.

A silver eel, measuring 3ft. 6in., was hooked and landed by Mrs H. M. Stuart at the Beaufort Lake on Saturday evening last. Our informant thinks this is the biggest fish caught by a lady in the district. Occasionally a few eels, carp, perch, and trout are caught in the Lake, but as a rule disciples of Isaac Walton find the sport very tame.

A SCAR from a burn or scald is often dreaded more than the pain that is inflicted. Chamberlain's Pain Balm heals the injured part in less time than any other treatment, and unless the injury is a severe one, no scar will be left. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Mining News.

The Government battery at Beaufort crushed the following for the Daughters of Freedom G.M.Co., Main Lead:—8 tons of conglomerate for 1oz. 19dwt.; 1 ton of machine stamings for 3dwts.; 1 ton of tailings for 1½dwts.

The Consols tribute party at Poverty Point washed off on Tuesday for a return of 6oz. 14dwt. from 2½ sets.

Sons of Freedom, No. 2.—East drive advanced to 194ft. from shoot, mostly through broken ground. West reef drive advanced to 107ft. from opening; reef pretty tight.

Sons of Freedom Central.—No 5 rise off N.E. intermediate.—S.E. drive extended 32ft., total 108ft.; payable prospects at times. N.W. drive extended 46ft.; payable wash. No. 3 rise off west main level.—N.E. drive extended 44ft. in fair quality wash. Four parties blocking. Yield for week, 120oz. 15dwts.

Sons of Freedom South.—Yield for 9 days, 76oz. 6dwt.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sons of Freedom Central (3 days), 61oz. 5dwt.; All Nations Consols tribute party, 9oz. 3dwt.; Last Chance, 18oz. 15dwt.; Brusher's Co., 7oz. 13dwt. 21gr.; Trompf and party, 1oz. 10dwt. 17gr.; sundries, 1oz.

Beaufort Jockey Club.

The annual meeting of the Beaufort Jockey Club was held in the Mechanics' Institute on Wednesday evening. Present—Dr. G. A. Eadie (president), Messrs O'Sullivan, Hellyer, W. J. Hill, Parker, and Wotherspoon.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

From Victoria Racing Club, forwarding copy of resolution adopted in favor of the totalisator, requesting the support and co-operation of registered clubs, and asking them to appoint delegates to a conference at the V.R.C. offices on 20th inst., with a view to furthering the movement for the legalisation of the totalisator. The club was advised to wait upon the local Member with as influential a deputation as possible, and point out the desirability of affording his support.—Mr O'Sullivan moved that the circular be sent to Mr Oman, M.L.A., asking him to give the matter his support. Seconded by Mr Hellyer, and carried.

The secretary was instructed to communicate with the Beaufort Employers' Association, asking them to arrange with the business people to close their establishments at 12 o'clock noon on Wednesday, 25th February, the day of the races; also to the boards of directors of the various district mines, asking them to give the miners a half-holiday.

The following programme of events was adopted:—

Maiden Plate, of £5. Half-a-mile. For all horses that have never won an advertised race. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 5s.

Pony Race, of £5. (Ponies 14 hands and under). Half-a-mile. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Post entry, 5s.

Beaufort Handicap, of £12. One mile, 1st, £10; 2nd, £2. Nomination, 12s.

Selling Flat Race, of £5. Handicap. Winner to be sold for £8. Five-tenths of any surplus to go to the funds of the club; three-tenths to second horse; and two-tenths to third horse. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Distance half-a-mile. Post entry, 5s.

Welter Handicap, of £7. Five furlongs. 1st, £6; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 7s.

Handicap Trot, a sweepstake of 5s, with £1 added, for 1st prize; 2nd, £1. Two miles. Post entry.

Flying Handicap, of £5. Three-quarters of a mile. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 5s.

First race to start at 1 o'clock.

It was decided, on the motion of Messrs O'Sullivan and Hellyer, that nominations for the Maiden Plate, Beaufort Handicap, Welter Handicap, and Flying Handicap close with the secretary on 18 h February.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Dr. G. A. Eadie; stewards, Crs. M. Flynn and D. Stewart, Messrs W. Hinchliffe, J. McKeich, C. W. and G. Vowles, J. Eastwood, J. W. Harris, T. Newey, A. Holdsworth, W. J. Stevenson, H. F. Watkin, C. Broadbent, W. J. Hill, F. W. Rogers, G. Hellyer, E. H. Welsh, and S. Hancock; judge, Cr. R. A. D. Sinclair; clerk of scales, Mr W. O'Sullivan; clerk of course, Mr. J. Vowles; starter, Mr C. Loft; handicappers, Messrs W. O'Sullivan, J. Lynch, and A. Parker; treasurer, Mr J. R. Wotherspoon; hon. auctioneer, Mr W. E. Nickols; secretary, Mr A. Parker.

The price of admission to the course was fixed at 1s; children under 15, 6d.

The secretary was instructed to register the meeting under the V.R.C.

A vacancy having occurred among the trustees by the death of Mr J. T. Harris, the President moved that Mr J. R. Wotherspoon be appointed in his stead. Seconded by Mr O'Sullivan, and carried.

The President moved, and Mr Wotherspoon seconded, that the secretary and Mr O'Sullivan inspect the course and report to next meeting as to the work required.

Mr T. VanderStoel (who is leaving Beaufort for Melbourne) verbally tendered his resignation as a member of the club.

Mr Wotherspoon moved that it be accepted with regret. It was due to Mr VanderStoel that a motion should be passed expressing regret at his severing his connection with the club, as they all knew that he had taken a very great interest in the club for years and years. Personally he thought it a matter of regret that Mr VanderStoel was leaving the district. He was one of the landmarks of the club, and in years gone by, when it was hard to get a quorum, Mr VanderStoel was always present. He was sorry that Beaufort was losing so good a public man. He was sure that what he did was not out of selfishness, but for the success of the club, and in the interests of the town.

The President, in seconding the motion, remarked that but for Mr VanderStoel the club would have been defunct years ago, he having taken it on when the club had not a penny to bless itself, and in buying the booth at a good price, had enabled the club to carry on the races and make a profit. Mr VanderStoel had been connected with the club ever since, and deserved a hearty vote of thanks for what he had done for it. He (Dr. Eadie) felt very sorry that he was leaving them.

The secretary, in endorsing the remarks of the previous speakers, said that during the 13 years he (Mr Parker) had lived in Beaufort Mr VanderStoel had always taken a deep interest in the club and been an active and prominent worker. He trusted that Mr VanderStoel would have better health in Melbourne, and live for many years.

Mr J. B. Humphreys, as an old friend of Mr VanderStoel's, and one who had been associated with him in the past, asked permission to say a few words. As a matter of fact but for Mr VanderStoel and a few kindred spirits, there would be no club to-day. For two years there had been no races, and the law was that if three years lapsed without races being held the reserve would revert to the Crown. Mr VanderStoel and a few kindred spirits got up races, and the course was there to-day. To Mr VanderStoel was due the credit. As an old friend he was very sorry he was going away. He had always been a good sport, and in connection with buying the booths was always to the fore. He endorsed all that had been said, and hoped that Mr VanderStoel would have improved health, and that he and his wife and family would have prosperity in their new home.

Mr Wotherspoon said he was going to add that in Mr VanderStoel they had the true type of a sportsman—one who took a keen interest in sport, not for his own gain, but for love of it.

Mr VanderStoel thanked them very much for their kind expressions. There was not the slightest doubt but what Dr. Eadie and Mr. Humphreys mentioned about the racecourse was true. Mr Tompkins came to him and said if races were not held the ground would go back to the Crown. He (Mr VanderStoel) called a meeting, when three or four came, and they carried on the races and made a profit of L13. He had to deposit L10 for the booth. That was the commencement of this club. The old club was a good one till it gave a handicap of L30, which smashed it up. The races had been held every year since 1879. He again thanked them, and hoped the club would be successful and put a good balance in the Savings Bank.

It was decided to sell the right to the booths at the Camp hotel on Saturday, 7th February; Messrs Hill and Hellyer settling the place of sale by drawing lots.

L1 petty cash was voted to the secretary, on the motion of Messrs O'Sullivan and Hill, and the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the chair.

Children on the Spree.

A SAD CASE.

A shocking case occurred at Beaufort on Sunday, when the deplorable sight of the police escorting three young children in a helplessly drunken condition to the lock-up was witnessed. It appears that at about 1.30 p.m. Mrs Phillips, a resident of Southern Cross, was passing along the back of the Church of England, when she observed four children lying down apparently ill. She at once summoned the Rev. J. B. Johnstone from the Church of England parsonage, and he, mounting his bicycle, rode away for medical and police aid. The children's names were Janet, Archie, and Margaret Murchison, aged respectively 12, 7, and 6 years, and Margaret Bennett, aged 8 years. The Murchison children (whose father, John Murchison, is a laborer employed at Stoneleigh station) live with their grandmother—an old woman over 70 years of age—at Southern Cross. The girl Bennett, daughter of William Bennett, a laborer, also resides at Southern Cross with her parents. An uncle of the children, James Murchision, who is also employed as a laborer at Stoneleigh, was at his mother's place and drove the children down the street on his way to Stoneleigh, at 12.30 p.m. He called at Hellyer's Commercial hotel and obtained a bottle of brandy—labelled fine old cognac, three star—which was wrapped up in paper, and given to the eldest girl, Janet Murchison, to take home to her grandmother. On the way she got a pocket-knife from her brother, and with it pushed the cork into the bottle. She drank some and gave some to the other children; in fact, they drank nearly three-quarters of the bottle of brandy. When Dr. A. G. Jackson arrived on the scene he found the girl Bennett in a comatose state suffering from alcoholic poisoning. To bring her round he used a stomach pump. The other three, though "dead drunk," were not so bad, and Dr. G. A. Eadie took them in hand and afforded them relief by administrating sulphide of zinc and causing them to vomit. Both doctors state that had the children been left unattended much longer they certainly would have died. Bennett's girl was taken home by her father; while the police drove the Murchison children in a conveyance to the lock-up. It was not till evening that they were sufficiently recovered to be taken home. The licensee of the Commercial hotel states that the brandy was purchased on Saturday night, though delivered on Sunday.

Beaufort United Common.

The managers of the above Common met at the secretary's office on 15th inst. Present—Messrs Humphreys, Flynn, and Browne (secretary.)

REPORTS.

From the Secretary, reporting financially as follows:—Balance in bank, £32 15s 11d; cash in hand, £2 2s; making a total credit of £34 17s 11d; fees received to date for current half-year, £57 12s; unpaid fees due on stock registered, £19 7s; making the total assessment to date, £76 19s. Arrears for past half-year now stand at £2 2s. Herdsman's remuneration, £11 19s.

From the herdsman, reporting that 6,000 sheep and 30 head of cattle passed through the common since last meeting. The laying of poisoned wheat has been stopped for the present in consequence of the changeable weather, but I think we will be able to start again in a few days. All the dams are in good order, and full to overflowing.

The reports were received and adopted.

The following accounts were passed for payment:—Herdsman, £11 19s; Secretary, £2; petty cash, 3s. 6d.

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ss. The girl Bennett,
liam Bennett, a laborer,
Southern Cross with her
ily of the children,
en, who is also employed
Stoneleigh, was at his
nd drove the children
on his way to Stone-
p.m. He called at Hel-
al hotel and obtained a
y—labelled fine old cog-
—which was wrapped up
given to the eldest girl,
on, to take home to her
On the way she got a
om her brother, and with
cork into the bottle. She
d gave some to the other
ac, they drank nearly
of the bottle of brandy.
G. Jackson arrived on
ound the girl Bennett in
te suffering from alcoholic
bring her round he used
ump. The other three,
l drunk," were not so
G. A. Eadie took them in-
ded them relief by ad-
lphide of zinc and causing
it. Both doctors state
hildren been left unat-
longer they certainly
d. Bennett's girl was
her father; while the
e Murchison children in
o the lock-up. It was
that they were sufficie-
to be taken home. The
Commercial hotel states
was purchased on Satur-
gh delivered on Sunday.

United Common.

—o—

s of the above Common
cretary's office on 15th
—Messrs Humphreys,
wne (secretary.)

REPORTS.

Secretary, reporting
llows:—Balance in bank,
cash in hand, £2 2s;
credit of £34 17s 11d;
date for current half-
; unpaid fees due on
d, £19 7s; making
smount to date, £76 19s.
t half-year now stand at
an's remuneration, £11

erdsman, reporting that
and 30 head of cattle
the common since last
laying of poisoned wheat
ned for the present in
the changeable weather,
e will be able to start
days. All the dams are
and full to overflowing.
were received and

g accounts were passed
—Herdsman, £11 19s;
petty cash, 8s. 6d.

The BLACKMAILERS.

(Copyright.)

A Stirring Romance of England and Australia.

By W. Murray Graydon,

Author of "The Thirlstones of London," "Reaping the Whirlwind," &c.

SUMMARY of Opening CHAPTERS.

Malcolm Frazer, the owner of a cattle station, is standing at the hut, in the wilds of Western Australia, when his mate, Jim Connop, returns from the nearest settlement with letters and papers. From the latter they learn that funds are being raised in Melbourne and Sydney for an expedition to search for Sir John Vallenger and his companions, who have been lost while exploring. While they are discussing the question, a stranger, hatless and bootless and in rags staggers up to the hut and appeals for help. He is Charles Travers, one of Sir John's companions. Of the sixteen who formed the expedition, all but Sir John, Travers, and Maurice Yorke, the scientist, have perished. Sir John, is lying almost unconscious at the traveller's hut at a short distance from the home station. He remains conscious just long enough to enable him to sign a will, by which he leaves five hundred a year to his nephew, Osbert Challoner, and the remainder of his estate, real and personal, to his adopted son, Laurence Douglass Vallenger. Before starting on the expedition, Sir John had willed his fortune to Challoner, and had cut off Laurence with the proverbial shilling. In the moment of repentance he never dreamt that his adopted son was settled in Australia and known as Larry Douglass. Meanwhile, in England, Sir John's death had been practically assumed, and though legal formalities demanded time, Osbert Challoner, ignorant of the tragic happenings in the bush, was enjoying his uncle's riches on the Norfolk estate of Burlingham Manor. But while congratulating himself on his good fortune, he gets a rude shock in the shape of a letter from Sir John's solicitors, narrating the real circumstances of the famous explorer's death, and also telling of the new will which is to evict Challoner from the estate and breed tragedy, and also much bloodshed and sorrow. In Australia Larry Douglass had not met with success. He had married an adventuress, and rued the day. Selling his station he decides to try his luck in another part of the country, but on the eve of his departure, his wife betrays him to Gentleman Jem, a notorious bushranger, whose gang attack the homestead, and get away with Larry's wealth. The desperadoes, accompanied by the treacherous wife, have hardly left when a posse of police arrive and pursuit is arranged. Gentleman Jem is shot, and so also is Larry's runaway wife. Shortly after Larry hears of his uncle's death and his own good fortune. He sails for England and takes up his inheritance at Burlingham Manor. One of his tenants, a retired Colonel, is engaged in some secret work, and resents all attempts to cultivate his friendship. His daughter is out riding one day, when her horse bolts. Larry, seeing her danger, rides to the rescue. This and a subsequent service wins for Larry the friendship of Colonel Lovering, and he visits the latter's house. Meanwhile Challoner and his friends Gontran and Margrave are yachting in the vicinity. They are likewise plotting against Larry, who is seen to be on the best of terms with the colonel's daughter whom he sees much of and to whom he becomes engaged. On the strength of this the colonel reveals to Larry the secret of the shed. He has constructed a submarine boat. Preparations are in full swing for the wedding when Gontran seeks an interview with Larry in London. And then the conspiracy is set rolling. Larry being informed that his erring wife was not killed, as he supposed, but is alive and in England. Gontran promises to produce her at any time he may appoint The story proceeds with

CHAPTER XIII.

SHELTER FROM THE STORM.

Colonel Lovering was much surprised when Larry failed to keep his appointment and when he did not put in an appearance during the next two whole days, the colonel became alarmed. He determined to follow Larry to London to see for himself that all was well with his young friend.

The journey, however, proved fruitless, and he returned.

On his way back he was met by Yaxley who had driven Lorna into Norwich on a shopping excursion.

It was a little more than half past seven when Lorna and her father, with the groom perched behind, drove away from the stables. The horse was a spirited animal, and carried them at a rattling pace out of the city.

"It feels like a storm, sir," remarked Yaxley.

A little later the massed clouds were spreading. They soon covered the sky from horizon to horizon, and the night turned black and threatening. A puff of wind rustled the hedgetops, and the muttering of thunder was heard.

"We won't stop at the Manor," said the colonel as they drove through Burlingham village. "The storm may last for hours and we had better try to reach home before it breaks. We shall very likely find Larry at Burelands," he added consolingly.

The main entrance to Burlingham Manor was passed and shortly afterwards when the colonel had turned into the little-travelled side road that shortened the distance, a loud clap of thunder was followed by rain It came down faster and faster, and the rising wind began to roar like a hurricane among the trees. A vivid flash of lightning revealed for an instant the whereabouts of the party, and a second one terrified the horse, which stopped and started to prance Yaxley jumped out and ran to the animal's head.

"I'll look after him, sir—I don't mind a wetting," he exclaimed. "You and Miss Lorna take shelter in Mr. Vallenger's South Lodge. We just passed it—you'll find it not fifty yards behind. And the gates are likely to be open."

"That's a good idea, Yaxley," said the colonel.

He sprang to the ground, and lifted Lorna out. The two ran down the road and vanished in the darkness.

* * * * * * * *

The circumstantial story Jim Sanderson had told Larry, the letter from Garnet's stockman, the accounts he had subsequently read himself in the papers—all these things pointed to Renee's death as a certainty, and proved that the unfortunate woman was buried on the ridge-crest in the heart of the Australian bush. On the other hand there was Garnet's cool and convincing statement, his daring demands, his assertions of forgery and deceit. Would he be mad enough to play such a bold game unless he held the winning cards?

So Larry had reasoned, first one way and then another, and now, on this eventful evening, as the period of suspense drew to an end, he could no more see light amid the conflicting theories than a ship without rudder or compass can steer herself into port. A clap of thunder drew him to the window, and he stood there listening, watching the purple lightning play across the park, until the rain burst in torrents from the storm-charged clouds.

"What a night," he thought. "It is a fitting one for deeds of evil."

He waited a few minutes longer, his eyes on the clock. Then he got into a mackintosh, slipped a loaded revolver into his pocket, and let himself out by a side door into the darkness and rain.

CHAPTER XIV.

FACE TO FACE.

The South Lodge—one of several on the Burlingham Manor estate—was a small Gothic cottage of stone lying across a well-wooded strip of the park, and about half a mile distant from the house. It had not been occupied for the past ten or twelve years, and the grassy, winding road that led to it bore no traces of wheels or hoofs. Larry took a bee-line course, striding unerringly through timber and copse, and scarcely feeling the rain that pelted him from head to foot. He presently came out upon the road, and passing a few yards beyond the Lodge, he posted himself beside a great fir-tree. His vigil was a short one. He heard the creaking of one of the iron gates as it opened and closed, and caught the faint sound of approaching footsteps on the gravel. The next instant a flash of thunder revealed two figures—a man and a woman.

Larry's heart sank, and the hope that he had been nourishing, while he waited began to ebb quickly away. But he was not yet convinced, not yet prepared to admit the worst.

"If Garnet intends to conduct this interview in the dark he will find himself mistaken," he thought, as he advanced to meet the couple.

"Is that you, Vallenger?" came a sharp voice.

"Yes," Larry answered. "This way, please; follow me."

"Hold on," said Gontran. "A word with you first. What a beastly night we have chosen! Mrs. Douglas fortunately has a mackintosh, but I am soaked almost to the skin. Don't you think we had better move on to the house? You can let us in on the quiet."

"That will not be necessary. There is sufficient shelter at hand," Larry replied. "And we shall be able to see each other quite as plainly as if we were at the Manor," he added, meaningly.

"Go on," assented Gontran, with a curt laugh. "I am quite at your service."

In silence the three walked to the lodge, Larry several feet in front of his companions. He opened the door closed it behind his companions, and bidding them wait for a moment, he groped his way across the floor. He scraped a match and with shaking fingers he touched the flame to the wick of a large lamp, without any shade, and backed by a tin reflector, that stood in readiness on a table. A clear, steady glaze of light streamed forth, illuminating the bare, cheerless interior of the little room. It shone on the mildewed walls and ceiling, on the two boarded-up windows, and on something else, which none of the three observed—the tracks of wet feet leading to the partly open door of an inner room.

It was a fateful moment, and Larry strove hard to repress his agitation. "Now," he said, one concealed hand on his revolver, "produce your proof, Garnet."

"I am here for that purpose," Gontran answered coolly, as he shook the water from his drenched cap and overcoat. "Mrs. Douglas"—

The woman turned towards the light, threw off the hood of her mackintosh, and stepping forward. The mass of tumbled hair, the large eyes, the details of the features—Larry's keen glance noted them in a flash, and as quickly hope died within him. He was convinced; Garnet had not lied. For he knew that he stood face to face with Renee, and that the grave in the Australian bush was either empty or non-existent. Her beauty had partly faded, and she looked older and more vicious, but there could be no mistake about her identity.

"My God!"

The words fell hoarsely from Larry's lips, and his flushed cheeks turned to the grey hue of ashes. He stared speechlessly, swaying on his feet like a drunken man.

"Come, Vallenger, don't take it so hard," urged Gontran. "You might have been prepared for this. And you needn't worry yourself. It lies with yourself, you know, to purchase silence and freedom."

"Larry forgive me," his wife pleaded; and she spoke with Renee's well-remembered voice. "I deceived you, and I am sorry for it. I wanted you to believe that I was dead. But the bullet only grazed me that night. Look," and lifting the hair from the right side of her forehead she revealed a bluish scar. "And afterwards," she continued, "when I came down country and learned that you had inherited a pile of money"—

"Yes, I understand," Larry interrupted in a dull tone. "By Heavens how can there be such wickedness in the world? And that letter from the man, Porter; you wrote it yourself. It was a forgery."

"I paid him to write it."

"You fiend! Had you not done me injury enough?"

"I would undo it all if I could. But it is too late. I am your wife, Larry, and"—

"Stop, I have heard enough. Garnet rid me of this woman. Take her away, and never let me see her again."

"It shall be as you wish," Gontran replied, "and then"—He broke off abruptly as a sound suspiciously like a sob was heard close by. "We are not alone," he added. "There is some one yonder"—

"Impossible," declared Larry.

"There is some one here, sir, and thank Heaven that such is the case," exclaimed a fiery voice.

As quickly the door was thrown open and out from the inner room strode Colonel Lovering, supporting with one arm his daughter, who clung to him with averted eyes. Gontran, with an oath drew Renee to one side. Larry, his face distorted almost beyond recognition tried to speak but could only utter an inarticulate word.

"We are not spies or eavesdroppers, sir," cried the colonel, whose face was purple with suppressed rage "Our presence here is quite accidental, and easily explained. "We were overtaken by the storm while driving home from Norwich, and we sought shelter in your lodge. One word before we part Mr. Vallenger. Who is that woman?"

"God help me," Larry answered, "she is my wife."

He spoke with an effort that brought beads of perspiration to his brow, and, glancing at Lorna, he read in her eyes a look of horror and loathing that cut him to the very heart.

"Will you let me explain?" he asked.

"There is nothing to explain, sir," the colonel replied furiously. "You are a liar and a scoundrel, and I am thankful that I have found you out in time. I never wish to see your face again. May God forgive you the dastardly wrong you have done me and mine."

"These are hard words, sir," replied Larry. "I do not deserve them."

"You deserve a thousand times worse. Get out of my way. Let us pass."

As Larry stood irresolutely, his hands clasped, and his teeth fastened on his lips in an effort at self-control, Lorna gave a sobbing cry and swooned. Renee started forward but Gontran drew her roughly back and whispered a few quieting words in her ear. Colonel Lovering lifted his daughter's slender form in both arms and strode to the door, which Gontran opened for him.

"Stop sir," Larry appealed. "Wait but a moment. You misjudge me, and you have branded me with names that are false. Will you hear nothing in my defence?"

"Not a word," shouted the colonel, hoarse with passion. "By your own admission you are a liar and a scoundrel. You infamous hound if you attempt to communicate with my daughter, or ever venture near Burelands again, I will thrash you within an inch of your life."

The door closed, shutting the two out in the darkness and the storm. Larry would have followed, but the way was barred to him by Gontran, whose face showed the disappointment, and the terrible anger that had gained possession of him; for he knew that in all probability the game was lost.

"Let them go, Vallenger," he said, savagely. "You will only waste your breath. By Heavens this is a pretty night's work."

"And you are responsible for it," cried Larry. "You are more to blame than my wife who is merely your tool. You have ruined my life left me nothing to live for. But I'm going to deal with you as you deserve, you blackmailing cur. I'll kill you if I hang for it."

He was insane for the moment with rage, and stepping back a pace or two his eyes wild and bloodshot, he whipped the gleaming revolver from his pocket. Gontran, not to be caught napping, leapt forward so swiftly that he was able to strike the weapon to the floor, and the next instant he was felled by a terrific blow from Larry's fist. He got quickly to his feet, and the two grappled before Larry could recover the pistol.

To and fro they struggled, fighting desperately, their panting curses drowned by Renee's shrill screams of fright. They struck the table and upset the lamp, which was fortunately extinguished, as it fell with a crash of broken glass. Then they came heavily down together, and Gontran, by a fierce jerk, wrenched free of his maddened antagonist.

Larry's head came down in violent contact with the stone tiles, and he was stunned for a moment, unable to rise. Then, sitting up, he heard a rush of feet and the slamming of a door, and realized that he was alone The fall had not cooled his passion, and stumbling across the floor and splinters of glass, and pools of oil, he ran out of the lodge, into the rain and darkness, and never stopped till his blind fury brought him to the gates. There was not a sound to guide him, and he realized the folly of giving further chase. With a groan he threw himself into a dripping patch of bracken, and lay there, face downwards, with his arms clasped beneath him. His misery seemed greater than he could bear.

None of the servants were aware of their master's absence from the house that evening; none heard him come in, or knew at what hour the library lamps were extinguished. When Larry appeared at the breakfast table the next morning he bore little trace of what he had gone through, excepting his thoughtful and abstracted manner, and the fixed peculiar expression of his eyes. He was neatly attired and cleanly shaven; he read his letters and glanced over his papers. His first act was to stop the alterations that were being made, and dismiss the workmen. For two or three days he refused to see any person whatever, and from morning to night he was either locked up in his private office or was tramping the plantations and coverts with a gun on his shoulder. By that time it had become evident to old Harper and the other servants that something was seriously wrong, and the rumour gradually gained credence in the neighbourhood that the engagement between Mr. Vallenger and Colonel Lovering's daughter had been broken off.

Among the letters that arrived by Tuesday's post was one from Garnet—the second since the previous Friday. It was a lengthy communication, and when he read it, Larry sat in a brown study for an hour or more, an unlighted cigar between his lips.

"I must have a friend to help me in the matter," he finally decided. "Some one who will act entirely for me, and who can be trusted to manage the negotiations with tact and firmness. I dare not trust myself in Garnet's presence, for I could not keep my hands off him. By God's mercy and that alone I was saved from doing murder in the South Lodge. Of whom shall I make a confidant? Challoner? Yes, that is the best choice. With all his faults he is a good chap at heart, and I believe we always had a sincere liking for each other. And it will be a good thing for him to break off with Garnet, which he is certain to do directly he learns the true character of the man he has been so intimate with."

Larry scribbled a few words on a telegraph form, and without delay sent it over to Lingwood station. Osbert Challoner received the wire early in the afternoon and he had time for a hurried interview with Gontran before he hurried off to Liverpool street. By half-past seven that evening he was at Burlingham Manor and when dinner was over, and the two young men were in the seclusion of the library, with cigars and the whisky between them, Larry began his narrative. He concealed nothing, but told in minutest detail everything that had happened to him from the day he set sail for the colonies until the dramatic episode at the South Lodge.

Challoner listened intently, having frequent recourse to the decanter, and occasionally breaking in with a forcible ejaculation. When the long story was finished, he sprang to his feet and paced the room in a state of virtuous indignation, that was splendidly feigned.

"By heavens this is monstrous, incredible," he cried. "How you have suffered poor old fellow! And what a beastly hole you are in! You are wrong in suspecting Margrave. I give you my word he can't be mixed up in this business. As for Gontran I have known one or two shady things he has done before, though I never dreamed that he could stoop to anything so utterly low. It means penal servitude; but, of course, you don't want to prosecute him?"

He put the question with covert eagerness, and waited for a reply.

"No, I can't appeal to the law to deal with the scoundrel, much as I should like to," Larry replied.

"But there are other ways to punish him. I feel as deeply injured as yourself, old chap. I'll thrash the infernal blackmailer within an inch of his life; or, better still, I'll call him out and shoot him, if he's not too great a coward to cross the Channel with me. It's a pity duelling is so rigorously suppressed in England."

"My dear Challoner, I appreciate your sympathy, and I am grateful for it," said Larry. "What you suggest, however, is impossible. I would thrash Garnet myself, were it not that I wish to keep my hands out of the mire. For the same reason the question of a divorce from Re—from this woman is not to be entertained. But you can help me in another way, if you will."

"What is it? I am wholly at your service."

Larry produced Gontran's two letters, and Challoner sat down and read them. They were unsigned and in a disguised handwriting.

"By Jove, what audacity!" he exclaimed, and now tell me what I can do for you."

"I want you to act in my place," replied Larry, "with a view to preventing Garnet from touching a penny of my money. Deal with him as you like, but don't fail to obtain a private interview with my wife. That accomplished, and Renee willing to act independently, I authorise you to offer her what these letters demand—four thousand pounds down at once, and two thousand pounds annually hereafter as long as she lives; and this, on condition, mark you, that she agrees in writing to return to Australia at once, and to never let me see or hear of her again. If she refuses to dissociate herself from Garnet, then I will cut both amounts down by one-half and won't be threatened into paying a penny more. There are other details which we can discuss later, if you think you are able to settle this matter for me."

"There will be no trouble about that," declared Challoner, with suspicious readiness. "I know how to handle Garnet, and he won't dare to refuse to put me in communication with your wife. I'll bring her to terms within a week, and ship her off to Australia."

"Do so and I will be eternally grateful. And when that is off my mind"—

He stopped abruptly.

"What then, old chap?" asked Challoner.

Larry walked to the window and looked out into the starry night.

"Then England will see the last of me—at all events for years," he said, his voice choked with emotion. "I will go abroad and roam wherever the fancy takes me. It will be a long, long time before I can bear the sight of Burlingham Manor again."

(To be continued.)

AN IMPUDENT THIEF.

At the tavern of a certain village a company of peasants sat drinking and conversing about a robbery that had been recently committed upon their vicar. Their expressions of regret and indignation were apparently endorsed by a stranger who listened attentively all the time and desired to know particulars of the stolen property.

"What a shame," he said "but I believe I can put the gentleman on the track of the thief. Where does the vicar live?"

The peasants directed him to the house. The stranger then called at the vicarage and said, "Sir, I hear that you have been the victim of a disgraceful robbery; however I will undertake to produce the thief before your eyes."

The parson was delighted and, being about to sit down to dinner, he invited his worthy guest to join him. The latter did not require pressing, but did ample justice to the meat and drink set before him. During the meal he related how he had watched and overheard several suspicious looking characters, and from his description the clergyman felt convinced that they must have been the thieves. Dinner over the stranger got up from the table, and said:

"I promised to produce the thief before your eyes. I will keep my word. I may remark, by the way, that after he had accomplished his purpose, the thief proceeded as follows. He went to the window ledge, —thus—and jumped out."

At these words the guest jumped through the window into a field, which it overlooked, and made for a neighbouring wood as fast as his legs could carry him, leaving the vicar the unpleasant reflection that he had not only seen the thief, but had given him a good feed into the bargain.—"B.P."

AN INFALLIBLE SNAKE-BITE REMEDY.

It has teanspired that the "infallible remedy" used by "Brusher" Mills, the well-known Gew Forest snake-catcher, for the bite of the adder or viper, is the fat of the creature itself melted, bottled, and applied a drop at a time to the wound. The cure, he asserts is an affair of two minutes.

Mills has, of course, had immense experience with snakes, having in his day, killed or taken more than 4,000 venomous and 27,000 harmless specimens. The question is whether his treatment is merely a survival of the old savage homoeopathy which ordains the hair of the dog that bit you as a cure for a bite, or whether it is a rude form of serum treatment.

Vipers are exceedingly quarrelsome from the moment they break the egg, and unless immune against penum would long ago have ceased the exist as a distinct species. Hence their fat may be a kind of antitoxin. Of course all fatty and oily substances are useful against poisons which they doubtless absorb and isolate. The old-fashioned "London viper catchers," mentioned by White, of Selborne, and others always employed hot oil as a cure or treatment for snake-bite, and, as the 'Lancet' remarks, this with ammonia continues to be recommended. Fat was anciently used to frighten away serpants from gardens and houses.

HOW TIM WAS PUZZLED.

Wedding presents are frequently distinguished for their uselessness, and giftmaking at any time is always attended with some danger; but there is a contractor in Yorkshire who realises that the most generous intentions may turn out disastrously. This is how it came about.

A faithful Irish employe announced his desire to take a fortnight's holiday in order the visit his brother in Dublin. He had worked so well and steadily that his employer not only granted his request but made him a present of a large portmanteau. The night before Tim was to leave he received the gift, accompanied by a few appreciative words. Tim stared at the portmanteau for a few moments, and then asked:

"Phwat am Oi to do with thot?"

"Why, put yaur clothes in it when you go away, of course," answered the contractor.

"Put me clothes in it, is it?" said Tim. "An' phawt will Oi wear if oi put me clothes in it?"

As a rule single women live longer than single men.

Burglars are said to seldo receive more than twenty per cent. of the value of their booty from the buyers to whom they dispose of it, if it happens to be in any other form than coin. A £10 Bank of England note will bring but £2 from a buyer, while £100 worth of plate will be worth only £15 or £20 to the thief, who must risk years of liberty in obtaining it.

COFFEE GROWING AS A BRITISH INDUSTRY.

The cultivation of the coffee plant in British dominions has now come to be an enterprise of very wide importance, and one that surely deserves the attention of all Englishmen of good mental calibre, who seek for fortunes in regions lying beyond the seas It is a lucrative industry, as well as an interesting one, as this short article will endeavour to show, and brains more than initial capital is the necessary adjunct of success.

This is specially the case now when vast tracts of suitable soil in different parts of the world remain practically untouched owing to the erroneous impression having got abroad that only in limited latitudes was the propagation of coffee possible. The coffee shrub indeed will grow in many and strange places, varying only in output and value; and it has a happy knack of recompensing by abundant growth where it falls short in quality and vice versa. The writer has seen a hardy species of the family growing wild among rubber tree forests of Brazil, where the Indians use the leaves in preference to the berry, and claim for them virtues too numerous to mention.

The Arabian coffee tree, so called, is supposed to bear the most delicately aromatic fruits, and as it is the plant which finds most favor in the eyes of nearly all planters, a brief description of it may not be uninteresting.

In its wild state the Caffea Arabica sometimes attains a height of fully twenty feet, but for the purposes of cultivation it has been thought best, by persistent pruning, to keep it under the eight feet level. By this dwarfing process the branches extend laterally much further than they would otherwise do, and as a result they are much more easily tended when the time for harvesting draws near. The leaves are of the beautiful, evergreen variety, and have a length of six inches and a breadth of about two and a half. The flowers which grow in the axils of the leaves, are of a lovely pale white colour, giving forth a delicious fragrance, which fills the air as a rich perfume. But these blooms are very evanescent, and in their room soon come clusters of cherry-like berries, the seeds of which are garnered, and ultimately exported as the coffee bean of commerce. The fruit is ripe for picking when it begins to lose its round form and fresh aspect; then by various devices the seed may be removed from the pulp, and spread out in the sun to dry, after which they may be freed from the tough membrance or "parchment" containing them by passing through a series of revolving drums or rollers.

In Ceylon the "pulping" operation is made a wonderfully simple matter; the berries are conveyed in a copious flow of water, and discharged upon roughened tables or cylinders, which action quickly brings about the disintegration of the loose adhering pulp.

The plants during the first six months of existence are very fragile, and to obviate mishap as far as possible they are usually sown and reared in nurseries until they attain a height of about sixteen or seventeen inches, when they are transplanted into the large areas of well-irrigated land reserved for them, each seedling being placed at least six feet distant from its neighbour. They begin to flower in the second year, and in three years come into full bearing, and if in favourable circumstances will continue to bear for twenty years. They flourish best in a fairly dry soil and a warm situation, but not too warm. The plant therefore thrives in tropical climes at an elevation of from one to four thousand feet above the sea level. Coffee will grow in nearly all countries where cotton is cultivated, and its range may be taken roughly as lying between latitudes 36 degrees North and 25 degrees South.

The most recent successful attempts at coffee cultivation have been made in British Central Africa where the conditions are everything that could be desired. Within the last ten years the few plants introduced by the late Mr. John Buchanan, C. M. G., have increased and multiply far beyond all expectations, and now the Nyassa Land coffee vies with Mocha and Ceylon brands, and commands a high price because of its sheer merit alone. The indomitable energy of one man brought about this happy result, and what has been done in face of much adverse criticism and unveiled opposition can surely be repeated by others in these days of Imperialism and enthusiastic endeavour.

The writer would recommend no particular country for the pursuance of the industry. British Central Africa contains room enough for quite a large population, but Queensland and the South Sea Islands also offer many inducements to the pioneer. It is sufficient to say that numerous districts throughout our far-reaching Empire are available and eminently suited for the cultivation of this readily marketable commodity.

The lucrative nature of the coffee planting industry may not at first sight appear very tempting, but after the initial labor has been expended on the selected area of operations, and a rough estimation made of the bearing power of the trees, a clearer vision of the true profits of the trade is at once apparent. A plantation may consist of any acreage up to several hundreds of acres, and one acre well planted should contain nearly a thousand shrubs; therefore though the product of a single plant may be insignificant enough, it requires little calculation to show that a two hundred acre patch should provide a fairly substantial income, even were each shrub only worth a few pence a year

Coffee "parchment" (as the unshredded seeds are called) usually varies in price from £5 to £6 per cwt., and an acre generally yields about 5cwt. of this material; so it follows that a fair sized reserve should give an annual output about worth £5,000. Deducting all charges for freightage to the London market, and expenses of native labour employed—which latter is never by any means, a large item—there still remains a very handsome profit on the year's transaction; and this may be increased from year to year as more lands are taken under cultivation.

MARRIED LIFE IN FRANCE.

What a curious being a Frenchman is! He meets a woman for one hour in a crush, knows no more of her, well, than she does of him, and yet he is prepared without a qualm to bind himself by the iron chains of matrimony to pass the rest of his natural life with her.

He is not overwhelmed with a love which robs him of prudence and reason; the vainest woman could not explain the phenomenon that way. He is epris, if you like, but that is the strongest term permissible; he faces the situation calmly and deliberately, when in the approved manner he makes his proposal through a third person.

As to the courage of the woman on these occasions, well, it surpasses coherent thought; imagination totters before the surprises, the eye-openers that must be in store for her.

But women have an extraordinary amount of courage stowed away beneath an often misleading surface.

Lombroso, I believe, says it is a lack of imagination, combined with a very unsensitive nervous system, but whatever may be the cause, it is certainly there, as dentists and doctors will certify.

There is a strong element of the gambler, too, in the majority of women, and marriage offers the chance of a big haul of happiness not attainable any other way—at present.

Marriage in France has this advantage over the same institution in England—it leaves the woman generally much more her own mistress. She is absolutely head and ruler of her own house, her furniture linen, china, etc. are as a rule her property, and there is no doubt about it, the dot gives her a status denied the penniless bride, and inspires a good deal of most desirable respect in the male breast.

It appears to me also, the husband and wife do not jostle each other so closely as in England; each allows the other plenty of elbow-room. From "An English Girl in Paris,"

A steam-hammer used in Krupp's Gunworks at Essen, in Germany, weighs 150 tons. It is the largest in the world.

The acids of the apple are of singular use for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action, those acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain dull and heavy, or bring about jaundice, or skin eruptions, or other allied troubles.

Lord Downshire has a team of donkeys which he uses for garden purposes, and always drives himself fetching and carting manure like any of his labourers. Captain Hill, his cousin, when he is staying at his country seat near Ascot, makes it point of commencing the day by sweeping the garden path and the pavement in front of the house.

THE FASCINATION OF FALLING.

Professor Heirn, of Zurich, maintains that death from falling from a lofty height is a pleasant means of ending existence. Professor Heirn fell and slid down a mile in the Alps some years ago. He slipped on a snow-covered crag and fell feet first. The wind dashed him against an inclined cliff, and he slid down this on his back, head first for nearly a mile, lacerating his hands in the attempt to check his speed.

Throughout all this sliding and falling his thoughts were clear and his ears delighted with celestial harmonies. He thought of the shock when he should strike bottom, and he foresaw that his opening lecture at the university five days thence would have to be postponed or abandoned. When he struck the ground he clearly heard the sharp crack of his head and the thud of his body. It seemed to him that a big black object was rushing past him, and he cried out: "It didn't hurt me a bit! It didn't hurt me a bit!"

Great was his surprise to learn that his exclamation was not uttered until after half an hour of unconsciousness.

A labourer who fell 120ft. and survived, said his whole life passed before him as he descended, and that his most forcible thought was that his wife and children would be left penniless. A lady who fell six stories during a fire, said: "I was choking. I was sure that I was going to my death, but I did not lose consciousness not even for a minute. My mind worked clearly. When I struck the awning I thought, "Well this isn't the pavement,' and when I slid off the awning into the fireman's net I was surprised when they asked me if I was hurt."

A remarkable fall of a miner 333 feet down a shaft is recorded.

Whilst working in a gallery, which issued in the shaft, he forgot the direction in which he was pushing the truck, so that it went over and he went after it. He fell into mud, not deep, but covered by 3ins. of water. He did not lose consciousness. But he could recall none of his impressions during his fall. The velocity of his falling body would have been about 140ft. a second and the time he was falling 4.11 seconds. Had he lost consciousness he would have been suffocated in the mud or drowned, for his brother did not reach him for 10 minutes. He, however, recovered.—"Science Siftings." (1336) B

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THE LOOMS OF DESTINY.

BY J MONK FOSTER.

CHAPTER XXII.

"RENDER THEREFORE UNTO CÆSAR."

March had come in, and a roaring wind was tearing over the land, loud-mouthed as a blustering braggart, and seemingly as eager to keep up an almost vanished reputation. It was evening—night, one might have said, from the rattling artillery of the fitful gusts, and the prevailing darkness out of doors.

Inside the big dining-room at Parkhurst House all was bright and cosy enough. A great fire blazed and roared in the grate, as if in rivalry of the wind outside, the big gaselier over the neat table burnt clear and brightly, and John Blandford and his second son were enjoying the post-prandial hour after their own quite fashion—now sipping a little decent port, anon pulling peacefully at their capital cigars, and then rising into fragmentary chat or lapsing into momentary silence.

Geoffrey was dining elsewhere that evening with some of his more ambitious acquaintance; and neither father nor brother seemed to deplore his absence greatly. A little while after the meal was cleared away David had brought his fiddle, and now and again had touched its vibrant strings to music. Again in a space of conversational silence he turned to his instrument.

The mood moved him now to the playing of some ancient nocturne—a sweet, quaint, dreamy thing in keeping with his own thoughts, and, had the musician but known it, in touch also with the trend of his father's retrospective reverie. The younger man was dreaming then of his own ill-starred passion for a woman who did not love him; the elder one was passing in swift review the hopes and ambitions, the resolves, realisations, and emptinesses of his past life.

The wind howled at the windows, and the piping of the strings sobbed eerily inside. It was a strange piece, into which some old master of Music seemed to have put his soul. There was passion and pathos and infinite regret in the voices of the strings. The fiddle seemed to have a life story in it—a little human drama which David was translating into soft sounds. The nocturne seemed to punctuate every phase of feeling through which the cotton-master was mentally treading his way, and when the music surged fiercely, ere it sobbed out into silence, there was strange thoughts in the minds of each.

John Blandford gazed at his son with the eye of a satisfied affection. He loved David in a way that was quite unlike the regard he gave his elder son. In Geoffrey the father could see all his old passions reproduced. He was selfish, masterful, ambitious; he was swayed by the desire to make footballs of all men and the world.

David represented the quieter and better part of his nature. In him all those qualities had been developed which the mill-owner had allowed to rust—or at best only fructify late and bear meagre crops. The elder son was typical of the father's early days—the younger son of his latter ones.

"David," the sire broke out suddenly from his moody silence, "have you never though of marrying and setting up a household of your own, my lad?"

"I have thought so often of late, father."

"And now?"

"And now I have made up my mind never to marry."

"Never?"

"Unless the apparently impossible becomes possible."

"Why the change?"

"The woman I wished to make my wife said 'No,' and that put an end to my dreams in that direction."

"You aimed too high, perhaps, David?"

"Surely not—at least not in the way you mean, father. She is a girl who works in a cotton mill.'

"And yet you are eligible in every way—good-looking, of domesticated habits, good prospects just the man for making a model husband and family man."

"Unfortunately, all those strong qualifications were of no avail in my case." There was an infinite regret in David's tones, but no bitterness.

"You will love again, David; and if you do, marry the woman you love. Never mind what her position may be—marry her. Nay, I think I should be better pleased to see you marry a poor girl in preference to a rich one."

"Why? Because my own position as one of your sons makes a rich wife unnecessary?" the son asked.

"No; but because a poor woman who loves you expects so much less than a rich wife who does not love you. And besides, my dear lad, I cannot hope to leave you wealthy."

There was something in John Blandford's tones which caused his son to lower the cigar he was lighting and bend a somewhat inquiring look upon the other; yet when he spoke his voice was only pleasantly incredulous,

"Wealthy!" he remarked, with a quiet laugh. "Not wealthy as the Lloyd-Williams and Knowltons—great iron-founders and colliery-owners—read the word, but surely wealthy enough for my poor and unambitious self, father?"

"You are thinking now of that thirty odd thousands in the bank, David; and of the mills as well," the elder man cried, a grim, half-cynical look about his mouth.

"Of both, most assuredly. How was I to help that?"

"But twenty thousand of that money is not mine, my lad; nor can you ever hope to inherit any part of it."

"Even if it goes to Geoffrey, father, I shall never have occasion to do otherwise than bless your name."

"But it cannot go to your brother either. Did I not tell you that the sum I named is not mine?"

"Not yours, father? How? What? I—"

The son paused, staring his questions, instead of phrasing them, and the other coughed, passed his hand across his brow, drew his chair nearer the fire and his companion ere he proceeded to explain the puzzle.

"It's the truth, David, and I am going to tell you all about it. It is a strange story, and it was that quiet music of yours which made me resolve to speak to you now. Many years ago, actuated by many evil feelings, I allowed myself to commit a great wrong. It was a crime even—for which the law could have branded me as a common felon; but through some chance I escaped not only punishment, but prosecution also—ay even detection, it seems."

The young man could not speak, and John Blandford only paused to moisten his lips with wine. Then he went on again in the same dry voice.

"I was guilty of one of the greatest and cruellest frauds a man could perpetrate. I had a friend—a dear friend, and the best of men—and I deceived swindled, ruined him! He had confidence in me, and I abused it grossly. He trusted me as few men would care to trust even a brother, and in return for that loving trust I ruined him, killed him, and built up a position for myself on the plunder."

"Father! Father! you cannot mean that!"

"It's the God's truth, David!" and the grim look on the elder man's face dispelled the last doubt from his son's mind. "I was selfish, brutal, bestial then; a bundle of all the grosser passions; and it was years before I saw myself in my true light. But I killed him, I know, as surely as if I had driven a knife through his heart, or shot him. What became of his family I never knew—never even thought of making inquiry. But ten years ago my iniquity came home to me in all its devilish sinfulness, and since then I have been a changed man, with but one thing to live for!"

"Atonement! Redemption!" fell lowly from David's lips.

"The words that are written on my very soul! Atonement for my sin—redemption of my crime."

"And these thousands are for that holy purpose?"

"That holy purpose! I thank you for those words, David!"

"He was married then?"

"Married and a widower. But there was one child whom the years have swallowed up. Even now it may be too late to remedy the wrong. What if his child be dead and there is none remaining to take this blood money from me before I die!"

"Let us hope for the best, father!" said David, solemnly.

"I am hoping. But you? What must you think, my son, of all this?"

"Even at the eleventh hour it is not too late. God knows that I honour you and love you more now than ever I did before."

"And the money—the fortune you had a right to look upon as part your own? Will you not regret that, David?"

"As Heaven knows my heart, no! Do right, though the Heavens fall. 'Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's.' Do this thing to which you have set your hand, father, and so wipe out all the agony of the past. You must do it now!"

"As God is my judge, I will!"

"If I can help you in any way, father, you have but to speak."

"You can help me at present only by keeping your own counsel. Geoffrey I must tell, but not yet. He is filled with his dreams and schemes of self-advancement, as I was at his age, and will take it bitterly enough, I daresay. If he were as you are, David, it would not be so difficult to break the matter to him. Some day I will tell him, but until I do, say nothing."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE OTHER LAW OF SELF.

It was about a week later, and again the head of the house of Blandford and a son were sitting in the big dining-room at Parkhurst enjoying the post-prandial cigar and glass of wine. But it was Geoffrey this time, and there was no music, neither was there to be heard without the blustering roar of the lion-mouthed March wind.

Another of Mr. Beaumont's musical parties was responsible for David's early withdrawal from home, and in his absence the talk had drifted to an event of the day previous. Then our aspiring friend, Geoffrey Blandford, Esq., had been elected by a good majority to the local chamber of representatives, and since that event had borne himself as a man must who has just set his foot on the first rung of the ladder of fame.

"And that reminds me, Geoffrey, of some conversation we had a few weeks ago."

"Why should it? I forget anyhow why it should," was the nonchalant answer.

"Surely you have not forgotten your own programme. You were to enter the Town Council, become Mayor o Spindleford, marry well, and then settle down as Member for the Borough, ere you made up your mind what other social heights were worth climbing."

There was an air of banter about his father's utterances which the son did not altogether relish. Geoffrey's brows contracted, and he bit the end of his cigar savagely ere he responded.

"Of course, I remember, and am still of the same mind. That runaway race yesterday only shows how easy things are when a man makes up his mind to do them and sets about the business in the right way."

"True. A great spirit carries a man far—especially when he believes in himself, as you do."

"Why shouldn't I? The world very often takes a man at his own price. If it didn't where would some of the world's big bugs be, I wonder!"

"And your next move—to return to your programme—what is that to be, pray. To become either Mayor of the town or M.P. for Spindleford will require a few years' work, I should imagine. And there only remains the high marriage of which you spoke."

John Blandford's voice was semi-humorous still, but there was a note in its under-current which Geoffrey could not quite comprehend. He looked his father full in the eyes for an instant through the smoke wreaths, but the cold, hard face gave up none of its secrets then.

"Honestly, father, would you like me to marry?"

"Honestly, Geoffrey, I should—provided that the match was worthy of you, and in keeping with your ambitions. Luckily, you are blessed with good looks, are clever, too, and have all the ambition and dash so many women care for. As for wealth and high commercial connections, one does not require to go outside our own town. There are many marriageable ladies among the Lloyd-Williams and the Knowltons, and I hear you are a great favourite with them all."

"Oh, I get along splendidly with all the crowd of them," was the young man's careless response. "I was at the Knowlton's dinner party just a week since, you know. But the girls are an awfully seedy-looking lot, you know, and, besides, there's oceans of time really for all that sort of thing yet."

"There is really no time like the present, Geoffrey!" his father remarked in his dry incisive way. "A year or two—even a few months' time—may bring about a vast difference in your position and prospects."

"Just what I think, father; and hence there is no occasion for the least hurry. Time can only improve my public position in the town, and so I shall be able to pick and choose where I care to do so."

"But what if time worsens your position instead of improving it, Geoffrey?" John Blandford said, significantly.

"Surely there is no need to apprehend that?" Even his father's pointed tone and words had not yet swept away the son's assurance, but the next sentence set him wondering.

"Most assuredly there is. To-day you are looked upon as the elder son and co-heir of a factory-master who may be worth anything from fifty to a hundred thousand pounds. Really, you are aware that I am worth about one-third of that in hard cash, apart from the mills. And of that thirty odd thousand a sum of twenty thousand can never be either yours or David's. So far as things stand at present, all I can honestly hope to leave you and your brother will run to some five or six thousand apiece, and an equal share in the mills.

"That twenty thousand?"

Those three words fell from Geoffrey's lips in a hot rush and with a whirlwind of wonder behind them. Even yet he scarce knew whether to set down his father as crazed or but jesting. Meanwhile, he stared at that enigmatical face in front of him, and could only see in it a grimmer earnestness than ever.

"That twenty thousand! Thereby hangs a tale. It is much too long to bore you with now, but I may tell you this much, I am setting that sum aside for a great and worthy purpose. My honour, my honesty, my manhood—all our good names—have been in pawn for twenty years, and at last I intend to redeem them all. What nobler and holier purpose in life can a man have than that, Geoffrey?"

"How can I say?" the younger man mumbled sullenly, "when I am still groping in the dark? If you desire my honest and plain opinion, father, speak no more in parables, I pray you, but in straightforward English!"

"I will then. Not all the story will I repeat, but enough to enable you to comprehend. At your own age I was poor, and had no prospects. I had married a second time—not for love—and a bank crash had thrown me, not into the gutter, but near it. At that moment of need a friend stretched out his hand and heart to save me. And how did I repay his goodness and trust? I swindled him—ruined him; and he ended his days as a bankrupt suicide. And I escaped scot free, to build up a position and a fortune on the proceeds of my fraud. That is the tale, in brief, of my own iniquity—with this addition: The man I crushed in the dust left a child behind him, and I have never stretched out a hand to help it. Living or dead I know not what became of it—all I know is this, that to the child belongs of right the best part of the fortune, which my sons have so long regarded as their own."

"But why should you re-open, after all these years, that turned-down page in the book of your life?" Geoffrey asked. "The world, you say, never heard of your—your mistake, and why should it learn now? Even the child may be dead, and forgotten too. Why shame us all now, and pauperise your sons by making this belated redemption? Is it necessary? Will it be well to do this thing?"

"God knows I must. Better late than never, you know, my son. Even at the eleventh hour there is forgiveness, redemption, salvation, for those who confess and atone. This thing must be. For ten years I have dreamed of it. Now it must be done!"

"You are disturbed now. Let us say no more for the present. In a while you may change your mind," Geoffrey suggested in his suavest tones.

"I shall never change," was the father's firm response. "Better to confess and make reparation now than to be discovered, exposed, and degraded some day."

"I should urge delay and further consideration, father."

"When I have already well-nigh worn out my soul by sleeping and living with this thing for twenty years? No! no! My mind is made up. Already I have taken steps to unearth the one person to whom reparation is due. I have warned you of this, Geoffrey, so that you may frame your life in accordance with my plans."

"Who was this man?"

"Some day I will tell you. But enough of it now. Breathe no word of it all to a living soul! Mention it not even to your brother. Let us keep the truth to ourselves till we are ready to give it to the world."

"I am not likely to let anyone know of my own pauperisation!" the son muttered, savagely sullen. "If the world has to wait for the story until it hears it from my lips it will never hear it at all."

"Your pauperisation!" the father hissed, passionately. "If I give can I not take away? But I might have known what to expect from you. You are the slave of your own selfish aims—as I was at your age. But the die is cast now, and there must be no turning back. But, Geoffrey, think less of what you are losing and more of what I have given you—and can give or keep! You are young and have your ambitions, and no past to damn you. With a few thousands and the mills what is there that you and David cannot do?"

But the son flung out of the room in a white heat of mute fury. The dead cigar fell from his teeth bitten in two; and the other could only smile to himself in his grim way as the door closed on Geoffrey.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STANDING ON THE VERGE.

For several days after that never-to-be-forgotten interview with his father the bulk of Geoffrey Blandford's reflections were not of the most comforting kind. The bitter knowledge he had gleaned then had taken the savour out of his own supreme self-contentment, and for the time being his ambitions, passionate desires, social schemes, lost their grip upon his thoughts.

That John Blandford fully intended to carry out the scheme of redemption set forth by himself, his elder son had perforce to believe. That his father's self-immolation of himself, his fortune, and his children's interests, was the very quintessence of all that was foolish, absurd, and quixotic, the son swore again and again; but all the swearing in the world on Geoffrey's part would not alter the fact, much less destroy it; and it really only served to accentuate the difficulty.

To Geofrey, also, it seemed especially awkward that the confidence of his parent had been given to him at that particular moment. There was the youngest daughter of the wealthy Knowltons, with whom he had been coquetting of late, to be considered; again, there was the one woman for whom he had ever really cared—Doris Lonsdale—secretly engaged to him; then there were his own projects of self-advancement and aggrandisement to be borne in mind; while last, and worst of all, was the startling discovery that grim-faced, close-fisted, chary-tongued John Blandford meant to hand over to some person or persons unknown the snug fortune of twenty thousand pounds in order to salve his conscience respecting some dead and long-forgotten crime.

From the first Geoffrey had realised the futility of attempting to change his father's mind by any course of reasoning. Of old he knew that stubborn and inflexible will. Had he not been entirely dependent on his parent's bounty for his living, there is no saying how mercilessly he would have lashed with his tongue his sire's unspeakableillness; but he had gone as far as he dared when he flung from the room in suppressed disgust, and since then the subject had never been returned to by either.

One day, while wondering all these things, a curious idea flashed through Geoffrey's brain. His father had stated that he had already taken steps to unearth the heir or heirs to whom the great reparation was to be made; and thinking of that admission, a recollection of the vagabond, Levi Crane, had rushed upon him.

Two days after that brief colloquy and curt dismissal on the steps of the hotel, Geoffrey had learned of the lanky tramp's appearance at Parkhurst House. A word dropped by the grim-visaged house-maid, Miss Plimmer, had set his wits to work; a question or two after that had led to the discovery that Crane had been to the house twice—first torn-down, hungry-looking, shabbiness personified, as Geoffrey had first seen him, and next day ever so decent, as he had passed by scornfully in the town.

In a flash the mill-owner's son had put two and two together. This Levi Crane was connected in some way with his father's past. Hadn't he asked for his address? Hadn't he even hinted that his business was with John Blandford alone, who might not be pleased to hear it? And after that his parent's confession and Levi Crane's disappearance!

One thing seemed plain as a pikestaff. The man with the black patch on his ugly and sinister face was playing jackal to his father's wishes. John Blandford had fed and clothed Crane; had given him money; and now the vagabond was scouring the corners of the earth in quest of the relatives of the man his father had ruined.

The host of thoughts engendered by that inspiration were still simmering in his quick brain, when a note from Doris Lonsdale reached him. The tone of the girl's communication was curt, peremptory, ominous to his secretly cherished schemes. She desired to see him at once—that evening—and she named a place where she would be at eight o'clock.

At the time named, Geoffrey strode to the place of assignation, glad of an opportunity to meet the fair weaver, yet somewhat uneasy as to the meaning of her arbitrary summons. To the edge of the town, where the public park stood, he made his way, and presently he came upon a cloaked and veiled woman standing under the bare trees lining Park-road. It was Doris, he knew, and he greeted her warmly.

"Good evening, Doris. How are you? So glad to get your note, but why do you wish to see me?"

He offered his hand, with his customary eagerness, and her own was extended coolly. But she did not raise her veil, and he had to question her again ere she vouchsafed him a word.

"I wanted to tell you something I have heard," she remarked. "You were at Tyldon Hall last week. I heard all about it, and I want you to tell me what it means."

"What means? But what have you heard—and how?"

They had moved on a few paces slowly, and were now standing in the shadow of a clump of trees which stood inside the park rails. In front were scattered trees also along the roadside; taint gaslamps twinkled here and there and a group of semi-detached villas was visible on the other side of the thoroughfare, a stone's throw farther.

"My friend, Daisy Ray, has a cousin in the service of the Knowltons, and she told Daisy about you being at Tyldon Hall the other night."

"Well, what of that?" he asked boldly. "Because I love you, am I to cast off all my old friends, Doris?"

"But Nance Ray says that you are setting your cap at Miss Gwendolen Knowlton—says that it is openly rumoured among the servants that she and you are to be engaged shortly.

"What nonsense," he cried with a low laugh. "My dear Doris, have you ever seen this Miss Gwendolen Knowlton? She is one of the least beautiful of all the plain-faced Sisterhood of Spinsterdom. Not a patch in any way, my dear Dorrie, upon your own glorious self!"

"But it is said that everyone of Jonathan Knowlton's sons and daughters will have a hundred thousand pounds on their marriage day. Besides, why pay such attention to this woman as to get yourself talked about if you do not care for her, Geoffrey?"

"There is something in what you say, I admit," he responded gravely. "But you don't know all, dear!" he urged, almost passionately. "On the one hand the urgings, persuasions, and advice of my father and friends drive me to Miss Knowlton; on the other I am swayed by my love for you. I could tell you much; but you, Dorrie, must help me to master and put this great temptation from me!"

"How can I help you?" she cried. "I love you, Geoffrey! I have promised to become your wife. I am wearing your ring! What more can I do?"

"Marry me at once, darling! Only by promising to do that can you save me from myself and my friends! Will you do that?"

(To be Continued.)

QUEER NICKNAMES

GIVEN TO CELEBRITIES.

The longest nickname ever bestowed upon an individual was that given by Sir Walter Scott to his friend and publisher, John Ballantyne, who had a most pompous and dignified manner. It is a name one would not care to be called upon often to pronounce—Aldiborontiphoscophornio.

Sir Walter himself had a score or more of nicknamet, of which two of his best were a Homer of a poet, and the Wizard of the North.

We are so accustomed to hear George Washington referred to as the Father of his Country that it perhaps does not occur to us that he had other nicknames—all most complimentary, as is quite right. The Atlas of America, the Flower of the Forest, and Lively Georgius are among a few of the dozen names bestowed upon him by admirers.

Shakespeare had thirty-one separate and distinct sobriquets given him, of which among the complimentary ones was the Swan of Avon, and one not so flattering was The Upstart Crow. Alexander Pope's friends called him the Little Nightingale, and his enemies, an Ape.

LIKENED TO ANIMALS.

Among celebrated people who have been likened unto animals and birds are are Robert Southey, the Blackbird; Percy B. Shelley, the Snake; Voltaire, the Ape of Genius; the Devil's Missionary was another one of his pet names. Cardinal Wolsey was the Butcher's Dog and the Mastiff's Cur; Virgil, the Swan of Mantua. The Beet of Cut Throats was a title given to the Duke of Wellington. Nor were the names given Oliver Cromwell of the choicest description, for example—a Glorious Villain, Immortal Rebel, a Copper-Faced Saint and His Noseship.

The Nightmare of Europe was Napoleon Bonaparte; Tiddy Doll, God of Day, and Father Violet were some of his other nicknames.

Thomas Carlyle was Dr. Pessimist; Dante called himself the White Flower, because he had been bent by the frosts and whitened by the sun.

Of effeminate names bestowed upon different people, there is Schoolmiss Alfred, a title given by Bulwer in his poem, "The New Timon," to Alfred Tennyson. Edmund Spenser was Mother Hubbard, and Richard Cromwell, Queer Dick.

NICKNAMES FOR WOMEN.

The woman upon whom the most complimentary epithet has been bestowed was Jane Austin, called the Shakespeare of Prose. The White Rose of Raby was Cecily, the mother of Edward IV. Mary Queen of Scots was the White Queen, because she dressed so much in white. The White Milliner was Frances Jennings, sister of the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. When, reduced to poverty she set up a small shop, where, dressed in white, with a white mask over her face, she eked out an existence until some of her relatives came to her assistance.

A MOHAMMEDAN VENDETTA

A short time after the war between France and Morocco, the ruler of the latter country, the Sultan Abd-er-Rahman, sent an army to punish the inhabitants of the Rif, who had burned a French vessel. Among the various sheiks who were ordered to denounce the culprits was one named Sid Mshommed Abd-el-Djebar, already advanced in years, who, being jealous of a certain Arusi, a bold and handsome youth, placed him, though innocent, in the hands of the general, who sent him to be incarcerated at Fez. But he only remained about a year in prison. After his release he went to Tangiers, remained there some time, and then suddenly disappeared, and for a while no one knew what had become of him. But shortly after his disappearance there were rumours all over the province of Garb of a band of robbers and assassins which infested the country between Rabat and Laracce. Caravans were attacked, merchants robbed, caids maltreated, the sultan's soldiers poniarded; no one dared any more to cross that part of the country, and the few who had escaped alive from the hands of the bandit came back to the town stupefied with terror.

Things remained in this state for some time, and no one had been able to discover who was the chief of the band, when a merchant from the Rif, attacked one night by moonlight, recognized among the robbers the young Arusi, and brought the news to Tangiers, whence it spread all over the province. Arusi was the chief. Many others recognized him. He appeared in the duars and villages, by day as well as by night, dressed as a soldier, as a caid, as a Jew, as a Christian, as a woman, as a ulema, killing, robbing, vanishing, pursued from every quarter but never taken, always under a new diguise, capricious, fierce, and indefatigable; and he never went very far from the neighbourhood of the citadel of El Mamora, a fact which no one could understand. The reason was this: the caid of the citadel El Mamora was no other than the old sheik, Sid-Mohammed Abd-el-Djebar, who had placed Arusi in the hands of the sultan's general.

At that very time Sid Mohammed had just given his daughter in marriage, a girl of marvelous beauty, named Rahmana, to the son of the Pasha of Sale, who was called Sid-Ali. The nuptial feasts were celebrated with great pomp in the presence of all the rich young men of the province, who came on horseback, armed, and dressed in their best, to the citadel of El Mamora; and Sid-Ali was to conduct his bride to Sale, to his father's house. They had to pass through a narrow defile formed by two chains of wooded hills and downs. First went an escort of thirty horsemen; behind these, Rahmana on a mule between her husband and her brother; behind her, her father, the caid, and a crowd of relations and friends.

They entered the defile. The night was serene, the bridegroom held Rahmana by the hand, the old caid smoothed his beard; all was cheerful and unsuspecting.

Suddenly there burst upon the stillness of the night a formidable voice, which cried:

"Arusi salutes thee, O Sheik Sid-Mohammed Abd-el-Djebar!"

At the same moment from the top of the hill thirty muskets flashed and thirty shots rang out. Horses, soldiers, friends, and relations fell dead or took to flight; and before the caid and Sid-Ali, who were untouched, could recover from their bewilderment, a man, a fury, a demon, Arusi himself, had seized Rahmana, placed her before him on his horse, and fled with the speed of the wind toward the forests of Mamora.

The caid and Sid-Ali, both resolute men, instead of giving way to a vain despair, took a solemn oath never to rest until they had been fearfully avenged. They demanded and obtained soldiers from the sultan, and began to give chase to Arusi, who had taken refuge with his band in the great forest of Mamora. It was a most fatiguing warfare, carried on by coups de main, ambuscades, nocturnal assaults, feints, and ferocious combats, and lasted for more than a year, driving little by little the band of marauders into the centre of the forest. The circle grew closer and closer. Many of Arusi's men were already dead with hunger, many had fled and many had been killed in fighting.

The caid and Sid-Ali, as their vengeance seemed to draw near, became more ferocious in their pursuit; they rested neither night nor day; they breathed only for revenge. But of Arusi and Rahmana they could learn nothing. Some said they were dead, some that the bandit had first killed the woman and then himself. The caid and Sid Ali began to despair; because the further they advanced into the forest, the thicker the trees, higher and more intricate became the bushes, the vines, the brambles, and the junipers, so that the horses and dogs could no longer force a passage through them. At last one day, when the two were almost discouraged, an Arab came and said he had seen Arusi hidden in the reeds on the river bank at the extremity of the woods. The caid hastily called his men together, and dividing them into two companies, sent one to the right and the other to the left toward the river.

After some time the caid was the first to see, rising from the midst of the reeds, a phantom, a man of tall stature and terrible aspect—Arusi. Everybody rushed towards that point. They searched and searched in vain; Arusi was not there. "He has crossed the river!" shouted the caid. They threw themselves into the stream, and gained the opposite bank. There they found some footprints, and followed them, but after a while they failed. Suddenly the horseman broke into a gallop along the river bank. At the same moment the attention of the caid was drawn to three of his dogs, which had stopped, searching near a clump of reeds. Sid-Ali was the first to run to the spot, and he found near the weeds a large ditch, at the bottom of which were some holes. Jumping into the ditch he introduced his musket into one of the holes, felt it pushed back, and fired; then calling the caid and the soldiers they searched here and there, and found a large round aperture in the steep bank just above the water. Arusi must have entered by that opening. "Dig!" cried the caid. The soldiers ran for picks and shovels to a neighbouring village, and digging, presently came upon a sort of arch in the earth, and under it a cave

At the bottom of the cave was Arusi, erect, motionless, pale as death. They seized him; he made no resistance. They dragged him out; the musket ball had deprived him of his left eye. He was bound, carried to a tent, laid on the ground, and as a first taste of vengeance Sid-Ali cut off all his toes, and threw them in his face. This done, six soldiers were set to guard him, and Sid-Ali and the caid withdrew to another tent, there to arrange what torture they should inflict before cutting off his head. The discussion was prolonged, for each one tried to propose some more painful torture, and nothing seemed horrible enough. The evening came, and nothing was decided. The decision was put off until the next morning, and they separated.

An hour afterward the caid and Ali were asleep, each in his tent. The night was very dark; there was not a breath of wind, not a leaf was moving; nothing was heard but the murmur of the river and the breathing of the sleeping men. Suddenly a formidable voice broke the silence of the night:

"Arusi salutes thee, O Sheik Sid-Mahommed Abd-el-Djebar!"

The old caid sprang to his feet, and heard the rapid beat of a horse's feet departing. He called his soldiers, who came in haste, and shouted, "My horse! my horse!" They sought his horse, the most superb animal in the whole of Garb; it was gone. They ran to the tent of Sid-Ali. He was stretched on the ground, dead, with a poniard stuck in his left eye. The caid burst into tears; the soldiers went off on the track of the fugitive. They saw him for an instant like a shadow, then lost him: saw him again; but he sped like the lightning, and vanished, not to be seen again. Nevertheless, they continued to follow all night, until they reached a thick wood, where they halted to await the dawn. When daylight appeared they saw afar off the caid's horse approaching, tired out and all bloody, filling the air with lamentable neighings. Thinking that Arusi must be in the woods, they loosed the dogs, and advanced sword in hand. In a few minutes they discovered a dilapidated house half-hidden among the trees. The dogs stopped there. The soldiers came to the door, and levelling their muskets, let them fall with a cry of amazement. Within the four ruined walls lay the corpse of Arusi, and beside it a lovely woman, splendidly dressed, with her hair loose on her shoulders, was binding up his bleeding feet, sobbing, laughing, and murmuring words of despair and love.

It was Rahmana.

They took her to her father's house, where she remained three days without speaking a word, and then disappeared. They searched for her during several days, but in vain. Finally she was discovered in the ruined hut which was the scene of her lover's death. With an old spade in her hands she was endeavouring to remove the sod from his grave. With incessant grief she kept uttering the name of the dead chief, "Arusi! Arusi!" The men did not disturb her, but allowed her to stay. "Allah," they said, "has called her reason back to Himself, and she is a saint."—Edmondo de Amicis's "Morocco."

A SHAKESPEARE CALENDAR.

The aptness of Shakespeare's remarks, their fitness to the exigencies of life, causes me to regard his calendar with a superstitious awe. Time out of mind he has hit the nail of the situation on the head with a precision that has startled me. He has advised, consoled, reflected, and even predicted in a way that has made me exclaim, "Surely this Shakespeare Calendar must have been compiled for me, and me alone!" Sometimes he has commented with a sort of grave reproof after the event; thereby producing the impression that he had watched the course of the day, and, pondering over it, pronounced his dictum.

An instance of this comes to my mind. I was spending an hour, on a wet, gloomy, afternoon, waiting for a train at Woking Junction. As I sat on one of the station seats, watching the rain drip on the line, I noticed a little group coming along the platform towards me. It consisted of a couple of policemen and a handcuffed convict. The convict wore a parti-coloured garb—one leg yellow and the other grey, if I remember rightly, and had a round, bullet-shaped, closely-cropped head. But it was his face that seized and rivetted my attention. Mute misery, the terror of the hunted beast, and the despair of the human soul, were focussed into a look that stabbed straight into the vitals of my feelings. Such a direct appeal did the look make to me that a chord responded and vibrated in my innermost being. I was seized with an almost uncontrollable desire to say something. The dire irrevocableness of his fate, the wild, hopeless feeling that all the world was against him, seized hold of me so forcibly that as he passed I got up involuntarily, compelled to follow him, my whole soul shaken with compassion and the impulse to comfort. But no words came. I looked at him. He looked mutely at me, as if searching for a pin-point of hope. The policemen just then quickened their steps; I fell behind, and in a minute they were out of sight. An earthquake had heaved in my soul, and left me pale and trembling. I sat down on the seat, and by degrees the tumult calmed down, and the voice of reason made itself heard, "What business had you to speak to that criminal? What could you have said even if it had been your business?" All through my homeward journey the man's face haunted me. "If I could only have said something!" I thought. And again, "What could I have said?"

When I reached home, I went mechanically to my calendar, and this is what I read—

'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow.

—"The Diary of a Dreamer," by Alice Dew-Smith.

RUSKIN'S CHILDHOOD.

The first dated "poem" (of Ruskin's childhood) was written a month before little John Ruskin reached the age of seven. It is a tale of a mouse, in seven octo-syllabic couplets. "The Needless Alarm," remarkable only for the unexpected correctness in rhyme, rhythm, and reason.

His early verse, like his early prose, owes much to the summer touts. The journey to Scotland of 1826 suggested two poems, of which one is really interesting for its sustained sequence of thought—the last thing you ask from a child—and the final stanza has a glimpse of wild imagery of the infinite, like Blake's best touches:

"The pole-star guides thee on thy way,
When in dark nights thou art lost;
Therefore look up at the starry sky—
Look at the stars about thee toss."

But these are only the more complete bits among a quantity of fragments. These summer tours were prolific in notes; everything was observed and turned into verse.

The other inspiring source during this period of versification was his father—the household deity of both wife and child, whose chief delight was in his daily return from the city, and in his reading to them in the drawing-room at Herne Hill. John was packed into a recess where he was out of the way and the draught; he was barricaded by a little table that held his own materials for amusement, and if he liked to listen to the reading, he had the chance of hearing good literature, the chance sometimes of hearing passages from Byron and Christopher North and Cervantes, rather beyond his comprehension, for his parents were not of the shockable sort; with all their religion and strict Scotch morality, they could laugh at a broad jest, as old-fashioned people could.

So he associated his father and his father's readings with the poetry of reflection, as he associated the regular summer round with the poetry of description; the two manners were like two rivulets of verse flowing through his life; occasionally intermingling, but in their main channels and directions kept distinct. As every summer brought its crop of description, so against the New Year (for, being Scotch, they did not then keep our Christmas), and against his father's birthday in May he used always to prepare some little drama, or story, or "address" of a reflective nature, beginning with the verse on "Time," written for New Year's Day, 1827.

LAPSE OF MEMORY.

When Lord Eldon was Chancellor, his house in Queen-square caught fire, and to save the seal from robbers he buried it in his garden, but unfortunately forgot the exact spot. One is not surprised at this temporary lapse of memory on the part of great lawyers, says the "Telegraph," and it proceeds to tell another story:—A gentleman who to considerable eminence in the State, and who previous to his elevation was living in St. George's-square, Edinburgh, was once found early in the morning seeking in vain for his residence. He appealed to a housemaid cleaning a doorstep. "Lassie, can you tell me which is Johnnie ——'s house?" he asked. "Eh, mon," replied the girl; "but you're Johnnie yerself." "That's not what I want to know," was the angry retort. "I want to know where Johnnie ——'s house is?"

NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

A four-day trip to London for some mechanics from a town in the North Country was recently arranged by their vicar, and the sons of toil put up in a hostelry not a thousand miles from the Edgware-road. The morning after their arrival the following conversation took place between the curate-in-charge and one of their number: "Well, B ——," said the curate, "and had you a good night's rest?" "Fairly good, sir," replied Mr. Mechanic, "but about twelve o'clock someone knocked at my door and said I hadn't put my boots outside! 'Faith, and,' I answered, 'they're under my pillow, and they're they'll stop. I know a bit too much for the likes of you. Good-night!"

THE REASON WHY.

A schoolmaster in a village school had been in the habit of purchasing pork from parents of his pupils on the occasion of the killing of a pig. One day a small boy marched up to the master's desk and inquired "if he would like a bit of pork, as they were going to kill their pig." The schoolmaster replied in the affirmative. Several days elapsed, and, hearing nothing of the pork, the master called the boy up to him, and inquired the reason he had not brought it. "Oh, please Sir," the boy replied, "the pig got better."

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

"One thing I could never understand," said the judge, as he looked around at three or four guests after dinner, "is why everybody seems to expect a man when telling a story orally to confine himself strictly to the truth, while no one ever demands anything of the sort from a writing story-teller. It isn't fair. Besides, it is based on wrong principles. When a man tells a story, he ought to make it just as interesting as he can regardless of all considerations of truth."

"Dangerous doctrine. Might be extremely demoralising," observed the dominie.

"I can't think so," returned the judge. "Take the case of a host, for instance. I hold that it is not only his privilege, but his duty, to entertain his guests with the best stories he can tell, and give no thought to truth. And I'll undertake to show you that it is not demoralising in any way. You remember having heard me mention the tramp trip which I took around the world when I was a young man, I presume?"

"I believe so," answered the major, doubtfully.

"I wasn't of course exactly what we picture when we think of a tramp, but I didn't have much money, and naturally I fell in with all sorts and conditions of men. I reached my lowest ebb financially in Sydney, Australia. At a cheap boarding house I became acquainted with a man who was by profession an aeronaut. His name was Mudgett, though on the bills he scintillated as Signor Campanella.

"He was an excellent story teller and a good fellow; though, like myself, he was passing through a regular Oakhurstian streak of bad luck. He had lost his balloon. It seemed that the thing had blown away one particularly windy afternoon just before the ascent, and the poor fellow was waiting in hopes that it would be found out in the bush somewhere and brought in. It used to be quite pathetic to see him search through the want advertisements in the morning papers looking for the heading of 'Found—Balloon,' but he never came across it. He also advertised it himself, giving a full description of the balloon and offering a reward of £10 for its return; but in this he was equally unsuccessful.

"At last he gave up all hope. 'Some women found that balloon,' he would say, 'and couldn't resist the temptation to cut it up for silk dresses. Well, she's fixed for a good while anyhow; that balloon ought to make an ordinary-sized woman about 200 dresses, though I'll bet a shilling she'll get tired of the last half of the second 100.' It was before the day of big sleeves, so I am right about the number.

"But my friend's fortunes changed finally, temporarily at least. He found a man willing to furnish money for a new balloon, and after it was finished he made regular daily ascents for a fortnight. He asked me to accompany him, and I did so several times. However, ill-luck still pursued Campanella, and two weeks after he got his new balloon he one day had a row with a drunken sailor and went to the hospital with a broken head.

"The manager came to me in despair. Could not I make the ascent? I agreed, and went over to the grounds. Here I put on the signor's gorgeous apparel and climbed into the basket. There was a trapeze below the basket on which the signor was wont to hang by his toes and otherwise to playfully disport himself while going up, but I judiciously kept off and stuck to the basket.

"The crowd made a great uproar about this, feeling that they were not getting their money's worth unless they see a man endanger his life. I could hear the manager explaining that I would begin to perform as soon as I was up high enough to make it worth while, and later I understood that after I had passed out of sight above the clouds he assured them that I was doing the most blood-curdling feats on that trapeze that any human being ever attempted.

"There was a rather stiff breeze blowing, and I sailed along at a good rate. I had shot up six thousand or seven thousand feet, and far below me was a mighty ocean of white cloud. Where I was the sun shone brightly, and it was cool and pleasant, but I could soon see the lightning thrashing about below and hear the thunder growl. I had no desire to go down into a thunderstorm, so I sailed on.

"At the end of two hours I was still driving along at the rate, I estimated, of fifty

Beaufort Agricultural Society.

The annual meeting of the above Society was held in the Shire Hall on Saturday afternoon. Present—Messrs D. Stewart (president), J. Eastwood, D. F. Troy, H. M. Turner, E. W. Hughes, R. A. D. Sinclair, G. Topper, H. Gordon, S. West, J. M. Carroll, A. Parker, G. A. Dunnet, D. R. Hannah, and F. W. Rogers.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

29th annual report.—We beg to present you with a report on the present position of the Society and its operations during the past year. There was received in subscriptions and donations the sum of £104 11s 6d, being an increase of £17 12s 6d, as compared with the previous year, and the sum of £108 11s was paid away in prizes. The balance-sheet shows a credit balance of £21 16s 8d, being a slight increase on the previous year, to which has to be added the grant-in-aid accruing on the late show. We submit that, considering the adverse circumstances on show day, and the large diminution in the receipts at the gate, the result is satisfactory.—Donald Stewart, President; John Humphreys, Secretary. Memo.—We would recommend that the sum of £2 10s 5d be the credit of the Improvement Fund account be transferred to the general account, thereby saving the bank charge.

The balance-sheet for the year ending 31st December, 1902, showed—Receipts, £186 12s 6d; expenditure, £164 15s 10½; thus leaving a Cr. balance of £21 16s 8d. The estimates were approximated at £47 16s 8d, including a grant-in-aid of £26. The liabilities were set down at £5 7s 1d.

Messrs R. A. D. Sinclair and E. W. Hughes, auditors, certified to the correctness of the accounts, stating that they had been very neatly kept by the secretary.

The reports and balance-sheet were received, on the motion of Messrs Troy and Eastwood.

Mr Hughes said the balance was only approximate. He did not think the grant would be so large as last year.

Mr Troy, on being informed by the secretary that £7 2s 6d was paid for lunch at the show, remarked that if the grant was cut down, and they wanted to carry on the show, the society would either have to cut down expenses or reduce the prize-list. That was one of the items to be looked into. People should not be allowed to get in and the judges have to scramble for lunch.

The President said this was a matter for consideration at next meeting.

Mr Sinclair, while not objecting to the price paid for lunch, agreed with Mr Troy that the general public should not be allowed in before the judges. As the Government was going to pass a bill reducing the subsidy to £2,000, the society could not expect so much as hitherto. He took this opportunity of congratulating the secretary on such a satisfactory balance-sheet.

The reports and balance-sheet were adopted, on the motion of Messrs Turner and Hannah.

The following accounts were passed for payment, on the motion of Messrs Troy and Eastwood:—A. Parker, 10s; Secretary's salary and commission, £4; petty cash, 17s 1d.

The secretary stated that if the grant-in-aid came out as expected it would leave the society with a credit balance of £429 9s 1d.

A vote of thanks was accorded by acclamation to the auditors for their services, on the motion of Messrs Gordon and Dunnet; Messrs Sinclair and Hughes returning thanks.

Mr Dunnet, pursuant to notice, moved—"That the date of holding the show be altered to the end of August or beginning of September." He still thought it would be a financial benefit to the society to have a spring show, instead of holding one in March, at which time they all knew stock were looking their worst, while it cost a great deal to get any animal up then, especially when feed was dear. In March also it was out of season for poultry. If they had a spring show they would catch exhibits going to Ararat, and it would be a benefit to the society not only as regards stock of all descriptions, but machinery, of which there would be more exhibits. He thought they ought to give a spring show a trial for one year, and if it were not a success they could bring it back to the month they had been holding it in—March. He was quite satisfied it would be a benefit to hold it in September, or any spring month that suited exhibitors. He moved that the show be held during the month of September.

Mr Eastwood, in seconding the motion, said they would remember that some time ago an effort was made to alter the show, and although it was lost then, he thought it would be a benefit to alter the date, if only as an experiment. All were seized of the fact that March was not the best time to hold an agricultural show; at the same time they were so many interests to consider, and which would probably clash, that November perhaps would not do. They knew the show was poorly represented by implement makers, while Ararat and Stawell were well represented in this respect, and there was no reason why their show should not be. They also knew that stock were not at their best in March, and in fact could not be shown without expense and trouble. He thought they ought to try and meet the wishes of exhibitors, and try to draw them from outside. They should also do their best for anything that tended to improve the status of the society.

Mr Topper considered an agricultural show was for the selection of grain, which came in at the beginning of the year. A spring show would be right enough for horse stock, but there would be no fruit or grain then. He would like to see the show kept as it is.

Mr Turner quite agreed with Mr Topper. To begin with stud sheep were shorn on 1st September. Then they had always had a good show, with a credit balance, and now they were going into a new venture. Horses must be kept good to show in September; if they were shown off grass they would be no good. So with cattle. There might be something in connection with machinery passing to other shows, but he questioned whether the small prizes would induce them to show here.

Mr Gordon said that grain was a particular thing with a lot of them, and they would have none to show in the spring. People come from Ballarat to see what grain they had, and buy it for seed. Farmers who grow good grain keep the show up. If the show were held in the spring it would be no good to him, and any amount like him. They get a good thing out of their grain.

The President—You look on the show as a source of profit.

Mr Gordon—It has been a success so far, and I believe in leaving it as it is.

Mr Troy supported the motion. As a townsman he looked to the benefit of the place, and the date did not suit. He would sooner see the show in November. There would be no sheep, but horses would be much better. Now that the grant was to be reduced they must look to the gate receipts for support, and if they picked a fine day in the spring more people would be present. There would be a good show of horses and plenty of machinery. If the farmers were so keen on showing grain, why don't they show it. There are only 3 or 4 samples, whereas in a district like this there ought to be 20 or 30.

Mr Hannah said that personally he was not very partial which way it goes, but thought in the interests of the society it was better to stick to the old date. They could not have the show just before Ararat—there must be a week between, as Ararat show was on a Wednesday, as also was Beaufort's. In September stock were looking at their worst, with their winter coats on. Then they would have no sheep. March was better than September. The show was looked upon more from a social aspect than any other, and if it clashed with Ballarat numbers of people would not take the trouble to come. He agreed with Mr Turner that the prizes were not big enough to encourage exhibits of machinery. As an experiment it might be worth trying, but if they altered it and it was a financial failure it might be the means of breaking it up altogether. He thought it a very risky experiment.

Mr Sinclair thought the point to be considered was, which is the better date? The shows held in March had been a success. He had been in favor of an alteration, but when they took into consideration that the grant was to be cut down, they had to consider that a spring show might be a failure and be the means of breaking the show up altogether. They wanted to build up the credit balance for a rainy day, for although they had made the show such a success on a rainy day last year, if they got a bad day it might break the show up. He thought it advisable to allow the date to remain as it is. There should be more exhibits of grain from the farmers to keep the show up.

The President had listened to all the arguments, and very little was left for him to say. He agreed with Mr Hannah that it was more from a social standpoint that the show was held. An alteration would not suit the graziers, who were the largest supporters of the society. If it were held in September there would be no sheep shown at all. There might be some things it did not suit, but the show in March was better for all, and it would be worse for the society to hold it in September.

Mr Hannah mentioned that two years ago when this subject came up proxies were sent out, and they had the opinion of all members. This was a small meeting to decide so important a question.

Mr Sinclair remarked that notice had been sent to all the members, and it was their own fault if they didn't attend.

The motion was negatived by seven votes to three.

Mr Eastwood thought Mr Dunnet's motion had done no harm, inasmuch as they had learned that their show was of great intrinsic value to some of the members, whom he hoped would come forward and help to make it a great success. It was very gratifying to hear Mr Gordon say that the farmers made a good thing out of their grain through it.

Mr Turner thought Mr Eastwood was under a misapprehension. He did not like to hear it said that some of them looked to the show to derive personal benefit. He looked upon the show in a broader view, and gave as much as most people towards it.

Mr Eastwood said he was sure of that.

The President referred to horse judges being abused by unsuccessful exhibitors. One man did not stop his abuse till he threatened to have him put out of the yards. The judges should be protected, or they would not get them to come here. There should be a box or stand made in the ring for the judges, so that they would be away from the public and not hear insulting remarks. There was another thing he wished to say in connection with Mr Oman, their member, who had stated on the platform at Stockyard Hill and at Beaufort, when addressing the electors, that he had given £1 to the society, and that he (Mr Stewart) as president had taken this money and used it to bring out a candidate against him. Nothing of the kind was done—not a penny of the society's money was used for the Reform League, as the members of that league paid all expenses out of their own pockets. Mr Oman did not say it at Skipton, where he (Mr Stewart) was. It was very unfair of Mr Oman to come here and say it, and it was not right of him to belittle the society. If he thought his money was not used properly, he should not be a member at all.

Mr Topper said that if Mr Oman was a member his name would be on the list.

It was explained that Mr Oman was a member of the society, but that the funds were not used as stated by him.

Mr Sinclair asked if any of the society's money was used in advertising a meeting to form a branch of the Reform League; Mr Troy also asking what was that in the minutes.

The secretary replied that he was ordered to advertise the meeting referred to, but paid for it himself. The society had not been put to a penny expense over it. The League afterwards paid for the advertisement.

Mr Hannah was informed by the President that he had not heard Mr Oman make the remark, but was informed that he had done so.

Mr Stewart said that before vacating the chair he desired to thank members for the courtesy extended to him by everyone and for the help given him. He had had a very pleasant time in office. The show had been a good one. He hoped, as one of the farmers had said they had done so well, they would support the society better in future. One member, on account of the gate money being so small through the rain, said he would double his subscription. He (Mr Stewart) would do the same, and hoped others would do so also. The society had progressed during the past two years. They had been complimented by the judges, who said that on the whole their stock would compare very favorably with any in the country.

Mr Eastwood was voted to the chair.

Mr D. Stewart was re-elected president for the ensuing year on the motion of Mr Sinclair (who declined nomination), seconded by Mr Turner.

The Chairman said that Mr Stewart could not be improved upon. He was thoroughly enthusiastic, and assisted in every possible way to make the society a success.

Mr Stewart, in resuming the chair, sincerely thanked members for the honor conferred upon him for the second time, and assured them he would do his best for the society. No one took a greater interest in it than he, and he would do what he possibly could to advance it. His only misfortune was that he had not been born with the gift of oratory, or the power to make a speech.

Messrs Sinclair and Hannah were unanimously elected vice-presidents; Mr Hughes proposing the former, and Mr Eastwood the latter. In returning thanks, Mr Sinclair said he felt they were putting two of the best and oldest members, viz., Messrs Cushing and Gordon, out of the position. Mr Cushing, who was one of their best and most loyal members, he regretted to say was seriously ill, but he hoped that he would soon be restored to good health. Mr Hannah and he would endeavour to discharge the duties as honestly as the old ones had. Mr Hannah also returned thanks, remarking that he hoped to do his best for the advancement of the society.

The secretary was instructed to call a meeting for Saturday, 31st inst., to deal with the prize list.

Mr Troy would like, for the information of the general meeting, the secretary to make out a list of members, his idea being to keep things going, and as they would have to canvass, he would like to know who are members.

Messrs J. R. Wotherspoon and J. Humphreys were re-elected treasurer and secretary respectively, on motion of Messrs Hannah and Rogers.

Mr Humphreys said he would do as he had done for the last 20 years—the best he could to make the show a success. He had started the show on as low a balance as 4s 9d, and every year they came out with a balance. He would do the same again. He reminded them that his work was not done when the show was over, but that he was always trying to get £1 for the society whenever he could.

Messrs Hughes and Sinclair were re-elected auditors, on the motion of Messrs Rogers and Hannah.

It was decided, on the motion of Messrs Sinclair and Turner, to place the improvement fund balance to the credit of the general fund.

A vote of thanks to the chair terminated the meeting.

Snake Valley.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

A dangerous embankment near the bridge at the foot of Bottle Hill was nearly the scene of an accident on Monday afternoon. Mr J. Allen and family, of Chepstowe, had just driven across the bridge, when the horse shied and swerved, causing the vehicle to go over the embankment. Fortunately for the occupants, who were more frightened than hurt, the horse was got under control. If this embankment was fenced for a short distance on each side, drivers of vehicles would not run the risk they are subject to at present.

A very sudden death took place here on Thursday week, the victim being the wife of Mr John Sheehan. The deceased lady, who had reached the age of 93 years, had been in indifferent health for some time. The funeral, which was a private one, took place on Saturday afternoon, when the remains were interred in the Carngham Cemetery, the Rev. Father Lynch conducting the R.C. service at the grave.

Another death occurred on Monday afternoon, when the wife of Mr W. Webster, of Carngham, passed away after a very short illness. The deceased lady had just returned from a holiday, and was only ill for a week. The remains were interred in the Carngham Cemetery on Wednesday afternoon, the following gentlemen acting as coffin-bearers:—Messrs. R. Nice, J. S. Douglas, and E. and B. Anderson. The Rev. J. O. Clark conducted the burial service, and the mortuary arrangements were carried out by Mr J. Nelson, of Linton.

The wife of Mr P. Dames, of Snake Valley, passed peacefully away on Monday afternoon. The deceased lady had been ailing for some time. The funeral, which took place on Wednesday afternoon, was largely attended. The Rev. Father O'Kane conducted the service at the grave. The coffin-bearers were Messrs. C. Adams, J. Reid, and M. and P. Killoyl. The funeral arrangements were in the hands of Mr R. S. Nelson, of Linton.

The Minister of Agriculture has at present under consideration the details of a scheme in connection with agricultural shows, whereby he hopes by a system of grouping to increase the educational value of these fixtures without unreasonably increasing the cost or difficulty of exhibiting. He is inclined to favor the idea that where a number of shows are held in towns having exactly similar conditions grouping could be resorted to, and by rotation of shows the value of the prizes could be increased. This system has proven highly successful in England, and he thinks that in such places as the Wimmera, where local shows are held under exactly similar conditions every year at places not very far apart forces might be joined and the shows held one year at one place, and the next at another. He hopes shortly to have the details of the scheme ready for submission to those interested. He states that of course care would be taken to conserve the interests of agricultural and pastoral communities cut off from all possibility of combining with others by reason of difficulties of transit and other obstacles.

The mixed train from Ballarat to Stawell was delayed at Trawalla for about two hours on Tuesday, owing to the engine breaking down, and another engine having to be sent from Ballarat before the journey could be resumed. Instead of arriving at Beaufort at 12.18 p.m., the train did not reach here till 2 15 p.m.

Sons of Freedom South.—No. 1 rise west.—Xcut N.W. off S.W. extd. 52ft.; prospects poor. No. 1 rise S.W. end.—Xcut S. off the N. driven 32ft.; fair prospects at times. No. 3 rise—Started to drive E. from the rise; in wash carrying gold, same driven 50ft. Truckloading and panelling in fair dirt. Yield for 9 days, 76oz, 6dwts.

Beaufort Athletic Club.

A GENERAL MEETING of the above Club will be held in the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE on THURSDAY evening next, 22nd inst., at 8 o'clock. Business—Adoption of balance-sheet, auditors' report, and general.

H. PARKER, Secretary.

GRAND VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL

CONCERTS!

PUBLIC HALL, RAGLAN, THURSDAY, 5th FEBRUARY;

SOCIETIES' HALL, BEAUFORT, FRIDAY, 6th FEBRUARY, 1903.

In aid of Presbyterian Church Improvement Fund. Artists from Melbourne, Ballarat, and Ararat, and local favorites. Jackson's String Band. Prices, 2s. and 1s.; Children, half-price. Curtain up 8 o'clock sharp.

J. B. COCHRAN begs to intimate that having purchased Miss Wilson's Stock of FANCY GOODS, TOYS, CONFECTIONERY, etc., he intends carrying on this Business, in conjunction with his NEWS AGENCY and STATIONERY BUSINESS, in the premises formerly occupied by Miss Wilson, next door to Wotherspoon & Co's. Ladies are notified that Afternoon Tea can be obtained. Accordeons, Concertinas, Violins, and Musical Sundries kept in Stock. A good assortment of Pipes, Tobacco, and Cigarettes.

Judge Slowly.

It is not always an easy matter to judge correctly of the quality of things. Less than one in a thousand of us is capable of accurately estimating the worth of a picture, not more than one in a hundred the quality of a horse. In general, judgments rapidly made are of small value. "Did you ever notice," recently inquired a visitor to an English University town of his companion, as they sat together on a verandah, "that queer-looking old fellow with the idiotic face, turned-up coat collar, and boots seven sizes too large, who passes here every morning at eleven?" "Many a time," replied the other, "He is Professor of Comparative Grammar to the University of ——, and speaks fourteen modern languages, to say nothing of his mastery of Greek, Latin, and Hebre." The incident will serve to show the futility of superficial judgment. Many judgments which pass unchallenged are none the less deplorably wrong, more especially in matters which require a practical test. Who can say positively whether a certain medicine has the power to cure some particular malady or not without giving it a trial?

When the friend of Mr Michael Fitzpatrick, of 66 Forbes Street, Woolloomooloo, Sydney, N.S.W., advised him to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup for the cure of indigestion, he backed his advice with some excellent reasons—excellent because his judgment of that remedy was based upon actual experience of its merit. Says Mr Fitzpatrick in a letter written on the 20th June, 1902: "For many years I suffered terribly from indigestion and biliousness, and spent pounds and pounds on doctors' medicines and so-called cures, but without avail. In those days I had no appetite, and the little food I ate turned sour on my stomach, causing severe attacks of heartburn. I was also troubled with pains in the chest, violent headaches, and habitual constipation. In fact, at one time or other I suffered from most of the symptoms which characterise a sluggish liver and impaired digestion. My worst affliction, however, was a total inability to obtain sufficient sleep. I would go to bed feeling worn-out and sleepy, but as soon as my head touched the pillow my brain would become unnaturally active, and I would think of every kind of subject, and roll and toss about between the sheets, listening to the Fish Market Clock as it chimed hour after hour, until all my nerves were in a quiver. Then I would rise and walk the floor, backwards and forwards, the greater portion of the night. For years I had been in this wretched state when one day a friend fortunately called to see me. I was trying the hot water cure at the time, and was just in the act of drinking a cupful of steaming liquid. He asked me what I was taking it for. I described my troubles to him, and in reply to a further question informed him that I had not, so far, gained any relief from the hot water treatment. He advised me to abandon it and try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup instead. He gave me such excellent reasons for doing so that I accepted his advice—advice which, I am thankful to say, has had the very best results. After taking only one small bottle I felt very much better. As I continued to take the Syrup, so did I continue to improve in health, and in less than two months my cure was accomplished. That was three years ago, and I have remained in good health ever since, which proves conclusively that it is not mere passing relief that Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup affords to sufferers from indigestion, but permanent cure. Now I am careful never to be without a bottle of the Syrup on hand, as I take a dose occasionally to counteract the ill effects of my sedentary occupation—for I am a bootmaker by trade—and for this purpose I find it acts like a charm."

When the first session of the first Parliament of the Commonwealth ended last October, after stretching over 17 months, it was originally prorogued until 23rd January, 1903—i.e., next Friday. As there is no possible chance of its being called together on that date it is to be still further prorogued for four or five weeks at the next Cabinet meeting, which will take place on Tuesday next. A further prorogation will afterwards probably take place until the end of April or beginning of May.

E. R.

Notice.—Electoral District of Ripon and Hampden—Beaufort Division.

THE Ratepayers' and General Lists for the above Division are now printed, and copies may be inspected, free of charge, until the day appointed for revision (the 5th Feby., 1903), at my office, and at every post-office within the division, and at the offices of my deputies at Raglan and Waterloo.

C. W. MINCHIN, Registrar.

Beaufort, 15/1/1903.

MISS NICKOLS resumes tuition on Tuesday, January 27th, 1903. "The Firs," Beaufort, 15th Jany., 1903.

CHEAP RAILWAY EXCURSION to MELBOURNE, Friday, January 23rd, 1903, in connection with the A.N.A. Fourteenth Great NATIONAL FETE and FEDERAL EXHIBITION, 24th and 26th January (afternoons and evenings), Exhibition Building and Grounds, Melbourne. Two Gigantic Shows in one. Train will leave Beaufort station at 3.15 p.m. Fares—Adults, First-class, 13s. 11d.; Second, 9s. 7d.; Children under 12, half fare. Tickets good for return within one month. Purchase early from local stationmaster.

F. L. W. ASHBY, Secretary.

Cheap Trains—Remember—Cheap Trains.

FOR SALE, SPRING CART, £6; PONY CART (new), double-seated BUGGY, and BUGGY POLE. W. C. PEDDER, Beaufort.

FOR SALE, two Lennon's double-furrow PLOUGHS. On view at BUCHANAN'S Blacksmith's Shop, Beaufort.

ALL NATIONS CONSOLS GOLD MINING COMPANY, No Liability, Beaufort.—The half-yearly general MEETING of shareholders in the above-named company will be held on Thursday, 22nd January, 1903, at 10 o'clock, in the company's office.

Business—

Receive reports and balance-sheets.
Elect directors and auditors.
General.

W. D. THOMPSON, Manager.

Exchange, Ballarat.

Societies' Hall, Beaufort.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Monday, Jany. 19th.

First appearance here of the Marvellous

CORRICKS,

Instrumentalists, Vocalists, Bellringers, Dancers, and Humorists.

Absolutely the best combination in their line that ever appeared in Australasia (*vide* Press).

Full particulars see circulars and posters.

PRICES, 2s. and 1s.

J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGENT, BOOKSELLER, and STATIONER, begs to announce to the inhabitants of BEAUFORT and district that he is Sole Agent for the *Argus*, *Age*, *Herald*, *Star*, *Courier*, Melbourne *Punch*, Sydney *Bulletin*, *Ripon shire Advocate*, *Leader*, *Weekly Times*, *Australasian*, *Australian Journal*, *Sportsman*, and all other Periodicals. All School Requisites kept in stock. Advertisements received for all the above-named papers. While thanking his numerous customers for past favors, he trusts, by strict attention to the delivery of all papers, to merit a fair share of their support. Advertisements received for all Melbourne and Ballarat papers. By sending through local agent advertisers save postage. Note the address—Next door to Wotherspoon & Co.

BEAUFORT JOCKEY CLUB'S

ANNUAL RACES!

To be held on the Racecourse, WATERLOO PLAIN, On

Wednesday, Feby. 25, '03.

Member's Ticket, 10s.

Admission to Course, 1s.; Children under 15, 6d.

President: Dr. G. A. Eadie.
Stewards: Crs. M. Flynn and D. Stewart, Messrs W. Hinchliffe, J. McKeich, C. W. and G. Vowles, J. Eastwood, J. W. Harris, T. Newey, A. Holdsworth, W. Stevenson, H. F. Watkin, C. Broadbent, W. C. Hill, G. Hollyer, F. W. Rogers, J. E. Loft, E. H. Welsh, and S. Hancock.
Judge: Cr. R. A. D. Sinclair.
Clerk of Scales: Mr W. O'Sullivan.
Clerk of Course: Mr. J. Vowles.
Starter: Mr C. Loft.
Handicappers: Messrs W. O'Sullivan, J. Lynch, and A. Parker.
Treasurer: Mr J. R. Wotherspoon, J.P.
Hon. Auctioneer: Mr W. E. Nichols.

Maiden Plate, of £5.

Half-a-mile. For all horses that have never won an advertised race. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 5s.

Pony Race, of £5.

(Ponies 14 hands and under). Half-a-mile. 1s, £4; 2nd, £1. Post entry, 5s.

Beaufort Handicap, of £12.

One mile. 1st, £10; 2nd, £2. Nomination, 12s.

Selling Flat Race, of £5.

Handicap. Winner to be sold for £8. Five-tenths of any surplus to go to the funds of the club; three-tenths to second horse; and two-tenths to third horse. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Distance half-a-mile. Nomination, 5s.

Welter Handicap, of £7.

Five furlongs. 1st, £6; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 7s.

Handicap Trot,

A sweepstake of 5s, with £1 added, for 1st prize; 2nd, £1. Two miles. Post entry.

Flying Handicap, of £5.

Three-quarters of a mile. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 5s.

Nominations for Maiden Plate, Beaufort Handicap, Welter Handicap, and Flying Handicap close with the secretary on Wednesday, 18th February, 1903.

A copy of the handicaps will be posted to nominators.

Nominations must be accompanied by the fees, or they will not be recognised.

First race to start at one o'clock sharp.

V.R.C. rules strictly adhered to.

Jockeys must ride in colors.

A. PARKER, Hon. Secy.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all. 1902-1903.

HAWKES BROS.,

THE IMPORTERS, of

Neill Street, Beaufort.

To the gentle public of Beaufort and surrounding districts.
Come one, and come all, and inspect our splendid Exhibition of

FURNITURE.

No need to go to Ballarat or elsewhere, when you can get such a first-class selection for cottage or mansion, at lowest prices. BEDSTEADS from makers direct, in great variety. BEDDING.—Best sanitary of purest materials. WIRE MATTRESSES in wonderful weavings, the acme of comfort and convenience.

PAPERHANGING.—We have just opened up the largest line of Papers ever shipped to Beaufort. Pieces from the best English Mills. Absolutely the best value and an immense assortment to pick from. Call early and see for yourselves.

In CROCKERY and GLASSWARE we are second to none, both for value and selection, and invite your kind inspection. Come and bring your friends, and you shall not be disappointed. TEA SETS, DINNER SETS, BEDROOM SETS. LOVELY GOODS. GREAT NOVELTIES.

Do not forget us for LINOLEUMS and OILCLOTHS. The newest and prettiest patterns ever seen in Beaufort town.

Remember we have over 5,000 feet of floor space to show our immense Stocks of Goods in, and never before have we held such large and well assorted stocks in all departments. We have New Goods arriving every week, and all orders receive our prompt and personal attention.

HAWKES BROS.,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

AND AT GEELONG.

OUR BUSINESS EXISTENCE

Depends on our ability to furnish our customers with exactly what they require.

We Have the Stock to do Business with,

And when a customer asks for some line he has seen or read about, we don't have to make excuses or try to persuade him to take something else in its place.

We either have it in stock or secure it for him at once.

Our Big Premises were never so superior as they are now; our stock was never so splendid. We cannot attempt to enumerate our immense stock. Walk in and see for yourself what we have. We never press anyone to buy.

Inspect our Millinery Show Room,
Clothing Department,
Dress Department,
Manchester Department,
Boots and Shoes,
As well as our Groceries,
Wines and Spirits,
And our Splendid Crockery Show Room.

We are not in Business for our Health,

But we always strive to keep a healthy tone about it by keeping the best goods that we can buy, and as we are spot cash buyers, know where to get the goods, and crediting ourselves with being keen buyers, we are in a position to do well for our customers.

In wishing our numerous clients a happy, prosperous, and successful 1903, we take this opportunity of thanking them for the splendid measure of support accorded to this business for over 40 years, and in soliciting a continuance of their support, we may say that it will in the future (as in the past) be our sole aim to conduct our transactions as honestly and as fairly as we know how.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

BEAUFORT.

N.B.—

"The cows are in the Corn".
When eating our Pure Hay Chaff.
We pride ourselves on the quality of our Chaff.
Try it.

PERSONS found illegally USING or SELLING BOTTLES with my BRANDS will be PROSECUTED. J. A. HARRIS, Aerated Water manufacturer, Beaufort.

SWALLOW THIS.

They have stood the test of many years, and will stand it for many more.

WHAT?

The "Swallow" Cycle!

Those who want to save money and get good value, READ THIS—

"Swallow" Roadster, £12 10s;
"Swallow" Special Road Racer, £14;
"Swallow" Special Path Racer, £14 10s;
Ladies' "Swallow" Cycle, £14.

The price appeals to you.

B.S.A. parts, ball bearings, guaranteed for 12 months. Inspection invited.

SOLE AGENT—

C. W. JONES,

Tobacconist and Fancy Goods Depot,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Buangor Athletic Club's

SPORTS MEETING.

Monday, 26th Jany., 1903.

LIBERAL PRIZES.

Programme of 17 Events.

A. E. NEATE, Hon. Secy.

J. J. NAYLOR wishes to inform the public of Beaufort and district that he has secured the services of a first-class COACH PAINTER from Melbourne, and all orders entrusted to him will be executed with neatness and despatch. Inspection invited.

Bicycles. Bicycles.

IF you are in want of a BICYCLE, or any accessories, go to W. GIBSON, Corner Neill and Lawrence Streets. New Machines from £10 10s. Second-hand at all prices. Repairs done below Ballarat prices.

W. GIBSON.

CAMP HOTEL,

BEAUFORT.

THE PROPRIETOR of the above well-known Hostelry, in thanking residents of Beaufort and district for the very liberal patronage bestowed on the house during the past twelve months, takes this favorable opportunity to let them know that the HOTEL has lately been thoroughly RENOVATED, PAINTED, and where necessary, RE-FURNISHED, and patrons will now find the

Accommodation Unsurpassed in the District.

Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales will be catered, as heretofore, with every civility.

WILLIAM J. HILL,

Proprietor.

SAFER THAN STEALING SIGNS.

Students May Have Them Painted to Order In a New York Shop.

In a side street east of Broadway is a sign which reads: "Novelties in Sign Painting. College Work a Specialty." Not having in a four years' course learned what need colleges have for any considerable supply of signs, the writer entered the shop to make inquiry. The proprietor was a small German, and he had two assistants. In reply to a few questions he told the following facts:

"I started in the business of sign painting about five years ago. Before I had been at it long I had numerous calls from college students who wanted special signs painted. They were in the habit of decorating their rooms with such plunder as beer signs, barbers' poles, advertising thermometers, etc., and some of them hit upon the idea of having special signs painted. Most of my business came from Columbia at first, but it soon spread to New Haven, Cambridge and Princeton, so that I now have two assistants.

"Of course cardboard are the cheapest signs, and the more ordinary kinds are made with stencil, such as 'Meals At All Hours' and 'Pay at the Desk.' Board signs, as 'Keep Off the Grass,' 'To Let,' are also stencilled and are consequently cheap. Hanging shop signs are dearer and have to be done by hand. I often have special orders, and some of the students have original ideas. For instance, there is a job for which I get $25. This is to be a 5 cent lunchroom sign which is supposed to have been broken off from the post on which it was fixed. It is to be supplied with legs and converted into a card table, and probably the owner will many times be obliged to recount the daring way in which he eluded the police with his plunder. There is a good demand for barber poles. Beer signs I buy to order and simply make my commission.

"Another queer fad is that of express labels, so that I have a small job printing establishment. Many men, especially glee club members, like to have their dress suit cases plastered with labels, especially of western and southern roads, to create the impression that they have been great travelers. You can hardly see the leather on some of these cases. Of course this is all very foolish, but it is very profitable to me. A fool and his money are soon parted."—New York Tribune.

AN ARTIST'S INSPIRATION.

Unable to Draw a Picture Except In the Presence of a Certain Figure.

Walter Burridge, the artist, tells a good story on himself and proves it by showing the blank space on the wall where the picture, one of the accessories of the tale, used to hang.

He went one day to the studio of a friend and found there an anatomical figure, such as are to be seen in studios everywhere. It was a good one, and Burridge wanted it, for his own had been broken. He expressed a desire to have it, but the artist friend wouldn't give it up for any money. It was his inspiration, he said. He needed it even for the composition of a letter. And, as for drawing anything in the human figure without it, that was simply hopeless. He couldn't spare it.

So Burridge went away. But another day, while in the same studio and in the absence of the owner, a third artist, who commonly shared the place and worked there, said Burridge could have the model if he wanted it. The owner had concluded to get along without it.

And about an hour after the owner came back. He sat down and tried to draw a wagon. But he couldn't. He tried to write a letter that had long been overdue. But he could not get his thoughts together.

"Something is gone," said he. "I can't do anything. I have lost something."

"Maybe it is your brains," said the man who shared his room. "Burridge has been over."

"The figure," cried the artist. "That is it." And he started out. When he came back, he brought not only the figure, but a water color sketch as well. It had taken Burridge days to complete the picture, and it marked one of the pleasantest events in his sojourn along the grand canyon of the Colorado.

But it squared him.—Chicago Herald.

Other People's Bread.

In dreary Kamchatka the pine or birch bark by itself, well macerated, pounded and baked, frequently constitutes the whole of the native bread food. Bread and butter to a young Kamchatkan is represented by dough of pine bark spread with seal fat, not a very appetizing combination to English notions. And not only the bark of the pine is thus utilized for food. The dwellers in certain parts of Siberia cut off the young and tender shoots and grind them down to form their flour. One imagines that the bread therefrom must have an unpleasantly resinous flavor.

In Iceland even the hardy pine is wanting, but the Icelander declares that "a bountiful Providence sends him bread out of the very stones." He scrapes a lichen—the Iceland moss—off the rocks and grinds it into fine flour, which serves him both for bread and puddings, and also as a thickening for his broth. Thus, truly, has stern experience taught him to live where most would starve.—Chambers' Journal.

Economical Fuel.

An economical fuel can be made as follows: Small coal, charcoal or sawdust, 1 part; clay or loam, 1 part; sand or ashes, 2 parts, with enough water to make the mass into stiff balls. These should be placed upon an ordinary fire to a height which is slightly above the bars. They produce a heat considerably more intense than that emitted by ordinary fuel and effect a saving of one-half the ordinary quantity of coals, while a fire thus made up will require neither stirring nor fresh fuel for eight or ten hours.—New York Dispatch.

CLARKE'S 41 B PILLS are warranted to cure in either sex, all acquired or constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs, Gravel, and Pains in the Back. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes, 4s. 6d. each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company Lincoln, England.

HINDOO PROVERBS.

Bits of East Indian Philosophy Expressed In Pungent Epigrams.

A cluster of sarcastic Indian proverbs is given in the columns of the Madras Mail. However patient the common people of India may be, they give in their proverbs expression to their feelings and indulge freely in satire at the expense of those who trouble them. That the powerful should oppress the weak is no new thing in the history of any land, and in India it is expressed by the proverb, "Big fish eat little ones." A "Jack in office" suddenly raised to power which he uses unwisely, is spoken of as "A water carrier reigns for two days and a half." The boaster who has failed in his plans is directed to "rub the arms of your brethren," a proverb the meaning of which does not appear on the surface. It refers to the custom of rubbing the arms of successful wrestlers as a mode of congratulation on the victory gained. The proud boaster is thus ironically told to congratulate others, not himself. The official who takes bribes is said to "wear silver spectacles." The miserly and mean are held in great contempt, and the proverbs regarding them are numerous. "Come to your funeral pyre; wood is cheap," is a satire on the man who fears to spend all that is needed on the necessaries of life.

A woman who is ready to quarrel, as the village woman of the lower orders too frequently is, finds herself rebuked in, "She quarrels with the passing breeze." The woman retorts by speaking of a quarrelsome husband as "better out than at home," and of the henpecked husband she says he is "a woman's kingdom." Affected politeness is described by, "During ceremonial observances the train went off." Two persons were going by train. One said to the other, "Sir, pray enter." "After you, sir." "No, you be pleased to go first." And away went the train and left the overpolite friend behind. When politeness passes into obsequiousness, it is said. "The mouth is not sweetened by saying 'sweetmeats.'" Housekeepers in England are familiar with the cat as a scapegoat. The monkey in India takes the place of the cat, and to the man who tries to conceal his fault it is said, "Accidents in the stable are laid on the monkey's head." "The Indian crow is proverbial for its cunning, which gives rise to the proverb, "This scheme will scare crows," and refers to the clever plans of a cunning man, able to outwit a crow. "A tongue under a tongue" fitly expresses the double tongued or false man.

A "DON'T" FOR BRUSH BOYS.

The Tailor Tells How the Coat Collar Is Quickly Ruined.

The most difficult thing to fit on a man is a coat collar, and it is the easiest thing to get out of shape, except perhaps the knees of the trousers. A tailor molds and shapes a collar with his hands and hot goose to conform with the measurements he has taken of the shape of an individual's shoulders, and it does not take a great deal of ill usage to destroy his work.

"The worst enemy a coat collar has," said the tailor, "is the colored boy who brushes your clothes in the barber shop, hotel or sleeping car. When he helps you on with your overcoat, he reaches under for your coattails, grasps the overcoat collar with the other hand and gives your undercoat two or three smart jerks, which pulls the collar down and away from the neck and bunches it on the shoulders, and the overcoat finishes the work of destroying its shape. This should never be allowed under any consideration.

"The proper way to keep the coat collar in place is to shrug your shoulders forward after you have put the coat on. The collar will then fall into place on your neck; the cloth will adjust itself to the shape of your shoulders and stay there. Don't pull the collar about, and don't, above all, allow the brush boy to pull your coat out of shape under the pretense of getting your overcoat on your shoulders."

Brush boys will please note.—Kansas City Star.

The Season of Suicides.

Spring is the season for suicides as well as for sales. People prefer for this purpose, as statistics show, day to night and Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday to Saturday and Sunday.

In a word, suicides prefer the early part of the week, month and year. It would follow seemingly that anybody with a melancholic friend should look after him carefully on the first Monday in May.

Men kill themselves two, three or four times more often than women, except in Spain. Women generally "do it beautifully," men crudely.

Saxony is the most suicidal country in Europe, and the least so is—the "unhappy country!" Ireland's rate is 24 per 1,000,000 to Saxony's 469.—Westminster Gazette.

The Pope's Choir.

The finest choir in the world is that of St. Peter's, in Rome, known as the pope's choir. There is not a female voice in it, and yet the most difficult oratorios and sacred music are rendered in such a manner as to make one think that Adelina Patti is leading. The choir is composed of 60 boys. They are trained for the work from the time they get control of their vocal cords, and some of the best singers are not over 9 years old. At the age of 17 they are dropped from the choir.—Rome Letter.

The battle of the Emperors was fought at Austerlitz, 1805. The emperors present were Napoleon, Francis of Austria and Alexander of Russia. Over 170,000 men were actually engaged in the battle, and of this number 23,000 were killed or wounded, or 13 per cent of the whole.

Albert Durer's wife was stingy and kept him at work day and night for fear they would starve. His biography says, "She tormented him until he dried up like a bundle of straw."

SUMMER COMPLAINT is the children's most dangerous enemy, and the mother's most dreaded foe. Immediate and proper treatment is always necessary. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, given according to directions, is the most effectual remedy known. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

USEFUL HINTS.

TO WASH CLOTHES IN PARAFFIN SOAP.—Cut down 1lb. paraffin soap and put it into a boiler of water to melt. Rub the clothes well out of the soda water, in which they have been previously soaked, put them into the boiler and let them boil for half an hour: then put them into a tub with plenty of cold water; wash them thoroughly, then rinse in blue water and dry.

TO CLEAN EMBROIDERY.—Gold and silver fancy-work of this description may be most easily cleaned with spirits of wine, either alone, or diluted with an equal weight of water. The common practice of using alkaline or acidulous liquors is very injurious, and frequently destroys the beauty of the articles, instead of cleaning them.

TO RESTORE SCORCHED LINEN.—Ingredients: Two onions, ½oz. white soap, 2oz. of fuller's earth, half a pint of vinegar. Mode: Extract the juice of the onions by pounding and pressing them; cut up the soap and fuller's earth, and boil all together. When cool, cover the scorched linen with this mixture, and let it dry. Wash the linen, and the scorches will disappear, if not so bad as to damage the texture.

BED-ROOM FLOORS.—Some mistresses make a practice of ordering the floors of bed-rooms to be frequently washed. I wish to guard both mistresses and servants against this practice. It is most dangerous to the health of the person who occupies the bed-room, to wash it or scour it, unless the weather be very fine or warm, in order to allow the window to be opened for thoroughly drying the room before night. The utmost that should be done, except in favourable circumstances, is to pass a damp cloth lightly over the floor.

HOW TO CLEAN DECANTERS AND CRUETS.—The best way is to wash them out with a little pearlash and warm water, adding a spoonful or two of fresh slaked lime if necessary. To facilitate the action of the fluids against the sides of the glass, a few small cinders or pieces of raw potato may be used. A spoonful of strong oil of vitriol put into a dry bottle, will, if allowed to run round its inner surface, rapidly remove any kind of dirt. It should then be drained, and afterwards rinsed with clean water. Where they have become furred by holding hard water, a little hydro-chloric acid (spirits of salts) diluted with three times its weight of water will remove it.

TO WASH CLOTHES WITH PARAFFIN OIL.—To every eight gallons of cold water put ½lb. of soap, shred fine, one and a-half tablespoonful of paraffin oil, into a boiler, put in the clothes, let them come to the boil, keep the lid close on boiler, and steam for half an hour, take out each article separately, and wring them out. When all are finished, hang them out to dry. If possible, bleach your clothes on grass after boiling; but where this cannot be done, it is yet possible with care to keep your linen white and clear. Laces and muslin should not be rubbed, but squeezed with the hands in melted soap and warm water. Be careful, in boiling them, to tie them up in a handkerchief to prevent their being torn.

PIANO KEYS.—These can be whitened by washing in a solution composed of 1oz. of nitric acid to 10oz. of soft water. Apply with a brush, taking care that it does not flow on the wood part upon which the ivory is veneered; for the joint will be spoiled. Cleanse carefully with clean water and a piece of flannel. Or, sulphorous acid with an equal quantity of water may be used as above. If the discolouration has not gone too far, rub the keys carefully with pure lemon juice. While still damp, put on a coating of whiting or prepared chalk, mixed with a little lemon juice. When dry, brush off with a dry brush, taking care that none of the mixture gets between the keys. If, however, the keys are thoroughly worn and discoloured, they must be dismounted, scraped, bleached, and re-polished, which is a long and tedious affair, and requires to be done by a skilled workman.

TO CLEAN BRUSSELS CARPETS.—Brussels carpets may be cleaned in the following manner:—First, stretch the carpet tightly on the floor, nail it at the sides, and sweep it clean. Procure an ox gall from a butcher, and mix it with a pail of cold water. Have another pail ready with cold water only. Have also two woollen cloths and several dry towels. Commence by dipping a woollen cloth in the gall-water, and then rub the carpet with it. This will produce a froth on the carpet, and you will now take the other woollen cloth dipped in clean water, with which you will rub the carpet till no more froth rises from it, rinsing the cloth occasionally in the clean water. The water in this pail should be changed when it becomes dirty. You then rub the carpet as dry as possible with the towels.

TO WASH FLANNELS.—In washing flannels (notice particularly), to keep them a good colour, and to prevent their shrinking. Get from the grocer 1lb. or 2lb. (according to the size of your washing) of soap parings, which you will get cheap; for 1lb. of soap parings, put three quarts of water; boil to a jelly, and with this wash your flannels. Be sure you have plenty of warm water, not too hot; put in a handful of your soap jelly, and mix thoroughly in the water; then take the flannels, one at a time, shake all dust out of them first; then sluice the articles up and down well; rub as little as possible, for rubbing knots the little loops of wool together, and thickens the flannel; wring them in a machine, if you have one; if not, squeeze them well. Dry in the open air, if the weather permits, as quickly as possible. In washing scarlet or blue flannel, put one tablespoonful of spirits of ammonia in the rinsing water.

Lime-washing is a much more effectual mode of purification than white-washing, but is not so often used, as few persons know how to make lime-wash. If glue is used it is destroyed by the lime, and the wash easily rubs off the walls when dry. This also happens if the lime be simply slaked in water, and used without any fixing material. Lime-wash should be made by placing some freshly burned quicklime in a pail, and pouring on sufficient water to cover it; if the lime is fresh, great heat is giving out; boiled oil (a preparation of linseed oil, sold by all oilmen) should then be added, one pint to each gallon of wash. For cheapness, any refuse fat, such as dripping, may be used instead of the boiled oil. The whole should then be thinned with water. The brush should not be left in the lime-wash, or the bristles will be destroyed. Should coloured wash be required, 1lb. of green vitroil added to every two gallons of wash gives a pleasing drab. Quick-lime slaked with skimmed milk, and afterwards thinned with water, makes an excellent wash for out-door walls, as it is not acted on by the weather.

WORKING DRESSES.—It is best to wear washing dresses to work in as much as much as possible; of course washing them or having them washed is troublesome and expensive, but dirt and grease do not ruin them, and they look fresher and better than stuff dresses, especially in summer. Never trim a washing dress with flounces or frills; they look out of place, are soon crumpled, and are very troublesome to starch and iron. Do not have a working dress made long; it is waste of stuff, and would be very much in the way. Keep your working dress clean and tidy by wearing over it a large thick apron with a bib, and turning up your sleeves.

NOT A MINUTE should be lost after a child shows symptoms of cholera infantum. The first unusual looseness of the bowels should be sufficent warning. If immediate and proper treatment is given, serious consequences will be averted. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy is the sole reliance of thousands of mothers and by its aid they have often saved their children's lives. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

New Year's Day at Skipton.

The annual picnic was held at the recreation reserve on New Year's Day. The weather was all that could be desired. Owing to some misunderstanding, preparations for the picnic were delayed until about a week before the event, which caused a smaller attendance than usual, but all present seemed to enjoy themselves. The funds only permitted of one meal, which was supplied by Mr B. H. Campbell in his best manner. A lack of workers was noticeable, and it really seems as though the young people now-a-days must have everything in the shape of fun and games made up for them, and when refreshments are ready they look to the old folk to wait upon them. Unless the places of the old one are filled as they die out or become incapacitated for work, the picnic must eventually become a thing of the past. The principal workers on this occasion were Mrs J. Slater, the Misses Earles, Donnelly, Cook (2), Baldy and Madden, and Messrs E. C. Earles, Cleveland, Baldy, Budge, Smith, A. R. Slater, Liston, and W. Wilkie. The races were well contested, close finishes showing the accuracy of the handicapping. The following are results:

Boys under 15—Willie Cairns, tweed suit (gift of Mr C. W. Harrison), 1; Roy Slater, galatea suit, 2; Ernest Wilkie, book and handkerchief, 3.

Boys under 13—Gordon Ainstie, tweed suit (gift of Mr C. W. Harrison), 1; Charlie Bradshaw, galatea suit, 2; Andrew Pittard, book and kerchief, 3.

Boys under 11—Jack Bradshaw, galatea suit, 1; Tom Wise, book (gift of Mr A. M. Elder), 2; Robert McBurnie, book and kerchief (gift of Mr A. M. Elder), 3.

Boys under 9—Adam Shaw, galatea suit, 1; Willie Cairns, trumpet and kerchief, 2; Henry Madden, pistol and kerchief, 3.

Boys under 7—Willie Wise, shirt, 1; Harold Slater, spring-jack and kerchief, 2.

Boys under 5—Bertie Cairns, shirt, 1; Rod Wilkie, spring-jack and kerchief, 2; Victor Trainor, trumpet and kerchief, 3.

Girls under 15—Edith Blake, honey jar, 1; Annie Daley, vase, 2; Daisy Bradshaw, silk handkerchief, and Ivy Wilkie, book and kerchief, 3.

Girls under 13—May Slater, pair of vases, 1; Aggie Shaw, vase, 2; Mary Stokie, silk handkerchief, 3.

Girls under 11—Annie Cook, pair of vases, 1; Eva Blake, lamp, 2; Bella Donnelly, kerchief, 3.

Girls under 9—Stella Slater, lamp, 1; Hilda Cook, skipping rope, 2; Minnie Wilkie, handkerchief, 3.

Girls under 7—Bessie McDonald, doll, 1; Ella McQueen, doll and stocking, 2; Alice Madden, doll, 3.

Girls under 5—Annie Stokie, bucket and kerchief, 1; Maggie Corbett, stocking and kerchief, 2; Isabel Trainor, stocking and kerchief, 3.

Young Men's Race—W. Judd, 4yds., 10s., 1; W. Shaw, 10yds., 5s, 2; A. McQueen, 7yds., 2s 6d, 3.

Married Men's Race—A. M. Elder, 5yds., 7s, 1; A. Angus, 4yds., 3s., 2; Jim Stokie, 8yds., 3.

One Mile Bicycle Race—Geo. Wilson, 60yds., 10s, 1; Rod McDonald, 30yds., 2; Fred Rowe, 3.

Donations—Mr F. S. Austin, £1 1s; Mr J. L. Currie, £1 1s; Mr G. Russell, £1; Mr D. S. Oman, M.L.A., 10s 6d; Mr Vowles, 10s 6d; Mr D. Stewart, 10s 6d; Rev. F. McQueen, 10s; Mr A. R. Slater, 10s; Mr Stephen Armstrong, 10s.

In the evening the local minstrel troupe gave a successful entertainment in aid of the Mechanics' building fund. The hall was crowded, and the concert was admitted to be the best ever held in Skipton. The ball which followed was equally enjoyable, and the effort is expected to realise between £16 and £17. The concert programme was as follows:—Opening chorus, "Under the British Flag," company; song, "A Stranger in London," Mr Grist; song, "In the Shade of the Palm," Mr H. Kennedy; song, "Why can't it be always Saturday?" Mr Trainor; duet, "Three Crows," Masters McDonald and Cairns; song, "Old Brass Locket," Mr J. Liston; song, "Ah, ah!" Mr H. Jarvis; selection, "Belle of Honolulu American Cake Walk," orchestra; sketch, "Fooled,"; pianoforte solo, Miss F. Earles; song, "Doreen," Mr H. Kennedy; tambourine dance, Miss Connie Edgeworth; quartette, Messrs M. and A. McQueen, C. Cairns, and Miss McQueen; recitation, Miss F. Earles; song, "McCaddum and Co.," Mr Grist; instrumental duet, Mr and Miss Funston; song, "If all the stars were mine," Miss G. Madden; song, "Don't Apologise," Mr H. Jarvis; song, Miss Earles; song, Mr C. Cairns; farce by Messrs Trainor, Jarvis, McDowall, and Miss S. Rowan. Mr H. Jarvis made a capable secretary, and the management of the stage was in the hands of Mr T. Cleveland.—*Grenville Standard.*

Skipton News.

At the Police Court on Wednesday, before Messrs T. Kennedy and E. C. Earles, J's.P., H. Quinn proceeded against Walter Ferguson for assaulting him on Xmas Day. It appeared from the evidence that an argument arose while the parties were drinking at the Ripon hotel, and Ferguson endeavored to impress his views more strongly on Quinn by knocking him down and kicking him about the body. A fine of £1, with 12s 6d costs, in default 7 days, was imposed.

The cool change and splendid rains have been productive of a wonderful growth of grass for this time of the year. Such a good season as this promises to be has not been known in this district for years past. *Grenville Standard*, of 10th inst.

The funeral of Mrs John Sheehan, of Snake Valley, took place on Saturday last (says the *Grenville Standard* of 10th inst.), when the remains of the deceased were interred in the Carngham Cemetery, the funeral being private. Old friends of the deceased acted as coffin-bearers. The service at the grave was conducted by the Rev. Father Lynch, of Smythesdale, and Mr Steve Wellington was the undertaker.

Whilst Mr Frank Craig, farmer, of Chepstowe, was feeding a chaffcutter last Friday, he had the misfortune to have his left hand drawn into the machine, and it was badly torn about. It is feared that three of the fingers will have to come off. He is being attended to by Dr. Donaldson.

DYSENTERY causes the death of more people than small pox and yellow fever combined. In an army it is dreaded more than a battle. It requires prompt and effective treatment. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhœa Remedy has been used in nine epidemics of dysentery in the United States with perfect success, and has cured the most malignant cases both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

TAKEN ILL IN CHURCH.

A LONG & DANGEROUS ILLNESS

Clements Tonic Again.

The Case of Mrs. A. J. CAMPBELL

(By a Special Reporter.)

Practical subjects will always receive far more attention than mere airy flights of theoretical imagination. It is, therefore, anticipated that the substantial lesson to be learned from Mrs. Annie Jane Campbell's remarks (a lady who, by the way, lives at No. 25 Church-street, Richmond) will meet with much appreciation.

"I was taken ill in church," remarked Mrs. Campbell to the newspaper interrogator, "and I felt so queer that I had to walk out before the service was half finished. That was the beginning of a long and dangerous sickness, as I was so bad for six months afterwards that it was difficult to guess which way my fate would be decided. I suffered with terrible pains in the region of the heart, besides having a feeling of suffocation that was always very distressing. When I attempted to do any housework I had to quickly put it aside owing to a shortness of breath, which had never troubled me before, and any effort caused my heart to palpitate in a frightful manner. The least excitement upset me, as my nervous system was so greatly shattered that I could not bear to hear any kind of noise."

"What was the form of your indisposition?"

"My blood turned to water, and I could not digest any food. Owing to a sense of sickness at the stomach the mere mention of food was revolting, and I got so low that I could take no proper nourishment. My lips were pale, and bloodless, and there was an expression in my eyes like that seen in a person suffering great mental anguish. Unfortunately, I also had pains in the shoulders, and down my back, which made me feel very uneasy, and for days and nights together my head used to ache without ceasing. An unutterable weariness permeated all my bones, which used to ache dreadfully, even when lying down in bed. A persistent feeling of dejection so affected me that I worried and fretted till my brain became so terribly unhinged that I could not sleep, and at last I got into such a serious state of weakness that I used to cry when anybody spoke to me. I gradually faded away till there was hardly anything left of me, although everything was done that could be thought of to alleviate my distress. A repugnant taste in the mouth and a fur over my tongue showed that my liver was in a disordered state, and I experienced considerable trouble resulting from constipation. The wretchedness of my life was beyond endurance, for as every particle of vitality had deserted me I had no power to withstand the violence of the pains. The progress of my wasting disease was not impeded by any of the medicines I had taken, and as matters only went from bad to worse I considered myself an incurable invalid, and I'm sure I would have died but for a friend's timely advice."

"And that was——"

"Not to hesitate another moment, but to start on Clements Tonic at once. What a difference there was in a few days after taking Clements Tonic. The pains around my heart, which I have since learned were probably caused by wind, drifted away as mysteriously as if they had been swallowed up, and the oppressive feeling in my chest followed in a similar way. The shortness of breath went away, and I found that Clements Tonic was just the medicine for my nerves, which were made as true and steady as anybody could wish. A colour came to my lips and face, showing conclusively that my blood was being enriched, and, above all, I could feel each dose of Clements Tonic giving me an increase of vitality. My headaches were abolished, and when my appetite came back I felt so joyful that I ceased fretting altogether. The pains disappeared from my back and shoulders, and I had no aches or anything to keep me awake. Clements Tonic rectified every one of my disorders, gave me plenty of rich blood, and put me into such a healthy condition that my life is now a blessing."

"Does anybody know how you were cured?"

"Yes; dozens of folks. But I want everybody to know, so you can publish my remarks in any way."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, Annie Jane Campbell, of No. 25 Church-street, Richmond, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of two folios and consecutively numbered from one to two, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my statements, which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

Annie Jane Campbell

Declared at Melbourne, in the State of Victoria, this twenty-ninth day of April, one thousand nine hundred and one, before me,

C. J. HAM, J.P.,

A Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READERS

You want to see the local paper a successful institution.

Talk about it wherever you go

Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business.

If they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so.

If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.

Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J's.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday.—Messrs F. Beggs, H. Cushing, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridges. Fourth Tuesday.—Messrs M. Flynn, G. Topper, and T. Beggs.

Business man—"You remember that 'ad.' I had in your paper, and took out two months ago? Well, I want to have it put back again." Editor—"Why, I thought you said no one noticed it while it was in." Business man (humbly)—"They didn't seem to until I took it out." The mere fact of your advertising lets people know you are still in business; also that your business is sufficiently important to stand advertising. If you are in business you cannot afford to do without advertising, as it is too much of an admission to the world at large.—Extract from an interview with a man who has profited by newspaper advertising.

Of you dry to do peesnis mitowt advertising, you will find yourself already like a boy drying to shlide a hill down mitowt shnow. Pesides dere ish dese tifferences: ven you don't got some shnow you gant make 'em; but you can somedimes shenerally always make der advertising come right avay quick off, all der year rount, mit some moneys. —Joseph.

THROAT AFFECTION AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight" cold, or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. European Depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London England.

EXECUTION OF PAT KENNIFF.—On Monday morning Patrick Kenniff, condemned to death for the murder of Constable Doyle, paid the extreme penalty of the law in Brisbane gaol. The condemned man slept well the last night and until 4 o'clock next morning. He then arose, and prepared to receive the final ministrations of the Rev. Michael Baldwin, Roman Catholic priest. Kenniff walked to the scaffold with a firm step. He was somewhat pale, but very soon recovered his color, and just before the cap was drawn down appeared to be in perfect health. Speaking in a loud firm voice, and addressing all present, Kenniff said—"I have told you before twice that I am an innocent man. I call God to witness on the spot I stand on to-day that I am innocent. I am as innocent of the crime as the judge who sentenced me. I thank the warders for their kindness towards me, and I thank my well-wishing friends. I say good-bye." The funeral which took place soon after was attended by 400 persons and thirty vehicles followed the hearse in in procession through the crowds which assembled on the way to the cemetery. A vehicle loaded with 26 wreaths, forwarded by friends and sympathisers, followed the cortege to the grave.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery, and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup is sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

☞ The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, bill-heads, letter-heads, envelopes, and all business printing to execute. The newspaper man needs it, and it helps him to pay his printers for setting up the thousand and one free notices he gives you and your town; but don't give it to the printer or job printing office that can give you no such return, and is spending neither time, money, nor brains in helping you to build up your town. The time may come when a newspaper can live simply upon the revenue derived from advertising and subscriptions, but no ordinary news paper in any ordinary town can exist without the auxiliary support derived from job printing. Therefore, if you want a *good* newspaper—one that can still further help you and your town—give *it* your job printing.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," for it *will positively restore in every case Grey or White hair* to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Ask your Chemist for "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

A Wonderful Medicine.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be "WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. They promptly remove any obstruction or irregularity of the system. For a

Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver;

they act like magic. A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the Muscular System; restoring the long lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the WHOLE PHYSICAL ENERGY of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the world. Full directions with each box.

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each.

Michaelis, Hallenstein & Co.

Proprietary Limited,

382-384 LONSDALE STREET, MELBOURNE,

Are now Buying

WATTLE-BARK

For Cash,

In any quantity, remitting highest market value on consignments without delay.

All Bark to be consigned to Footscray Railway Station, where a Government weighbridge has been erected.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED.

W. EDWARD,

Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Dealer in Paints, Oils, Colors, Paperhangings Window Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, etc., etc.

All sorts of Vehicles Re-painted. Estimates given in town and country. All Painters' Requisites kept in stock.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT WATCH REPAIRS.

Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.

When you want your watch or clock done up so that you will have no further trouble with it, bring it here, and the result will be all you desire.

The most expert tradesmen obtainable are employed at PAYNE'S, and only the very best material procurable is used in all repairs.—Near the Post Office.

Hundreds of watches are laid aside every year as valueless that could be made equal to new if they only got into proper hands.

These are the kind of watches we want—watches that you have no end of bother with, and perhaps given up as hopeless.

We would like you to know what kind of work is turned out of Payne's shop, if you do not know already.

Jewellery repaired, altered, or made to order. Stones reset or mounted. Gilding and engraving done. GEO. PAYNE, near the Post Office.

In ladies' and gents'. rings of every description we show twice the stock of any other shop in the city, and all rings supplied by us are manufactured by the leading ring makers of the State.—PAYNE'S.

Band rings from 9s 6d to 35s; with stones, from 13s 6d upwards. A special line of gents.' wide buckle rings, all sizes, at 26s 6d, set with various stones. Gents.' rings, new designs, at 20s to 50s each. Gents.' buckle rings set with real diamond, at 50s. Wide heavy band rings set with good diamond and rubies, at 90s.

A new selection of ladies' gipsy set 18-ct. diamond rings, beautiful designs, at 45s, 55s, 65s upwards.—Near the Post Office.

Five stone diamond, diamonds and sapphires, diamonds and rubies, diamonds and opals, at 55s, 65s, 75s upwards.

Five-stone half-hoop opal rings, well made, and stones well matched, at 25s upwards.

Also a good selection of ladies' rings at from 12s 6d to 25s.—PAYNE'S.

Wedding rings and keepers have always been a specialty at Payne's. We keep one of the largest stocks in the State, in all sizes and at all prices. No place like Payne's for wedding rings and keepers.

Nickel and gun metal watches regulated and guaranteed, at 8s 6d, 9s 6d, 12s 6d, and 15s. Best makes in nickel and gun metal watches imported to the colony at 20s, 22s 6d and 25s each. Remember, in buying a watch here you run no risk whatever, as all watches, even to the lowest-price ones, are all tested before being offered for sale, and furthermore, any watch sold, if not satisfactory, will be replaced by one that is. No place like PAYNE'S for watches of every description.

In gold brooches a splendid stock is shown, our large sales enabling us to get the newest goods as soon as they are designed. Don't you buy a brooch without first inspecting PAYNE'S stock.

A stock of 200 pairs of gents'. gold sleeve links to select from. Gold curb bracelets, plain bands and padlock bracelets, and fancy set bracelets of every description. Gents'. gold and silver chains, lockets, medal, collar and front studs and sets in great variety. New designs in scarf pins just received; match boxes, sovereign cases, muff chains, fob chains, gold-mounted hair guards, gold-mounted silk ribbon guards (double and single), bangle rings, ladies' gun metal and fancy watches of every description. Ladies' gold watches from 45s upwards. Gents'. gold watches from £5 upwards. Gents'. silver watches by all the leading makers, including Walthams, Elgins, Baumes, Ehrhards, Rotherhams, Settle Brothers, &c., at from 45s upwards. Payne's. Alarm clocks, fancy clocks, eight-day striking clocks, by all the best makers; 200 different kinds of clocks to select from. Don't you buy a clock without first inspecting Payne's stock. All kinds of spectacles kept in stock from 1s pair. Gold frames spectacles from 30s to 45s pair. Sight tested and spectacles made to measure. Good stock of opera and field glasses, finest quality. Teapots, butter dishes, cruets, hot water kettles, pickles, biscuit barrels, hot water cans, toast racks, &c., in new designs.

Knife, fork, and spoon, in beautiful case, finest quality, 25s; Children's silver-plated mugs, nicely engraved, 8s 6d, 10s 6d each; salt cellars, silver mounted, 2s 6d each; ladies' silver-plated belts, 5s 6d to 12s 6d; silver-mounted purses, 3s 6d to 22s 6d each; gents'. solid silver cigarette cases, 35s each; gents'. cigarette cases, in Russia leather, silver-mounted, 15s each; gents'. silver-mounted pocket book and purse combined, 10s 6d to 17s 6d; silver tooth picks, 2s 6d and 3s 6d; gold, 15s; gold spectacles, 35s and 45s pair; napkin rings, 2s to 7s 6d; solid silver napkin rings, in case, 21s pair; tobacco pouches, silver-mounted, 5s 6d and 6s 6d; gold-mounted, 15s. We just received a new assortment of gents'. genuine gold-filled alberts, English made, at 17s 6d; ladies' gold-filled chain and padlock bracelets, at 15s. These are really good, and remember are not what are usually sold as rolled gold. A splendid assortment of gents'. scarf pins, in all the newest designs, at 10s to £5 each; teaspoons, 10s doz.; dessert spoons, 16s doz. These are the best quality imported, and the only kind stocked; sterling silver salt spoons, 3s 6d pair; best quality rolled gold spectacles, 5s pair; Oak trays, silver-plated mounts, 35s each; Oak liquor stands, three bottles, silver-plated mounts, 35s each; repeater alarm clocks, keep on alarming at intervals for half-an-hour, or by altering an indicator you can make it ring for 20 minutes continuously, 10s 6d each; ordinary alarm clocks, 3s 6d to 5s 6d each; silver teapots, 22s 6d to 47s 6d each.

GEO. PAYNE, JEWELLER,

Near the Post Office, Sturt street, Ballarat.

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COLD.

TAKE—

Curakof

The most efficacious Medicine yet known for the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. True to its name.

Price 2s., from

E. SCHLICHT, BEAUFORT;

I. ELDER, SKIPTON.

AGENTS FOR—

BAIN & CO.,

CHEMISTS,

Opposite Cathedral, Swanston-st.

Melbourne, and St. Kilda.

Give your orders for JOB PRINTING to the newspaper in your district, because it prints thousands of reports and notifications for which it receives no payment whatever. It is always spending its time and money to benefit and improve the prospects of the place through which it circulates. It gives you value in return for your printing order.

Printed and published by the Proprietor, ARTHUR PARKER, at the office of *The Riponshire Advocate* newspaper, Lawrence-street, Beaufort, Victoria.

No. 1313

Police Magistrate

The following are th[e] ... permanent eng[agements] ... Ballarat district, with ... provise, added by Mr D ... otherwise engaged":—

Ballarat—10 a.m., d...

Ballarat East—10 a....day and fourth Thursda...

Beaufort—1.30 p.m... and fourth Tuesday.

Bungaree—9 a.m., 4t...

Buninyong—3.15 p.m...

Carngham—2 p.m., 2...

Gordon—9 a.m., 2nd...

Linton—2 p.m., 1st S...

Learmonth—12.30 ...

Kedeno—11 a.m., 2nd...

Scarsdale—Noon, 3rd...

Sebastopol—3.30 p.m...

Skipton—10 a.m., 2...

Smythesdale—Noon, ...

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, ... other Acid Diseases have ... and Thoroughly Cured by—

DR. PARKE[R'S]

GREAT INDIAN ... RHEUMATIC ...

As the following Cases can ...

Hopetoun ...

DEAR SIR,—I cannot find words ... tude for the wonderful, successful c... GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REM[EDY] ... case of Rheumatism. I was down ... over twelve months, and was unde... the whole of the time and tried all ... until a friend of mine told me of ... then unable to walk without the he... feet used to swell, and the pains tha... thing terrible all over the body. I ... inflammation in my eyes, and at ... sec. When I started to take D... INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY, af... change in my condition was won... better, and in six weeks I could wa... or any assistance whatever. I now ... public, so that anyone suffering fro... get to know the value of DR. PARK... RHEUMATIC REMEDY, and feel c... sufferer will use it, and follow in... will get completely cured, as it h... I will be glad to give any sufferers ... ing the cure at any time.—I rema...

(Signed) C. ...

Hopetoun, Victo...

Acute Sciatica Cured. Case ... Had Tried Everything ... to Taking.

DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIA[N] ... REMEDY:—

Statement of W. H. COLLINS, ... Owner, Longwarry, Gippsland, Vic... throughout Gippsland. Suffered ... Acute Sciatica for eleven weeks, ... during which period was complete... fered great pain. Was treated ... some of the best doctors in a pr... electric baths, sea baths, etc., and w... operation for the removal of Sciat... advisable. While in hospital was ... to try DR. PARKER'S GREAT I... REMEDY which he did, and in eig... Remedy, was able to rise, and at... able to start out his business and ... out pain or inconvenience, and has ... twelve months.

NOTE.—It had cost Mr. Collins ... weeks' treatment, which did no ... sump ies of DR. PARKER'S GREAT ... REMEDY he was cured. Mr. Co... sufferers in the district cured by the ... pleased to give all particulars ... sufferer.

DR. PARKER'S GREAT IN...

is perfectly HARMLESS, and is ... all acid diseases, the causation of R... Lumbago, etc. It has cured th... hundreds of others in this State, ... pain in a short period, and with a ... most obstinate case. It has been ... teen years, and owing to the large d... are the principal storekeepers throu... wealth. The above statements are ... be verified, being well-known ... Victoria.

Be sure and ask the local agent ... GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC RE... which contains a sufficient supply ... thirty days, according to case.

Further particulars can ... Agencies.

AGENT FOR BE...

D. Troy & Son, M...

Ararat—J. J. Fawey & S...

Creswick—J. Tait & Son...

Maryborough—Mr. S. E...

Daylesford—Hamilton ... etc.

Kyneton—Mr S. P. Hay... High-street.

ARNOLD'S B[ALSAM]

ARNOLD'S BALSAM | For the ...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM | For W...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM | Best ... In Br...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM | ... For Cr...

STOUTNESS—abominal or ot... duced by PYROLENE PELL... safe and also tasteless. Full in... bottle. Small, 3s. 6d.; large (for... by post, 3s. 9d. and 13s. Of ... ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., St. Ki...

THE ROMAN HAIR RESTORER. Produces Brown and Black Hair. Price, 1s. 6d., by post 2s. 3d. Largely used by the Roman l... their magnificent tresses. Nour... removes dandruff; increases the ... it glossy and supple; does not st... the linen. If your hair is falling ... use this. ARNOLD'S BALSAM ... (late Brinsmead & Co.) All Chem...

SOLD BY ALL STORE...

Agent for Beaufort—D...

J. E. CRO...

ARCHITECT, BE...

Plans drawn. Specificati... made up. Estimates given ... work at shortest notice. ... Ranges, and Underground ... Sample Plans and Specificatio... tion. Government referenc... M. Thomson's Monumenta... &c. Address—C/o G. E. ... Speke and Cummins Streets, ...

USE LINSEE[D] COMPO[UND] KAYS COMPO[UND] ESSENCE LINSEED ... OF PROVEN EFFICA[CY] FOR COUGHS & ... OF ALL CHEM[ISTS]

PUBLIC LIBRARY
26 JAN 1902

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1313 | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1903 | PRICE THREEPENE

Police Magistrate's Fixtures.

The following are the police magistrates permanent engagements in the Ballarat district, with the necessary proviso, added by Mr Dickson, "unless otherwise engaged":—

Ballarat—10 a.m., daily.
Ballarat East—10 a.m., 3rd Wednesday and fourth Thursday.
Beaufort—1.30 p.m., 1st Thursday and fourth Tuesday.
Buninyong—9 a.m., 4th Monday.
Buninyong—3.15 p.m., 3rd Friday.
Caringbah—2 p.m., 2nd Wednesday.
Gordon—9 a.m., 2nd Monday.
Linton—2 p.m., 1st Saturday.
Learmonth—12.30 p.m., 1st Tuesday.
Kalene—11 a.m., 2nd Tuesday.
Staindah—Noon, 3rd Thursday.
Sebastopol—3.30 p.m., 2nd Thursday.
Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd Wednesday.
Smythesdale—Noon, 3rd Tuesday.

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, and other Acid Diseases have been Completely and Thoroughly Cured by—

DR. PARKER'S
GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

As the following Cases can testify. . . .

Hopetoun, 14th April, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot find words to express my gratitude for the wonderful, successful cure of DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY in my severe case of Rheumatism. I was down with Rheumatics for over twelve months, and was under medical treatment the whole of the time and tried all sorts of medicine, etc., until a friend of mine told me of the Remedy. I was then unable to walk without the help of crutches, as my feet used to swell, and the pains that I had were something terrible all over the body. I even had Rheumatic inflammation in my eyes, and at times could scarcely see. When I started to take DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY, after two supplies the change in my condition was wonderful; my eyes got better, and in six weeks I could walk without crutches, or any assistance whatever. I now make this testimony public, so that anyone suffering from Rheumatics shall get to know the value of DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY, and feel confident that if any sufferer will use it, and follow instructions, that they will get completely cured, as it has done in my case. I will be glad to give any sufferers information concerning the cure at any time.—I remain yours respectfully,

(Signed) C. H. DUNKLEY,
Hopetoun, Victoria, 14th April, 1902.

Acute Sciatica Cured. Case 54 Years of Age. Had Tried Everything Previously to Taking.

DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY.—

Statement of W. H. Collins, Esq., Saw Mill Owner, Longwarry, Gippsland, Victoria: Well known throughout Gippsland. Suffered from an attack of Acute Sciatica for eleven weeks, twelve months ago, during which period was completely crippled, and suffered great pain. Was treated for the complaint by some of the best doctors in a private hospital; had electric bath, etc., but was finally told that an operation for the removal of Sciatic Nerve was deemed advisable. While in hospital was persuaded by a friend to try DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY, which he did, and in eight days after taking Remedy was able to rise, and after two supplies was able to walk out of his house and travel anywhere without pain or inconvenience, and has done so for the past twelve months. May, 1902.

NOTE. It had cost Mr. Collins over £75 for eleven weeks treatment, which did no good, and after two supplies of DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY he was cured. Mr. Collins knows of other sufferers in the district cured by the Remedy, and will be pleased to give all particulars of his case to any sufferer.

DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN REMEDY is perfectly HARMLESS, and is the true antidote for all and every the causation of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc. It has cured the above, and many hundreds of others in this State. It will relieve the pain in a short period, and with a fair trial will cure the most obstinate case. It has been now in use for seventeen years, and owing to the large demand is now on sale at the principal storekeepers throughout the Commonwealth. The above statements are true to facts, and can be verified, being well-known people residing in Victoria.

Be sure and ask the local agent for DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY. Price 20s., which contains a sufficient supply to last from ten to thirty days, according to case.

Further particulars can be obtained from Agencies.

AGENT FOR BEAUFORT:
D. Troy & Son, Merchants.

Ararat—J. J. Tawsey & Son, Merchants.
Creswick—J. Tait & Son, Storekeepers.
Maryborough—Mr. S.Ead, Grocer.
Dayleaford—Hamilton Bros., Stationers, etc.
Kyneton—Mr S. P. Hayes, Storekeeper, High-street.

ARNOLD'S BALSAM
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — For the Chest and Lungs. For Whooping Cough, Severe Coughs and Colds. Perfect for Influenza.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — in Bronchitis and Loss of Voice.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — For Croup.

STOUTNESS—abnormal or other—is quickly reduced by PYROLENE PELLETS. They are quite safe and also tasteless. Full instructions with each bottle. Small, 3s. 6d.; large (for a course), 12s. 6d.; or by post, 3s. 9d. and 13s. Of all chemists, or from ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., St. Kilda, Melb.

THE ROMAN HAIR RESTORER. An inexpensive and certain preparation for renewing and restoring to its original color the hair of the head, beard, and whiskers. Produces Brown and Black Hair. Price, 1s. 6d., by post 1s. 9d. Largely used by the Roman ladies for preserving their magnificent tresses. Nourishes the roots and removes dandruff; increases the quantity, and renders it glossy and supple; does not stain the skin nor soil the linen. If your hair is falling off or turning grey, use this. ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., St. Kilda, Melb. (late Brinsmead & Co.) All Chemists sell it.

SOLD BY ALL STORES AND CHEMISTS
Agent for Beaufort—D. TROY & SON.

J. E. CROWLE,
ARCHITECT, BEAUFORT.

Plans drawn. Specifications and quantities made up. Estimates given for all kinds of work at shortest notice. Chimneys, Ovens, Ranges, and Underground Tanks a specialty. Sample Plans and Specifications open for inspection. Government references. Agent for L. M. Thomson's Monumental Railings, Ovens, &c. Address—C/o G. E. CROWLE, corner Steke and Cummins Streets, Beaufort.

USE "LINSEED COMPOUND" TRADE MARK OF KAYS COMPOUND ESSENCE OF LINSEED ETC. PROVEN EFFICACY FOR COUGHS & COLDS OF ALL CHEMISTS

An advertisement is a paper man's marketable commodity, and it is quite as much so as a side of bacon, a pound of butter, or a ton of flour. No man can afford to give away the things he sells for a livelihood, and the man who does so in order to get business is generally in a bad way. Don't try to put the paper man "in a bad way." But exercise a little human nature. Support him; he needs encouragement and support; but do it in the legitimate way. If the printer gets a few pounds worth of printing orders from you, he is not in a position to give you a pound's worth of advertising for nothing. And you have had value for the printing already. Go into a grocer's or draper's for £3 worth of goods, and the grocer or draper will not throw in gratis £1 worth of something else that you may ask for. Try him you don't believe us.

SUPPORT
LOCAL INDUSTRY,
AND
SUBSCRIBE
TO THE
LOCAL PAPER,
THE
RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.'

We ask that our efforts for the district's good shall be recognised. An increased circulation means still greater usefulness on our part. When a neighbour or friend asks for the loan of the local paper, tell him or her that for the small sum of

3s per Quarter

It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

In addition to complete and impartial reports of all local meetings, an interesting

14-Column Supplement

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR

Plain and Ornamental

JOB * PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

Bear in mind that

ADVERTISING

ALWAYS PAYS.

Business men should note that as the Local Paper is extensively read in the district, it therefore affords a splendid advertising medium.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Clarke's Blood Mixture

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER,
IS WARRANTED TO CLEAR THE BLOOD from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blotches, Spots, Blackheads, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are permanent. Cure guaranteed.
Cures Old Sores.
Cures Sores on the Neck.
Cures Sore Legs.
Cures Blackhead or Pimples on the Face.
Cures Scurvy.
Cures Ulcers.
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
Cures Glandular Swellings.
Clears the Blood from all Impure Matter, From whatever cause arising.
It is a real specific for Gout and Rheumatic pains.
It removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.
The world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blotches, Spots, Blackheads, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous.
It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.
As this Mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.
Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it, such as the following:—
Mr James Balcombe writes:—"I suffered when in the Army from a severe case of Abscess of the Liver, and was sent home from India to the hospital. It was one of the worst cases known in the hospital, where I remained for eight months. I was then told nothing more could be done for me, and was discharged and sent home. I tried other doctors, but they could not stop the discharge, which was very great. I was on my back for two years altogether. At last, having seen Clarke's Blood Mixture advertised, I tried some, and after the first large bottle found myself very much better. I continued with it, and it made a perfect cure of me. I can truly say Clarke's Blood Mixture is a wonderful medicine.
"39 Falmouth-chambers, Falmouth-road, "New Kent-road, S.E., July 8, 1899.
"P.S.—I should like to mention that when sending a relation for the second bottle from the neighbouring drug stores they persuaded her to take a preparation of their own, which they declared was 'just as good.' I found this did me no good at all. It was, therefore, sent back, and the genuine article procured, with above result."
Mr W. Pulley, Broad Lane, Cottenham, Cambridge, writes:—"Three years ago I had a slight skin disease, and was obliged to see a doctor, who told me it was Eczema. I was under his treatment some time, but got no better. I tried, I may say, scores of other medicines, but all to no purpose, and I was, therefore, persuaded to go to the Infirmary. There I was under special treatment, but got no better, and came out uncured; in fact, worse than when I went in. I was now covered from head to foot, and was so tormented that I almost wished myself dead; one medical man told me I never should get better. I think I may truly say that my case was one of the worst it was possible to have, and everyone said they had never seen anyone like me. Well, at last I read about 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and decided to give it a trial. I purchased some from Boots, the Chemists, and took it according to rules for three months, mine being a dreadful case, and I am thankful to say I am now perfectly well, with my skin as clear as possible. It was 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' which effected this wonderful cure, and I cannot recommend it too highly. January 20, 1900."
Colour-Sergeant Instructor Jno. Howarth, Cheshire Regiment, Chester, writes:—"I suffered from Rheumatism in my arms and legs for over five years. I also had a bruised shin bone, through which I could rest only for a few minutes at a time. All sorts of remedies were applied, but none did me any good for more than a few days. After a while I was recommended to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' which I did, and on taking the first bottle I felt relief. I therefore continued with this excellent medicine, and it effected a perfect cure. This was more than a year ago, and I am pleased to say I have not felt the least pain since—in fact, I am in as good health as ever I was in my life.
"Moreover, I told two friends of mine who were laid up with Rheumatism of my case, and they tried Clarke's Blood Mixture. They are tailors by trade, and in seven days they were at work again. They say this medicine cannot be too highly praised. May 18, 1899."
Mr George Price, St. Margaret's-on-Thames, writes:—"I feel that I should write you a few lines in praise of Clarke's Blood Mixture. I have been suffering these last few years with Eczema and Blotches, which prevented me following my occupation, and I can safely say I have spent scores of pounds in all sorts of other medicines. A little while ago, however, I was advised by a friend of mine who has taken Clarke's Blood Mixture to try a bottle, and to my great relief I am a new man and able at the present time to go on with my business, being now quite well. In fact, I cannot give it too much praise. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial for the benefit of others who may be suffering from the same complaint." December 29, 1899.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS OF WONDERFUL CURES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Clarke's Blood Mixture is sold in Bottles 2s. 9d. each, and in cases containing six times the quantity, 11s.—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases.—BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world. Proprietors, THE LINCOLN AND MIDLANDS COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln, England. Trade Mark—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

Clarke's Blood Mixture.

CAUTION.—Purchasers of Clarke's Blood Mixture should see that they get the genuine article. Worthless imitations and substitutes are sometimes palmed off by unprincipled vendors. The words 'Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England,' are engraved on the Government Stamp, and "Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture," blown in the bottle, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE.

RE MINING LEASES.

It is notified for general information that applicants for Mining Leases are required, within seven days previous to lodging the application, to insert in a newspaper published in the district where the land is situated, or if no such newspaper, then in one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked "A" in the schedule relating to Mining Leases.

HOLLOWAY'S
PILLS AND OINTMENT
Have stood pre-eminent during the past sixty years as
RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINES.
They are invaluable Remedies for
Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Feverish Attacks, Ague, Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Burns and Skin Diseases.
They have no equal for Affections of the
THROAT, CHEST and LUNGS.
Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford St. (late 533, Oxford St.), London. Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.	Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne ...	8.15 and	4.50
Ballarat ...	8.15 and	4.50
Geelong ...	8.15 and	4.50
Trawalla ...	8.15 and	4.50

Registered mail.—8 p.m. previous evening and 4.30 p.m.; p.p., 8 p.m. previous evening and 4.30 p.m.

Ararat ...	11.50 and	8
Stawell ...	11.50 and	8
Middle Creek ...	11.50 and	8
Murtoa ...	11.50 and	8
Buangor ...	11.50 and	8

Reg. mail and p.p., 11.30 and 7.45.
English mail per Mail Steamer, 5.15 p.m. Tuesday; via Adelaide, 8.15 a.m. and 8 p.m. Wednesday.

COUNTRY.

Daily	p.m.
Raglan ...	9.15
Waterloo ...	9.15
Waterloo S. ...	9.15
Main Lead ...	9.15
Chute ...	9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.
Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Nerring ...	9.15
Lake Goldsmith ...	9.15
Stockyard Hill ...	9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 8.50.

Eurambeen ...	12.45
Shirley ...	12.45

Reg. mail and p.p., 12.20.

MAILS INWARD.
Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—7 a.m. and 12.30 p.m.
From Ararat, Stawell, Buangor, Middle Creek, and Murtoa.—8.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.
From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m.
Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
From Stockyard Hill, Nerring, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.
From Eurambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.
Office is open daily for transaction of postal and telegraph business, sale of stamps and postal notes from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m., and from 7 p.m. till 8 p.m.

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.
From 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., Saturdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

SAVINGS BANK.
From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. for receiving deposits only.

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.
From 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.
9 a.m. till 3 p.m.
G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten-inch ad."
It such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.

To such a man the noisy din
Of traffic may not enter in,
For bargain hunters by the score
Shall pass nor heed his dingy door;
For tho' his sign is on the wall
And on some barn and gets a scrawl,
No people who have cash and sense,
Go prancing around to read the fence.

The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad. displayed
Cares more for rest than worldly gain
And patronage but gives him pain;
Tread lightly, friends, for no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsought except by men he owes.

And when he dies, go plant him deep
That naught may break his dreamless sleep,
Where no rude clamor may dispel
The quiet that he loved so well,
And that the world may know its loss
Place on his grave a wreath of moss
And on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

"KEATING'S POWDER" destroys BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals. In exterminating Bedbugs the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See the article you purchase is "KEATING'S," i.e., with the signature THOMAS KEATING on each tin, as imitations are noxious and ineffectual. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s. each, by all chemists.

STEVENSON & SONS,

UNDERTAKERS AND CARPENTERS,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT
(Opposite Golden Age Hotel), beg to inform the public of Beaufort and surrounding districts that they have purchased the UNDERTAKING BUSINESS of the late R. FARLEY, and hope by moderate charges and prompt attention, to merit a continuance of the patronage accorded to their predecessor.

FUNERAL ECONOMY.
Established 1860.
A. H. SANDS
(Late Wm. Baker),
UNDERTAKER,
Corner of Neill and Havelock Streets, and opposite State School.
Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country at stated charges.
Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,
Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

A. H. Sands has ON SALE the following lines:—Pine Shelving, Flooring, and lining boards; Californian, kouri, and clear pine, up to 36 inches; cedar, all thicknesses and widths; table legs, sashes, doors, architrave and other mouldings, window glass, white lead, oils, turps, and all the building requisites.
Sashes, doors, and all kinds of Joiner's work made to order at the lowest possible prices.

WM. C. PEDDER,
Blacksmith and Wheelwright,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
Farm and Timber Waggons, Farm, Road and Spring Drays, Waggonettes, and all kinds of Vehicles made and repaired on the premises. Horses Carefully Shod.

P. J. O'SULLIVAN,
SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER
SNAKE VALLEY.
A large Assortment of Saddlery and Harness Requisites kept in stock.
All kinds of Harness bought, sold, or exchanged.
Repairs neatly and promptly executed.
Also Cash Buyer of Hides, Horse-hair, Beeswax, Furred Skins, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

We have resolved to REDUCE the SUBSCRIPTION to "THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" (with which is published a 14-column supplement containing well-selected reading matter) to 3s per quarter, and trust that this concession will be largely taken advantage of.

The Advertising Rates have also been considerably reduced, and advertisers will find it to their benefit to avail themselves of the columns of "The Riponshire Advocate," which is the only newspaper that is printed and published within the boundaries of the Shire. As the advocate of the interests and for the welfare of this district, it has a claim for a considerable amount of support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a given radius of Beaufort.

Job Printing, plain and ornamental, of every description, is executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

We take this opportunity of thanking our patrons for past favors, and while respectfully soliciting a renewal of support, desire to state that increased attention will be given to all matters of local and general interest. As a record of news we will always endeavour to make our columns as comprehensive as possible. In all departments, in fact, we will aim at improvement, and, therefore, confidently appeal to the public for increased support.

ARTHUR PARKER,
Proprietor

Beaufort, September, 1896.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS
Auctioneer, Valuer, Arbitrator, General Commission Agent.
AUCTION ROOMS:—
BARKLY STREET, ARARAT, and NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
Correspondent and Valuer for the Ballarat Banking Company, Limited.
Trust and other Moneys to Lend at Current Rates.

JOHN HUMPHREYS
COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT
ACCOUNTANT ETC.,
Neill Street, Beaufort.
RENTS and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.
Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

Very few are too poor now-a-days to take their country paper, and it is false economy to try and get along without it. Hardly a week passes that something or other does not appear in its columns that will be of financial benefit to the subscriber, and by the end of the year he had made or saved or won twenty times the subscription paid for it. The city papers don't take the place of the country ones, though some people appear to think they do. The city papers are all right in their way, but they do not give you that in which you are most interested—your country news. You cannot learn from them when and where your country meetings are to be held, who are dying or who are marrying, who are moving in or who are moving out, court proceedings, who wants to buy or sell farm or land produce, in fact hundreds of things of which it might be of particular importance for you to know. If you can afford to take only one paper, by all means take the one that is published in the country or district where you live. It will cost you less, and thereby you will be assisting yourself and keeping the money in the district.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, in writing, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible

5. The court has decided that is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncalled for, "*primâ facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

A country paper kindly supplies this beautiful simile:—"You might as well try to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soapsuds as attempt to do business and ignore advertising."

FLORILINE.—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly-whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed of parts of honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depot 33, Farring-on Road, London, England.

To our Readers and Patrons.

THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT DEPENDS chiefly upon the enterprise and enterprise that is displayed in local enterprise and local industry. To venture is to a more or less extent speculative but each, whilst aiming at the success of the venture, must offer certain returns to the whose support is necessary to achieve certain advantageous results on both sides.

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

The law of exchange was never satisfactory in its working; thus it was that the custom of buying and selling, using a standard currency was introduced. One form of that currency is known as "paper money," and of paper money there is more than one kind. All kinds are useful, but not every kind retains its original value. The "paper" money most valuable to a newspaper proprietor is that which is sent him by

"*Subscribers and Advertisers*"

and he will do his utmost to entitle him to a good share of it.

"The Riponshire Advocate"

is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts, etc., and notifications of the Shire of Ripon, and is the

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

And as the advocate of the interests and the welfare of this district it has a claim to considerably greater amount of support, has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a radius of the Shire Offices.

The Circulation

of the

Riponshire Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing,

And the Proprietor, recognising the increased support in this direction, will use his utmost endeavors to merit and sustain the patronage accorded him by giving the Latest possible Local and General News, and the most interesting and instructive information.

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Chute, Waterloo, Eurambeen, Buangor, Middle Creek, Shirley, Trawalla, Skipton, and Carngham.

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an
Interesting Serial Tale,
Amusing Anecdotes,
Pastoral News,
Poultry Farming
Agricultural Intelligence,
Recipes,
Gardening Items,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business."

And another writer has said that—

"He who in his "biz" would rise,
Must either 'bust' or advertise."

And advertisers cannot do better than make the *Riponshire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker,
Printer and Publisher,
LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES, ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS, MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c., PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, BILLHEADS, POSTERS, DELIVERY BOOKS, DRAPERS' HANDBILLS, CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS, SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS, &c., &c.,
PRINTED in FIRST CLASS STYLE
AT MELBOURNE PRICES.
Office:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing
Of Every description executed at the "RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE.

BOOKBINDING
ON REASONABLE TERMS.
MINING SCRIP, CALL BROKERS' DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,
Prepared on the shortest notice.

HAVELOCK

HIGHEST QUALITY MANUFACTURED.

DARK OR AROMATIC

FINEST SELECTED AMERICAN LEAF.

TOBACCO.

A Query! { Why is it that COUGLE'S SHOP is always so popular? They are always busy! } ANSWER— The Public are Judges.

Economic considerations compel the public to buy at the cheapest place.

Comparison is COUGLE'S best traveller.

The summer is not over yet, and the following lines are worth inspection :—

Muslin (plain and floral), Mercerised Lawns, Prints, Sateens, Zephyrs, Blouses, Holland and Pique Skirts, &c.

Highly SEASONABLE GOODS, the very thing you will want for months to come. Inspection Invited.

In all HOUSEHOLD GOODS we have the right stuff at the right prices.

White and Brown Turkish Towels, White Twill Sheetings, White Linen and Cream Table Damasks, Serviettes, Sideboard Runners, Tray Cloths, Doyleys, Unbleached Herringbone and Twill Sheetings, White Marcella and Honeycomb Quilts, Lace Curtains. No Comments Needed.

Dress Materials. Dress Materials.

We have just opened a case of Dress Materials, bought cheap. We intend to give our customers the benefit of the bargain. You will have to act quickly—they will soon go at the prices they are marked. We think of our customers. We never let any bargains slip past us; that is why we have attractive goods, at moderate prices, which we are content to sell below their real value.

JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE.—We have some special lines in MILLINERY, UMBRELLAS, LACES, CORSETS, FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS, &c. Each item merits consideration. Send for samples or goods on approbation, and compare our prices.

Tailoring and Ready-to-Wear Clothing for Suits

That fit well, TROUSERS that sit well, and VESTS up-to-date. Leave your order at COUGLE'S. Satisfaction guaranteed. Try our QUARTZSTONE KICKERS and HARDWEAR SUITS for the boys to wear to school.

Our low prices will surprise you. Our reliable goods will please you.

LEST YOU FORGET.—In MILLINERY we have Trimmed or can take your order for prettily and stylishly TRIMMED HATS to come at 7s 6d.

You can Save Money at

G. H. COUGLE'S, **The People's Draper,** HAVELOCK STREET, **BEAUFORT.**

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Tuesday.

Fat Cattle—286 head came to hand for to-day's sale, consisting largely of middling and useful descriptions, a small proportion ranging from good to prime. There was a fair attendance of the trade, the very hot weather of the past few days seeming to affect consumption, as competition throughout the sales lacked the spirit of the previous week, prices for all descriptions ruling somewhat easier. Quotations :—Prime pens bullocks, £15 to £16; odd bullock, to £18 5s; good, £13 to £14 10s; useful, £12 to £13; cows, to £9 10s. Fat calves—46 of all descriptions were penned, quality selling fairly well; best to £7 10s. Fat Sheep—9681 was the number penned, of which supply only a small proportion could be put down as ranging from good to prime, the balance comprising middling and useful descriptions. There was a very large muster of graziers, whilst the trade was fairly represented. Last week's keen demand for quality was not fully maintained, prices for such showing an easier tendency, other sorts having a fluctuating sale with very little, if any, alteration in values. Quotations :—Prime crossbred wethers, 16s to 17s; extra, to 19s; good 14s 6d to 15s 6d; useful, 13s 6d to 14s; prime crossbred ewes, 15s to 17s; good do, 13s to 14s; prime merino wethers, 13s to 14s 6d; good, 11s 6d to 12s 6d; merino ewes, to 8s. Lambs—2211 to hand, only a small percentage being fit for the trade; for such biddings were active, though last week's very high rates were not maintained, others being taken by graziers at slightly easier rates. Prime, 13s to 14s; extra, 16s to 17s; good, 10s 6d to 11s 6d; useful, 8s 6d to 9s 6d.

RICHARDS & CO.,

Ballarat's Leading and Fashionable Photographers.

The magnificent quality of our New Xmas. Show has created quite a sensation.

The *Ballarat Courier* says—Words fail to give an adequate idea of the beautiful works of art.

The *Ballarat Star* says—Nothing in modern photography that has been done in Ballarat could excel it.

The *Ballarat Echo* says—Few artists could give such a photograph as "The Little Font Tuckles, Silver Saints Bells."

Two distinct positions taken of each sitter. Prices same as others.

Bridal Veils, Wreaths, and Bouquets, the most fashionable kept at the studio.

ENLARGEMENTS from any old or faded photographs, at prices within the reach of all.

RICHARDS & CO.,

Famous Studio,

23 STURT ST.,

BALLARAT.

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG,

Barrister and Solicitor, Proctor and Conveyancer,

BEAUFORT.

A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria for taking Affidavits.

TRUST and other MONIES TO LEND on freehold and other securities.

Mr J. W. HARRIS,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, REGISTERED DENTIST,

AND

DRUGGIST,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

In this established profession the first attention is devoted to the DISPENSING DEPARTMENT.

Every care is ensured in the art and preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical Tinctures and British Pharmacopœa Preparations, the Purest Chemicals and Drugs being used. Medicines at Ballarat Prices, sent to all parts of the State by post, rail, coach, &c., and all letters receive prompt and careful attention.

HARRIS'S ANÆMIA MIXTURE, an excellent and invaluable remedy.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HERBS. Homeopathic Medicines. Horse and Cattle Medicines.

MR J. W. HARRIS, R.D.S.,

Surgical & Mechanical Dentist,

HAVELOCK-STREET BEAUFOR

May be consulted DAILY from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Teeth fitted accurately in vulcanite or gold at lowest prices.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Teeth extracted painlessly with cocaine ether, chloride of thyl, laughing gas, &c

☞NOTE THE ADDRESS—

HAVELOCK-STREET

(Next Mechanics Institute

BEAUFORT!

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 25TH JANUARY, 1903.

Presbyterian Church.—Middle Creek, 11 a.m.; Trawalla, 3 p.m.; Main Lead, 7 p.m.—Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A. Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. (solo, "The better land," Miss Jean Rorke); Raglan, 3 p.m.—Mr David (Ballarat.)

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Chute, 3 p.m.; Raglan, 7 p.m.—Mr Grave. Shirley, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. W. J. Bottoms.

United Ancient Order of Druids.

THE usual FORTNIGHTLY MEETING will be held in the LODGE ROOM, SOCIETIES' HALL, on TUESDAY Evening next, at 8 o'clock sharp.

H. McKINNON, Secy.

Death.

COWANS.—On the 20th Jany., at the residence of his son-in-law, 8 Union-street, Brunswick, James, the dearly beloved husband of Ellen, and father of Mrs. D. Hayres and N. Cowans (late of Beaufort). Aged 78 years. R.I.P. Deeply regretted.

THE Ripponshire Advocate

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JANY. 24, 1903.

Mr W. J. Cowley, State school teacher, has received the appointment of registrar of births and deaths at Waterloo, *vice* Mrs E. Milligan, resigned.

On Tuesday the thermometer at Beaufort registered 94 degrees in the shade—on Wednesday it was 65. That night a slight thunderstorm occurred, followed by showers of rain; 20 points being registered.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs Bridger, on Saturday last, entertained the Trawalla Sunday School children and their parents in the gardens of the old homestead on the Trawalla Estate. The afternoon was warm, but under the shade of the pines the children had a delightful time. Swings, boys' and girls' races, Aunt Sally and many other games were arranged for their delectation. Handsome prizes were given to the winners, and subsequently every child received a present from the Admiral and Mrs Bridges. An excellent tea was prepared and served on benches under the trees. Before leaving for home the children were shown over the beautiful gardens surrounding Trawalla House. Altogether a most happy and enjoyable afternoon was spent by everyone present.

The Raglan branch A.M.A. held its half-yearly general meeting at the Raglan Hall on Tuesday night, 13th inst., Mr W. G. Davis (president), and about 20 members present. The minutes of the quarterly general meeting were read and confirmed. Mr J. Varty moved, and Mr Dickson seconded, that the Raglan branch nominate President Davis for the position of vice-president of the A.M.A. for the ensuing twelve months. Carried. Mr A. Stevenson moved that the branch nominate Mr E. Evans as president of the A.M.A. Seconded by Mr J. Varty and carried. The half-yearly balance-sheet was received and adopted. There being only one member nominated for delegate to annual conference, viz., Mr W. G. Davis, he was duly elected. The following were elected on the committee for twelve months:—Messrs Jas. Wills, P. Padfield, J. Varty, and G. Boyd. It was decided to celebrate the anniversary by holding a sports gathering; the date to be fixed later on by the committee. A strong committee was appointed to carry out the sports. The conference business sheet was gone through and discussed and the delegate instructed as to voting for or against. It was decided to call a special general meeting for Tuesday night, 27th inst., to deal with notice of motion by Mr R. Stevenson re tributers' wages and contributions.

DYSENTERY causes the death of more people than small pox and yellow fever combined. In an army it is dreaded more than a battle. It requires prompt and effective treatment. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhœa Remedy has been used in nine epidemics of dysentery in the United States with perfect success, and has cured the most malignant cases both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

The fortnightly meeting of the Waterloo branch A.N.A. was held in the Societies' Hall on Tuesday night; Mr H. H. Menzies (president) in the chair, and seven members present. In response to an appeal from the Kingston branch, on behalf of a member who had lost an arm, the sum of 5s was voted. It was decided a forward a circular from the board of directors dealing with an amendment on the Patents Bill to Mr D. S. Oman, M.L.A., asking him to oppose the bill when it comes before the House. Apologies for non-attendance were received from Messrs E. J. Jones and W. D. Smith. Accounts amounting to £4 16s 8d were passed for payment. A report from the committee appointed in connection with the matter of reducing levies was received; the president showing that the 2s levy had benefited the Incidental fund on an average to the extent of £7 10s per year, and that its reduction to 1s 6d would still leave a profit of £4 10s, which was considered sufficient. The president signified his intention of giving notice of motion for the reduction to 1s 6d at the next summoned meeting. The president, secretary and assistant secretary were appointed a committee to arrange for the celebration of a Smoke Night on 17th prox. The contributions for the evening amounted to £3 10s 9d. In view of the small attendance through counter-attractions, the debate on the subject, "Should the totalisator be legalised in the interest of charities?" was postponed till next meeting, a vote of thanks being accorded Mr E. W. Hughes (one of the judges) for his attendance, and the president apologising to him on account of the branch not being ready to go on with the debate that night. Mr Hughes, in returning thanks, stated that it would be a pleasure to him to act as judge on any occasion that the branch wished him to do so. The president intimated that Mr S. Young would read a paper at next meeting also.

A SEVERE SPRAIN usually disables the injured person for three or four weeks. Cures have often been effected in less than one week by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This liniment has great healing power. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Really artistic effects in Millinery don't mean lavish expenditure. Let J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co. prove this to you.—[Advt.]

Tenders are invited by the Shire of Ripon, up to 12 a.m. on Monday, 2nd prox., for seven contracts, particulars of which will be found in our advertising columns.

A young man, about 18 or 19 years of age, named Thomas Waldron (who recently came to this district from Stawell, having relatives at Mt. Cole), was bitten by a tiger snake on the forefinger of the left hand at Mt. Cole on Tuesday evening last. He had been trapping rabbits, and whilst in the act of picking up a trap in the open country, trod on the snake, which twisted itself round his leg. He struck the snake with his hand to knock it off his leg, when the reptile bit him. Waldron had a tomahawk close beside him, and with this he despatched the snake. Then he cut the bitten finger with the tomahawk, and taking off one of his bootlaces, tied a ligature below the wound. Going to Mr Wilkinson's, a neighbour's, he procured a knife and again hacked at the bitten part. A messenger was sent to Dr. A. G. Jackson, at Beaufort, while Waldron was also driven in—a distance of 10 miles—and under the Doctor's treatment—strychnine was injected into the wound—Waldron was soon pronounced out of danger. No doubt, as the weather was excessively hot, the "first aid" administered by the patient himself hastened his recovery. He returned to his home after midday on Wednesday.

Mr A. A. Thomas, manager of the Murtoa branch of the Thomas' Flour Mills, left Murtoa on Saturday to take up the management of the Melbourne branch. He was entertained prior to leaving by the Marma Lodge, No. 84, Freemasons. The W.M., Bro. W. L. Lamb, presided, and in bidding farewell to Bro. Thomas, expressed the regret of all the residents of Murtoa at losing him from amongst them, and the hope that he would flourish in the metropolis. The chairman then presented Bro. Thomas with a handsome gold sovereign case, suitably inscribed. The gift was feelingly acknowledged by the recipient. Thomas' flour mills, of which an agency exists at Beaufort, have for many years past absorbed nearly the whole of the wheat production of the Murtoa district, and Mr A. A. Thomas has made himself very popular in that town, in which he has resided for a long period.

The election by the State Parliament of a member of the Federal Senate in the place of the late Sir Frederick Sargood took place on Wednesday afternoon. The Hon. R. Reid, M.L.C., consented at the eleventh hour to his nomination, while Sir John McIntyre and Mr J. L. Dow, who intended to offer themselves, decided not to do so. The contest was thus regarded as one between the Minister of Education and the leader of the Opposition in the Assembly, Sir Alexander Peacock. A surprise was sprung upon members, however, by the nomination of Mr S. Barker, secretary of the Trades and Labor Council, by Mr Bromley, M.L.A. The new candidate obtained 12 votes, those of the labor party, and the Hon. R. Reid was elected by 68 votes, as against 51 in favor of Sir A. Peacock, who congratulated his opponent on his election, adding that, while disappointed, he himself bowed cheerfully to the result.

A few hours were very enjoyably spent on the 19th ult., at the breaking up of the Sockyard Hill State school, all the children taking part either with a song or recitation. Miss Cochrane deserves great credit for the way in which the children did their drill, Miss Ward playing for them on the violin. Miss Cochrane very kindly gave a first and second prize to the children who procured the greatest number of marks, and these were won by the following:—Norman Kirkpatrick, 1; Jessie Ward, 2. Mr G. A. Dunnet presented the prizes in a neat speech to the children. Mr R. Kirkpatrick then gave each child a book on behalf of the committee of the coronation picnic club. There not being quite enough money left over from the picnic to pay for books for each child, Mr Kirkpatrick very kindly made up the necessary sum. A number of visitors were present, and were treated to afternoon tea, provided by Miss Cochrane and her scholars.—[Communicated.]

The resignation of Mr T. R. Oddie as returning officer for the electorate of Ripon and Hampden has been accepted. Mr Oddie is disgusted with the cheeseparing policy adopted by the department, and his resignation is the outcome of a refusal by the Under-Secretary to allow him (Mr Oddie) the usual fee of £2 for acting as deputy returning officer at the Beaufort booth during the recent election. Mr Oddie has most ably filled the duties of the position for some 25 years, and at every general election during that period has been paid for presiding over the Beaufort booth, except on the recent occasion. During this long term the elections were conducted by him without a hitch, and it seems to us that he has been rather scurvily treated. Surely his long and faithful services were entitled to better consideration, especially as he has performed the duties for so long at much personal inconvenience and pecuniary loss.

A series of mishaps attended the Adelaide express after it left Melbourne on Wednesday afternoon, and in consequence the train arrived in Ballarat at 9.40 p.m., two hours and a half behind time. Near Bacchus Marsh the leading engine broke down, and the assistant engine kept to render aid to trains in times of necessity was employed to help to take the train to Ingliston. A second accident to one of the engines happened close to the latter station, and the engine of the up train to Melbourne was "commandeered" to supply the deficiency. Close to Ballan a third breakdown occurred, and the engine of an excursion train was brought into requisition to take the place of the one disabled. Thus five engines in all were used to draw the train from Melbourne to Ballarat. When Ballarat was reached most of the carriages were in darkness, the lamps having burnt out.

The agitation in the mining community on the question of the taxation of mining companies had led to a fuller understanding being arrived at with regard to the future position of these corporations under the Income Tax Act. It is now understood that exceptions are to be made to the general rules dealing with companies, and that the mining companies, dealing as they do with an important and peculiar industry, will be included in those exceptions. It is not therefore probable that any change from the present system will be proposed, as far as they are concerned. No intimation of this kind was conveyed in the Budget speech, and, of course, those who were interested in the business were justified in coming to the conclusion that no exception was contemplated. Specific mention was not made of any class of company, and it would, of course, have been absurd in the highest degree to arrive at the conclusion that because Mr Shiels made no reference to mining companies that he did not propose to include them in the general scheme. No reference was made to any particular kind of company, and it was therefore assumed that there was to be no discrimination. It is a matter for congratulation that the attention which this question has received has served to clear up a matter of so much importance to one of the great primary industries.

If any of the daring marauders whose exploits create periodical sensations in Australian metropolitan cities had been on a visit to Ballarat to-day (says Thursday's *Echo*) they would probably have gone away thinking that the "Golden City" was indeed aptly named. Their rapacious fingers would certainly have itched at the sight of something like £100 worth of alluvial gold within the easiest of striking distances in one of the temporarily deserted offices of the Mining Exchange during the dinner hour. To the human vultures who have so often made light of the risk of swooping down upon such prizes in a crowded thoroughfare the pocketing of the gold from the All Nations Consols would doubtless be regarded, in the vernacular, as a "soft snap." It had been forgotten, and was just inside the unprotected glass window. The street was practically deserted, and it almost seemed—to Detective Rogerson—that the gold was plaintively bleating "come and take me." When that officer came striding meditatively along, and his furtive eye took in the situation, he stopped, opened his eyes wide, and positively gasped with indignation. He could at first hardly bring himself to believe the evidence of his own eyes, and would not leave until he had pressed an honest jehu into the police service to keep a watchful eye on the treasure pending the return of its custodian.

Death is fast thinning the ranks of the old pioneers. It is with feelings of deep regret that we record the demise, on Tuesday, at the residence of his son-in-law (Mr D. Hayres), at Brunswick, of Mr James Cowans, an old and respected resident of Beaufort. The deceased, who possessed many excellent qualities, though he was a rough diamond, was a native of Perthshire, Scotland, where he learnt the trade of a baker. He came to Victoria in 1853, and a year later started business on the Fiery Creek diggings, opening a store at Unity Gully, near Trawalla, following the rush to Main Lead, and eventually settled down at Beaufort. In those days bread was 5s. the 4lb. loaf. Mr Cowans accumulated property, at one time possessing the Victoria hotel at Beaufort and the farm now known as Fraser's at Lake Goldsmith, besides the township property in which he carried on the business of baker, pastrycook, and caterer for so many years. About three years ago the deceased retired from business, through failing health, and lived privately. A few weeks ago he went to Melbourne, with the view of living with his daughter, Mrs Hayres, and passed away very peacefully at Brunswick, as stated, on the 20th inst., at the ripe age of 78 years. The cause of death was general athomora exhaustion. The deceased leaves a widow and two daughters to mourn their loss. One very fine trait in deceased's character was his large-hearted and open-handed generosity to the poor. Many a loaf of bread was given away by him to swagmen on the roadside, while the poor could always depend on their old friend for a liberal and gratuitous supply of the staff of life. The remains of deceased were interred in the Catholic portion of the Melbourne Cemetery on Wednesday. The Rev. J. H. O'Connell read the Catholic burial service. Mr John Daley carried out the funeral arrangements.

The Corricks, a clever company of musicians, comprised in a family of eight, gave a delightful entertainment in the Societies' Hall, Beaufort, last Monday night. The audience was comparatively small, but the appreciation was very marked, and almost every item was encored.

As the business people of Beaufort are observing Foundation Day (Monday next) as a public holiday, and the only source of amusement in the district is at Buangor, where a good programme of sports has been arranged by the Buangor Athletic Club, no doubt a large number of Beaufort sportsmen will wend their way to Buangor.

A meeting of the Beaufort Agricultural Society, to arrange the prize-list for the forthcoming show, takes place at the Shire Hall, next Saturday, 31st inst., at 2 p.m.

Art Photography.

RICHARDS AND CO'S. EXHIBITION.

Everyone expects to see a high class exhibit from a firm with Richards and Co's. reputation, and the firm's Christmas show is such that this firm's reputation has not only been maintained but enhanced. Words fail to give an adequate idea of the beautiful works of art. What time, thought, and knowledge have been expended in producing such a lovely picture as "The little fount tinkles its silver saint's bells" can only be imagined. The subject of the work reclining in true Eastern fashion, the drapery clinging closely to her figure, is a young girl at a beautiful little fountain in full play. The effect of the running water is charmingly given. Her sandals lie disregarded on the tiled floor, and her face is in profile. The light has just the proper depth, giving the almost transparent shadows in the figure, background, and accessories, while the whole constitutes one of the most successful pictures in the exhibition. Scarcely less delightful is its companion, "Ah! what a pity were it to disperse, or to disturb so fair a spectacle." In this we have quite another style. A young girl in clinging white drapery has come down to the edge of the lake to feed her swans. The life and spirit of the picture are seen and felt. There are reality and naturalness in the expression of the girl's face and in the fearless attitude of the swans as they feed from her hand. The glimpse of the lake is charming, and the composition throughout is fine in every detail. In both these pictures the artist has shown such skill, that one can hardly imagine them produced by photography. They are worthy of being engraved and sold as works of art. In a portrait of Miss W——, the pose is simplicity itself, and yet it is portrayed in so gracefully easy and artistic a manner as to strike the veriest tyro as being above the ordinary. A picture of dramatic force is, "For I can mend the happiest days, and charm the anguish of the worst." The music has ceased, and the original holds her guitar in characteristic pose. There is a distinct individuality about this picture which shows that the artist has thought out and thoroughly grasped the idea before taking the photograph. A magnificent portrait of an elderly gentleman seated at a table reading claims attention. The pose, lighting, arrangement of accessories, combine to make the picture a splendid example of what a portrait should be—a representation of character and individuality, rather than the flat soulless portraits so often seen. "Guess Who?" is a delightful study of youth and age. The fine face of the little girl is splendidly pictured, as she puts her hands over grandpa's eyes until he guesses who. The light on both faces makes them stand out from the background with an astonishing quality of actuality. "Steps and Stairs"—Here are posed one above the other three little ones. Each little face has been clearly brought out, and shows Mr Dearden's usual skill and patience with these small subjects. Some beautiful head studies are in evidence, and in every size obtainable are seen masterpieces of the art. Also quite a refreshing change in mounts are those in cream and white, from the sombre shades of dark grey and green; also some new styles of photographs, which are sure to become fashionable, namely, the "Lennox art panel" and the "Minerva." Both are really pretty in design and artistic finish.

New Presbyterian Church at Stockyard Hill.

The building is prettily situated on the northern slope of the hill, and well sheltered on the weather side by a thick clump of firs. The spot chosen is really an ideal one, and the effect of the red brick building, with its lighter colored dressing, against the natural surroundings is exceedingly picturesque. The building has a porch in the south-east corner, 8ft. x 8ft. in the clear. It was designed to ultimately be finished with a tower. The nave of church is 35ft. x 22ft., and is furnished, if not luxuriously, at least with useful strong furniture, including pulpit and choir sittings. All is in Kauri pine, slightly stained, and varnished, executed artistically, and in harmony with its ecclesiastic surroundings. Suitable escape doors have been provided, and an adequate amount of easily adjustable ventilation. The walls of the main building are furnished internally with cement, neatly lined out for ashlar stonework. The roof is open timbered, with the lining between the painted principals stained nema, forming a nice contrast. A comfortable vestry adjoins the nave, 12ft. x 10ft., with fireplace complete. Externally the building has an exceedingly attractive appearance. It is designed in early English Gothic, the brickwork being nicely set off by the stone-colored cement dressings. The windows are in lead-lights, glazed with cathedral glass. The total cost of the building has been something like £800, and the congregation and people of the district express themselves as more than satisfied with the artistic appearance and substantial completion of the building, which undoubtedly reflects great credit on the architects, Messrs. Olegg, Kell, and Miller, of Ballarat, and Mr Silas Caben, contractor, of Melbourne.

Snake Valley.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

The fortnightly meeting of the Carngham Branch of the A.N.A took place in the Mechanics' Hall, Snake Valley, on Wednesday, 21st inst. In the absence of the President the Vice-president, Mr M. Regan, occupied the chair. The business was of a routine character. Numerous branches of the association forwarded subscriptions towards the appeal on behalf of the widow and family of the late secretary, the sum of £22 being subscribed to date of meeting. One new member was proposed. After the general business had concluded Mr C. Hyland gave a very interesting paper on "The Liberty of the Press," for which he was accorded a hearty vote of thanks, on the motion of Messrs. H. Wookey and W. C. Roddis.

Mr James Russell, of Carngham, has presented to the committee of the Carngham Mechanics' Institute a neatly framed photograph of the late Hon. Philip Russell. The photo. has been hung in the members' room of the library.

Beaufort Athletic Club.

A general meeting of the above club was held in the Mechanics' Institute on Thursday evening. Present—Mr H. M. Stuart (president), Dr. Eadie, Messrs E. W. Hughes, VanderStoel, A. Parker, W. C. Pedder, J. E. Loft, W. G. Stevens, H. Parker (secy.), G. Hellyer, and D. D. Cameron.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

H. Greenwood, Toorak, wrote stating he had received an account for £1 1s from Dr. Eadie, and as he was under the impression that the club provided medical attendance for injured competitors, asked the club to pay the account.—No action taken, on motion of Messrs A. Parker and W. C. Pedder.

The secretary submitted a statement of receipts and expenditure for the past year, showing the former to have amounted to £249 9s 5d, and the latter to £158 1s 11d, thus leaving a credit balance of £91 7s 6d.

The auditors (Messrs D. McDonald and H. H. Menzies) certified to the correctness of the accounts, and while congratulating the club upon its particularly successful year, they pointed out the advisability of procuring a proper set of books in which to record the affairs of each year. Also in view of the fact that the starting pistol has required repairing on more than one occasion, it would perhaps be advisable to procure a new one. They congratulated the secretary upon the clearness of his accounts, considering the very large amount of work which the past meeting entailed, and the poor set of books which he has to work in.—Received and adopted, on motion of Messrs Hughes and VanderStoel.

Mr E. W. Hughes, in mentioning that he had a motion to bring forward which affected the working of the club and their president, asked Mr Stuart to leave the chair and the room.

Mr Stuart having complied with the request and Dr. Eadie appointed chairman,

Mr Hughes said his motion applied to Mr Stuart as president of the club. For something like 27 years he had been connected with the club, and had been 15 years on a stretch as president, and during this long time had received no reward for his services in any shape or form. Considerable credit was due to Mr Stuart for the work done year by year. After such a successful meeting, with so good a balance as £91 7s 6d, they ought to take the occasion to recognise his services. Of course they had had an excellent secretary, and his services should also be recognised. The sports were also the means of amusing 2000 people at a cost of 1s. Mr Stuart had also distributed the prizes year by year at the concert at night, assisted by Mr Parker. Mr Stuart was not likely to hint at his services being recognised. If they were to give him £1 per year, which would be £15, that in his opinion would be little enough, and he was sure the public would appreciate the action of the club. He moved that they make their worthy president a present of a tea and coffee service at a cost of not less than £10 10s. He believed in giving honor to whom honor is due.

Dr. Eadie, in seconding the motion, said it must be their unanimous opinion that Mr Stuart's services should be recognised. He had struggled to help the club when it was in a poor position, and now that it was prospering they should recognise his services. There was no doubt that he had put a good deal of energy into the work. This should not affect the bonus to be given to the secretary, who well deserved an increase.

Mr Stevens thought it was a pity the secretary's bonus was not introduced first.

Mr J. Eastwood said that although he had not taken a very live and active interest in the club during last year, he thought it was rather a pity that some more suitable object was not placed before them in the way of improvement to their town or park. With all due respect to the mover and seconder, he did not think the funds should be used for the purpose suggested, although he was with them in thinking that the president's services for so many years should be recognized. But it would be better to be made up by opening a subscription list. The present would be taken in better part, for not only could members of the club subscribe, but also the general public interested in sport. He would be only too happy to make one to contribute. It would be a pity for the club to lay out such a large amount of their funds in making a presentation, and many people would only say that they had an object in working up a good connection—the aggrandisement of themselves and officers. He moved as an amendment that a presentation be made to the president by subscription, and not from the funds of the club.

Mr Hughes pointed out that this might not be so successful.

Dr. Eadie said that as the club paid for the use of the park he did not see why they were called upon to improve it. No doubt Mr Stuart was a good deal out of pocket through the time lost in attending to the work at the park.

Mr Stevens remarked that that work was done by him, and it did not affect Mr Stuart.

Mr A. Parker, in seconding the amendment, said he was sorry that the motion had been brought forward. The position of president was an honorary one, and such a thing as an institution or club voting its president a bonus for services rendered was rarely heard of. If they gave a bonus to their president, they might just as well "cut up" their credit balance among the rest of the officials. (Hear, hear.) Others had worked hard for the club, perhaps not to the same extent as Mr Stuart, but still had rendered good service. He might instance that Mr McKeich had done the handicapping for years, and saved the club many pounds. When he gave it up he was not given a present, nor even a vote of thanks. They must remember that it was the splendid suppert accorded by the public which gave the club so large a credit balance, not the subscriptions of the members, and he felt that as this was to all intents and purposes public money they were not justified in voting so large a sum to provide a present for the president. Nobody was more willing to recognise the good work done by the president than he, but, like Mr Eastwood, he thought it should come out of their own pockets, and personally he was willing to give £1 or 10s. towards it if they fixed upon a sum. He felt sure that if the funds of the club were used there would be an outcry from members who were not present and the public.

Messrs. Pedder, Loft, and Hellyer having opposed the motion (the first-named giving notice to move a further amendment when the motion and amendment were disposed of), Dr. Eadie suggested that the motion be withdrawn. This was done, when the amendment was put as a motion, and unanimously carried.

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The BLACKMAILERS.

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A Stirring Romance of England and Australia.

By W. Murray Graydon,

Author of "The Thirlstones of London," "Reaping the Whirlwind," &c.

SUMMARY of Opening CHAPTERS.

Malcolm Frazer, the owner of a cattle station, is standing at the hut, in the wilds of Western Australia, when his mate, Jim Connop, returns from the nearest settlement with letters and papers. From the latter they learn that funds are being raised in Melbourne and Sydney for an expedition to search for Sir John Vallenger and his companions, who have been lost while exploring. While they are discussing the question, a stranger, hatless and bootless and in rags staggers up to the hut and appeals for help. He is Charles Travers, one of Sir John's companions. Of the sixteen who formed the expedition, all but Sir John, Travers, and Maurice Yorke, the scientist, have perished. Sir John, is lying almost unconscious at the traveller's hut at a short distance from the home station. He remains conscience just long enough to enable him to sign a will, by which he leaves five hundred a year to his nephew, Osbert Challoner, and the remainder of his estate, real and personal, to his adopted son, Laurrence Douglass Vallenger. Before starting on the expedition, Sir John had willed his fortune to Challoner, and had cut off Laurence with the proverbial shilling. In the moment of repentance he never dreamt that his adopted son was settled in Australia and known as Larry Douglass. Meanwhile, in England, Sir John's death had been practically assumed, and though legal formalities demanded time, Osbert Challoner, ignorant of the tragic happenings in the bush, was enjoying his uncle's riches on the Norfolk estate of Burlingham Manor. But while congratulating himself on his good fortune, he gets a rude shock in the shape of a letter from Sir John's solicitors, narrating the real circumstances of the famous explorer's death, and also telling of the new will which is to evict Challoner from the estate and breed tragedy, and also much bloodshed and sorrow. In Australia Larry Douglass had not met with success. He had married an adventuress, and rued the day. Selling his station he decides to try his luck in another part of the country, but on the eve of his departure, his wife betrays him to Gentleman Jem, a notorious bushranger, whose gang attack the homestead, and get away with Larry's wealth. The desperadoes, accompanied by the treacherous wife, have hardly left when a posse of police arrive and pursuit is arranged. Gentleman Jem is shot, and so also is Larry's runaway wife. Shortly after Larry hears of his uncle's death and his own good fortune. He sails for England and takes up his inheritance at Burlingham Manor. One of his tennants, a retired Colonel, is engaged in some secret work, and resents all attempts to cultivate his friendship. His daughter is out riding one day, when her horse bolts. Larry, seeing her danger, rides to the rescue. This and a subsequent service wins for Larry the friendship of Colonel Lovering, and he visits the latter's house. Meanwhile Challoner and his friends Gontran and Margrave are yachting in the vicinity. They are likewise plotting against Larry, who is seen to be on the best of terms with the colonel's daughter whom he sees much of and to whom he becomes engaged. On the strength of this the colonel reveals to Larry the secret of the shed. He has constructed a submarine boat. Preparations are in full swing for the wedding when Gontran seeks an interview with Larry in London. And then the conspiracy is set rolling, Larry being informed that his erring wife was not killed, as he supposed, but is alive and in England. Gontran promises to produce her at any time he may appoint A meeting is arranged, and there Gontran produces the woman, whom Larry acknowledges to be his wife. Colonel Lovering and his daughter witness the meeting between the supposed husband and wife, and the former's rage is great. Larry's feelings can be imagined. He then invokes the aid of Osbert Challoner.

The story proceeds with

CHAPTER XV.

A MISSING CONSPIRATOR.

The following morning Osbert Challoner returned to town, the richer by a cheque for two hundred pounds, forced upon him by Larry. In spite of that, his thoughts were not pleasing ones, for he knew that his present opportunity of earning Larry's permanent gratitude by proving a true friend, and not a false one, would be worth far more in the future than his share in the expected blackmailing money.

But he had no intention whatever of betraying his fellow-conspirators; and this was less from inclination or lack of honor than from the wholesome fear in which he stood of Gontran Garnet.

Larry drove Challoner to the station and saw him off, and on his way back, after a struggle between resolve and indecision, he posted at Burlingham a letter which he had written to the Colonel giving a full and detailed account of his past life so far as related to his Australian career.

"It can do no harm," he concluded, "and to make an explanation—to disclose the true facts—is a duty I owe to myself. I cannot rest under the stinging charges that were leveled at me."

What he suffered mentally, may be easier imagined than described. He drove home, put on a shooting-jacket, and spent the day among the partridges, taking a savage delight in killing the innocent birds. He had finished dinner, and was sitting listlessly by the fire in the library, when a sharp rap on the door, followed instantly by the appearance of Colonel Lovering. Larry rose in the utmost surprise, and with difficulty supressed a startled exclamation.

The colonel closed the door and crossed the room..

"I told Harper not to announce me," he said in a dull, emotionless tone. "I received your letter, and—and I was very glad to read it. I had begun to feel towards you as a father does to a son; in spite of the wrong you have done my daughter"—His voice faltered, but he quickly recovered himself. "Tell me, on your honor, is all this true?" he added, pointing to Larry's letter, which he held in his hand.

"On my honor, it is true, every word," replied Larry.

"Then you are to be pitied more than blamed. I have come here against my own inclinations—our relations had better have ceased. But I misjudged you. I spoke words the other night, in the heat of passion, which I regret. Can you overlook them, Vallenger? We have both much to forgive, even if we cannot forget."

He held out his hand, and Larry grasped it, saying, huskily:

"If you believe me, sir that is enough. It will help to lighten my burden."

"My daughter is broken hearted," continued the colonel, "and I have sent her to town with Mrs. Dalton." he went on. "It will be wiser, Valenger, not to mention her again in the course of our conversation. You must admit that."

The utter misery in the face of the young man touched the colonel.

"I trust you will forget her some day," he said. "Time heals all wounds. And now Vallenger, let us talk of other matters. There is no reason why we should be enemies, and so I wish to remain your friend. It is not impossible that I may be able to serve you in that capicity. Do you mind telling me the whole of this wretched story? I ask from no impertinent motive."

"I think that I have made the facts clear in my letter," Larry answered, evasively.

"So you did, my boy," said the colonel, resting a hand on Larry's shoulder; "but I could read between the lines. There is evidently more than you care to let me know. You stated that your wife followed you to England and came straight down here. Had she nothing to do with the affair that detained you in London? And who was with her the other night in the South Lodge?"

Larry hesitated, half resenting these blunt inquiries. Then he exclaimed, impulsively.

"You are right, Colonel Lovering. There is more—very much more. You shall hear the entire story, and learn what I have had to go through."

He omitted nothing, but briefly and lucidly described all that had occurred from the time he was summoned by letter to Garnet's chambers up to Challoner's departure that morning from Burlingham Manor.

"What a tale of villany!" cried the colonel, at the conclusion. "It is one of the worst cases of the sort I have ever known. You could not well do otherwise than you have done. I admit that; but it is a great pity, nevertheless, that the two blackmailing scoundrels cannot be punished as they deserve. I agree with you, that the man, Margrave is probably mixed up in it. But the amount you are prepared to pay is far too large. You should have insisted on Mr Challoner procuring easier terms."

"I did not think of that," replied Larry, "in my anxiety to hurry the matter to a settlement and get my wife out of England. Hardesty might have managed better, but I did not care to make a confidant of him."

At the colonel's request, Larry went over the whole ground again, and for nearly an hour he was subjected to as shrewd and searching a cross-examination as if he had been in a court of law. The object of this was at first a puzzle to him

"You are absolutely convinced that the woman brought to the South Lodge by Garnet was your wife?" the colonel went on.

"Absolutely. There cannot be the slightest shadow of doubt."

"And Garnet knew her in London prior to her marriage?"

"I have only his word for that."

"How many persons are there now in Australia who were present on the scene when your wife was wounded?"

"Sergeant Brett and his troopers, replied Larry, "and a number of other men. None of the bushrangers; those who survived were recently hanged. But there is one point I have not made clear to you, and which is not clear to myself—I do not know whether my wife was found immediately after the fight at the ridge, or whether the information was obtained from the prisoners after the second fight in the morning, near Garrett's station."

"The latter, of course," said the colonel. "Otherwise the story of her death would not have been so readily accepted. However the affair is still enveloped in mystery, which I am afraid we cannot fathom. Did your wife bribe all the men?"

"By Jove! she must have done so!" exclaimed Larry. "I never thought of that before."

"Who was the Melbourne solicitor who wrote to you?"

"Raper, of Collins-street."

"I am keenly interested in this case," said the colonel, it appeals to me specially, because I was once connected with the secret service in India, and, with your permission, I intend to probe beneath the surface"

"It can lead to no results," Larry answered. "What can alter the fact that my wife is alive?"

"It may be worth while to inquire into her antecedents. And there are other points that require clearing up, if only from the standpoint of ungratified curiosity. Give me Garrett's address, and tell me where a letter will be likely to reach Sergeant Brett."

The colonel wrote the information in his note-book, and after a cigar he took his leave.

"Good-bye, Vallenger," he said." I'll run over again in a day or two. Though I intend to write to Australia, I can't hold out any encouragement to you. But this is a strange world, and strange things happen in it. Something may turn up. Who knows?"

Something was to turn up, and that very shortly. A darker shadow than he could dream of was creeping swiftly upon Larry—a heavier blow than any he had yet received was about to fall on him.

* * * * * * *

Late in the afternoon of Colonel Lovering's visit to Burlingham Manor, Osbert Challoner and Gontran Garnet sat in a luxurious cafe that was situated in Regent street, and was mainly resorted to by foreigners.

"I haven't recovered from the blow yet, Challoner. Was there ever such infernal luck? Eighteen thousand pounds snatched out of my very hands! Think of it! And all by the merest accident. It was a thunderstorm that drove Colonel Lovering and his daughter to the South Lodge, where they played the spy on us and exposed the very thing that Vallenger would have paid us to keep dark. It was as hard on him as on us, I admit, and I don't wonder that he tried to do murder. And now, curse him, he is out of the toils."

"But we are sure of the four thousand pounds," said Challoner.

"And what is that? There are four of us to share it, you know. It won't go far. However, there will be further payments of two thousand a year as long as we keep Mrs. Laurence Douglas alive." The thought consoled him a little.

"You surely got something out of Vallenger when you left, on account of your valuable services, resumed Gontran. "Come, own up to it."

"He gave me a cheque for two hundred pounds," Challoner reluctantly admitted.

"I want half of it. I need it at present."

"You shall have it. When do you think it will be safe to close with Vallenger's terms?"

"We will better wait a few days longer," Gontran replied. He looked at the clock, and then, at his watch. "Beauty is considerably over time," he added. "What can have delayed him? He promised to be here by four."

At the end of an hour Gontran rose up suddenly and exclaimed.

"Beauty's absence is more than strange, I am beginning to feel uneasy."

"He was in the best of spirits this morning, when he knew we had failed."

"Which is in itself a suspicious circumstance."

"What? you don't think"——

"I intend to act first," Gontran broke in. "Come along, Challoner"

A five minutes walk brought them to Margrave's lodgings, and the door was opened by a man who performed the duties of valet to the several gentlemen who occupied chambers in the house.

"Mr. Margrave is not in," he replied, in answer to Gontran's question. "He is out of town, sir, and I was to tell you that he had to go home for a day or two, as his father had sent for him."

They turned away.

"What do you make of it?" asked Challoner.

"Beauty is tricking us," Gontran replied, with an oath. "He has gone down to Norfolk. It may not be too late to follow him. I'll take the next train. I must be off now, Good-bye. I'll drop you a line tomorrow."

And the next instant Challoner was alone, staring after the rapidly receeding figure of his companion.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SHOT IN THE NIGHT.

On Friday afternoon the village post-master, thoughtfully sent his son to Burlingham Manor with a letter that was marked urgent and important. Larry read the contents which ran as follows:—

"Friday morning."

"Dear Vallenger,—I wish to have a private conversation with you on a subject that is of the utmost importance to yourself. I came down from town last night, and am stopping in the neighborhood, but there are some reasons why I cannot come to the Manor, and why our interview must be arranged with the strictest secrecy. Will you meet me at eleven o'clock to-night on the New-road, just beyond the stone bridge, a mile outside of Acle? I know what you think of me that you regard me as a bitter enemy. This is natural enough, but believe me, self-interest does not prompt my request, and that I have only your interest at heart. I will be there sharp to time. Burn this letter as soon as received, and regard its contents as strictly confidential. And be certain that you are not followed when you leave the house.—Yours in good faith, "Edward Margrave"

Larry did not feel so sure of the "good faith" as the writer evidently wished him to be, and instead of burning the letter, he re-read it, and slipped it into the side-pocket of his shooting-coat.

"It's a lonely spot," he reflected, "but I'll go, and go prepared for emergencies."

About a third of the distance from Acle village to the bridge, stands the "Hermatage," an ancient, weather-beaten inn. Here that same Friday evening, Beauty Hargrave sat busy writing. The room was small and the curtains were closly drawn over the windows. Rods and fishing-tackle was lying about. But he had not cast a line that day. He wrote rapidly, and when he had covered half-a-dozen sheets of paper, he sealed them up in an envelope and inscribed it, "To whom it may concern."

"This is a safe place," he reflected. "Almost too safe for the letter won't be readily found if adverse circumstances decide that it is to be left here. But there is little fear of that. I am nervous and out of sorts, or I wouldn't get these queer fancies into my head. The man who passed this evening in the twilight, couldn't have been Gontran, though he walked very much like him. If by any chance his suspicions have been aroused, and he has followed me down here, he will be playing the detective in the neighborhood of Burlingham Manor."

Voices and receeding footsteps were presently heard down stairs, followed by the shooting of a bolt, and all was silent. Having poured some whisky into a glass and tossed it off, Margrave extinguished the lamp, and cautiously lowered himself through the window to the ground. He crept round the inn, crossed the bridge and quickly made his way to the high-road. Here he turned to the left, and went to meet his fate.

* * * * * * *

About the same hour of that black moon-less night, Larry rode to the lonely spot among the marshes chosen by Hargrave for the fateful meeting. Grazing country was this, and from afar a cow lifted its voice in a quavering bellow, while nearer at hand a half-wild horse galloped like a phantom across the sward. Silence fell again, broken only by the clumping hoofs. Then a single sharp cry, followed by a report that snapped like a whip-lash.

"By Jove, what's that?" Larry muttered aloud, as he checked his horse.

But he knew well enough that what he heard was a pistol-shot, and as he listened with strained ears he caught the sound of running and receding footsteps. Thirty yards brought him to the little stone bridge, and he had crossed it and was a hundred feet beyond when his horse shied suddenly.

The cause was apparent. At the edge of the road, to the left, a shapeless mass was vaguely perceptible. Larry swung out of the saddle and approached the spot. Out came his matchbox, and when he had struck a vesta, he recoiled in horror from the sight that the little flame revealed to him; for there, half on the grass and half on the gravel, lay Teddy Margrave. He had fallen on his back, and his eyes, wide open, were staring upwards.

"This is awful!" Larry gasped.

"Margrave, Margrave!" he called.

There was no reply, not a stir or movement of the limp form. Larry thought of the man he had heard running away, but he knew the utter futility of pursuit.

He thrust his revolver into the side-pocket of his shooting-jacket, and ran to the creek, as he did so pulling his handkerchief from his right-hand pocket. With it came Margrave's letter, and fluttering down into a patch of reeds, it lodged there sidewise. Unconscious of his loss, Larry stretched himself on the edge of the bank; and as he leaned far over, to dip the handkerchief, something dropped with a splash into the water.

"There goes my revolver," he exclaimed.

He returned and squeezed water over Margrave's forehead with no effect whatever. On closer examination he discovered a bullet-hole in the breast, around which the tweed coat was scorched and singed.

"Dead, poor fellow!" he said hoarsely. "It's a case of foul murder. Who can have done it, and what was the motive?"

A rattle of wheels swelled suddenly on the breathless night.

"Hold on!" cried Larry, "Stop!

The horse slackened speed and the trap pulled up within ten feet. Two persons leaped out and as they came round to the front, into the glare of the lamps, Larry recognised Inspector Bamfield, of the local police. His companion was a stable boy from one of the village inns.

"Hullo! What's all this" the inspector demanded.

"A man shot, and killed," Larry replied, speaking as calmly as he could.

The inspector took one of the lamps and examined the body closely, then straightening up, he suddenly turned the light on Larry.

"Why, Mr. Vallenger!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "I didn't see who you were till now. I don't suppose you know this poor fellow?"

"Unfortunately I do," Larry admitted. "His name is Margrave, and I rode down here to-night on purpose to keep an appointment with him. I found the poor fellow as you perceive."

He went on, briefly to relate the circumstances, speaking with some agitation, and not altogether coherently for the strong glare of light confused him. The inspector stood behind the lamp, and his face was in such deep shadow that its grave, alert expression could not be seen.

"Take my advice, Mr. Vallenger and don't say anything more," he broke in.

And on the instant Larry knew he was under suspicion.

(To be continued.)

Scene—a Government office, Head clerk discovered looking out of window.

"Strange," he muttered. "Here I've been watching that bricklayer on the scaffolding over the way for the last couple of hours, and true as I'm alive he hasn't made a single dab with his trowel the whole of the time. I should just like to know what amount of work that lazy-bones gets paid for at the end of the week."

The bricklayer, on the other hand, had his eyes turned in the direction of the office window.

"It's astonishing," he growled. "For two mortal hours I've had my eye on that muff of a quill-driver. Why he hasn't even once dipped his pen in the ink. I wonder what sort of service that lazy sprig performs for all the screw he pockets at the end of the month?"

CREATING NEW WHEATS.

Some of the important principles and facts to be observed in experimental work for the improvement of plants will be of interest to the gardener, as well as to the country farmer.

The individual plant produced from a seed is the most important unit in plant breeding. The "bud unit," though of much consequence in case of marked bud variation, is usually of minor importance. Heredity, centripetal-like, enables us to produce from certain choice plants many descendants which, on an average, quite resemble their parents. Variations, centripetal-like causes the production among the descendants, with many average plants, of a few very good individuals and a few very poor ones. By selecting those best plants which upon trial produce superior progeny, the whole variety may be slightly or considerably improved. Since the plants of each succeeding generation also vary, by repeatedly choosing the best, the variety or race is further improved. In many cases crossing increases the average vigour, size, and some other desirable characteristics. In all cases crossing increases variation, as a rule, both towards better plants and towards poorer ones, thus giving apportunity for selecting from among the best plants individuals which are superior as progenitors of varieties, to any individuals which would have been secured without crossing.

New varieties can best be founded upon one to a dozen superior, selected or cross-bred seedling plants used as parents. Very large numbers of individuals must be used from which to select or breed, in order that mother plants may certainly be discovered from which superior varieties will spring. In addition to growing large numbers, the breeder of plants should grow all the plants of a given stock under uniform conditions, that they may be accurately compared. The testing of the finished variety must include adaptability to the soil and climatic conditions, the quality and value of the resulting crop, or flower, and the relative cheapness and practicability of its production.

GRAIN BREEDING GROUNDS.

"Centgener plats," are prepared as follows: "One hundred, more or less of the seeds, from each of the selected plants are planted in separate nursery plats in the breeding nursery in the second season, in a manner similar to that under which the seed was grown during the first season. These collections of plants are called "centgeners," the word having been originated to mean a hundred plants, more or less, springing from the seeds of a single mother plant."

Experiments in breeding wheat thus at the Minnesota Agricultural Experiment Station show that the heavy yeilding spikes, as well as the heavy-yielding plants, should be selected. The centgener plan of experimenting has been found expedient in the selection of plants for greater ability to stand erect. The tendency "in the blood" of a mother plant to beget a race with stiff straw cannot well be judged with a single plant, but it can with a small plat of a hundred or more of the progeny

Recent results from incrosses and outcrosses lead to the belief that hybridising is of paramount importance to supply the best stocks for the more laborious work of selection

Hybrid wheats will vary as to the length of time variation continues under rigid nursery selection, but generally they are reduced to a fixed type in a few generations, this being accomplished with little special effort while selection for superior yield and other qualities.

The selection of large-yielding individual wheat plants is important at a means of securing strong plants to be tested in centgener trials to determine their power of producing plants with large average yields. Extensive trials of new and old wheats show conclusively that wheats must be specially bred for each of several conditions in Minnesota, as well as for each of the adjoining States. By inspection, the choice of 5 per cent. of the best appearing plants nearly always includes the plant which gives the largest weight and superior grade of grain.

A HEALTHY RACE.

Records on the rust resistance of 100 progeny of each of numerous parent plants made in percentages promise to add materially in finding blood lines which resist rust within the standard variety and among the plants of the new hybrid. Wheat hybrids should be grown in quantity during the first three to five years that variation may have its full opportunity; then the selection of superior plants should be from among large numbers, say among several thousands in the nursery plats.

The results of crossing and hybridising further show an increase in variation in numerous characteristics, such as the yield, percentage of protein, etc., and the work as followed out promises to give good results in breeding for strong chaff to prevent easy shelling. Natural crosses have been found to occur, but the pencentage is very small. In the work of making a strain or variety of wheat from a single or from several mother plants, it has been the experience that numerous strains each from a single mother plant, and grown for eight years in field-test plats, have continued to average as much superior to the parent variety as at first, and have so far shown no signs of deterioration.

The best of several tried methods of handling the spike in cross-pollinating wheat is as follows: "Remove the smaller upper and lower spikelets and the smaller florets on the central spikelets, leaving 10 to 20 of the best. Emasculate these early, about the time the first tinge of yellow appears in the anthers. Cover the spike with tissue paper. Twenty-four to 48 hours later, when the florets on neighbouring spikes of similar age are opening, bring pollen from the plant chosen for the male parent and removing the covering, apply pollen to each floret." "Science Siftings."

SEEING THE EARTH REVOLVE.

The most brilliant experiment ever made in astronomy is about to be repeated by the Astronomical Society of Paris. It is known to all scientists as "the pendulum experiment of Foucault," and its purpose is to prove the circular movement of the earth. Foucault, who first concieved the idea, was the most ingenious of all French scientists of the generation just passed. In 1851, when he was a pupil of Arago, he asserted that if a long pendulum were suspended inside a very high building and put in motion, the movement of the earth from west to east would be shown by the changing of the surfaces underneath the pendulum.

He illustrated his idea by swinging a pendulum above a slowly revolving table. It was seen that the twisting of the wire did not alter the direction in which the pendulum was swinging, and Foucault's idea as a theory was clearly demonstrated. After overcoming a great many difficulties, Faucault at last obtained permission to try his idea in the Pantheon, at Rome. He asserted that his theory could be made clear to every one who had eyes to see the proofs.

WHERE IT IS DONE.

The dome of this famous building, the Pantheon, is 285ft. in height and the ceiling in the main hall is 200ft. from the floor. Foucault, then an enthusiastic young scientist, managed to fasten a steel wire to the centre of the ceiling and attached a heavy ball of metal to the lower end of the wire. The metal ball was suspended half an inch above a circular, mahogany table, 12ft. in diameter, hollowed out slightly and with a little rim of fine sand running round the edge of it.

A needle was inserted in the under side of the metal ball, projecting nearly half an inch downwards, so that it almost touched the surface of the table and made a line whenever it touched the rim of sand. Pulling the pendulum out beyond the edge of the table, Foucault fastened it with a cotton string, and when the wire was perfectly motionless set fire to the string and released the pendulum. In a few minutes to his great delight, the floor was distinctly seen to move underneath the pendulum. Every time the long pendulum swung through the ridge of sand it made its mark in a new place. The floor was twisting about at the rate of one revolution every 24 hours, and the unchanging pendulum was marking time with each swing.

At once the news was sent round the world that the motion of the earth could be seen as plainly as the motion of a clock's wheels are shown by watching its hands. The experiment created the greatest enthusiasm among scientific circles and placed the young Frenchman among the world's greatest astronomers. No history of astronomy is complete to-day without the name of Foucault and the history of the famous pendulum.

The Astronomical Society of Paris has chosen the Pantheon as the place where the experiment is to be repeated. In many respects, this ancient building, erected 1,929 years ago by one of the Roman Emperors, is the most suitable in Europe. In design the Pantheon resembles a huge cylinder, surmounted by a lofty dome. Dome and cyclinder are each 142½ft in height. There are no currents of air to disturb the swaying of a pendulum, as the only window is in the dome and is 30ft. in diameter. The Pantheon is the best preserved of all the ancient buildings in Europe. Originally designed as a heathen temple, it was, in 607, altered and consecrated as a Christian church.

There are only two other experiments by which the motion of the earth can be visibly made clear—the observations of ships at sea and the dropping of a heavy body from a great height. When a ship is approaching her masts are seen first and her hull last, and when a stone is dropped from a height of 252ft. at the equator it will fall 1in. out of plumb. The Paris Astronomical Society hopes not only to verify the conclusions of Foucault, but to make new observations which were not possible 50 years ago.—"Science Siftings."

IS SUNSTROKE A PHOTOGRAPHIC EFFECT?

If we consider the fact that no one gets heat-stroke from the great heat of furnaces in an arsenal, we readily arrive at the conclusion that not the heat rays of the sun, but the actinic rays are the cause of the evil. Hence, if we treat the body as a photographer treats his plates, and envelop it in orange, using always an orange-yellow shirt, and lining the coat and the hat with flannel of the same color, we are likely to suffer no bad effects from the sun.

Acting on this hint, officers in India who have to perform a march in the hot weather use an orange-yellow shirt and line the helmet with orange-yellow flannel, and have a pad of the same colour stitched into the khaki coat down the back. As a further precaution, the helmet might be lined with a layer of tin-foil.

Perfumed beds are now the rage. A cotton pad, scented according to individual tastes, is introduced under the sheet. The occupant of the bed, if he has a strong imagination, may dream that he is resting on a bed of flowers.

A GOOD DOG STORY.

The best dog story that has reached us for a long time is related in the Nashville "Banner."

The narrator of this anecdote was driving with a friend who had a very sagacious dog. To show the animal's cleverness the owner got out of the carriage, held his pocket-book to the dog's nose, and then taking out a half-crown piece, hid it under a large rock. They then drove on for a half mile, and the dog was commanded to fetch the coin.

The animal, without the least hesitation, started back on a run, and the owner of the dog explained that as the rock was heavy, the dog would be unable to turn it over, so would have to scratch under it to reach the money, and it would take him some time. It did, for he had not appeared when we retired, about ten o'clock.

Early next morning we heard a sharp bark at the door. When the door was opened, in rushed the dog, dragging with him a pair of trousers which he dropped on the floor.

Of course we were mystified, but the explanation soon came in the shape of a neighbour who lived several miles away. He rode up, and inquired if a dog with a pair of trousers in his mouth had come into the house. Just then the pointer walked on the porch, and the man exclaimed, "why, there's the dog."

The caller said that late in the afternoon of the day before, he saw the dog scratching under a large rock near the road, and thinking he was after a rabbit, stopped and lifted the rock up, and to his surprise found the half-crown under it. He put the money in his pocket, and the dog followed him home. He appeared to be friendly and the man patted him and gave him his supper.

At night, when the family retired the dog was put out-of-doors, but he kept up such a racket that no one on the place could sleep, and when the man opened the door to drive the animal away he rushed into the bedroom and at once became quiet. He lay down near the foot of the bed, and slept there till morning.

Early in the morning, the man said, he got up and opened the window, and the instant he did so, the dog seized his trousers and, jumping out of the window, fled with them. The man followed as soon as he could.

When the pockets of the trousers were searched, of course the half-crown was brought to light.

WONDERS OF VIVISECTION.

An energetic Russian physiologist has by his new methods succeeded in throwing an entirely new light on the processes of digestion. The 'Lancet' tells of ingeniously devised surgical operations which have enabled him to obtain the various digestive juices in a state of absolute purity and in large quantity.

The composition and their actions on the various food-stuffs have thus been ascertained in a manner never before accomplished. The main thing shown is that digestion is not a succession of isolated acts, but each one is related to its predecessor and to that which follows it; the process of digestion is thus a continuous whole; for example the acidity of the gastric juice provides for a delivery of pancreatic juice in proper quantity into the intestine; the intestinal juice acts upon the pancreatic, and so enables the latter to perform its powerful actions.

Finally, the composition of the various juices is most admirably adjusted to the needs of the living organism.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Women have usuanlly better eyesight than men.

In addition to many other sources of wealth, Canada, it is stated, has over 100,000 square miles of oil lands.

When a criminal is sentenced to death in Greece, he must wait two years before the execution of the sentence.

A sanitary Bible for use in courtrooms, is a new idea. It is bound in white celluloid, so that it can be readily washed and disinfected.

Since 1850 the world has expended £300,000,000 in waging war, and four times that sum in holding standing armies in readiness.

It is computed that at the present time there are about 200,000 Frenchmen bearing noble titles to which they have no right.

One of the most remarkable exports of the Gold Coast is that of monkey skins. During the last five years an average of 175,000 skins has been annually exported.

Flowers bloom all the year round in the Sandwich Islands. It is, therefore, believed that that country rather than Japan deserves the title of "flowery land."

By an Italian law every circus that does not perform every act promised in the printed programme, or which misleads the public by means of pictures, is liable to a fine of £100 for every offence.

One of the most curious plants in the world is the toothbrush plant, a species of creeper which grows in Jamaica. By cutting a piece of the stem and fraying the ends the natives make a toothbrush.

Most of the ivory that comes to the market is "dead"—that is ivory taken from animals long since dead, and which has been stored away by the natives for years. There is no danger in Africa of the supply being exhausted for several generations at least. (1337) B.

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THE LOOMS OF DESTINY.

BY J. MONK FOSTER.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MAN IN THE DARK.

"Geoffrey! Oh, Geoffrey, what can you mean?"

Those words were wrung from the girl's lips by the nature of her lover's totally unexpected declaration, and the sweet uplifted face and wide, questioning eyes mirrored the wonder she felt.

"I mean exactly what I say, Doris, dearest! To save me from myself—to save us both, there is nothing but an immediate marriage. That is what I mean."

They were still standing near the tall iron railings of the public park, and with a gentle hand he drew her nearer them and deeper into the shadow of the trees. The road was deserted; not a footfall was to be heard along its length: across the way in the middle distance some of the lower windows of the villas shone out duskily, and beyond them—around, was the peaceful silence and darkness of the nightfall.

"But think of the talk—the sensation—the trouble to yourself such a course will create!" she cried lowly, as her lips were freed from his caresses.

"I can only think of my danger and your own," he said, with a quiet, yet firm, gravity which impressed her greatly. "It is of ourselves we must think now."

The danger is all yours, Geoffrey, not mine!"

"If so then all the greater urgency for what I advise. If you do not agree to marry me soon, think of all the temptations I am called upon to face! My father knows that I have but to speak to this woman in order to win her, and all her thousands; and, Doris, he is perpetually urging me to declare myself to her. Some day my ambition to possess so many things that wealth brings may overmaster my love for you, and then there is nothing for us both but utterest disaster. That temptation is so strong sometimes that I almost tremble for myself, but so far my love for your dear self has conquered. Still, it may not prove so always. I am only human, and the daughter of a millionaire, even if she be ugly as sin, is a powerful lure. You must save me from myself by consenting to our marriage!"

He had delivered that long harangue in a low, swift whisper which was vibrant with passion; she had listened, and had thrilled at his words, and yet a vague uneasiness overshadowed her happiness. That unrest found an unconscious utterance in her answer.

"But if your father urges you so strongly to marry Miss Knowlton, what must be his anger and disgust when he discovers you have ignored all his wishes and married instead one of his own mill girls!"

"That is the very matter I desire to discuss with you, my dear Dorrie!" he cried, readily. "For our own sakes it has become absolutely necessary that we become man and wife as soon as it is possible, and I have thought out a plan which will enable us to take that step without incurring the spleen of my excellent father or the criticism of my good friends."

"But how? how, Geoffrey?" she murmured, wonderingly. "The moment our contemplated union is made public or announced in any way the whole town will ring with the news."

"But why make it public at all?" he suggested, as he bent and kissed her warm cheek. "To do that would set the whole place by the ears, and upset everything. And really there is no need for such a thing. We can be married in some other town or city, twenty, fifty, a hundred miles away from here, and no one will be any the wiser—till such time as we care to speak."

"Oh, Geoffrey!"

There were reluctance, pathos, distress in those faintly intoned words, and she drew herself involuntarily from his clinging hands, while her rare face grew pale and serious under his keen gaze.

"But, Doris," he urged tenderly, "there is really nothing to fear. I knew my proposal would startle you, and yet there is no good reason why it should. Besides, what other course can we adopt? If I do not bind myself to you for ever I am afraid that I may drift into the hands of that woman with all her thousands; if we marry openly you may judge what the consequences would be. My father is a stern and passionate man when he is crossed, and he might not only take it into his head to ruin all my prospects by cutting me out of his will, but might also go to the extreme of dismissing me from my position at the mills!"

"But a secret—a clandestine marriage, Geoffrey!" she gasped in sore distress. "Better far to wait, dear, until we can marry in sight of the whole world."

"Have I not pointed out the danger of waiting?" he exclaimed, petulantly, "If I marry that woman I shall ruin both our lives! You will never forgive me if I do, nor should I ever forgive myself. And to marry openly is to court disaster of another kind. Cannot you trust me, Doris, in this supreme crisis of our love? Do; and I swear before heaven that you never shall have cause to regret your trust."

"I cannot do it, Geoffrey! I cannot!" she murmured, thickly, torn by a thousand vague doubts and fears. "Do not press me further! Let us wait. Make an appeal to your father! I feel certain he——"

He laughed coarsely, brutally at her words, ere he dammed their flow by his passionate interruption.

"Appeal to my father!" he almost hissed in her face. "When you know him better you will understand how foolish—suicidal—such an appeal would be. I intend to appeal to him, but only when we are man and wife. Then he may bow—will bow—his head to the inevitable. But before you do as I wish you I will not go to him, no matter what happens!"

Doris had drawn down her veil again, and was now crying softly behind it. On the other side of the road a couple of lovers were sauntering by, and from their laughter and loud gossip, one could judge them as mill-lasses and miner-lads. Blandford turned his back to them and shrank farther into the shadows, and for a moment or two he watched the distressed girl in silence, a hard cynical look overspreading his dark handsome face.

"I suppose it is only what I might have expected," he remarked, in an ostentatiously bitter vein, quoting flippantly:—

"All thy passions matched with mine
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine."

"Here am I," he went on, "ready to stake everything I have in the world for your sake, and because I ask, implore, pray you to do something—not wrong, but only a trifle unconventional—you recoil from me in horror. I would dare everything for love's dear sake; you dare do nothing, it seems!"

"There is nothing I dare not do for your sake, Geoffrey!" she cried, softly passionate then.

"Nothing save that which I ask you to do!" he retorted. "Are you a child to be frightened at a shadow?"

"I fear the world's judgment—mine—your own!" she responded firmly. "What will the world say if I marry you as you wish me? That I trapped you into a secret marriage because I feared your relatives and friends would otherwise have persuaded you from such madness. You are a mill-owner's son, I am one of his 'hands' who contrived to trap you into a mésalliance by means of my good looks and artful ways. That is how the world will look at it, and that is what I am afraid to face, Geoffrey!"

"So that you fear the world more than you love me?" he retorted triumphantly.

"No! No! Not that!" she cried. "What shall I say to make you understand?"

"Say you will marry me—and snap your fingers at the spiteful world!"

"That I cannot do!" she whispered.

"You wish to drive me to that hateful woman's arms!" he thundered at her ear.

"No! No! I wish to keep you for ever, Geoffrey!" she cried in an appealing voice. "But," she added, "I want to keep you in such a way that I shall never be ashamed of it, dear."

"Look here, Doris!" he muttered sullenly. "I am tired of this, and we had better understand each other clearly. I have told you what I wish you to do and you refuse to meet me. If I go away without your promise you will not see me again, for to-morrow I will go straight to Gwendolen Knowlton and ask her to be my wife! As true as the stars are shining there I mean this. Now am I to go?"

"Geoffrey! Geoffrey! Do not go!"

She was sobbing again now; she had held out her hands to him, and seizing them he had drawn her to him. Then as he raised her veil from her white, tear-stained cheeks and kissed her passionately he said,

"You know what it means if I stay?"

"Yes! Yes! I cannot let you go!"

"And you promise to marry me, Doris?"

"Whenever, wheresoever, and howsoever you choose!"

He took her in his arms then and tried to kiss her tears away. Later, when she had dried her eyes, and was composed again, he rallied her lightly on her fears and over considerate scruples.

"And I thought you so romantic," he urged playfully. "And lo, I find you prosaic enough to shudder at the thought—not of an elopement—but at the suggestion of a merely quiet wedding. Surely the spirit of old romance has departed from our maidens when one of them fears to wed her lover because the whole world can't be there or hear of it."

"I am alone in the world, dear," Doris whispered. "and I was frightened at first by the thought of a secret marriage."

"But afraid no longer now?"

"No, Geoffrey; not now!"

But she was trembling still, and her voice lacked the spontaneity and warmth he hungered for.

"Well, there is nothing to fear, anyhow," was his ready response. "Now you have consented to marry me the manner of our wedding may be left very much to your own choice so long as the ceremony takes place somewhere sufficiently far removed from Spindleford. There are the Registry Office and the Church—the marriage by banns or license——"

"Not the office, Geoffrey, surely!" Doris said, with a pretty "moue" and a slight shudder of disgust.

"Hardly that, dearest," he said quickly. Marriage without a clergyman is half a marriage after all, and we'll have none of it. And a license, special or otherwise, has its drawbacks. Now this is my plan, Doris. Suppose I go to one of the nearest big towns on Saturday afternoon and make all the necessary arrangements. I can take apartments there, make all right, have the banns published in some little church where we are unknown, and then three weeks or a month afterwards you can take an holiday at the week's end, we shall be married and come back without anyone being a pin the wiser.

"If we must, I suppose it will be better so!" she answered unenthusiastically.

And, in the meantime, when you hear again anyone talking of myself and Miss Knowlton you will not be so desperately jealous, dear, I may keep up my pleasant relations with that lady, but you will forgive me for doing so, knowing the end I have in view."

"I could never be jealous of any woman!" Doris cried spiritedly. "And I shall pay less heed than ever to any gossip I hear."

"And don't forget this, Doris," he said, speaking in his most significant manner. "Now, more than ever, it is imperative that we keep our love a secret. A hint might bring our plans tumbling about our ears. Now a kiss and good night, for we must not be seen together. I will write you later when I have arranged matters."

They kissed warmly, whispered a sweet good night to each other and parted. He watched her speed alongside the park, her slim, darkly-clothed figure only a moving shadow among the fixed ones, and when she had vanished townwards, he turned in the contrary direction, a gay snatch of a popular air on his lips.

Geoffrey vanished among the shadows, too; the echoes of his sharp footfalls dwindled away in the dusky stillness; and then another sound was heard close by the spot where the lovers had stood. There was a rustling in the grass behind the iron rails, the thick leaves of a clump of rhododendrons parted, and a man raised himself slowly to peer after the mill-owner's son.

"The cursed wastrel!" the man growled. "What a fool he is making of that lass! But I'll spoil his sweet game!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HEART OF THE STORM.

For several days after her last meeting with her sweetheart, Doris Lonsdale lived in quite a new world of her own. To all about her she was scarcely different than of old; was a bit more chary of her gentle words and sweet laughter, had a countenance usually grave enough for a much older woman; yet if she thought much, she was amiable of manner, and soft of speech as ever.

At first there had been a swift reaction in the girl's thoughts. Then the step she and Geoffrey contemplated taking seemed fraught with many dangers. A clandestine alliance would make them the target of the town; he would be subjected to the scorn and raillery of his set; she would be placed in the pillory by her own acquaintances; and out of the secret match every manner of evil might flow.

So she pondered for hours, and then her communings flew to the opposite point of the mental compass. They loved each other, and their circumstances justified any harmless subterfuge adopted in self-defence. If they were not quite frank with the world, it was because the world had not made plain dealing either pleasant or expedient in their case. And, after all, what had the world to do with herself and Geoffrey? They asked nothing from it, were taking nothing, therefore, why shouldn't they please themselves in the ordering of their own lives?

Thus Doris argued in mitigation of that meditated assault on conventional custom, and, after the manner of womankind, plucked some thin pleasure from the process of convincing herself that all was right. Still, deep down in her heart was the desire that this thing had not been necessary—that the realisation of her own and Geoffrey's affection had been attainable by ordinary means.

Then, two or three days after that last interview with her lover, came another letter. The handwriting was not on the face of it Geoffrey's; it was cramped and strange, and she apprehended a purposed disguise, adopted in order to hoodwink curious eyes. She opened the letter, and her amaze was intensified a thousand-fold; before she had finished reading it she was floundering blindly in a morass of mental despair. Other communications had startled her into feelings of deepest wonder and exquisite delight, but this nameless and unsigned epistle crushed her into the very dust. It ran as under:—

"Miss Doris Lonsdale,

"I feel it my duty as a man to tell you something of a very unpleasant nature. You will not thank me for telling you; you will not be glad to hear it; but some day, I think, you will thank God and bless me for what I am doing now. What I have to tell you will seem to be a pack of the blackest lies, but in spite of that I swear it is nothing but the truth. Before writing this I have opened my Bible and kissed it; and I ask you if you think an honest man would do that if he meant one word of a lie to come from his pen? Now for what I have to say.

"You are going to marry Geoffrey Blandford quietly. You have promised to do it, and I daresay you intend to stand by your word. I know this because I heard it from your own lips on Thursday night. It does not matter where I was then or who I am. You met him near the Park, and I made a spy of myself to watch him and hear all. I had my own reasons for doing that, just as I have my reasons for writing this letter, yet keeping my name out of it. I know you and respect you as much as I respect the biggest lady in all the land. But Geoffrey Blandford I hate—because he is a vile scamp who is not fit to speak to an honest and beautiful woman like you.

"I heard him persuade you to marry him secretly, and I heard as well all he had to say about his father and his friends and that rich lady he could have for the asking. I did not believe a word, but you swallowed all. He may mean to deal fairly by you, but I doubt it. If he does you will be luckier than one girl I know who believed in him. But my belief is that he means to deceive and betray you.

"I know how good and refined you are, and that makes it more difficult for me to tell you all. But this much I may tell you. A year or two before you came to Spindleford, a young woman named Ethel Carington worked at the Swan Meadow Mills. She was a weaver, too, and very beautiful—almost as clever as you are; was a good deal above the other girls in manners and dress, and could speak like a born lady.

"Geoffrey Blandford saw her and fell in love with her—or at least said so. She was vain and foolish. The rest you may guess, for he did not spare her. She was not a Spindleford lass—she came from a town called Ellsbury. I have heard—and when she disappeared nobody bothered their heads about her. But this man knows, who has got you to agree to a secret marriage, and I know. If you want proof I will get to know where this Ethel Carington is kept now by the man you are expecting to become your husband.

"But there is no need for you to either soil your fingers or mind in this vile business. All you have to do is this. Meet Geoffrey Blandford again at the same place near the park, and ask him what became of Miss Carington. To save yourself from dishonour and expose him as a scoundrel you must do this. If you do not you will only have to blame yourself for any disgrace and sorrow which may follow. But you are a true woman and know what to do.

"If he denies his guilt I will not only make known to you who I am, but will get for you the address of Ethel Carington. I do not know it now or I would send it; but I have heard where she went and might trace her. All that, however, may prove unnecessary. When you show the villain that you are aware of his black record he will very likely cringe before you, show himself in his true colours, and beg you to keep his shameful secret. Anyway, you need not be afraid of the truth. Every word, I swear again, is as true as gospel.

"If you wish to write to me about anything the following address will find me: 'Mr. Cato Caradoc, care of Mr. Sam Flint, Bull and Dog Inn, Lord Nelson-street, Spindleford.' That is not my name, and no personal inquiries will find me. I am not afraid of you; in fact, if I did not respect you very much I should not have taken all this trouble on your account. But I am afraid of Geoffrey Blandford. If he knew me he might get me stopped at my work, and perhaps injure me in other ways. If you do show him this letter—and you can if you want to—first copy the false name and address for your own use, and then carefully scratch it out.

"So much as that I think you owe me. You once bestowed a great kindness upon me, and I feel sure you would not care to harm me now. But if the worst comes to the worst I will meet both you and Blandford and prove that every word written here is the honest truth,

"An Honest Man."

Luckily for Doris Lonsdale, it was Sunday morning when the foregoing long, rambling, and damnatory communication was placed in her hands. She had breakfasted without reading it, and then, as was her custom of late days, had withdrawn to her own room to read the letter there, alone and subject to no curious stares.

It was noonday ere she descended again. To her landlady's daughter she had pleaded headache—had asked that a book might be brought her—and so had obtained the isolation she desired. And there she had tossed all the hours of the morning, more miserable than ever she had been in all her young life before.

At dinner-time food had been sent to her, but was scarcely touched. She had no appetite for aught save misery, and of that she drank her fill. The afternoon spent itself as the morning had done, and when evening came she roused herself with an effort, not caring to let kindly-souled Mrs Fletcher see how sorely she was stricken.

But the solitary walk that followed a perfunctory and quite savourless meal at tea-time, only added to the bitterness of her feelings. The sight of other lovers parading the quiet streets lent another pang to her woe. How happy were so many in their affection, and she so despairing. How much better for her it would have been had she been destined to love a lowly man instead of one so much above her. It almost seemed to the sorrowing lassie then, that her pride was responsible for her misery. Had she looked less high for a mate—been satisfied with a lover out of her own class, she would never have been called upon to go through such a fiery ordeal.

Only for the briefest period had Doris dreamt of questioning the veracity of her unknown correspondent. Then she had vowed to herself that Geoffrey was the noblest and truest of men, and that she would never believe ill of him. But even while she was protesting his manliness and fidelity with her lips a cankerous distrust was gnawing at her very heart's core.

And so in the slough of despond two days, three days went by. Sad-eyed, sore-hearted, even afraid of looking straight before her, the girl fretted herself to the verge of a real illness. She knew not what to do or think. The truth or falsity of the charge laid against Geoffrey was capable of easy proof. All that was requisite was action on her part, but she dared not move for very terror of the worst.

Then a move on her accused lover's part made her into a woman again. A note came to her, charging her to meet him that evening. He had been away as agreed, had made all the necessary arrangements, and she was to see him without fail, that he might tell her all he had done. As they could not afford to be reckless now, she was to meet him at nine o'clock prompt, beside Tyldon Station, where neither of them were likely to be known by anyone who chanced to see them.

That note settled the matter. For good or evil she was resolved to learn the truth now. His curt command braced her as a strong tonic might have done. No longer the simple-loving girl, but a cool, clear-headed woman fighting for her love and good name, she went to meet him, probably for the last time she thought.

They met as arranged, and he was effusive as usual. She was veiled as before, and her greeting was more formal than it had ever been. She did not even take his offered hand, and not heeding that signal he poured out his budget of news. He had made everything right; in a fortnight they would be married; all she had to do was to tell Mrs. Fletcher that she was going to spend the week-end with some friends at a distance—anywhere she chose—and there they are.

"So you are quite determined to carry this business on then?" she asked quietly.

"Determined? Of course! What have I been doing since we last met? And you, Doris? Surely you have not changed your mind at the last moment?"

"I have made up my mind never to marry any man secretly! If I am not good enough to be wed in face of the whole world, I will never be married at all!"

"Doris! What does this mean? Now, when all things are arranged, will you fling me into the arms of that woman?"

"For Heaven's sake enough of that!" she cried sternly. "If you fear to make me your wife openly, go your way and I will go mine!"

"What has changed you so, Doris?"

"This! Read it under the lamp and tell me if it is true."

She thrust the sheets of the letter in his hand and almost dragged him to the foot of the nearest gas-lamp. There he read and fumed and cursed in his throat with her eyes upon him.

"It's a lie!" he gasped, hoarsely, with livid cheeks. "A foul lie someone has forged against me. You cannot believe this, Doris?"

"How do I know whether it is false or true? If it is not true you will face this man!"

"What man? Who is the scoundrel? Tell me his name that I may kill him."

"Will you drop melodrama and talk common-sense?" she asked, with cold but biting sarcasm. "You understand that this man fears you only because he is poor, but in case of your denial of what he states he is prepared to face you!"

"I ask who he is? You must know! You have written to him, and you take his word rather than mine," he cried, fiercely.

"I do not know who he is. The address obliterated there I have kept, but I have not yet written to him. Shall I do so? Dare you face him? That is the one question on which everything depends now."

"I will not see this spy!" he hissed, white to the lips with passion. "Why should I allow your private affairs and mine to be dragged before this nameless scullion? If I had him here I'd tear out the knave's lying heart as easily as I rend his foul letter into fragments!"

He tore the sheets into minute shreds, tossed the fragments this way and that, watched them swirl, eddy, drift in the wind. His act destroyed the last remnant of hope in her soul. With a little shudder she drew her skirts around her.

"I am satisfied," she said, in a cold, hard voice he scarcely recognised. "That ends everything between us. Mr. Blandford, I wish you good-night."

"You must not go! You shall not! In heaven's name, Doris, listen to me. When can I see you again?"

"Do not touch me," she cried, so sharply and acidulously that his outstretched hands dropped. "As to seeing me again, perhaps you may, when you are prepared to speak the truth. Good-night. And here is the ring I have shamed myself by wearing."

"Doris! Doris! I will tell you—"

He spoke to the wind. She had flung his jewelled gift at his feet and was scurrying homeward, sobbing bitterly beneath her veil.

(To be Continued.)

EVEN WITH THE LAWYER.

A certain lawyer was in his office one day when a stranger came to the door and said: "Beg your pardon, but can you tell me where Messrs. Smith's office is?"

"Yes, it is on the fourth floor!" The stranger thanked him, and climbed upstairs. Returning presently, he looked in again. "Smith seems to be out," he said. "Of course he is. If you had asked that question in the first place, I should have answered by telling you so." That stranger had a troubled look on his face as he left the building, but it was peaceful again when he returned next day, and inquired of the lawyer: "How much will you charge me for a verbal opinion about a little matter?" "Oh, about a guinea." The case having been stated, the opinion was given, and the stranger was moving away when the lawyer said sharply: "My fee, please." "I haven't a halfpenny to pay you with." "You haven't?" "Of course not; if you had asked me that question in the first place, I should have answered by telling you so. Good morning, sir."

We had a dreadful time over the 95 dollars we made at our bazaar."

"How so?"

"Half the women wanted to pay it on our church debt, and the other half wanted to buy our clergyman a bicycle."

A HAUNTED HAMLET.

THE EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCE OF A STROLLING ENGLISH PLAYER.

I was the leading man. We had been "barn storming" through the provinces for some months, and the season was drawing to a close. So, too, was the time for a certain note I had drawn when the season began. Not having money enough to purchase my stage dresses, I had borrowed from a London Shylock, telling him that as leading man my salary was princely. My bill was already overdue, when, by some unlucky chance, my sharp creditor heard of the smallness of my salary. He wrote fiercely to demand the amount of the bill I had given him, or threatened immediate proceedings. I put him off as well as I could, hoping for something to turn up that might enable me to satisfy his demands.

Three nights before we closed, my benefit was to come off. I had put up "Hamlet" and "The Road to Ruin." My announcing the former of these much annoyed the manager, who had not sufficient confidence in my experience to trust me with the Danish prince, but he at last gave way. Perhaps his compliance was the more easily obtained through the influence of his daughter Amy, who was to play Ophelia. In the early part of the season we had contracted an alliance, both offensive and defensive, but also amatory, and with connubial eventualities. The slightest hindrance to the eventualities was the extreme smallness of my salary and the utter nothingness of Amy's. Her father put her down at a high figure in the treasury books, but scrupulously drew the money himself.

Well every bill-board bore the announcement in bills half a yard in length: "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, by Mr. Arthur Stanley; Ophelia, by Miss Amy St. John; for rest of characters see small bills." Things went well. Every seat in the boxes was let, and the tickets for pit and gallery had gone off so well that less than the average amount taken at the doors would overflow the house.

The old church clock tolling the important hour of six warned me to hurry from my lodgings to that temple of fame in which I fondly hoped I had secured a niche for myself. As I walked along I began to taste the pleasure of celebrity. Shopmen nudged each other as I passed. A couple of young ladies, whose profession appeared to be "millinery," looked at me from under their bonnets, and then rep[eated] my name in a whisper loud enough for me to hear half a dozen yards from them.

"This is indeed renown," I muttered; "what matters it that my salary is small, when my fame is becoming so great?"

As I said the words, I felt a hand upon my shoulder, and turned, with the glow of exultation still suffusing my cheek.

"Mr. Arthur Stanley I believe, sir," said the accoster.

"That is my name," I replied, trying to hurry on.

"Excuse me, sir, then," returned the man, "but you must come with me. At the suit of Moses Cohen, for twenty-five pun ten, and costs."

He handed me a small slip of paper—I dare say you can guess its contents—and took me by the arm.

"This is most unfortunate," I said; "had it been but one night later I should not have minded."

"Case of 'hook it,' I suppose," said the man.

"On the contrary, I should have been able to have discharged the amount. I suppose you couldn't put off the arrest till after business this evening?"

"Not on any account," replied my captor, and I saw that he quite meant what he said.

This, then, was the end of my ambitious aspirations. Instead of the glare of the footlights and the plaudits of an audience, I was to have the darkness and stillness of a jail! I folded my arms in despair, and defied my fate.

"Let us go, I said, "for to-night was appointed for my benefit; but no matter. 'Denmark's a prison—a goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons!' Lead on." As I turned to accompany the bailiff's man, a messenger from the theatre accosted me.

"Oh, Mr. Stanley," the man said, "I am sent to tell you that we've no ghost; Figgins has just come in awfully drunk."

I was about to answer him, when my captor interrupted me, asking me if I had put up "Hamlet." Upon my replying in the affirmative, he said he thought he could help me. He had been a member of an amateur theatrical club, and the ghost of Hamlet's father had been one of his most successful attempts. If I liked he would sustain the part on this occasion, and, thus keeping his eye upon me, would postpone my arrest until after the performance. I saw that vanity instigated the offer, but as drowning men clutch at straws, I accepted the proposal, and hurried off to the theatre with all speed, accompanied by my obliging Nemesis. In the difficulty the manager consented to my supposed friend's offer, and, a few hints sufficing to take the place of rehearsal, half an hour before the curtain was to rise saw the bailiff's man donning the armour of the inebriated Figgins.

Up went the curtain, to a house crowded to the ceiling. The tragedy commenced with every promise of success, my reception was most flattering, and the applause which greeted my points almost made me forget the presence of my custodian, who watched me with ever-vigilant eyes from the wing. I was naturally apprehensive of the manner in which the ghost would be rendered, but the interview with my father's shade was as satisfactory as it would have been had Figgins himself embodied the spirit, although it must be admitted that spirits were peculiarly in his line.

As the words "Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me," were uttered, generous applause rewarded the exertions of the stage-struck bailiff. With a sigh of relief, I was about to apostrophise heaven, earth, and the other place, when, turning, I saw my father's spirit still upon the stage.

"Leave the stage," I whispered, supposing that my friend had forgotten his exit.

To my horror the ghost replied, with an oath, not loud but deep, that he would see me d——d first. It was in vain that I reiterated my directions; the ghost would not give up. And feeling that the situation was critical, I went on with my part, and strove with extra vehemence to carry the audience with me, so that they might overlook the presence of the implacable shade. Either the audience were not at home with the text, or looked upon the ghost's remaining as a new reading, for they gave no sign of disapproval. When Horatio and Marcellus came on, however, their wonder almost brought on a catastrophe, but I urged them to go on, and the act drew to a conclusion, with the novelty of the ghost speaking his injunction over my left shoulder.

The drop down, I showered expostulations on my persecuting father's head, but he turned a deaf ear to them all.

"I'll tell you what it is, guv'nor," he said, "I ain't wishing to be at all annoyin' or ungentlemanly to you, but I had to arrest a gent in your profession once, and obliged him by waiting until the performance was over, when blowed if he wasn't shabby enough to get taken down a trap at the end, and bolt. I thought of that while I was on the stage just now with you, and if I leave you again my mother was a Frenchman." Without going into the question of his parentage, I promised to surrender myself at the end of the evening, but it was to no purpose, he was obstinate. In the absence of the manager who had been luckily called away, I confessed my dilemma to the prompter, and he, influenced by good feeling, and the promise of a present to-morrow, consented to allow the tragedy to go on, in spite of my being continually haunted.

In a few minutes the tale was in every dressing-room, and the company choking with laughter; but as it was not an affair of theirs, they did not offer any objection to the constant interpolation of my father's accursed spirit. Polonius's interview was shadowed by his presence, and although the ancient chamberlain took his leave, the substitute of Figgins remained a fixture. Plagued by Rosencrans and Guildenstern, I was still more bored by the abominable shade who intruded upon my interview with Ophelia, listened to the scolding I gave the queen, and looked on while I stabbed Polonius.

I felt like a man who on the steps of the gallows receives a reprieve. Alas! my head was not out of the noose yet. As I was standing at the wing, in readiness for my entrance for the fifth act, I noticed the manager looking on from the other side. I shuddered. I knew his violence and tyranny, and I trembled at his rage should he stay there to witness the ghost's unusual presence. I spoke to the bailiff's man; I implored him to leave me for the rest of the tragedy; I promised him money, anything he should demand, but it was in vain. My anxiety to be away from him only confirmed him in his suspicions that I wanted to use the opportunity to escape.

Despair made me desperate. I called a scene-shifter, and while I pointed to one of the fly-pieces, as if it was of that I was speaking, I whispered words of very different import in his ear. The man nodded and hurried away, while I, to keep up appearances, again begged the ghost to remain invisible—of course without making any impression upon his obstinate nature. In a minute the scene-shifter returned. "It's all right, sir," he said, "It will be arranged directly." A glance thanked him.

"If you still persist in being at my elbow," I said to my ghost, "I must trouble you to shift your quarters, as I enter at the back of the scene."

He accompanied me as requested, followed by the scene-shifter, and as we stopped I heard the cue given for my entrance. I turned to my ally, who stamped sharply on the stage, and a knock underneath replying to his signal, he seized the ghost, as the trap upon which they stood opened, and in a moment they were both hidden from my sight. The bailiff's man knew enough of stage mechanism not to venture upon a struggle while descending a trap, and although he gave me a parting look of reproach and anger, he knew that he was unable to oppose his fate.

Thus relieved in mind, I hurried on for the grave scene with a lightened spirit, and everything went well accordingly. My quips with the grave-digger, my Yorick speech, "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay," all brought a torrent of applause, and when I leaped into the grave the whole house was enthusiastic.

I had just said to Laertes, "I prithee take thy fingers from my throat," when I felt other hands, besides those of Ophelia's brother assailing me. I knew too well who grappled me; and assured that the time for expostulation was gone, I prepared for a short struggle to get rid of the ghost, at any rate for that scene. At the same moment I heard the deep tones of the manager, but in the confusion I could not understand what he said. I had not long to wait, however, before I saw the execution of his orders.

The first grave-digger, advancing from the back of the scene, seized the ghost by the arms, and, giving him a preparatory swing, slung him on his shoulders and walked off the stage with him. The violence of the motion had loosened the fastenings of the helmet, and the final jerk shook it from the bailiff's head, displaying a vast quantity of unkempt carrotty hair. The house was in a roar, and when, amid the din, the angry ghost was heard threatening in language far from Shakespearean, and certainly not polite, the audience seemed a congregation of lunatics. I jumped from the grave, but soon such a storm of laughter hailed me, that, with one look of terror at the audience, I rushed off the stage, as I heard the manager's indignant orders for the prompter to "ring down."

I did not dare ask the manager to renew for next season. I knew it would be hopeless. I lost no time in writing for engagements elsewhere, but I met with constant rebuffs. One manager declined negotiations, "as he did not keep a bailiff's man in the theatre." Matters at last became serious; the funds remaining from my benefit were gone. A vacancy for a clown occurred. I replied as Signor Antonio, obtained the engagement, and six months after I had played "Hamlet" for my benefit I went on as a clown in a pantomime. "To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"

STORY OF THE ENGLISH PENNY.

There is no earlier mention of English pennies than that of A.D., 688, says a writer in the "English Illustrated Magazine." They were coined by the individual kings of the Heptarchy, and afterwards by the sole rulers. On the obverse the monarch's head and name usually appear, while the reverse shows a cross, and records the town where the coin was minted, and the name very often of the moneyer. Every important town is recorded upon one penny or another, and local mints, though diminishing in numbers, continued to issue coins down to the time of Queen Anne, when the one at the Tower was alone authorised to do so. The early pennies of Victoria were coppers, and a good story is told of an old woman in the North of Scotland who continued after the introduction of the lighter bronze coinage in 1860 to weigh the sweets she sold against the pennies of the children who bought them. One can well imagine the strenuous endeavours made by the youngsters to get hold of the older and heavier coins. To tell the story of the "Britannia," which is such an important feature of our penny, we must go back to the time when the copper coinage was introduced. James I. forbade the use of tokens, and tried to replace them by farthings. Charles I. issued similar ones and Cromwell went so far as the making of trial pieces. It was left, however, for Charles II. to produce halfpence and farthings as we now know them, and they bore on the reverse the figure of "Britannia." The general idea is obviously taken from one of a man so named upon a Roman coin, but the actual representation is said to be a portrait of the lovely Frances Stuart. The farthing is very similar to the halfpenny in design, though it shows the lady with one bare leg. The sceptre held by the Roman Britannia has become an olive branch and a spear has been added to the shield, which shows two of the crosses that later went to form the Union Jack.

We find that Wood's half-penny, coined for Ireland by the man whose name it bears, shows the figure leaning upon a harp instead of a shield. The coins were smaller than the ordinary coins of George I., being also less than the contract allowed, and drew forth the celebrated Drapier Letters from Dean Swift.

In Boulton and Watts' coins, a ship appears, and well-marked waves, below the shield, the word Soho is seen, signifying that the coin was made in Birmingham, though, of course, issued by the Mint. The spear, be it noticed, is here converted into the more familiar trident, and the olive-branch is more detailed, becoming even more so on the corresponding halfpenny, which is not furnished with a broad rim. When we examine the coppers of the next king, we find that Britannia has donned a helmet, and faces the right instead of the left, while the waves and ship have disappeared. In the farthing the hand holding the olive branch clutches the shield, and in the halfpenny the branch has gone, and the rose, thistle, and shamrock take the place of the date, which appears on the obverse side.

This style continued in use until the bronze coinage of Victoria appeared. With the latter the ship and the waves came back, and brought Eddystone Lighthouse with them. The date returned also to its old place, and the rose, thistle and shamrock went to adorn the drapery on the Queen's dress. Lastly, in 1893, the ship and lighthouse and what is more to be regretted the waves were again left out when our present style of penny was first issued.

The Irish harp used to replace Britannia on the Irish coins, the thistle on Scotch; the "three legs," which are the crest of the Isle of Man, appeared on Manx coins. This, it has been pointed out, is probably the remains of the "svastika," the oldest design hitherto discovered, from which also the "key pattern" is derived.

A MERE FORMALITY.

"Sir, I have come to ask you for the hand of your daughter."

"For Muriel's hand?"

"Yes, sir. It is a mere formality, I know; but we thought it would be more pleasing to you to have me go through with it."

"What's that? A mere formality? And may I enquire who suggested that asking my consent to my daughter's marriage was only a mere formality?"

"It was Muriel's mother, sir."

"Oh! In that case I have nothing more to say."

THE OVERDOING OF TOWSER II.

This is a true story, because the remains of the hen are still in circulation.

When the golf epidemic captured Wheatley the victims scoured the country far and wide to find ground suitable for links. Hi Hacock's pasture was selected as being the site, and negotiations were entered into with Mr. Hacock with a view to leasing, and eventually purchasing the land.

Hi was wary. For some time he held off. He could not understand why a crowd of people wanted to acquire so much ground "jes' to play shinney on." To the most casual reader it must be evident that Hi had never indulged in golf.

Finally, after he had been talked to by the Mayor, both bankers, and the school superintendent, and other leading citizens, all golfers, he consented and gave the lease desired.

Immediately the old pasture became a famous resort. The Wheatley Golf Club, its friends and friends' friends, flocked there. Business in the town of Wheatley was paralysed. No one had any time for business. Out of this fervour rose a unique incident, which I believe is unprecedented in the annals of golf. Especially is it unique because it is true. I can prove it. In fact, I will prove it at the conclusion of this narrative. But now I will let Hi take up the thread. He says:—

"Couldn't see as they'd hurt the land any, tho' they ploughed it an' cut it consider'ble hittin' it with their sticks, an' as they paid my price I rented it to 'em. Then they came out, mornin', noon, an' night, men an' women, with red shirts and knee-pants tucked into their socks an' short dresses, an' every durn one had about a dozen of them goff sticks. My boys an' Peter's boys, they made as high as a dollar a day totin' sticks for parties playin', and I tol' 'em to go ahead, an' I hired han's to do their chores.

"When the players weren't playin', they an' their help—caddies, that's what they call 'em, isn't it?—were looking for lost balls. The way balls were lost was a caution—part of the game, I reckon. I dunno who beat. Anyway, these women—you never could tell where their balls was goin's to land—they'd swat at the ball, an' b'gosh, 'twas as likely to go behind 'em as in front. Some of the men, specially them little dudes with stuffed calves, was as bad. Quite often the big fellers would knock a ball clean out sight—that is, out of sight where anybody was expectin' 'twould light.

"I began to think I'd better go over that pasture with a hoss-rake an' gather in a few hundred balls jes' for luck, when Towser II. came to the front. You mus' have heard of Towser II. Pshaw now! Why, Towser II. was the famousest settin' hen in the hull country. Set? She was a setter from Settersville. Named her Towser after a setter dog we used to own. Both setters—but she was the setterest.

"That hen—why, when we had the hailstorm year ago, with hail big as your fist, she got out in the yard an' tried to set on the hailstones. She tried firs' on one lot, an' then she'd think she saw a better place, an' she'd hustle over an' set there. Never saw a hen so flustrated. Job too big for her, I reckon. Leastwise, she like to caught her death-a-cold. But this ain't the p'int.

"About them goff balls. One day we missed old Towser, an' I says to ma, says I: 'Towser's a-settin' ag'in. Johnny'll have to go out in the mornin' an' hunt her up.' So in the mornin' Johnny struck out, an' he follered the gully down through the pasture, while I s'arched the barn. But where do you reckon we foun' Towser? In the dried-up swamp, b'gosh, a-settin' to beat creation, with fourteen goff balls under her! Fourteen, by gum!

"'Wa-al, old lady,' I thought, 'we don't want no ingy-rubber chickens, so I'll jes' relieve you of these here eggs.' With her a-cluckin' an' a-sputterin' at me, I put the balls in my hat and started off. When Towser saw that, she jes' giv' a little flirt of her tail, sassy like, much as to say: 'I'll show you you can't get ahead of me,' an' 'stead of takin' after me, as usual, swearin' an' askin' for her eggs, she made way through the swamp-grass as tight as she could go.

"Nex' time we foun' her she was in a corner under the rail fence, settin' on twelve goff balls. She'd c'lected 'em in less'n an hour, I swum, an' was pleased as a peacock. I begun to see I'd struck a real bonanzie. I dumped this second lot 'long with the firs', in a barrel. In about an hour more we rounded up Towser in the swamp ag'in on top of fifteen balls. All day we jes let her have full swing, an' at night durned if I didn't have a barrel plum heaped with goff balls. Dunno how many dozen, but anyway old Towser had done herself proud.

"With goff balls wuth forty cents apiece, new, as somebody tol' me, I reckoned this was purty fair day's work. I counted on turnin' Towser loose every day, 's long as she liked it, an' she'd more'n earn our keep easy. Of course she could'nt do as well as this every stretch, for balls wouldn't get sech head-start ag'in, but I figgered on two dozen a day.

"'Twould have panned out all right if the blamed fool hadn't hid herself so we couldn't fin' her for three days. Somehow she carried a lot of them balls off a mile—one at a time, I calc'late—into the timber 'long the creek, an' made a nest in a holler stump. Sot there till we came across her by accident, an' she'd sot so stiddy, fearin's we'd interrupt ag'in, an' the ingy-rubber was all roun' her legs an' on her stomick, an' she was about all rubber, so we couldn't get her apart. She died from it."

"And you sold her to Mrs. Robinson's boarding-house," I added.

"Durned if I didn't! How do you know?" exclaimed Hi, astonished.

"We had her for dinner," I replied. "And, Hi, they hadn't been able to get the rubber off."

Hi laughed.

TALL TALKING.

"Help! Help!"

In a panic the passengers rushed to the side of the ship, and gazed helplessly at those struggling in the waves.

It was, indeed, a perilous situation.

What was to be done? There seemed to be no rope at hand, and there was trouble in lowering the life-boat, and, as is usually the case, none of the sailors could swim.

A lawyer suggested a writ of habeas corpus, but that was found impracticable, as there was not a judge on board, and no one to serve such a writ, anyway.

At this instant a man of commanding presence pushed through the frenzied crowd and struck an attitude, close to the rail.

The drowning ones recognized him as a famous political orator, and their spirits rose.

"Fellow-citizens," he began, "we face a crisis!"

The next moment a cry of joy went up.

For the people in the water were hanging on his words, in which position they continued till the boats were lowered.

The gift of oratory is truly blessed.

LITERARY MALAPROPISMS.

The Liverpool "Daily Post" vouches for the truth of the following literary malapropisms. They are all said to be the titles of books as asked for in booksellers' orders. Someone who wanted "Bog Myrtle and Peat" asked for "Boy, Muscle, and Peat." "Frondes Agrestes" was described as "Founders and Heretics." Pharoah's "Life of Christ" meant Farrer's great work. "Boy Hero of Walthamstow" stood for "Boy Hero," by Walsham How. The book-buyer who wished to be supplied with "Harry Stockle's Masterpiece" was not a very creditable disciple of Aristotle, whose book he really wanted. "Across the Russian's Nose" was the title given to "Across Russian Snows." That bookseller thoroughly understood his business who, when asked for "Improver's Story," knew that "Improvisatore" was meant. And last, but not least, it must have been some agricultural body who asked for "God Aid us by a Farmer"—meaning "Gaudeamus, by Farmer."

...sequently a subscriptio... d by the secretary in the ... embers put their names ... ach.

... President resumed the ... ted attention to his having ... iponshire Council, followi... otice that 10 per cent. on ... be charged clubs for the ... asking for better consi... lf of the club, in view of ... to the council when the ... ess. This letter was re... tary, as also a reply by ... etary, notifying that the ... n carried, with the addi... ld take effect from 1st ... 3, and that the ca... park would supervise ... the gate. Since 1888, ... t said, the club had d... to the shire, and in fa... ation towards the Park, n... e from the club. When th... blished in January, 1885, ... 00 was paid to the coun... lt of a demonstration got ... eral public, Athletic Clu... gade, and again in the sam... 6d was contributed. Fro... Beaufort Volunteer Fi... m its Boxing Day sports, ... 5s, making a total of £41... the public and the two ... ned. He mentioned this ... public at large was a bi... ting the park made. The ... handed the property ... ncil. To show what little ... to do with opening th... ntioned that the enginee... 5.—[Mr Stevens said it wa... took £15.]—Taking into c... amount of money paid by ... ught the resolution only ... , especially as other club... or £3 at the gates, and th... them would be a mere nothi... er the club was successf... uncil had got a fair do... ason why he had brought ... fore the meeting was that ... ly the treasurer and himse... ted in it, and to see whethe... ould endorse his action in ... tter. Letters were here ... r Stuart from the shire ... 85 acknowledging receipt ... 36 19s 6d as donations to ... rk, and congratulating th... the success of their efforts ... resort for the public.

Mr VanderStoel referred t... ohn Wotherspoon having t... terest in the opening of t... at by writing to firms with ... usiness and by other mea... etween £200 and £300. M... athered £200 by an art-un... r two occasions when he ... toel) used the park for sp... ay £5, and he did not thi... ent. charge was any great h... Athletic Club. If they used ... should pay for it, and he tho... was quite right to charge for...

Mr Stevens pointed out t... prices received for booths ... the conveniences in the pa... the percentage charge, and t... club got on the grounds at ... hey got it cheaply.

Mr Pedder was of the sa... Mr Stevens. The charge o... aken place years ago.

Mr Eastwood was sure th... not singling out the Athleti... would be treated alike. T... Society had held a fete the... have paid for the use of th... council was only doing now ... ave done years ago. Alth... ecreation reserve there ... evenue from it, for th... buildings.

The matter then drop...d.

A short conversational di... s to the advisability of shi... ack from the bicycle track ... ion was arrived at, althoug... eemed to prevail that the ... idening.

A bonus of £10 10s. wa... ecretary, on the motion o... econded by the president, ... poke in high terms of prai... n which the work had bee... id Dr. Eadie, Messrs. Ca... astwood, and Pedder. T... rried; Mr H. Parker sui... anks.

The suggestion of the a... t of books be procured, ... otion of Dr. Eadie and M... Mr Vanderstoel queried ... istol? when Mr Loft s... esent the club with one. It was decided to tender ... the club to the handica... rvices, on motion of the ... r Hellyer.

Mr A. Parker moved th... the council for the u... hich was seconded by M... Dr. Eadie moved as an a... nsideration be deferred ... at terms they were go... e council. Seconded by ... The motion, which wa... ssrs. Stevens and East... d by 6 votes to 3.

The president moved a ... Mr VanderStoel, wh... mber of the club for 22 ... ays in the front ran... y on the business whe... a quorum. As a sport... connected with all s... he district. He was ... orry to see an old ... ing the district, and w... th and God-speed. The vote was accorded ... h musical honors, ... rs for Mrs VanderS... r VanderStoel sui... anks. He then prop... anks to the president, ... t interest Mr Stuart ... ich was seconded by M... orded by acclamation ... ors. Mr Stuart retu... a lengthy speech deal... tion with and the tra... for years past and s... onferred upon the to... Mr Eastwood spoke in ... he good work done by ... paring the bicycle tr... t a bonus of £2 2s be ... onded by Dr. Eadi... Hughes, and carri... urning thanks. A vote of thanks to the ... meeting.

The following is the ... resent the Beaufort ... fourth and final sho... phy; team to shoot ... ge:—Messrs. J. A. ... gt.-Major Brittain, ... Troy, J. McKeic... ghes, C. Grant, E. ... McDougall,

Subsequently a subscription list was opened by the secretary in the room, and six members put their names down for 10s. each.

The President resumed the chair, and directed attention to his having written to the Riponshire Council, following a motion by notice that 10 per cent. on the gate receipts be charged clubs for the use of the park, asking for better consideration on behalf of the club, in view of the amount paid to the council when the sports were a success. This letter was read by the secretary, as also a reply by the shire secretary, notifying that the motion had been carried, with the addition that it would take effect from 1st January, 1903, and that the caretaker of the park would supervise the takings at the gate. Since 1888, the president said, the club had donated £89 11s to the shire, and in fact the first donation towards the Park, namely, £30, came from the club. When the park was established in January, 1885, the sum of £300 was paid to the council, as the result of a demonstration got up by the general public, Athletic Club and Fire Brigade, and again in the same year £36 19s 6d was contributed. From '85 to '89, the Beaufort Volunteer Fire Brigade, from its Boxing Day sports, contributed £80 5s, making a total of £417 4s 6d given by the public and the two institutions named. He mentioned this to show that the public at large was a big factor in getting the park made. The committee had handed the property over to the council. To show what little the council had to do with opening the park, he mentioned that the engineer's bill was £15.—[Mr Stevens said it was £30, and he took £15.]—Taking into consideration the amount of money paid by the club, he thought the resolution only affected the club, especially as other clubs only took £2 or £3 at the gates, and the percentage to them would be a mere nothing. Whenever the club was successful the shire council had got a fair donation. The reason why he had brought this matter before the meeting was that some thought only the treasurer and himself were interested in it, and to see whether the meeting would endorse his action in sending the letter. Letters were here produced by Mr Stuart from the shire secretary in 1885 acknowledging receipt of £300 and £36 19s 6d as donations to establish the park, and congratulating the committee on the success of their efforts to provide a resort for the public.

Mr VanderStoel referred to the late Mr John Wotherspoon having taken a great interest in the opening of the park, and that by writing to firms with which he did business and by other means he raised between £200 and £300. Mr Stevens also gathered £200 by an art-union. On one or two occasions when he (Mr VanderStoel) used the park for sports he had to pay £5, and he did not think the 10 per cent. charge was any great hardship to the Athletic Club. If they used the park they should pay for it, and he thought the shire was quite right to charge for it.

Mr Stevens pointed out that the extra prices received for booths on account of the conveniences in the park would pay the percentage charge, and thought if the club got on the grounds at a cost of £20 they got it cheaply.

Mr Pedder was of the same opinion as Mr Stevens. The charge ought to have taken place years ago.

Mr Eastwood was sure the council was not singling out the Athletic Club, but all would be treated alike. The Agricultural Society had held a fete there, and should have paid for the use of the park. The council was only doing now what it should have done years ago. Although it was a recreation reserve there should be a revenue from it, for the use of the buildings.

The matter then dropped.

A short conversational discussion arose as to the advisability of shifting the posts back from the bicycle track, but no decision was arrived at, although the opinion seemed to prevail that the track required widening.

A bonus of £10 10s. was voted to the secretary, on the motion of Mr Hughes, seconded by the president, both of whom spoke in high terms of praise as to the way in which the work had been done, as also did Dr. Eadie, Messrs. Cameron, Stevens, Eastwood, and Pedder. The motion was carried; Mr H. Parker suitably returning thanks.

The suggestion of the auditors, that a set of books be procured, was adopted on motion of Dr. Eadie and Mr Eastwood.

Mr Vanderstoel queried what about the pistol? when Mr Loft said he would present the club with one.

It was decided to tender the best thanks of the club to the handicappers for their services, on motion of the president and Mr Hellyer.

Mr A. Parker moved that £5 be voted to the council for the use of the park, which was seconded by Mr Hughes.

Dr. Eadie moved as an amendment that consideration be deferred till they saw what terms they were going to get from the council. Seconded by Mr Hellyer.

The motion, which was supported by Messrs. Stevens and Eastwood, was carried by 6 votes to 3.

The president moved a vote of thanks to Mr VanderStoel, who had been a member of the club for 22 years, and was always in the front rank in assisting to carry on the business when it was hard to get a quorum. As a sporting man he had been connected with all sports of any note in the district. He was sure they were all sorry to see an old friend like him leaving the district, and wished him better health and God-speed.

The vote was accorded by acclamation, with musical honors, and with three cheers for Mrs VanderStoel.

Mr VanderStoel suitably returned thanks. He then proposed a vote of thanks to the president, referring to the great interest Mr Stuart took in the club, which was seconded by Mr Pedder, and accorded by acclamation and with musical honors. Mr Stuart returned thanks, and in a lengthy speech dealt with his connection with and the transactions of the club for years past and showed the benefit it conferred upon the town.

Mr Eastwood spoke in eulogistic terms of the good work done by Mr Stevens in preparing the bicycle track, and moved that a bonus of £2 2s be voted to him. Seconded by Dr. Eadie, supported by Mr Hughes, and carried; Mr Stevens returning thanks.

A vote of thanks to the chair terminated the meeting.

The following is the team chosen to represent the Beaufort Rifle Club for the fourth and final shoot for the Skene trophy; team to shoot on the Beaufort range:—Messrs. J. A. Hogg (Captain), Sergt.-Major Brittain, W. T. Hill, D. F. Troy, J. McKeich, T. Sands, R. Hughes, C. Grant, E. Buchanan, and A. McDougall.

Mining News.

The half-yearly general meeting of the Sons of Freedom Central G.M. Co. is announced for Thursday evening next, at the Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort, at 8 p.m.

The following promising yields have been obtained by the All Nations Consols tribute party this week:—28oz. 1½dwt. from 3½ sets, 31oz. 8dwt. from 3 sets, and 13oz. 16dwt. from 2 sets; a total of 73oz. 1½dwt. from 7½ sets. The shareholders are in good spirits over their fine prospects.

Mr D. F. Troy, who presided at the half-yearly meeting of shareholders held on Thursday (says the "Echo") at Mr Thompson's office, Ballarat, congratulated shareholders on the recent improved outlook at the mine, and expressed the hope that the rich ground now being worked would continue. The last seven sets of ground had yielded altogether 59oz. of gold. The retiring directors and auditors were re-elected.

About 31½oz. of the gold recently won from the All Nations Consols mine was (says Thursday's "Echo") on view at the office of Messrs Holst and David that day, and its excellent quality was the subject of general remark.

Sons of Freedom Central, Raglan.—No. 5 rise off N.E. intermediate.—N.E. drive extended 62ft., wash payable; S.E. drive extended 41ft., payable at times. No. 3 rise off W. main level.—N.E. drive extended 56ft., in wash of a fair quality. 4 parties blocking in Nos. 2 and 3 rises. Yield for week, 125oz. 10dwts.

Sons of Freedom South.—Started the main west reef drive; same driven 57ft., in good working country. No. 1 rise west.—N.W. wash drive off S.W. now in 101ft.; prospects improving. No. 3 rise.—E. wash drive reached 80ft.; prospects poor. Started xcut. to go S. off the above; same in 16ft., in wash of a better appearance. Truckroading and panelling in usual quality dirt.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sons of Freedom Central, 120oz. 15dwt.; Sons of Freedom South, 76oz. 6dwt.; All Nations Consols tribute party (11½ sets), 15oz. 5dwt.; Brusher's Co., 12oz. 18dwt.; Last Chance, 4oz.; Daughters of Freedom, 6oz. 12dwt.; Martin (purchased), 2oz.; sundries, 10oz.

Rifle Shooting.

The following are the scores in the monthly match by members of the Beaufort Rifle Club, on 14th inst., at 500 and 600yds., classes A and B, the entrance money being 1st prize in each class:—

A Class.

	Hdcp.	Yds. 500	Yds. 600	T'tl.
D. F. Troy ...	scr.	32	26	58
C. Grant	5	29	23	57
Sgt-Major Brittain...	scr.	32	23	55
T. Sands	5	30	20	55
R. Hughes ...	9	23	22	54
A. Hogg	3	29	19	51
W. T. Hill	4	26	20	50
A. McDougall ...	6	29	14	49
E. Buchanan ...	5	19	22	46
D. Ferguson... ...	8	21	13	42
B Class.				
Rev. W. J. Bottoms	6	24	22	52
E. Dawson ...	2	29	19	50
L. Bravo	6	15	28	49
G. Perry	3	25	18	46
J. McDonald ...	2	24	12	38
D. Cameron	12	10	16	38
Rev. J. A. Barber ...	4	17	10	31
A. Wotherspoon ...	3	13	9	25

The first of two fortnightly matches for the President's and Kino's trophies, with 10s as a third prize from the club, was fired on Wednesday; 10 shots at 200 and 300yds, and scores to be taken as musketry. The result was that W. Hill came first with 88, E. Buchanan 2nd with 86, and J. McKeich 3rd with 82. Appended are the scores:—

	Hdcp.	Yds. 200	Yds. 300	Ttl.
W. T. Hill	7	43	38	88
E. Buchanan	8	44	34	86
J. McKeich	4	45	33	82
D. F. Troy	scr.	44	36	80
R. Hughes	12	31	32	75
J. A. Hogg	6	39	30	75
T. Sands	8	39	26	73
Rev. W. J. Bottoms ...	16	32	23	71
A. L. Wotherspoon ...	16	26	22	64
L. Bravo	20	22	17	59

WANTED to BUY, One-horse WOOD WAGGON. Apply W. C. PEDDER, Blacksmith, Beaufort.

SONS OF FREEDOM CENTRAL GOLD MINING COMPANY, No Liability, Raglan. — Notice. — The half-yearly general MEETING of the above-named company and of the shareholders therein, will be held at the Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort, on Thursday, 29th January, 1903, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Business—

1. To receive reports and financial statements.
2. To elect directors and auditors.
3. General.

J. H. CUNNINGHAM, Manager.

7 Lydiard street north, Ballarat.

N.B.—Transfer books close on Monday, 26th January, until after the meeting.

SOUTH SONS of FREEDOM G.M.Co., Raglan.—TENDERS are invited till Friday morning, 30th inst., on the mine, for the supply of FIREWOOD for 12 months. Specifications to be seen on the mine. M. RICKARD, Mine Manager.

MISS NICKOLS resumes tuition on Tuesday, January 27th, 1903. "The Firs," Beaufort, 15th Jany., 1903.

FOR SALE, SPRING CART, £6; PONY CART (new), double-seated BUGGY, and BUGGY POLE. W. C. PEDDER, Beaufort.

Beaufort Agricultural Society.

A MEETING of the above Society will be held in the SHIRE HALL on SATURDAY, the 31st instant, at 2 o'clock p.m. Business—To arrange Prize-List for the ensuing Show.

JOHN HUMPHREYS, Secretary.

Beaufort, 23rd Jany., 1903.

E. R.

Notice.—Electoral District of Ripon and Hampden—Beaufort Division.

THE Ratepayers' and General Lists for the above Division are now printed, and copies may be inspected, free of charge, until the day appointed for revision (the 5th Feby., 1903), at my office, and at every post-office within the division, and at the offices of my deputies at Raglan and Waterloo.

C. W. MINCHIN, Registrar.

Beaufort, 15/1/1903.

NOTICE.

A SPECIAL COURT is appointed to be held at the Court-House, at Beaufort, on Thursday, the 5th February, 1903, at 1.30 o'clock p.m., for the Revision of the Ratepayers' and General Lists, A.D., 1902-3, for the Beaufort Division of Ripon and Hampden.

C. W. MINCHIN, Registrar.

Beaufort, 22nd Jany., 1903.

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF RIPON AND HAMPDEN.—BEAUFORT DIVISION, 1903.—LIST OF NAMES OBJECTED TO UPON THE LIST OF RATEPAYING ELECTORS:—No. 10, Baldwin, Samuel; No. 74, Callister, William; No. 77, Campbell, Charles; No. 94, Cleland James; No. 108, Crasweller, Henry; No. 128, Ditchfield George; No. 158, Eyckens, William; No. 196, Gillich, Frederick; No. 255, Hutton, Thomas; No. 258, Iredale, William; No. 299, Kewley, Thomas; No. 316, Loft, Charles; No. 341, Milligan, Edward; No. 353, Murchison, John; No. 534, Topp, William; No. 582, Vanderstoel, Tennis. The numbers correspond with those shown on Electoral List for the above-mentioned Division. Full particulars of persons objected to may be seen without fee at my office.

C. W. MINCHIN, Electoral Registrar.

Beaufort, 23/1/1903.

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF RIPON AND HAMPDEN.—BEAUFORT DIVISION, 1903.—LIST OF NAMES OBJECTED TO UPON THE GENERAL LIST OF ELECTORS:—No. 51143, Baker, Clement John Coulston; 162239, Barton, Thomas Peter; 91209, Callender, Joseph; 162227, Carroll, James McEwan; 162235, Cobden, Thomas; 112310, Cotter, James Angus; 187428, Diabet, William; 236563, Gibbons, Edward; 162241, Goode, Frederick Allan; 87496, Grant, Lachlan; 228562, Griggs, James; 87498, Guyatt, Frederick; 87418, Haggis, Edward; 228566, Halns, Percy Frederick Theodore; 196883, Hannah, William; 87499, Harris, William; 228564, Hill, George; 162249, Hill, William James; 162242, Jackson, Allan Godwin; 162209, Jacobsen, Niels Peter; 228572, Kelly, Matheus; 228558, Laney, Richard; 162252, Lilley, Kelvin Arthur; 196894, Liston, Thomas; 167226, Lowe, Phillip; 228565, Marks, John; 162222, Martin, Samuel; 162251, Mitchell, Stewart; 228563, McGeachie, John; 87440, McKinnon, John; 87497, Newey, Thomas; 196892, Scott, William; 196854, Sudweeks, Albert Edward; 228568, Thomas, David William; 162236, Tompkins, Hugh; 162258, Topp, William; 228575, Vaughan, Michael Robert; 228560, Wilfield, Joseph; 87498, Woodfine, Charles. The numbers are those of the Rights shown on the General List. Full particulars of persons objected to may be seen without fee at my office.

C. W. MINCHIN, Electoral Registrar.

Beaufort, 23/1/1903.

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF RIPON AND HAMPDEN, ST. ENOCH'S DIVISION, 1903.—LIST OF NAMES OBJECTED TO UPON LIST OF RATEPAYING ELECTORS:—7, Chirnside, George; 40, Oddie, Francis; 59, Whiting, Robert S. The numbers correspond with those shown on Electoral List for the above-mentioned Division. Full particulars of persons objected to may be seen without fee at my office.

EDWARD C. EARLES, Electoral Registrar.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Revision Court will be held at the Court House, Skipton, on Wednesday, the 11th day of February, 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of Revising the Lists of Ratepaying Electors and the General Lists for the St. Enoch's and Mount Emu Division of the Electoral District of Ripon and Hampden.

Dated at Skipton, 16th January, 1903.

JOHN McDONALD, Clerk of Courts.

WANTED, a good GENERAL SERVANT. Apply MRS. W. P. SCHLICHT.

JOHN PARKER SUBSCRIPTION COMMITTEE.—A meeting of the above will be held at the Camp Hotel, Beaufort, on Wednesday, January 28th, at 8 p.m. Business—To receive subscription lists, and deal with any other business brought forward; to fix a date and place for final meeting. N.B.—All persons having lists will please bring them to the meeting, or leave them with secretary beforehand.

WILLIAM J. HILL, Hon. Sec.

SCHEDULE A.—[RULE 4 (b).]

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A MINING LEASE.

I, the undersigned, hereby give notice that, within seven days from the date hereof, I will leave with the Warden of the Mining Division of Raglan, an application for a Lease, the particulars whereof are hereunder set forth:—

Name in full of applicant or applicants, and style under which it is intended that the business shall be carried on—Henry White, "Happy Go Lucky Gold Mining Company."

Full address of each applicant—Chute.

Supposed extent of ground applied for, and whether on or below the surface, or both, or a lode—Thirty acres; both on and below the surface.

Name and address of each person (if any) who is owner of and who is in occupation of the land, so far as the applicant has been able to learn—No one.

Full description and precise locality of the ground—West of Black Joe's Gully, Chute.

Term required—Fifteen years.

Time of commencing operations—On the granting of the lease.

Whether the boundaries of the land applied for will include any river, creek, deposit of permanent water, spring, artificial reservoir, public road, or subject to any public rights—No.

General remarks—Nil.

Date and place—22nd January, 1903, Chute.

The metals or minerals for the winning of which this application will be made are—Gold.

If for gold, state whether it is intended to work for quartz or alluvial—Both quartz and alluvial.

If of private land state whether a prospecting area is required—No.

Signature of Applicant—HENRY WHITE.

SCHEDULE A.—[RULE 4 (b).]

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A MINING LEASE.

I, the undersigned, hereby give notice that, within seven days from the date hereof, I will leave with the Warden of the Mining Division of Raglan, an application for a Lease, the particulars whereof are hereunder set forth:—

Name in full of applicant or applicants, and style under which it is intended that the business shall be carried on—David Frederick Troy, "The Chance Gold Mining Company."

Full address of each applicant—Beaufort.

Supposed extent of ground applied for, and whether on or below the surface, or both, or a lode—Fifty acres; both on and below the surface.

Name and address of each person (if any) who is owner of and who is in occupation of the land, so far as the applicant has been able to learn—H. Anderson, Trawalla, and W. Baker, Beaufort.

Full description and precise locality of the ground—South of the All Nations Consols Gold Mining Company.

Term required—Fifteen years.

Time of commencing operations—On the granting of the lease.

Whether the boundaries of the land applied for will include any river, creek, deposit of permanent water, spring, artificial reservoir, public road, or subject to any public rights—Road leading to racecourse.

General remarks—Nil.

Date and place—23rd January, 1903, Beaufort.

The metals or minerals for the winning of which this application will be made are—Gold.

If for gold, state whether it is intended to work for quartz or alluvial—Alluvial.

If of private land state whether a prospecting area is required—No.

Signature of Applicant—D. F. TROY.

SCHEDULE A.—[RULE (4b).]

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A MINING LEASE.

I, the undersigned, hereby give notice that, within seven days from the date hereof, I will leave with the Warden of the Mining Division of Raglan, an application for a Lease, the particulars whereof are hereunder set forth:—

Name in full of applicant or applicants, and style under which it is intended that the business shall be carried on—Richard Laney; "Federation Gold Mining Company."

Full address of each applicant—South Waterloo.

Supposed extent of ground applied for, and whether on or below the surface, or both, or a lode—Eighty acres; both on and below the surface.

Name and address of each person (if any) who is owner of and who is in occupation of the land, so far as the applicant has been able to learn—Jesse Holdsworth, Beaufort.

Full description and precise locality of the ground—North of and adjoining the Sam Slick Gold Mining Company's lease, South Waterloo.

Term required—Fifteen years.

Time of commencing operations—On the granting of the lease.

Whether the boundaries of the land applied for will include any river, creek, deposit of permanent water, spring, artificial reservoir, public road, or subject to any public rights—No.

General remarks—Nil.

Date and place—22nd January, 1903, Beaufort.

The metals or minerals for the winning of which this application will be made are—Gold.

If for gold, state whether it is intended to work for quartz or alluvial—Alluvial.

If of private land state whether a prospecting area is required—No.

Signature of Applicant — RICHARD LANEY.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

TENDERS, addressed to the President of the Shire of Ripon, and enclosing five per cent. cash deposit, will be received up till 11 a.m. on Monday, 2nd FEBRUARY, 1903, for the following works:—

NORTH RIDING.

Contract 182.—Forming and gravelling 20 chains, construction of culvert, &c., on the back road between Beaufort and Raglan.

Contract 183.—Re-forming and metalling, &c., 39 chains on the Sailor's Gully and Trawalla road.

WEST RIDING.

Contract 184.—Supplying 400 cub. yds. maintenance metal (2½in. gauge), on the Skipton and Streatham road.

Contract 185.—Supplying 100 cub. yds. maintenance metal (2½in. gauge), on the Lake Goldsmith and Skipton road.

EAST RIDING.

Contract 186.—Supplying 200 cub. yds. gravel, on east and west road north of Frazer's house, near Lake Burrumbeet.

Contract 187.—Breaking bluestone metal opposite Presbyterian Church, Snake Valley.

Contract 188.—Construction of pipe culvert, gravelling, &c., on road leading to Smith's house, Carngham.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Mechanics' Institute, Skipton; Greyhound Hotel, Snake Valley; and Shire Hall, Beaufort.

E. J. MUNTZ, Shire Engineer.

Shire Office,

Beaufort, 23rd January, 1903.

BEAUFORT JOCKEY CLUB'S ANNUAL RACES

To be held on the Racecourse, WATERLOO PLAIN, On

Wednesday, Feby. 25, '03.

Member's Ticket, 10s.

Admission to Course, 1s.; Children under 15, 6d.

President: Dr. G. A. Eadie.
Stewards: Crs. M. Flynn and D. Stewart, Messrs W. Hinchliffe, J. McKeich, C. W. and G. Vowles, J. Eastwood, J. W. Harris, T. Newey, A. Holdsworth, W. Stevenson, H. F. Watkin, C. Broadbent, W. J. Hill, G. Hellyer, F. W. Rogers, J. E. Loft, E. H. Welsh, and S. Hancock.
Judge: Cr. R. A. D. Sinclair.
Clerk of Scales: Mr W. O'Sullivan.
Clerk of Course: Mr. J. Vowles.
Starter: Mr C. Loft.
Handicappers: Messrs W. O'Sullivan, J. Lynch, and A. Parker.
Treasurer: Mr J. R. Wotherspoon, J.P.
Hon. Auctioneer: Mr W. E. Nichols.

Maiden Plate, of £5.

Half-a-mile. For all horses that have never won an advertised race. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 5s.

Pony Race, of £5.

(Ponies 14 hands and under). Half-a-mile. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Post entry, 5s.

Beaufort Handicap, of £12.

One mile. 1st, £10; 2nd, £2. Nomination, 12s.

Selling Flat Race, of £5.

Handicap. Winner to be sold for £8. Five-tenths of any surplus to go to the funds of the club; three-tenths to second horse; and two-tenths to third horse. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Distance half-a-mile. Nomination, 5s.

Welter Handicap, of £7.

Five furlongs. 1st, £6; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 7s.

Handicap Trot,

A sweepstake of 5s, with £1 added, for 1st prize; 2nd, £1. Two miles. Post entry.

Flying Handicap, of £5.

Three-quarters of a mile. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 5s.

Nominations for Maiden Plate, Beaufort Handicap, Welter Handicap, and Flying Handicap close with the secretary on Wednesday, 18th February, 1903.

A copy of the handicaps will be posted to nominators.

Nominations must be accompanied by the fees, or they will not be recognised.

First race to start at one o'clock sharp.

V.R.C. rules strictly adhered to.

Jockeys must ride in colors.

A. PARKER, Hon. Secy.

J. B. COCHRAN begs to intimate that having purchased Miss Wilson's Stock of FANCY GOODS, TOYS, CONFECTIONERY, etc., he intends carrying on this Business, in conjunction with his NEWS AGENCY and STATIONERY BUSINESS, in the premises formerly occupied by Miss Wilson, next door to Wotherspoon & Co's. Ladies are notified that Afternoon Tea can be obtained. Accordeons, Concertinas, Violins, and Musical Sundries kept in Stock. A good assortment of Pipes, Tobacco, and Cigarettes.

THE STOMACH MAKES THE MAN.

A competent stomach means vigour, vitality, health, for by digestion alone can food be transformed into blood, brain, muscle, wasted tissues repaired, decay arrested and life sustained. Imperfect digestion (indigestion) upsets the whole economy of life. It makes good food poison, breeds doits, laggards, hobbling rheumatics, nerve racking pains. Seigel's Syrup ensures digestion, dispels disease, produces health. Backed by 34 years' unbroken success in 16 countries.

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"Two years ago I contracted indigestion and had it pretty badly," says Mr. Geo. Matthews, 93, Bourke St., Sydney, N.S.W. "I suffered from severe pains in the stomach, sleeplessness and vomiting. I lost flesh and strength rapidly and could not work nearly so well as previously. My wife induced me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. The first bottle relieved me wonderfully and before the second was emptied I was quite cured and as "right as rain." July 1st, 1902.

TONES THE STOMACH.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all. 1902-1903.

HAWKES BROS.,

THE IMPORTERS, of

Neill Street, Beaufort.

To the gentle public of Beaufort and surrounding districts.

Come one, and come all, and inspect our splendid Exhibition of

FURNITURE.

No need to go to Ballarat or elsewhere, when you can get such a first-class selection for cottage or mansion, at lowest prices. BEDSTEADS from makers direct, in great variety. BEDDING.—Best sanitary of purest materials. WIRE MATTRESSES in wonderful weavings, the acme of comfort and convenience.

PAPERHANGINGS.—We have just opened up the largest line of Papers ever shipped to Beaufort. Pieces from the best English Mills. Absolutely the best value and an immense assortment to pick from. Call early and see for yourselves.

In CROCKERY and GLASSWARE we are second to none, both for value and selection, and invite your kind inspection. Come and bring your friends, and you shall not be disappointed. TEA SETS, DINNER SETS, BEDROOM SETS. LOVELY GOODS. GREAT NOVELTIES.

Do not forget us for LINOLEUMS and OILCLOTHS. The newest and prettiest patterns ever seen in Beaufort town.

Remember we have over 5,000 feet of floor space to show our immense Stocks of Goods in, and never before have we held such large and well assorted stocks in all departments. We have New Goods arriving every week, and all orders receive our prompt and personal attention.

HAWKES BROS.,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

AND AT GEELONG.

OUR BUSINESS EXISTENCE

Depends on our ability to furnish our customers with exactly what they require.

We Have the Stock to do Business with,

And when a customer asks for some line he has seen or read about, we don' have to make excuses or try to persuade him to take something else in its place. We either have it in stock or secure it for him at once.

Our Big Premises were never so superior as they are now; our stock was never so splendid. We cannot attempt to enumerate our immense stock. Walk in and see for yourself what we have. We never press anyone to buy.

Inspect our Millinery Show Room,

Clothing Department,

Dress Department,

Manchester Department,

Boots and Shoes,

As well as our Groceries,

Wines and Spirits,

And our Splendid Crockery Show Room.

We are not in Business for our Health,

But we always strive to keep a healthy tone about it by keeping the best goods that we can buy, and as we are spot cash buyers, know where to get the goods, and crediting ourselves with being keen buyers, we are in a position to do well for our customers.

In wishing our numerous clients a happy, prosperous, and successful 1903, we take this opportunity of thanking them for the splendid measure of support accorded to this business for over 40 years, and in soliciting a continuance of their support, we may say that it will in the future (as in the past) be our sole aim to conduct our transactions as honestly and as fairly as we know how.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

BEAUFORT.

N.B.—

"The cows are in the Corn"

When eating our Pure Hay Chaff.

We pride ourselves on the quality of our Chaff.

Try it.

PERSONS found illegally USING or SELLING BOTTLES with my BRANDS will be PROSECUTED. J. A. HARRIS, Aerated Water Manufacturer, Beaufort.

SWALLOW THIS.

They have stood the test of many years, and will stand it for many more.

WHAT?

The "Swallow" Cycle!

Those who want to save money and get good value, READ THIS—

"Swallow" Roadster, £12 10s;
"Swallow" Special Road Racer, £14;
"Swallow" Special Path Racer, £14 10s;
Ladies' "Swallow" Cycle, £14.

The price appeals to you.

B.S.A. parts, ball bearings, guaranteed for 12 months. Inspection invited.

SOLE AGENT—

C. W. JONES,

Tobacconist and Fancy Goods Depot,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Buangor Athletic Club's

SPORTS MEETING.

Monday, 26th Jany., 1903.

LIBERAL PRIZES.

Programme of 17 Events.

A. E. NEATE, Hon. Secy.

J. J. NAYLOR wishes to inform the public of Beaufort and district that he has secured the services of a first-class COACH PAINTER from Melbourne, and all orders entrusted to him will be executed with neatness and despatch. Inspection invited.

Bicycles. Bicycles.

IF you are in want of a BICYCLE, or any accessories, go to W. GIBSON, Corner Neill and Lawrence Streets. New Machines from £10 10s. Second-hand at all prices. Repairs done below Ballarat prices.

W. GIBSON.

CAMP HOTEL,

BEAUFORT.

THE PROPRIETOR of the above well-known Hostelry, in thanking residents of Beaufort and district for the very liberal patronage bestowed on the house during the past twelve months, takes this favorable opportunity to let them know that the HOTEL has lately been thoroughly RENOVATED, PAINTED, and where necessary, RE-FURNISHED, and patrons will now find the

Accommodation Unsurpassed in the District.

Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales will be retailed, as heretofore, with every civility.

WILLIAM J. HILL,

Proprietor.

PHOSPHATE IN ALL FORMS.

There Are Three General Sources of the Phosphoric Acid of Commerce.

At the Florida experiment station the first source mentioned is that of naturally occurring phosphates, such as are found abundantly in Florida and South Carolina, and which are supposed to be the fossil remains of prehistoric marine animals. The second source of phosphoric acid to be mentioned is the bones of animals. If the bones have been ground into what is termed as "bone meal" and have never been burned they will contain, in addition to their store of phosphoric acid, a goodly store of nitrogen (about 4 per cent), so that in fertilizing with this material both phosphoric acid and nitrogen are added to a soil. If the bonemeal has been subjected to a steaming process, it will have only a little more than half the nitrogen that is contained in the raw bonemeal mentioned above.

If the bones have been burned until converted into ash or bone black (the spent residue from sugar refineries), then this ash will contain no nitrogen at all, but will owe its fertilizing value solely to its content of phosphoric acid (bone phosphate). The bones used for the manufacture of fertilizers come chiefly from slaughter houses, but are often picked up here and there. Fresh bone has nearly one-half of its weight of organic matter—that is, gelatine water, etc.—and one half of its weight phosphate of lime, and nearly one-half

HINDOO PROVERBS.

Bite of East Indian Philosophy Expressed In Pungent Epigrams.

A cluster of sarcastic Indian proverbs is given in the columns of the Madras Mail. However patient the common people of India may be, they give in their proverbs expression to their feelings and indulge freely in satire at the expense of those who trouble them. That the powerful should oppress the weak is no new thing in the history of any land, and in India it is expressed by the proverb, "Big fish eat little ones." A "Jack in office" suddenly raised to power, which he uses unwisely, is spoken of as "A water carrier reigns for two days and a half." The boaster who has failed in his plans is directed to "rub the arms of your brethren," a proverb the meaning of which does not appear on the surface. It refers to the custom of rubbing the arms of successful wrestlers as a mode of congratulation on the victory gained. The proud boaster is thus ironically told to congratulate others, not himself. The official who takes bribes is said to "wear silver spectacles." The miserly and mean are held in great contempt, and the proverbs regarding them are numerous. "Come to your funeral pyre; wood is cheap," is a satire on the man who fears to spend all that is needed on the necessaries of life.

A woman who is ready to quarrel, as the village woman of the lower orders too frequently is, finds herself rebuked in, "She quarrels with the passing

USEFUL HINTS.

To Wash Clothes in Paraffin Soap.—Cut down 4lb. paraffin soap and put it into a boiler of water to melt. Rub the clothes well out of the soda water, in which they have been previously soaked, put them into the boiler and let them boil for half an hour; then put them into a tub with plenty of cold water; wash them thoroughly, then rinse in blue water and dry.

To Clean Embroidery.—Gold and silver fancy-work of this description may be most easily cleaned with spirits of wine, either alone, or diluted with an equal weight of water. The common practice of using alkaline or aciduous liquors is very injurious, and frequently destroys the beauty of the articles, instead of cleaning them.

To Restore Scorched Linen.—Ingredients: Two onions, 4oz. white soap, 2oz. of fuller's earth, half a pint of vinegar. Mode: Extract the juice of the onions by pounding and pressing them; cut up the soap and fuller's earth, and boil all together. When cool, cover the scorched linen with this mixture, and let it dry. Wash the linen, and the scorches will disappear, if not so bad as to damage the texture.

Bed-room Floors.—Some mistresses make a practice of ordering the floors of bed-rooms to be frequently washed. I wish to guard both mistresses and servants against this practice. It is most dangerous to the health of the person who occupies the bed-room, to wash it or scour it, unless the weather be very fine or warm, in order to allow the window to be opened for thoroughly drying the room before night. The utmost that should be done, except in favourable circumstances, is to pass a damp cloth lightly over the floor.

How to Clean Decanters and Churns.—The best way is to wash them out with a little

WOMAN'S HIGHEST MISSION.

It has bee a truly said that "if modern knowledge s power, it is not wisdom"; and therefore, with increased education, the social status does not always improve, crime does not diminish, nor suffering grow less, and thus the levels of life are not lifted.

And now that woman has taken into her own hands the shaping of her destiny can she do better than accept these conditions?

Can she conceive of no higher ideals, no grander incentive, and no more beautiful fulfilment?

What is it that woman aims at in the widening of her career? Is it not freedom—the intellectual mastery and control that have made man free, and that she fondly hopes will give her freedom in turn?

How shall she best attain it? she asks.

But right here, in the answer she gives herself is actually the mistake that she makes, and that perhaps explains in part the hostile attitude of many men and the shrinking of certain women when equal claims and rights are asserted.

Precisely by following in man's footsteps, she insists, along the lines he has chosen, a
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ality underneath the passing show of appearance. In the light of such understanding, knowledge becomes wisdom, and higher education becomes the education of the higher nature.

And it is women especially who have the key to this higher knowledge, in their finer perceptions and sensibilities, their more delicate organisation so quick to discern the hidden sense of things, the meanings that flash out from the unseen and that are not apprehended by the intellect alone, but by the whole personality, which kindles with sympathetic response.

This is the secret of that moral force which gives woman a strength beyond strength, faith beyond joy, and love beyond self.

And this is truly woman's "sphere,"—her "vocation," whatever post she may fill—to live within vision of the ideal upon a plane not bounded by the pleasures and pains of sense, and therefore to a certain extent released from the thraldom of material conditions.

What higher mission and privilege for woman than to lead the example—to set the fashion, as it were, of nobler, purer and simpler lives, consecrated to deeper and more unselfish purposes?

A SLUGGISH LIVER

Makes Days Unhappy And Nights Miserable.

The Case of Mr. S. FORTINGTON.

(By a Local Reporter.)

"Without any other end than to perform my duty to the public," said Mr. Samuel Fortington, of No. 485 Rathdown-street, Carlton, to our reporter, "I will try to help them by answering your questions."

"I believe you have often spoken about a remarkable escape you had some years ago. Do you mind telling me all about it?"

With characteristic kindliness, Mr. Fortington answered: "You shall hear everything that happened to me. To begin with, it is as well that you should know something about the hours I have to work, for I consider this a matter of great importance. I work a number of hours on one shift at night, and then I have to do a similar period during the day time, so that, you see, my meals are taken very irregularly. I stood it all right till a few years back, when my digestive organs commenced to play up with me. A feeling of oppression in the chest appeared, directly after eating, combined with an overwhelming sense of drowsiness, as if I had been drugged. I always felt heavy and depressed

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J.s.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday.—Messrs F. Beggs, H. Cushing, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridge. Fourth Tuesday.—Messrs M. Flynn, G. Topper, and T. Beggs.

Business man—"You remember that 'ad.' I had in your paper, and took out two months ago? Well, I want to have it put back again." Editor—"Why, I thought you said no one noticed it while it was in." Business man (humbly)—"They didn't seem to until I took it out." The mere fact of your advertising lets people know you are still in business; also that your business is sufficiently important to stand advertising. If you are in business you cannot afford to do without advertising, as it is too much of an admission to the world at large.—Extract from an interview with a man who has profited by newspaper advertising.

A Scald from a burn or scald is often treated more than the pain that is inflicted. Chamberlain's Pain Balm heals the injured part in less time than any other treatment, and unless the injury is a severe one, no scar will be left. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Michaelis, Hallenstein & Co.

Proprietary Limited,

382-384 Lonsdale Street, MELBOURNE,

Are now Buying

WATTLE-BARK

For Cash,

In any quantity, remitti g highest market value on consignments without delay.

All Bark to be consigned to Footscray Railway Station, where a Government weighbridge has been erected.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED.

W. EDWARD,

Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Dealer in Paints, Oils, Colors, Paperhangings Window Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, etc., etc.

All sorts of Vehicles Re-painted. Estimates given in town and country. All Painters' Requisites kept in stock.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT WATCH REPAIRS.

Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
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Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.

When you want your watch or clock done up so that you will have no further trouble with it, bring it here, and the result will be all you desire.

The most expert tradesmen obtainable are employed at BAYNES, and only the very best material procurable is used in all repairs.—Near

were the Fultz, 44 bushels; Garfield, 43; Valley, 42; Wisconsin Triumph, 42; Badger, 41, and Currell's Prolific, 41 bushels per acre.

Spring wheats are little sown in the warmer climates, as they do not ripen before the midsummer heat occurs, which rusts them in wet weather and shrivels them in droughty weather. Winter wheat is planted in the fall, withstands the mild winter and is harvested in late spring or early summer.

Texas Farm and Ranch says there is only one thing that beats a hen when it comes to hunting, and that's the honeybee, according to his size, and, by the way, he is another potent factor in the creation of wealth that our political wiseacres have overlooked.

The largest silo in the world is said to be one built by J. T. Polk of Indiana. It is 150 feet long, 46 wide, 18 deep and has a capacity of 3,000 tons of ensilage.

Clarke's 41 B Pills are warranted to cure in either sex, all acquired or constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs, Gravel, and Pains in the Back. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes, 4s. 6d. each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company Lincoln, England.

atorios and sacred music are rendered in such a manner as to make one think that Adelina Patti is leading. The choir is composed of 60 boys. They are trained for the work from the time they get control of their vocal cords, and some of the best singers are not over 9 years old. At the age of 17 they are dropped from the choir.—Rome Letter.

The battle of the Emperors was fought at Austerlitz, 1805. The emperors present were Napoleon, Francis of Austria and Alexander of Russia. Over 170,000 men were actually engaged in the battle, and of this number 26,000 were killed or wounded, or 13 per cent of the whole.

Albert Durer's wife was stingy and kept him at work day and night for fear they would starve. His biography says, "She tormented him until he dried up like a bundle of straw."

Summer Complaint is the children's most dangerous enemy and the mother's most dreaded foe. Immediate and proper treatment is always necessary. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, given according to directions, is the most effectual remedy known. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

oil. The whole should then be thinned with water. The wash should not be put on the lime wash, or the bristles will be destroyed. Should coloured wash be required, 1lb. of green vitroil added to every two gallons of wash gives a pleasing drab. Quick-lime slaked with skimmed milk, and afterwards thinned with water, makes an excellent wash for out-door walls, as it is not acted on by the weather.

Working Dresses.—It is best to wear washing dresses to work in as much as possible; of course washing them or having them washed is troublesome and expensive, but dirt and grease do not ruin them, and they look fresher and better than stuff dresses, especially in summer. Never trim a washing dress with flounces or frills; they look out of place, are soon crumpled, and are very troublesome to starch and iron. Do not have a working dress made long; it is waste of stuff, and would be very much in the way. Keep your working dress clean and tidy by wearing over it a large thick apron with a bib, and turning up your sleeves.

Not a minute should be lost after a child shows symptoms of cholera infantum. The first unusual looseness of the bowels should be sufficient warning. If immediate and proper treatment is given, serious consequences will be averted. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy is the sole reliance of thousands of mothers and by its aid they have often saved their children's lives. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it

If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in this advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.

Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.

Sydney Bulletin, Melbourne Punch, Ripon shire Advocate, Leader, Weekly Times, Australasian, Australian Journal, Sportsman, and all other Periodicals. All School Requisites kept in stock. Advertisements received for all the above-named papers. While thanking his numerous customers for past favors, he trusts, by strict attention to the delivery of all papers, to merit a fair share of their support. Advertisements received for all Melbourne and Ballarat papers. By sending through local agent advertisers save postage. Note the address—Next door to Wotherspoon & Co.

A Wonderful Medicine.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. The first Dose will give relief in twenty minutes. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be "WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. They promptly remove any obstruction or irregularity of the system. For a

Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver;

they act like magic. A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the Muscular System; restoring the long lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the RoseBud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the world. Full directions with each box.

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere, in Boxes. 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each.

Take—

Curakof

The most efficacious Medicine yet known for the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. True to its name.

Price 2s., from

E. SCHLICHT, Beaufort;

I. ELDER, Skipton.

Agents for—

BAIN & CO.,

Chemists,

Opposite Cathedral, Swanston-st.

Melbourne, and St. Kilda.

Give your orders for Job Printing to the newspaper in your district, because it prints thousands of reports and notifications for which it receives no payment whatever. It is always spending its time and money to benefit and improve the prospects of the place through which it circulates. It gives you value in return for your printing order.

Printed and published by the Proprietor, Arthur Parker, at the office of The Ripon shire Advocate newspaper, Lawrence-street, Beaufort, Victoria.

Damaged text/ wrong binding

Difficult to read

PHOSPHATE IN ALL FORMS.

There Are Three General Sources of the Phosphoric Acid of Commerce.

At the Florida experiment station the first source mentioned is that of naturally occurring phosphates, such as are found abundantly in Florida and South Carolina, and which are supposed to be the fossil remains of prehistoric marine animals. The second source of phosphoric acid to be mentioned is the bones of animals. If the bones have been ground into what is termed as "bone meal" and have never been burned they will contain, in addition to their store of phosphoric acid, a goodly store of nitrogen (about 4 per cent), so that in fertilizing with this material both phosphoric acid and nitrogen are added to a soil. If the bonemeal has been subjected to a steaming process, it will have only a little more than half the nitrogen that is contained in the raw bonemeal mentioned above.

If the bones have been burned until converted into ash or bone black (the spent residue from sugar refineries), then this ash will contain no nitrogen at all, but will owe its fertilizing value solely to its content of phosphoric acid (bone phosphate). The bones used for the manufacture of fertilizers come chiefly from slaughter houses, but are often picked up here and there. Fresh bone has nearly one-half of its weight of organic matter—that is, gelatine water, etc.—and one half of its weight phosphate of lime, and nearly one-half of the weight of the latter is phosphoric acid, and this therefore makes out something more than 20 per cent of the fresh bone. The caution is therefore given to purchasers in a bulletin issued to make certain whether they are buying the raw meal, the steamed meal or the bone ash.

When they are steamed before being ground, nearly all the gelatin matter is extracted to make glue, and a large portion of the nitrogen is thus abstracted. Now, in either of the above forms, we have the phosporic acid in the form of simple bone phosphate, which is intermediate in sensibility between the raw, pulverized phosphate rock and the same rock or bone after being acid treated. If it is desired to have the raw bonemeal in a more immediately available form, it can be accomplished by treating the meal with a proper quantity of sulphuric acid. We will thus obtain what is called "dissolved bone," and as such its store of phosphoric acid is immediately available. It is in this form that it exists in most of the so called "high grade fertilizers." It should be stated that if the bone material be purchased in the form of bone ash (burnt bone) its store of phosphoric acid will be in a more soluble state than would be the case with that in the raw or steamed bonemeal, and it would be necessary to subject it to sulphuric acid treatment to render its phosphoric acid available. Other sources, though not so common, for obtaining phosphoric acid are guano and apatite.

Another commercial source of phosphoric acid is a waste or byproduct of iron industries, known as Thomas or basic slag. It usually contains from 21 to 22 per cent of phosphoric acid.

How to Apply Fertilizers.

In applying fertilizers it is important that they be so scattered and mixed with the soil as to encourage the spreading of the roots of plants, and also to place the necessary amount of plant food within the reach of the roots from the very first.

It is generally best to sow them broadcast or drill and work well into the soil before planting. When a small quantity of fertilizer is applied to each hill or row at planting time, it acts mainly as a stimulant to produce an early and vigorous start, which is considered necessary for the tobacco crop, but often renders the crop more sensitive to drought. In any case care should be taken to mix the fertilizer with the soil, so that it will not come in contact with the seeds or plants. Most fertilizers, and especially those containing much nitrogen, soluble phosphoric acid or potash, will injure or destroy young plants if brought directly in contact with them.

In applying a very concentrated fertilizer it is usually best to mix it with dry earth, road dust, etc., for convenience in sowing.—Kentucky Experiment Station.

Notes and Comments.

Experiments in cutting off the tops of cotton plants during growth have, as a rule, indicated that this practice decreased the yield.

Japan clover is especially valuable for summer pasturage on sterile clay soils.

Kaffir corn is recommended by the North Carolina station as the best of the nonsaccharine sorghums grown for forage.

The director of the Texas experiment station recommends carbon-bisulphide as a preventive of weevil in corn and other grain.

In the winter wheat experiments for the last two years at the Maryland station the varieties which yielded most were the Fultz, 44 bushels; Garfield, 43; Valley, 42; Wisconsin Triumph, 42; Badger, 41, and Currell's Prolific, 41 bushels per acre.

Spring wheats are little sown in the warmer climates, as they do not ripen before the midsummer heat occurs, which rusts them in wet weather and shrivels them in droughty weather. Winter wheat is planted in the fall, withstands the mild winter and is harvested in late spring or early summer.

Texas Farm and Ranch says there is only one thing that beats a hen when it comes to hunting, and that's the honeybee, according to his size, and, by the way, he is another potent factor in the creation of wealth that our political wiseacres have overlooked.

The largest silo in the world is said to be one built by J. T. Polk of Indiana. It is 150 feet long, 46 wide, 18 deep and has a capacity of 3,000 tons of ensilage.

CLARKE'S 41 B PILLS are warranted to cure in either sex, all acquired or constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs, Gravel, and Pains in the Back. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes, 4s. 6d. each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company Lincoln, England.

HINDOO PROVERBS.

Bits of East Indian Philosophy Expressed In Pungent Epigrams.

A cluster of sarcastic Indian proverbs is given in the columns of the Madras Mail. However patient the common people of India may be, they give in their proverbs expression to their feelings and indulge freely in satire at the expense of those who trouble them. That the powerful should oppress the weak is no new thing in the history of any land, and in India it is expressed by the proverb, "Big fish eat little ones." A "Jack in office" suddenly raised to power, which he uses unwisely, is spoken of as "A water carrier reigns for two days and a half." The boaster who has failed in his plans is directed to "rub the arms of your brethren," a proverb the meaning of which does not appear on the surface. It refers to the custom of rubbing the arms of successful wrestlers as a mode of congratulation on the victory gained. The proud boaster is thus ironically told to congratulate others, not himself. The official who takes bribes is said to "wear silver spectacles." The miserly and mean are held in great contempt, and the proverbs regarding them are numerous. "Come to your funeral pyre; wood is cheap," is a satire on the man who fears to spend all that is needed on the necessaries of life.

A woman who is ready to quarrel, as the village woman of the lower orders too frequently is, finds herself rebuked in, "She quarrels with the passing breeze." The woman retorts by speaking of a quarrelsome husband as "better out than at home," and of the henpecked husband she says he is "a woman's kingdom." Affected politeness is described by, "During ceremonial observances the train went off." Two persons were going by train. One said to the other, "Sir, pray enter." "After you, sir." "No, you be pleased to go first." And away went the train and left the overpolite friend behind. When politeness passes into obsequiousness, it is said, "The mouth is not sweetened by saying 'sweetmeats.'" Housekeepers in England are familiar with the cat as a scapegoat. The monkey in India takes the place of the cat, and to the man who tries to conceal his fault it is said, "Accidents in the stable are laid on the monkey's head." "The Indian crow is proverbial for its cunning, which gives rise to the proverb, "This scheme will scare crows," and refers to the clever plans of a cunning man, able to outwit a crow. "A tongue under a tongue" fitly expresses the double tongued or false man.

A "DON'T" FOR BRUSH BOYS.

The Tailor Tells How the Coat Collar Is Quickly Ruined.

The most difficult thing to fit on a man is a coat collar, and it is the easiest thing to get out of shape, except perhaps the knees of the trousers. A tailor molds and shapes a collar with his hands and hot goose to conform with the measurements he has taken of the shape of an individual's shoulders, and it does not take a great deal of ill usage to destroy his work.

"The worst enemy a coat collar has," said the tailor, "is the colored boy who brushes your clothes in the barber shop, hotel or sleeping car. When he helps you on with your overcoat, he reaches under for your coattails, grasps the overcoat collar with the other hand and gives your undercoat two or three smart jerks, which pulls the collar down and away from the neck and bunches it on the shoulders, and the overcoat finishes the work of destroying its shape. This should never be allowed under any consideration.

"The proper way to keep the coat collar in place is to shrug your shoulders forward after you have put the coat on. The collar will then fall into place on your neck; the cloth will adjust itself to the shape of your shoulders and stay there. Don't pull the collar about, and don't, above all, allow the brush boy to pull your coat out of shape under the pretense of getting your overcoat on your shoulders."

Brush boys will please note.—Kansas City Star.

The Season of Suicides.

Spring is the season for suicides as well as for sales. People prefer for this purpose, as statistics show, day to night and Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday to Saturday and Sunday.

In a word, suicides prefer the early part of the week, month and year. It would follow seemingly that anybody with a melancholic friend should look after him carefully on the first Monday in May.

Men kill themselves two, three or four times more often than women, except in Spain. Women generally "do it beautifully," men crudely.

Saxony is the most suicidal country in Europe, and the least so is—the "unhappy countbry!" Ireland's rate is 24 per 1,000,000 to Saxony's 469.—Westminster Gazette.

The Pope's Choir.

The finest choir in the world is that of St. Peter's, in Rome, known as the pope's choir. There is not a female voice in it, and yet the most difficult oratorios and sacred music are rendered in such a manner as to make one think that Adelina Patti is leading. The choir is composed of 60 boys. They are trained for the work from the time they get control of their vocal cords, and some of the best singers are not over 9 years old. At the age of 17 they are dropped from the choir.—Rome Letter.

The battle of the Emperors was fought at Austerlitz, 1805. The emperors present were Napoleon, Francis of Austria and Alexander of Russia. Over 170,000 men were actually engaged in the battle, and of this number 23,000 were killed or wounded, or 13 per cent of the whole.

Albert Durer's wife was stingy and kept him at work day and night for fear they would starve. His biography says, "She tormented him until he dried up like a bundle of straw."

SUMMER COMPLAINT is the children's most dangerous enemy and the mother's most dreaded foe. Immediate and proper treatment is always necessary. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, given according to directions, is the most effectual remedy known. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

USEFUL HINTS.

TO WASH CLOTHES IN PARAFFIN SOAP.—Cut down ½lb. paraffin soap and put it into a boiler of water to melt. Rub the clothes well out of the soda water, in which they have been previously soaked, put them into the boiler and let them boil for half an hour; then put them into a tub with plenty of cold water; wash them thoroughly, then rinse in blue water and dry.

TO CLEAN EMBROIDERY.—Gold and silver fancy-work of this description may be most easily cleaned with spirits of wine, either alone, or diluted with an equal weight of water. The common practice of using alkaline or acidulous liquors is very injurious, and frequently destroys the beauty of the articles, instead of cleaning them.

TO RESTORE SCORCHED LINEN.—Ingredients: Two onions, ½oz. white soap, 2oz. of fuller's earth, half a pint of vinegar. Mode: Extract the juice of the onions by pounding and pressing them; cut up the soap and fuller's earth, and boil all together. When cool, cover the scorched linen with this mixture, and let it dry. Wash the linen, and the scorches will disappear, if not so bad as to damage the texture.

BED-ROOM FLOORS.—Some mistresses make a practice of ordering the floors of bed-rooms to be frequently washed. I wish to guard both mistresses and servants against this practice. It is most dangerous to the health of the person who occupies the bed-room, to wash it or scour it, unless the weather be very fine or warm, in order to allow the window to be opened for thoroughly drying the room before night. The utmost that should be done, except in favourable circumstances, is to pass a damp cloth lightly over the floor.

HOW TO CLEAN DECANTERS AND CRUETS.—The best way is to wash them out with a little pearlash and warm water, adding a spoonful or two of fresh slaked lime if necessary. To facilitate the action of the fluids against the sides of the glass, a few small cinders or pieces of raw potato may be used. A spoonful of strong oil of vitriol put into a dry bottle will, if allowed to run round its inner surface, rapidly remove any kind of dirt. It should then be drained, and afterwards rinsed with clean water. Where they have become furred by holding hard water, a little hydro-chloric acid (spirits of salts) diluted with three times its weight of water will remove it.

TO WASH CLOTHES WITH PARAFFIN OIL.—To every eight gallons of cold water put ½lb. of soap, shred fine, one and a-half tablespoonful of paraffin oil, into a boiler, put in the clothes, let them come to the boil, keep the lid close on boiler, and steam for half an hour, take out each article separately, and wring them out. When all are finished, hang them out to dry. If possible, bleach your clothes on grass after boiling; but where this cannot be done, it is yet possible with care to keep your linen white and clear. Laces and muslin should not be rubbed, but squeezed with the hands in melted soap and warm water. Be careful, in boiling them, to tie them up in a handkerchief to prevent their being torn.

PIANO KEYS.—These can be whitened by washing in a solution composed of 1oz. of nitric acid to 10oz. of soft water. Apply with a brush, taking care that it does not flow on the wood part upon which the ivory is veneered, for the joint will be spoiled. Cleanse carefully with clean water and a piece of flannel. Or, sulphorous acid with an equal quantity of water may be used as above. If the discolouration has not gone too far, rub the keys carefully with pure lemon juice. While still damp, put on a coating of whiting or prepared chalk, mixed with a little lemon juice. When dry, brush off with a dry brush, taking care that none of the mixture gets between the keys. If, however, the keys are thoroughly worn and discoloured, they must be dismounted, scraped, bleached, and repolished, which is a long and tedious affair, and requires to be done by a skilled workman.

TO CLEAN BRUSSELS CARPETS.—Brussels carpets may be cleaned in the following manner:—First, stretch the carpet tightly on the floor, nail it at the sides, and sweep it clean. Procure an ox gall from a butcher, and mix it with a pail of cold water. Have another pail ready with cold water only. Have also two woollen cloths and several dry towels. Commence by dipping a woollen cloth in the gall-water, and then rub the carpet with it. This will produce a froth on the carpet, and you will now take the other woollen cloth dipped in clean water, with which you will rub the carpet till no more froth rises from it, rinsing the cloth occasionally in the clean water. The water in this pail should be changed when it becomes dirty. You then rub the carpet as dry as possible with the towels.

TO WASH FLANNELS.—In washing flannels (notice particularly), to keep them a good colour, and to prevent their shrinking. Get from the grocer 1lb. or 2lb. (according to the size of your washing) of soap parings, which you will get cheap; for 1lb. of soap parings, put three quarts of water; boil to a jelly, and with this wash your flannels. Be sure you have plenty of warm water, not too hot; put in a handful of your soap jelly, and mix thoroughly in the water; then take the flannels, one at a time, shake all dust out of them first; then sluice the articles up and down well; rub as little as possible, for rubbing knots the little loops of wool together, and thickens the flannel; wring them in a machine, if you have one; if not, squeeze them well. Dry in the open air, if the weather permits, as quickly as possible. In washing scarlet or blue flannel, put one tablespoonful of spirits of ammonia in the rinsing water.

Lime-washing is a much more effectual mode of purification than white-washing, but is not so often used, as few persons know how to make lime-wash. If glue is used it is destroyed by the lime, and the wash easily rubs off the walls when dry. This also happens if the lime be simply slaked in water and used without any fixing material. Lime-wash should be made by placing some freshly burned quicklime in a pail, and pouring on sufficient water to cover it; if the lime is fresh, great heat is giving out; boiled oil (a preparation of linseed oil, sold by all oilmen) should then be added, one pint to each gallon of wash. For cheapness, any refuse fat, such as dripping, may be used instead of the boiled oil. The whole should then be thinned with water. The brush should not be left in the lime-wash, or the bristles will be destroyed. Should coloured wash be required, 1lb. of green vitroil added to every two gallons of wash gives a pleasing drab. Quick-lime slaked with skimmed milk, and afterwards thinned with water, makes an excellent wash for out-door walls, as it is not acted on by the weather.

WORKING DRESSES.—It is best to wear washing dresses to work in as much as much as possible; of course washing them or having them washed is troublesome and expensive, but dirt and grease do not ruin them, and they look fresher and better than stuff dresses, especially in summer. Never trim a washing dress with flounces or frills; they look out of place, are soon crumpled, and are very troublesome to starch and iron. Do not have a working dress made long; it is waste of stuff, and would be very much in the way. Keep your working dress clean and tidy by wearing over it a large thick apron with a bib, and turning up your sleeves.

NOT A MINUTE should be lost after a child shows symptoms of cholera infantum. The first unusual looseness of the bowels should be sufficient warning. If immediate and proper treatment is given, serious consequences will be averted. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is the sole reliance of thousands of mothers and by its aid they have often saved their children's lives. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it

WOMAN'S HIGHEST MISSION.

It has been truly said that "if modern knowledge is power, it is not wisdom"; and therefore, with increased education, the social status does not always improve, crime does not diminish, nor suffering grow less, and thus the levels of life are not lifted.

And now that woman has taken into her own hands the shaping of her destiny can she do better than accept these conditions?

Can she conceive of no higher ideals, no grander incentive, and no more beautiful fulfilment?

What is it that woman aims at in the widening of her career? Is it not freedom—the intellectual mastery and control that have made man free, and that she fondly hopes will give her freedom in turn?

How shall she best attain it? she asks.

But right here, in the answer she gives herself, is actually the mistake that she makes, and that perhaps explains in part the hostile attitude of many men and the shrinking of certain women when equal claims and rights are asserted.

Precisely by following in man's footsteps, she insists; along the lines he has chosen and with the same objects and ambitions in view.

Just what he has accomplished, I will strive to accomplish. Just as he has built, I will build; just as he has aspired, I will aspire.

But surely here is no freedom in its true sense, because no deliverance and enlargement of spirit, giving birth to new individuality and initiative.

Undoubtedly there are women gifted to excel where men have excelled in scientific and professional pursuits; but these women are necessarily exceptional. There are reasons deep-seated in her own constitution, and in the constitution of society, why it is not easy nor always to be advised that young women should be subjected to the mental strain and and strict training required to fit them for a profession, nor is it well, or often possible that girls as a rule should leave their homes and be sent into the world like boys.

But even under the most favouring circumstances, and when good result has been accomplished without too great sacrifice or injury in any other direction, it is seldom that a woman is able to devote herself without interruption, and to the exclusion of the more intimate interests of life, to the callings that require unremitting and absorbed attention.

Marriage comes in as so paramount a factor; an episode in the life of a man, it is a career for a woman, in most cases incompatible with any other career.

And for women who do not marry, the claims and duties of home are often quite as pressing and incumbent; the family tie is stronger, the dependence more subtle, and the whole affectional side of life has greater stress and obligation with women than with men.

But from these practical considerations, no woman who has sounded the depths of her own nature can help feeling that a profound deception awaits those who imagine that the outward extension of privilege, the liberty to enter the arena and compete for what the world prizes, will satisfy the deep inner craving, the vague but keen longing, the unknown want which the world cannot fulfil.

Women even more than men are restless, unsatisfied, seeking they know not what, they know not where; for a great hope has gone out of the world, a great light and presence once seen and felt by all.

The world cannot and need not go back to its primitive beliefs, but spiritual growth must keep pace with mental growth.

In proportion as the realm of matter is explored and brought within the compass of mind the realm of spirit must expand to receive it, filling and making radiant with its presense the whole visible universe.

The laws and harmonies of nature reveal still deeper harmony and all embracing law; spiritual truth that reflects itself in man's inner consciousness in the workings of heart, brain, and soul.

The mysteries of growth and evolution ... st untold possibilities, and lay ... ations of life and its finalities ... regions far beyond the range ... imagination.

The finite loses its grasp and man becomes aware of his relations with the infinite of the constant inflowing of divine energies in his own being and of eternal reality underneath the passing show of appearence. In the light of such understanding, knowledge becomes wisdom, and higher education becomes the education of the higher nature.

And it is women especially who have the key to this higher knowledge, in their finer perceptions and sensibilities, their more delicate organisation so quick to discern the hidden sense of things, the meanings that flash out from the unseen and that are not apprehended by the intellect alone, but by the whole personality, which kindles with sympathetic response.

This is the secret of that moral force which gives woman a strength beyond strength, faith beyond joy, and love beyond self.

And this is truly woman's "sphere,"—her "vocation," whatever post she may fill—to live within vision of the ideal upon a plane not bounded by the pleasures and pains of sense, and therefore to a certain extent released from the thraldom of material conditions.

What higher mission and privilege for woman than to lead the example—to set the fashion, as it were, of nobler, purer and simpler lives, consecrated to deeper and more unselfish purposes?

A SLUGGISH LIVER

Makes Days Unhappy And Nights Miserable.

The Case of Mr. S. FORTINGTON.

(By a Local Reporter.)

"Without any other end than to perform my duty to the public," said Mr. Samuel Fortington, of No. 485 Rathdown-street, Carlton, to our reporter, "I will try to help them by answering your questions."

"I believe you have often spoken about a remarkable escape you had some years ago. Do you mind telling me all about it?"

With characteristic kindliness, Mr. Fortington answered: "You shall hear everything that happened to me. To begin with, it is as well that you should know something about the hours I have to work, for I consider this a matter of great importance. I work a number of hours on one shift at night, and then I have to do a similar period during the day time, so that, you see, my meals are taken very irregularly. I stood it all right till a few years back, when my digestive organs commenced to play up with me. A feeling of oppression in the chest appeared directly after eating, combined with an overwhelming sense of drowsiness, as if I had been drugged. I always felt heavy and depressed, simply going to my business and returning home mechanically, with no more pleasure in life than a slave. Through a feeling of intense restlessness when in bed at night my sleep was very indifferent, as I usually kept awake till one or two o'clock in the morning, and then dozed off, only to dream so vividly that the sleep did me no good at all. When I was on the night staff I used to come home at half-past six in the morning, go straight to bed, and stay there for 1 hours, but when I got up I still felt tired, my limbs aching dreadfully. I could tell that my stomach was sour by the horrible taste in my mouth, besides having a thick white coat over my tongue and I attribute a continual feeling of sickness to these causes. Anyone who knows the torturing pains of indigestion can better imagine than I can describe what my sufferings were like during the four years I was ill. My back ached frightfully, whilst between my shoulders I felt as if I had been stabbed with a knife. All my food seemed to turn to wind, for I was always on the belch after my meals, and in the mornings I sometimes vomited a sour-tasting fluid like bile."

"Did these sufferings affect your appearance much?"

"Rather. I had an awful drawn expression in the face, besides being very pale and thin, and I got so weak that I was perfectly exhausted before half my work was done. My bowels were in a bad state, too, and at last I went clean off my food. When this happened, I thought the crisis had arrived, as I could not expect to regain my strength without taking some nourishment."

"What were you taking for your complaint?"

"I took all sorts of medicines, but they were no more good to me than they would have been to the man in the moon. Then I tried the doctor, who told me to knock off smoking; but his medicines did not have the desired effect. After further suffering I happened to read about Clements Tonic, and in a state of hopeless despair I purchased a bottle. To be brief, I am glad to say that I soon found Clements Tonic to be a conqueror of agony, for the pains in my chest and back quickly left me. I was made regular in my habits by the same medicine, which also relieved my head of giddiness and aches. Flatulence and vomiting became back numbers of my complaint after taking a few bottles of Clements Tonic, so that by eating well, which I was now able to, I got stronger and fatter I slept splendidly, either night or day, and I felt such an invigorating effect resulting from the use of Clements Tonic that I took an extra bottle after my ailments were removed. I have never been ill since the cure was effected, so I have cause to believe that Clements Tonic is a treasure to suffering humanity. Publish these facts in any way you think fit."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, Samuel Fortington, of No. 485 Rathdown-street, Carlton, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of two folios and consecutively numbered from one to two, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my statements, which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

Samuel Fortington

Declared at Carlton, in the State of Victoria, this twenty-ninth day of April, one thousand nine hundred and one, before me, J. GARDINER, J.P.,

A Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READERS

You want to see the local paper a successful institution.

Talk about it wherever you go

Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business.

If they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so.

If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.

Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J's.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday.—Messrs F. Beggs, H. Cushing, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridges. Fourth Tuesday.—Messrs M. Flynn, G. Topper, and T. Beggs.

Business man—"You remember that 'ad.' I had in your paper, and took out two months ago? Well, I want to have it put back again." Editor—"Why, I thought you said no one noticed it while it was in." Business man (humbly)—"They didn't seem to until I took it out." The mere fact of your advertising lets people know you are still in business; also that your business is sufficiently important to stand advertising. If you are in business you cannot afford to do without advertising, as it is too much of an admission to the world at large.—Extract from an interview with a man who has profited by newspaper advertising.

A SCAR from a burn or scald is often dreaded more than the pain that is inflicted. Chamberlain's Pain Balm heals the injured part in less time than any other treatment, and unless the injury is a severe one, no scar will be left. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Of, you dry to do peesnis mitowt advertising, you will find yourself already like a boy drying to shlide a hill down mitowt shnow. Pesides dere ish dese tifferences: ven you don't got some shnow you gant make 'em; but you can somedimes shenerally always make der advertising come right avay quick off, all der year rount, mit some moneys. —Joseph.

THROAT AFFECTION AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight" cold, or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. European Depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London England.

There is a general desire to know whether the Amending Income Tax Act is to take effect for the 1902 returns, or whether the L200 minimum will apply to them. The Treasurer states that the amending Act applies to the calendar year 1902. The lowest taxable income under the altered regulations is L125 instead of L200 as under the old Act, and the exemption is L100 instead of L200. In the case of incomes over L500 no exemption is allowed.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup is sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

☞ The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, bill-heads, letter-heads, envelopes, and all business printing to execute. The newspaper man needs it, and it helps him to pay his printers for setting up the thousand and one free notices he gives you and your town; but don't give it to the printer or job printing office that can give you no such return, and is spending neither time, money, nor brains in helping you to build up your town. The time may come when a newspaper can live simply upon the revenue derived from advertising and subscriptions, but no ordinary newspaper in any ordinary town can exist without the auxiliary support derived from job printing. Therefore, if you want a *good* newspaper—one that can still further help you and your town—give *it* your job printing.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," for it *will positively restore in every case Grey or White hair* to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Ask your Chemist for "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Wholesale depot 33, Farrington Road, London, England.

J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGENT, BOOKSELLER, and STATIONER, begs to announce to the inhabitants of BEAUFORT and district that he is Sole Agent for the *Argus*, *Age*, *Herald*, *Star*, *Courier*, Melbourne *Punch*, Sydney *Bulletin*, *Riponshire Advocate*, *Leader*, *Weekly Times*, *Australasian*, *Australian Journal*, *Sportsman*, and all other Periodicals. All School Requisites kept in stock. Advertisements received for all the above-named papers. While thanking his numerous customers for past favors, he trusts, by strict attention to the delivery of all papers, to merit a fair share of their support. Advertisements received for all Melbourne and Ballarat papers. By sending through local agent advertisers save postage. Note the address—Next door to Wotherspoon & Co.

A Wonderful Medicine.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Billious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be "WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. They promptly remove any obstruction or irregularity of the system. For a

Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver,

they act like magic. A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the Muscular System; restoring the long lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the WHOLE PHYSICAL ENERGY of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and debilitated is that *Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the world.* Full directions with each box.

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each.

Michaelis, Hallenstein & Co.

Proprietary Limited,

382-384 LONSDALE STREET, MELBOURNE,

Are now Buying

WATTLE-BARK

For Cash,

In any quantity, remitting highest market value on consignments without delay.

All Bark to be consigned to Footscray Railway Station, where a Government weighbridge has been erected.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED.

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Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Dealer in Paints, Oils, Colors, Paperhangings Window Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, etc., etc.

All sorts of Vehicles Re-painted. Estimates given in town and country. All Painters' Requisites kept in stock.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT WATCH REPAIRS.

Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dsab-out-wat-chrep-airs.

When you want your watch or clock done up so that you will have no further trouble with it, bring it here, and the result will be all you desire.

The most expert tradesmen obtainable are employed at PAYNE'S, and only the very best material procurable is used in all repairs.—Near the Post Office.

Hundreds of watches are laid aside every year as valueless that could be made equal to new if they only got into proper hands.

These are the kind of watches we want—watches that you have no end of bother with, and perhaps given up as hopeless.

We would like you to know what kind of work is turned out of Payne's shop, if you do not know already.

Jewellery repaired, altered, or made to order. Stones reset or mounted. Gilding and engraving done. GEO. PAYNE, near the Post Office.

In ladies' and gents' rings of every description we show twice the stock of any other shop in the city, and all rings supplied by us are manufactured by the leading ring makers of the State.—PAYNE'S.

Band rings from 9s 6d to 35s; with stones, from 11s 6d upwards. A special line of gents.' wide buckle rings, all sizes, at 20s 6d, set with various stones. Gents.' rings, new designs, at 20s to 50s each. Gents.' buckle rings set with real diamond, at 50s. Wide heavy band rings set with good diamond and rubies, at 90s.

A new selection of ladies' gipsy set 18-ct. diamond rings, beautiful designs, at 45s, 55s, 65s upwards.—Near the Post Office.

Five stone diamond, diamond and sapphires, diamonds and rubies, diamonds and opals, at 55s, 65s, 75s upwards.

Five-stone half-hoop opal rings, well made, and stones well matched, at 25s upwards.

Also a good selection of ladies' rings at from 12s 6d to 25s.—PAYNE'S.

Wedding rings and keepers have always been a specialty at Payne's. We keep one of the largest stocks in the State, in all sizes and at all prices. No place like Payne's for wedding rings and keepers.

Nickel and gun metal watches regulated and guaranteed, at 8s 6d, 9s 6d, 12s 6d, and 15s. Best makes in nickel and gun metal watches imported to the colony at 20s, 22s 6d and 25s each. Remember, in buying a watch here you run no risk whatever, as all watches, even to the lowest-price ones, are all tested before being offered for sale, and furthermore, any watch sold, if not satisfactory, will be replaced by one that is. No place like PAYNE'S for watches of every description.

In gold brooches a splendid stock is shown, our large sales enabling us to get the newest goods as soon as they are designed. Don't you buy a brooch without first inspecting PAYNE'S stock.

A stock of 200 pairs of gents'. gold sleeve links to select from. Gold curb bracelets; plain band and padlock bracelets; and fancy set bracelets of every description. Gents'. gold and silver chains, lockets, medals, collar and front studs and etc. in great variety. New designs in scarf pins just received; match boxes, sovereign cases, muff chains, fob chains, gold-mounted hair guards, gold-mounted silk ribbon guards (double and single), bangle rings, ladies' gun metal and fancy watches of every description. Ladies' gold watches from 45s upwards. Gents'. gold watches from £5 upwards. Gents'. silver watches by all the leading makers, including Walthams, Elgins, Baumes, Ehrhards, Rotherhams Settle Brothers, &c., at from 45s upwards. Payne's Alarm clocks, fancy clocks, eight-day striking clocks, by all the best makers; 200 different kinds of clocks to select from. Don't you buy a clock without first inspecting Payne's stock. All kinds of spectacles kept in stock from 1s pair. Gold frames spectacles from 30s to 45s pair. Sight tested and spectacles made to measure. Good stock of opera and field glasses, finest quality. Teapots, butter dishes, cruets, hot water kettles, pickles, biscuit barrels, hot water cans, toast racks, &c., in new designs.

Knife, fork, and spoon, in beautiful case, finest quality, 25s; Children's silver-plated mugs, nicely engraved, 8s 6d, 10s 6d each; salt cellars, silver mounted, 2s 6d each; ladies' silver-plated belts, 5s 6d to 12s 6d; silver-mounted purses, 3s 6d to 22s 6d each; gents'. solid silver cigarette cases, 35s each; gents'. cigarette cases, in Russia leather, silver-mounted, 15s each; gents'. silver-mounted pocket book and purse combined, 10s 6d to 17s 6d; silver tooth picks, 2s 6d and 3s 6d; gold, 15s; gold spectacles, 35s and 45s pair; napkin rings, 2s to 7s 6d; solid silver napkin rings, in case, 21s pair; tobacco pouches, silver-mounted, 5s 6d and 6s 6d; gold-mounted, 15s. We just received a new assortment of gents'. genuine gold-filled alberts, English made, at 17s 6d; ladies' gold-filled chain and padlock bracelets, at 15s. These are really good, and remember are not what are usually sold as rolled gold. A splendid assortment of gents'. scarf pins, in all the newest designs, at 10s to £5 each; teaspoons, 10s doz.; dessert spoons, 16s doz. These are the best quality imported, and the only kind stocked; sterling silver salt spoons, 3s 6d pair; best quality rolled gold spectacles, 5s pair; Oak trays, silver-plated mounts, 35s each; Oak liquor stands, three bottles, silver-plated mounts, 35s each; repeater alarm clocks, keep on alarming at intervals for half-an-hour, or by altering an indicator you can make it ring for 20 minutes continuously, 10s 6d each; ordinary alarm clocks, 3s 6d to 5s 6d each; silver teapots, 22s 6d to 47s 6d each.

GEO. PAYNE, JEWELLER,

Near the Post Office, Sturt street, Ballarat.

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COLD.

TAKE—

Curakof

The most efficacious Medicine yet known for the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. True to its name.

Price 2s., from

E. SCHLICHT, BEAUFORT;

I. ELDER, SKIPTON.

AGENTS FOR—

BAIN & CO.,

CHEMISTS,

Opposite Cathedral, Swanston-st.

Melbourne, and St. Kilda.

Give your orders for JOB PRINTING to the newspaper in your district, because it prints thousands of reports and notifications for which it receives no payment whatever. It is always spending its time and money to benefit and improve the prospects of the place through which it circulates. It gives you value in return for your printing order.

Printed and published by the Proprietor, ARTHUR PARKER, at the office of *The Riponshire Advocate* newspaper, Lawrence-street, Beaufort, Victoria.

No. 1314

Police Magistrate

The following are th... permanent eng... Ballarat district, with ... proviso, added by Mr Di... otherwise engaged":—

Ballarat—10 a.m., da...
Ballarat East—10 a.m... day and fourth Thursday...
Beaufort—1.30 p.m., ... and fourth Tuesday.
Bungaree—9 a.m., 4th...
Buninyong—3.15 p.m...
Carngham—2 p.m., 2n...
Gordon—9 a.m., 2nd ...
Linton—2 p.m., 1st S...
Learmonth—12.30 p.m...
Kaleno—11 a.m., 2nd...
Scarsdale—Noon, 3rd...
Sebastopol—3.30 p.m....
Skipton—10 a.m., 2n...
Smythesdale—Noon, ...

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, ... other Acid Diseases have ... and Thoroughly Cured by—

DR. PARKER'S

GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC ...

As the following Cases can te...

Rheumatism Cu...

(EVERYONE A HELPLESS ...

ALFRED ADAMS, Master Tai... Highbury Grove, East Prahr... Rheumatism for fifteen years, all ... tracted and very painful, had ... for TWO YEARS HAD NOT ... joints being contracted. ... and various remedies with no ef... up all hopes. After use of D... RHEUMATIC REMEDY can walk a... contractions have come down, ... from pain for over twelve months...

MISS MARY DAVIDSON, ... Constable Davidson (retired), ... in the Bendigo District, residing ... nell-street, Brunswick. Had Rh... joint for ten years, years on cru... YEARS HAD NOT WALKED A... stiffened, contracted, distorted an... life made miserable, helpless. ... hopeless by leading Melbourne ... tric baths, rubbings, and endless ... without deriving any benefit the... ing Dr. Parker's GREAT INDIAN R... is free from pain. CONTRACTIONS ... can walk without aid of crutch... household work, visit friends, an... Miss Davidson is known by ma... case is considered marvellous.

NOTE.—Miss Davidson was ... invalid cripple in bed for years, ... the body contracted, stiffened a... leading doctors of Melbourne h... case incurable.

JOSEPH BROOKS, Market ... berwell-road, Camberwell, comp... muscular Rheumatism, could ... joints and had intense pain on... given up hopes of ever getting ... taking Dr. Parker's GREAT I... REMEDY is free from pain, and ... usual occupation.

174 Gore street, Fitzroy, ... Mr. C. F. Parker, Fitzroy.

DEAR SIR,—In grateful testimo... having cured me of a very painfu... tism. I suffered great pain ... After a short while under your tre... ly recovered. It is now over th... was cured, and I have kept well, ... of it. I consider your antidote ... age for suffering humanity. You...

PROFESSOR W... Ventr...

DR. PARKER'S GREAT IN... is perfectly HARMLESS, and is ti... all acid diseases, the causatio... Sciatica, Lumbago, &c. It has c... many hundreds of others in this ... lieve the pain in a short period, a... will cure the most obstinate ca... in use for seventeen years, an... demand is now on sale at the pri... throughout the Commonwealth. ... ments are true to facts, and car... well-known people residing in Vi... Be sure and ask the local agen... GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC RE... which contains a sufficient supply ... thirty days, according to case.

Further particulars can b... Agencies.

AGENT FOR BEA...

D. Troy & Son, M...

Ararat—J. J. Pawsey & S...
Creswick—J. Tait & Son, ...
Maryborough—Mr. S. Ea...
Daylesford—Hamilton B... etc.
Kyneton—Mr S. P. Hay... High-street.

ARNOLD'S B...

ARNOLD'S BALSAM For the ...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM For Wh...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM For Cou... Best for ...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM In Bro... Voi... For Cro...

STOUTNESS—abominal or oth... duced by PYROLENE PELLE... safe and also tasteless. Full ins... bottle. Small, 3s. 6d.; large for ... by post, 3s. 9d. and 13s. Of all ... ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., St. Kil...

THE ROMAN HAIR RESTORER. Produces Brown and Black Hair. Price, 1s. 6d., by post 2s. 3d. An ine... prepar... and res... color ... beard, ... Largely used by the Roman la... their magnificent tresses. Nouri... removes dandruff; increases the q... it glossy and supple; does not sta... the linen. If your hair is falling ... use this. ARNOLD'S BALSAM C... (late Brinsmead & Co.) All Chem...

SOLD BY ALL STORE... A...

Agent for Beaufort—P. ...

J. E. CRO...

ARCHITECT, BEA...

Plans drawn. Specificatio... made up. Estimates given ... work at shortest notice. ... Ranges, and Underground T... Sample Plans and Specificatio... tion. Government reference... M. Thomson's Monumental ... &c. Address—C/o G. E. ... Speke and Cummins Streets, ...

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1314 | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1903 | PRICE THREEPENCE

Police Magistrate's Fixtures.

The following are the police magistrates permanent engagements in the Ballarat district, with the necessary proviso, added by Mr Dickson, "unless otherwise engaged":—

Ballarat—10 a.m., daily.
Ballarat East—10 a.m., 3rd Wednesday and fourth Thursday.
Beaufort—1.30 p.m., 1st Thursday and fourth Tuesday.
Bungaree—9 a.m., 4th Monday.
Baninyong—3.15 p.m., 3rd Friday.
Carngham—2 p.m., 2nd Wednesday.
Gordon—9 a.m., 2nd Monday.
Linton—2 p.m., 1st Saturday.
Learmonth—12.30 p.m., 1st Tuesday.
Kaleno—11 a.m., 2nd Tuesday.
Scarsdale—Noon, 3rd Thursday.
Sebastopol—3.30 p.m., 2nd Thursday.
Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd Wednesday.
Smythesdale—Noon, 3rd Tuesday.

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, and other Acid Diseases have been Completely and Thoroughly Cured by—

DR. PARKER'S

GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

As the following Cases can testify. . . . .

Rheumatism Cured.

(EVERYONE A HELPLESS CRIPPLE.)

ALFRED ADAMS, Master Tailor, residing at No. 62 Highbury Grove, East Prahran, aged 52 years, Rheumatism for fifteen years, all joints swollen, contracted and very painful, had lost the use of limbs, and FOR TWO YEARS HAD NOT WALKED AT ALL, these joints being contracted. Had the best advice and various remedies with no effect, and had given up all hopes. After use of Dr. Parker's INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY can walk about, do work, leg contractions have come down, and has been free from pain for over twelve months. October, 1898.

MISS MARY DAVIDSON, daughter of Senior Constable Davidson (retired), well-known for years in the Bendigo District, residing at "Crimea," Barnell-street, Brunswick. Had Rheumatism in every joint for ten years, years on crutches, and for two YEARS HAD NOT WALKED AT ALL, all joints stiffened, contracted, distorted and perfectly useless; life made miserable, helpless. Case pronounced hopeless by leading Melbourne Doctors. Had electric baths, rubbings, and endless so-called remedies, without deriving any benefit therefrom. After taking Dr. Parker's GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY a free from pain. CONTRACTIONS HAVE COME OUT, can walk without aid of crutch or stick, assist in household work, visit friends, and is in good health. Miss Davidson is known by many people, and the case is considered marvellous.

NOTE.—Miss Davidson was a perfectly helpless invalid cripple in bed for years, with all the joints of the body contracted, stiffened and useless, and the leading doctors of Melbourne had pronounced the case incurable.

JOSEPH BROOKS, Market Gardener, of Camberwell-road, Camberwell, completely crippled with muscular Rheumatism, could not move shoulder joints and had intense pain on movement. Had given up hopes of ever getting well again. After using Dr. Parker's GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY he is free from pain, and can carry out his usual occupation.

Gore-street, Fitzroy, 23rd August, 1897.

Mr. C. E. Parker, Fitzroy.

DEAR SIR,—Having testimony to your skill in, as you cured me of a very painful attack of rheumatism. I suffered intensely in the joints swollen. After a short while recovery was marvelous. I completely recovered. It is now over three years ago since I was cured, and I have kept well, being now 64 years of age. I consider your remedy the marvel of the age for relieving humanity. Yours very truly,

PROFESSOR W. T. LAMONT,
Late Professor and Gymnastic Instructor.

DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN REMEDY

is certainly HARMLESS, and is the true antidote for all the diseases, the causation of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, &c. It has cured the above and many hundreds of others in this State. It will relieve the pain in a short period, and with a fair trial will cure the most obstinate case. It has been now in use for seventeen years, and owing to the large demand is now on sale at the principal storekeepers' throughout the Commonwealth. The above statements are true to facts, and can be verified, being well known people residing in Victoria.

Be sure and ask the local agent for Dr. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY. Price, 20s., which contains a sufficient supply to last from ten to thirty days, according to case.

Further particulars can be obtained from Agencies.

AGENT FOR BEAUFORT:

D. Troy & Son, Merchants.

Ararat—J. J. Pawsey & Son, Merchants.
Crowlick—J. Tait & Son, Storekeepers.
Navyborough—Mr. S. End, Grocer.
Dunkeld—Hamilton Bros., Stationers, etc.
Kyneton—Mr S. P. Hayes, Storekeeper, High-street.

ARNOLD'S BALSAM

ARNOLD'S BALSAM — For the Chest and Lungs. For Whooping Cough. For Coughs and Colds. Best for Influenza. In Bronchitis and Loss of Voice. For Croup.

SORENESS—abnormal or other—is quickly removed by PYROLENE PELLETS. They are quite safe and also tasteless. Full instructions with each bottle. Small, 3s. 6d.; large (for a course), 12s. 6d. or by post, 3s. 9d. and 13s. Of all chemist, or from ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., St. Kilda, Melb.

THE ROMAN HAIR RESTORER. Produces Brown and Black Hair. Price, 1s. 6d., by post 2s. 2d. — An inexpensive and certain preparation for renewing and restoring to its original color the hair of the head, beard, and whiskers. Largely used by the Roman ladies for preserving their magnificent tresses. Nourishes the roots and removes dandruff; increases the quantity, and renders it glossy and supple; does not stain the skin nor soil the linen. If your hair is falling off or turning grey, use this. ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., St. Kilda, Melb. (late Brunswick & Co.) All Chemists Sell It.

SOLD BY ALL STORES AND CHEMISTS

Agent for Beaufort—D. TROY & SON.

J. E. CROWLE,

ARCHITECT, BEAUFORT.

Plans drawn. Specifications and quantities made up. Estimates given for all kinds of work at shortest notice. Chimneys, Ovens, Ranges, and Underground Tanks a specialty. Sample Plans and Specifications open for inspection. Government references. Agent for L. M. Thomson's Monumental Railings, Ovens, &c. Address—C/o G. E. CROWLE, corner Drake and Cummins Streets, Beaufort.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Clarke's Blood Mixture

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER,

IS WARRANTED TO CLEAR THE BLOOD from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Boils, Blackheads, Ringworm, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, it is a never-failing permanent Cure.

Cures Blotches on the Neck.
Cures Sore Legs.
Cures Blackhead or Pimples on the Face.
Cures Scurvy.
Cures Ulcers.
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
Cures Glandular Swellings.
Clears the Blood from all Impure Matter, From whatever cause arising.

It is a real specific for Gout and Rheumatic pains.

It removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

The world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blotches, Spots, Blackheads, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous.

It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

As this Mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it, such as the following:—

Mr James Balcombe writes:—"I suffered when in the Army from a severe case of Abscess of the Liver, and was sent home from India to the hospital. It was one of the worst cases known in the hospital, where I remained for eight months. I was then told nothing more could be done for me, and was discharged and sent home. I tried other doctors, but they could not stop the discharge, which was very great. I was on my back for two years altogether. At last, having seen Clarke's Blood Mixture advertised, I tried some, and after the first large bottle found myself very much better. I continued with it, and it made a perfect cure of me. I can truly say Clarke's Blood Mixture is a wonderful medicine.

"39 Falmouth-chambers, Falmouth-road, "New Kent-road, S.E., July 8, 1899.

"P.S.—I should like to mention that when sending a relation for the second bottle from the neighbouring drug stores they persuaded her to take a preparation of their own, which they declared was 'just as good.' I found this did me no good at all. It was, therefore, sent back, and the genuine article procured, with above result."

Mr W. Pauley, Broad Lane, Cottenham, Cambridge, writes:—"Three years ago I had a slight skin disease, and was obliged to see a doctor, who told me it was Eczema. I was under his treatment some time, but got no better. I tried, I may say, scores of other medicines, but all to no purpose, and I was, therefore, persuaded to go to the Infirmary. There I was under special treatment, but got no better, and came out uncured; in fact, worse than when I went in. I was now covered from head to foot, and was so tormented that I almost wished myself dead; one medical man told me I never should get better. I think I may truly say that my case was one of the worst it was possible to have, and everyone said they had never seen anyone like me. Well, at last I read about 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and decided to give it a trial. I purchased some from Boots, the Chemists, and took it according to rules for three months, mine being a dreadful case, and I am thankful to say I am now perfectly well, with my skin as clear as possible. It was 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' which effected this wonderful cure, and I cannot recommend it too highly. January 20, 1900."

Colour-Sergeant Instructor Jno. Howarth, Cheshire Regiment, Chester, writes:—"I suffered from Rheumatism in my arms and legs for over five years. I also had a bruised shin bone, through which I could rest only for a few minutes at a time. All sorts of remedies were applied, but none did me any good for more than a few days. After a while I was recommended to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' which I did, and on taking the first bottle I felt relief. I therefore continued with this excellent medicine, and it effected a perfect cure. This was more than a year ago, and I am pleased to say I have not felt the least pain since—in fact, I am in as good health as ever I was in my life.

"Moreover, I told two friends of mine who were laid up with Rheumatism of my case, and they tried 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' They are tailors by trade, and in seven days they were at work again. They say this medicine cannot be too highly praised. May 18, 1899."

Mr George Price, St. Margarets-on-Thames, writes:—"I feel that I should write you a few lines in praise of Clarke's Blood Mixture. I have been suffering these last few years with Eczema and Blotches, which prevented me following my occupation, and I can safely say I have spent scores of pounds in all sorts of other medicines. A little while ago, however, I was advised by a friend of mine who has taken Clarke's Blood Mixture to try a bottle, and to my great relief I am a new man and able at the present time to go on with my business, being now quite well. In fact, I cannot give it too much praise. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial for the benefit of others who may be suffering from the same complaint." December 29, 1899.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS OF WONDERFUL CURES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Clarke's Blood Mixture is sold in Bottles 2s. 9d. each, and in cases containing six times the quantity, 11s.—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases—BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world. Proprietors, THE LINCOLN AND MIDLANDS COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln, England. Trade Mark—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

Clarke's Blood Mixture.

CAUTION.—Purchasers of Clarke's Blood Mixture should see that they get the genuine article. Worthless imitations and substitutes are sometimes palmed off by unprincipled vendors. The words 'Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England,' are engraved on the Government Stamp, and "Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture," blown in the bottle, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE.

RE MINING LEASES.

It is notified for general information that applicants for Mining Leases are required, within seven days previous to lodging the application, to insert in a newspaper published in the district where the land is situated, or if no such newspaper, then in one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked "A" in the schedule relating to Mining Leases.

OVER 60 YEARS

HOLLOWAY'S

PILLS AND OINTMENT

Have stood pre-eminent during the past sixty years as

RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINES.

They are invaluable Remedies for

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Feverish Attacks, Ague, Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Skin Diseases.

They have no equal for Affections of the

THROAT, CHEST and LUNGS.

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford St (late 533, Oxford St.), London. Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.	Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne ...	... 8.15	and 4.50
Ballarat ...	... 8.15	and 4.50
Geelong ...	... 8.15	and 4.50
Trawalla ...	... 8.15	and 4.50

Registered mail.—8 p.m. previous evening and 4.30 p.m.; p.p., 8 p.m. previous evening and 4.30 p.m.

Ararat ...	... 11.50	and 8
Stawell ...	... 11.50	and 8
Middle Creek	... 11.50	and 8
Murtoa ...	... 11.50	and 8
Buangor ...	... 11.50	and 8

Reg. mail and p.p., 11.30 and 7.40.

English mail per Mail Steamer, 5.15 p.m. Tuesday; via Adelaide, 8.15 a.m. and 8 p.m. Wednesday.

COUNTRY.

Daily	a.m.
Raglan ...	... 9.15
Waterloo ...	... 9.15
Waterloo S.,	... 9.15
Main Lead,	... 9.15
Chute ...	... 9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 9a.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Nerring ...	... 9.15
Lake Goldsmith	... 9.15
Stockyard Hill	... 9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 8.50.

Enrambeen ...	... 12.45
Shirley, ...	... 12.45

Reg. mail and p.p., 12.20.

MAILS INWARD.
Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—7 a.m. and 12.30 p.m.

From Ararat, Stawell, Buangor, Middle Creek, and Murtoa.—8.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.

From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

From Stockyard Hill, Nerring, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.

From Enrambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Office is open daily for transaction of postal and telegraph business, sale of stamps and postal notes from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m., and from 7 p.m. till 8 p.m.

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.

From 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., Saturdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

SAVINGS BANK.

From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. for receiving deposits only.

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

From 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.

9 a.m. till 3 p.m.

G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten-inch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.

To such a man the noisy din
Of traffic may not enter in,
For bargain hunters by the score
Shall pass nor heed his dingy door;
For tho' his sign is on the wall
And on some barnyard gate a scrawl,
No people who have cash and sense,
Go prancing around to read the fence.

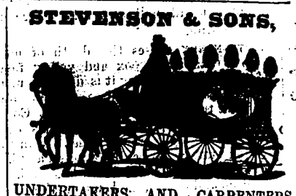
The man who never sells for trade
By local line or ad. displayed
Cares more for rest than worldly gain
And patronage but gives him pain;
Tread lightly, friends, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsought except by men he owes.

And when he dies, go plant him deep
That naught may break his dreamless sleep,
Where no rude clamor may dispel
The quiet that he loved so well,
And that the world may know its loss
Place on his grave a wreath of moss
And on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

"KEATING'S POWDER" destroys BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals. In exterminating Beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See the article you purchase is "KEATING'S," i.e., with the signature THOMAS KEATING on each tin, as imitations are noxious and inoperative. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s. each, by all chemists.

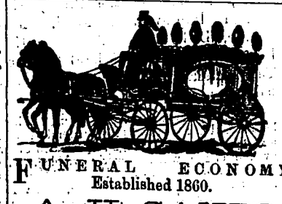
STEVENSON & SONS,



UNDERTAKERS AND CARPENTERS,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT

(Opposite Golden Age Hotel), beg to inform the public of Beaufort and surrounding districts that they have purchased the UNDERTAKING BUSINESS of the late R. FARLEY, and hope by moderate charges and prompt attention, to merit a continuance of the patronage accorded to their predecessor.



FUNERAL ECONOMY.
Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS

(Late Wm. Baker),

UNDERTAKER,

Corner of Neill and Havelock Streets, and opposite State School.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country at stated charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

A. H. Sands has ON SALE the following lines:—Pine Shelving, Flooring, and lining boards; Californian, kouri, and clear pine, up to 36 inches; cedar, all thicknesses and widths; table legs, sashes, doors, architrave and other mouldings, window glass, white lead, oils, turps, and all the building requisites.

Sashes, doors, and all kinds of Joiner's work made to order at the lowest possible prices.

WM. C. PEDDER,

Blacksmith and Wheelwright,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Farm and Timber Waggons, Farm, Road and Spring Drays, Waggonettes, and all kinds of Vehicles made and repaired on the premises. Horses Carefully Shod.

P. J. O'SULLIVAN,

SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER

SNAKE VALLEY.

A large Assortment of Saddlery and Harness Requisites kept in stock.

All kinds of Harness bought, sold, or exchanged.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

Also Cash Buyer of Hides, Horse-hair, Beeswax, Furred Skins, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

We have resolved to REDUCE the SUBSCRIPTION to "THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" (with which is published a 14-column supplement containing well-selected reading matter) to 3s per quarter, and trust that this concession will be largely taken advantage of.

The Advertising Rates have also been considerably reduced, and advertisers will find it to their benefit to avail themselves of the columns of "The Riponshire Advocate," which is the only newspaper that is printed and published within the boundaries of the Shire. As the advocate of the interests and for the welfare of this district, it has a claim for a considerable amount of support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a given radius of Beaufort.

Job Printing, plain and ornamental, of every description, is executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

We take this opportunity of thanking our patrons for past favors, and while respectfully soliciting a renewal of support, desire to state that increased attention will be given to all matters of local and general interest. As a record of news we will always endeavour to make our columns as comprehensive as possible. In all departments, in fact, we will aim at improvement, and, therefore, confidently appeal to the public for increased support.

ARTHUR PARKER,
Proprietor

Beaufort, September, 1896.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS

Auctioneer, Valuer, Arbitrator, General Commission Agent.

AUCTION ROOMS:—
BARKLY STREET, ARARAT, and NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Correspondent and Valuer for the Ballarat Banking Company, Limited.

Trust and other Moneys to Lend at Current Rates.

JOHN HUMPHREYS

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT

ACCOUNTANT ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

RENTS and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

Very few are too poor now-a-days to take their country paper, and it is false economy to try and get along without it. Hardly a week passes that something or other does not appear in its columns that will be of financial benefit to the subscriber, and by the end of the year he had made or saved or won twenty times the subscription paid for it. The city papers don't take the place of the country ones, though some people appear to think they do. The city papers are all right in their way, but they do not give you that in which you are most interested—your country news. You cannot learn from them when and where your country meetings are to be held, who are dying or who are marrying, who are moving in or who are moving out, court proceedings, who wants to buy or sell farm or land produce, in fact hundreds of things of which it might be of particular importance for you to know. If you can afford to take only one paper, by all means take the one that is published in the country or district where you live. It will cost you less, and thereby you will be assisting yourself and keeping the money in the district.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, in writing, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible

5. The court has decided that is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncalled for, "*prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

A country paper kindly supplies this beautiful simile:—"You might as well try to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soapsuds as attempt to do business and ignore advertising."

FLORILINE.—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid 'Floriline' sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odours arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in parts of Honey and Sweet Herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest boon to the discovery of the age. Of all Chemists and Perfumers, Wholesale depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

To our Readers and Patrons.

THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT

DEPENDS chiefly upon the support and encouragement that is given by the population to local enterprise and industry. Every venture is to a more or less extent speculative but that, whilst almost all the success of Riponshire, must offer certain returns to the whole support is necessary to achieve certain advantageous results on both sides.

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

The law of exchange was never satisfactory in its working; thus it was that the custom buying and selling, using a standard currency was introduced. One form of that currency known as "paper money," and of paper money there is more than one kind. All kinds useful, but not every kind retains its original value. The "paper" money most valuable a newspaper proprietor is that which is sent him by

"*Subscribers and Advertisers*"

and he will do his utmost to entitle him to a good share of it.

"The Riponshire Advocate"

is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts et, and notifications of the Shire of Ripon and the

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

And as the advocate of the interests and the welfare of this district it has a claim for considerably greater amount of support, has a greater scope for extended usefulness any other journal or journals within a radius of the Shire Offices.

The Circulation

of the

Riponshire Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing,

And the Proprietor, recognising the increased support in this direction, will use his utmost endeavors to merit and sustain the patronage accorded him by giving the Latest possible Local and General News, and the most interesting and instructive information.

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Chute, Waterloo, Enrambeen, Buangor, Middle Creek Shirley, Trawalla, Skipton, and Carngham.

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an

Interesting Serial Tale,
Amusing Anecdotes,
Pastoral News,
Poultry Farming
Agricultural Intelligence,
Recipes,
Gardening Items,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business."

And another writer has said that—

"He who in his "biz" would rise,
Must either 'bust' or advertise."

And advertisers cannot do better than make the *Riponshire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker,

Printer and Publisher,

LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES, ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS, MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c., PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, BILLHEADS, POSTERS, DELIVERY BOOKS, DRAPERS' HANDBILLS, CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS, SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS, &c., &c.,

PRINTED in FIRST CLASS STYLE

AT MELBOURNE PRICES.

Office:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the "RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE OFFICE.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS.

MINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPTS, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,

Prepared on the shortest notice.

FINEST SELECTED AMERICAN LEAF.

HAVELOCK

DARK OR AROMATIC

TOBACCO

HIGHEST QUALITY MANUFACTURED.

A Query! { Why is it that COUGLE'S SHOP is always so popular? They are always busy! } ANSWER— The Public are Judges.

Economic considerations compel the public to buy at the cheapest place.

Comparison is **COUGLE'S** best traveller.

The summer is not over yet, and the following lines are worth inspection:—

Muslin (plain and floral), Mercerised Lawns, Prints, Sateens, Zephyrs, Blouses, Holland and Pique Skirts, &c.

Highly SEASONABLE GOODS, the very thing you will want for months to come. Inspection Invited.

In all HOUSEHOLD GOODS we have the right stuff at the right prices.

White and Brown Turkish Towels, White Twill Sheetings, White Linen and Cream Table Damasks, Serviettes, Sideboard Runners, Tray Cloths, Doyleys, Unbleached Herringbone and Twill Sheetings, White Marcella and Honeycomb Quilts, Lace Curtains. No Comments Needed.

Dress Materials. Dress Materials.

We have just opened a case of Dress Materials, bought cheap. We intend to give our customers the benefit of the bargain. You will have to act quickly—they will soon go at the prices they are marked. We think of our customers. We never let any bargains slip past us; that is why we have attractive goods, at moderate prices, which we are content to sell below their real value.

JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE.—We have some special lines in MILLINERY, UMBRELLAS, LACES, CORSETS, FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS, &c. Each item merits consideration. Send for samples or goods on approbation, and compare our prices.

Tailoring and Ready-to-Wear Clothing for Suits

That fit well, TROUSERS that sit well, and VESTS up-to-date. Leave your order at COUGLE'S. Satisfaction guaranteed. Try our QUARTZSTONE KICKERS and HARDWEAR SUITS for the boys to wear to school.

Our low prices will surprise you. Our reliable goods will please you.

LEST YOU FORGET.—In MILLINERY we have Trimmed or can take your order for prettily and stylishly TRIMMED HATS to come at 7s 6d.

You can Save Money at

G. H. COUGLE'S, | The People's Draper, HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT LIVE STOCK MARKET. Tuesday.

Fat Cattle—251 was the number penned for to-day's sale, scarcely one-third of which could be classed as ranging from good to prime, balance principally comprising middling descriptions. There was an average attendance of the trade, and though quality was none too plentiful, competition for such was only fairly good, whilst prices for all descriptions, more especially medium sorts, show a marked decline on late rates. Quotations:—Prime pens bullocks, £14 10s to £16; good, £12 10s to £13 10s; useful, £11 to £12; cows, to £8 12s 6d. Fat Calves.—52 of all descriptions forward, for which the demand was fair; best to £7 7s 6d. Fat Sheep.—8599 came to hand for to-day's sale, by far the greater proportion consisting of middling to useful descriptions, good and prime quality being poorly represented. There was a large attendance of graziers, whilst that of the trade was only fair. Sales opened to somewhat dull competition, which continued so throughout, all descriptions showing a decline on last week's values, fully 2000 middling sorts remaining unsold. Quotations:—Prime crossbred wethers, 15s to 16s; good do, 13s 6d to 14s 6d; useful do, 12s to 13s; prime crossbred ewes, 14s to 16s; good do, 12s to 13s; prime merino wethers, 13s to 14s; good do, 11s to 12s; merino ewes, to 8s 5d. Lambs—2154 to hand, only a few odd pens being up to trade requirements, and sold at slightly reduced rates; other sorts being taken by graziers at low rates. Prime, 12s to 13s 9d; good, 10s to 11s; useful, 8s to 9s; others, from 2s.

The following district sales are reported:—5 cows, Mr W. Sutherland, Stockyard Hill, to £5 15s; 793 merino wethers, Mr D. Stewart, Wongan, to 9s 6d. By Messrs Hepburn, Dowling & Crawford—3 prime heifers, Mr W. O'Neill, Stockyard Hill, £3 19s to £5 11s.

RICHARDS & CO.,

Ballarat's Leading and Fashionable Photographers.

The magnificent quality of our New Xmas. Show has created quite a sensation.

The *Ballarat Courier* says—Words fail to give an adequate idea of the beautiful works of art.

The *Ballarat Star* says—Nothing in modern photography that has been done in Ballarat could excel it.

The *Ballarat Echo* says—Few artists could give such a photograph as "The Little Font Tuckles, Silver Saints Bells."

Two distinct positions taken of each sitter. Prices same as others.

Bridal Veil, Wreath, and Bouquets, the most fashionable kept at the studio.

ENLARGEMENTS from any old or faded photographs, at prices within the reach of all.

RICHARDS & CO.,
Famous Studio,
23 STURT ST.,
BALLARAT.

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG,
Barrister and Solicitor,
Proctor and Conveyancer,
BEAUFORT.

A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria for taking Affidavits.

TRUST and other MONIES TO LEND on freehold and other securities.

Mr J. W. HARRIS,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
REGISTERED DENTIST,
AND
DRUGGIST,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

In this established profession the first attention is devoted to the DISPENSING DEPARTMENT. Every care is ensured in the art and preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical Tinctures and British Pharmacopœa Preparations, the Purest Chemicals and Drugs being used. Medicines at Ballarat Prices, sent to all parts of the State by post, rail, coach, &c., and all letters receive prompt and careful attention.

HARRIS'S ANÆMIA MIXTURE, an excellent and invaluable remedy.
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HERBS.
Homeopathic Medicines. Horse and Cattle Medicines.

Mr J. W. HARRIS, R.D.S.,
Surgical & Mechanical Dentist,
HAVELOCK-STREET BEAUFOR

May be consulted DAILY from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Teeth fitted accurately in vulcanite or gold at lowest prices.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Teeth extracted painlessly with cocaine ether, chloride of ethyl, laughing gas, &c

NOTE THE ADDRESS—
HAVELOCK-STREET
(Next Mechanics Institute)
BEAUFORT

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 1st FEBRUARY, 1903.

Presbyterian Church.—Lexton, 11 a.m.; Trawalla, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. J. A. Barbour, B.A. Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Waterloo, 3 p.m.; Raglan, 7 p.m.—Mr David (Ballarat.) Chute, 7 p.m.—Mr J M. Carroll.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Chute, 3 p.m; Raglan, 7 p.m.—Rev. W. J. Bottoms, Raglan, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7.30 p.m.—Mr Waldron. Main Lead, 3 p.m.—Mr Cunnington.

A. N. A.,
WATERLOO BRANCH,
Meets at 8 p.m. on TUESDAY next, at the SOCIETIES' HALL.
Subject—Paper on American Civil War, Mr S. Young.
Debate—"Should the Totalisator be legalised in the interests of charities?"
All meetings open to the public.
W. T. HILL, Secretary.

THE Riponshire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, JANY. 31, 1903.

The monthly meeting of the Ripon-shire Council takes place on Monday.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery, and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup is sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

The Raglan branch A.M.A. have fixed upon Wednesday, 4th March, as the date for holding their annual sports. A concert and ball also take place in the evening.

DIPHTHERY causes the death of more people than small pox and yellow fever combined. In an army it is dreaded more than a battle. It requires prompt and effective treatment. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhœa Remedy has been used in nine epidemics of dysentery in the United States with perfect success, and has cured the most malignant cases both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

We would again direct attention to the concerts at Raglan and Beaufort on Thursday and Friday nights next respectively, in aid of the Presbyterian Church Improvement Fund. Melbourne, Ballarat and Ararat artists have been secured, with local favorites. The admission is 2s and 1s; children half price.

News by the tape has often been utilised by a bold speculator for the speedy accumulation of a vast fortune. Knowledge is power in every avenue of life when properly wielded. The proprietor of Holloway's Pills and Ointment is fully alive to this fact, and knowing their value as a cure for all diseases, he has made their merits known in all parts of the world. Commercial men who, to keep pace with the times, have always to work at high pressure should never be without a supply of these valuable medicines. They purify the blood, strengthen the stomach, quicken the circulation, and invigorate the system. For nervous or neuralgic headache, no remedy has been found to match them in excellence.

Mr Michael Kennedy, of Southern Cross, Beaufort, a miner employed at the Sons of Freedom No. 2 mine, Raglan, met with an accident while at work below on Thursday morning. A block of stone fell on him, a portion striking him on the hip, and pinning his leg, from which the stone had to be levered off. Kennedy fortunately escaped with a bruised leg, and was able to drive home. He expected to be at work again in a couple of days.

Really artistic effects in Millinery don't mean lavish expenditure. Let J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co. prove this to you.—[Advt.]

A SEVERE SPRAIN usually disables the injured person for three or four weeks. Cures have often been effected in less than one week by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This liniment has great healing powers. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Members of the Beaufort Brass Band met on Thursday night. The president (Mr J. R. Wotherspoon) explained that the meeting had been called to consider the advisability of holding sports on Easter Monday, with a view to building a rotunda in the town. He believed the Dramatic Club would give a performance at night for the same object, and Mr Menzies had kindly offered to act as secretary for the club. Mr C. W. Jones mentioned that he had been promised very good support by gentlemen in the town. The meeting decided to make an effort to erect a rotunda in the town, and with this object in view to hold sports in the Park on Easter Monday. Messrs Jones and McDougall were appointed joint secretaries. Arrangements in connection with holding a public meeting in the Shire Hall on Thursday night to form a committee to carry out the sports were left in the hands of the secretary, who was also instructed to apply to the Council for permission to hold the sports in the Park, and to ask the president of the Dramatic Club to use his best efforts to get the members to give a performance for the Band. A vote of thanks is to be tendered Mr Young for his kind offer to draw up agreements for trustees, &c., free of charge. Mr Hill's expenses in attending a N.B.A. meeting at Ballarat were ordered to be paid. The secretary reported that he had been asked if the Band would play at the Raglan sports on their expenses being paid, and was instructed to submit the same price as to the Beaufort Jockey Club, viz., £5 10s, mentioning that the Band had been engaged to play at the races. It was decided to play at the Presbyterian concert on Friday night. Resolved that matter of sports programme be left entirely in the hands of the committee to be appointed at the public meeting.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," for it *will positively restore in every case Grayer White hair* to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Ask your Chemist for "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Wholesale depôt 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

Beaufort Police Court.

TUESDAY, 27TH JANUARY, 1903.

(Before Messrs W. Dickson, P.M., M. Flynn, and G. Topper, J's.P.)

Ellen Collins, licensee of the Sailor's Gully hotel, Nerring, was charged by the licensing inspector, Superintendent W. L. Young, with having her bar door open on Sunday, 4th inst.

Evidence was given by Senior-constable Jones to the effect that in company with Constable Dunham he visited the hotel on the date named at 9.43 p.m., and found the door leading from the kitchen to the bar open. Three men were in the bar. The licensee came into the kitchen while they were in the bar. He asked her how it was that all doors were not locked leading into the bar, and she said she had been away from home, and left the key with her daughter.

As it was a first offence, the lowest penalty, a fine of £5, was inflicted; 10s costs being also allowed against defendant.

At a later stage Mrs Collins (who was not present when the case was heard) appeared, and was informed of what had transpired. She admitted that the bar door was open, but said they were going through to go to bed, as had been done for years. There were no men there except her own family.

The P.M. said that if she constructed her doors in that way she must put up with the consequences.

Superintendent Young observed that Mrs Collins' statement was not correct, as there was a passage from the kitchen leading to the bedrooms.

The P.M. remarked that when the bar door was open the conclusion to be drawn was that drinking was going on.

At the instigation of Truant Officer W. McMahon, fines were inflicted against the following parents or guardians, in the sums stated, for neglecting to send children to school the required number of days:—Wm. Driver, 2s 6d; John Louttit (2nd offence), 7s 6d, or 5 days' imprisonment; John Murchison, two cases, 2s 6d in each; Mary Moore, 2s 6d, or 24 hours; Wm. Nixon (2nd offence), 7s 6d, or 3 days.

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

William Lucardie, engine-driver at Raglan, was called upon to show cause why he should not contribute towards the cost of a pension of 6s per week being received by his father at Malmsbury.

Defendant said he was not able to pay the full amount, as he contributed towards the support of his mother and sister. He was getting £1 a week and a share on tribute for five weeks. There were two washings; the first fortnight gave 13s and the last £1 each extra. It was shaping about the same, and it would be a month or six weeks before they got wages. For some part of last year he was getting £2 10s a week. He had been married four months, and built a two-roomed house. The material cost £30. He put it up himself to save expense. He had paid for the house and furniture, and had £20 or £30 cash, as well as 300 shares in the Sons of Freedom Central mine, which were worth 7s 4d, and had paid two shilling and two sixpenny dividends. He was quite willing to pay a certain amount towards keeping his father, but not the lot, as he had two brothers who should help. One was a line repairer—married, with four children—and the other did anything he could get. He had sent money to his mother since Xmas. She was living on land, worth £400 or £500, and mortgaged for £600. Until he was married he gave her £1 a week, and since then 10s per week. She was living apart from her husband because he drank and ill-treated her, and had given him £300 and a horse and dray, but he soon got rid of that. He would contribute 2s per week towards his father's support, and thought his brothers should help also. He was helping his mother pay off the mortgage on the farm, but did not know whether she had made a will in his favor. He had met with an accident which might come against him at any time, and was trying to save a little for his wife. He was in a lodge, and had his life insured.

Defendant was ordered to pay 5s per week towards his father's pension, payable monthly; the first payment to be made on 1st March. The P.M. added that if he found he could not pay it he could make application to have it reduced, or arrange with his brothers to support their father and get his pension stopped.

Re the adjourned case of Julia Fay, Mr S. Young, solicitor, was informed that the summons had been revoked and the proceedings withdrawn.

Margaret Taylor's pension was recommended to be cancelled, as she was earning 7s 6d per week and sold milk; Mrs Taylor, on stating that she had supported an invalid husband for 26 years, being informed by the P.M. that if he was entitled to a pension he could come and get it.

Harriet Gilloch's pension was also recommended for cancellation, as she was receiving 9s rental weekly from property.

Re Henry Stewart's pension, to show cause why it should not be cancelled, the hearing was adjourned till 5th Feby., as owing to the short notice given it was doubtful whether he had received the notice.

A SCAR from a burn or scald is often dreaded more than the pain that is inflicted. Chamberlain's Pain Balm heals the injured part in less time than any other treatment, and unless the injury is a severe one, no scar will be left. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

The mining lease of A. Lyons (Coronation Co.,) 7a, parish of Langi-kal-kal, has been forfeited.

The Government battery at Beaufort crushed 1 ton 14 cwt. of quartz for Mr H. White, of Chute, for a yield of 14dwt this week.

Mining News.

The All Nations Consols tribute party washed off a machine on Monday and obtained 2oz. from 2 sets, and another on Wednesday for 2oz. 3½dwt. from 2 sets. The party have gone through the wash, and intend following the run next week. The party washed off a third machine yesterday for 2oz.

The No. 2 Consols tribute party have sunk a shaft 60ft. deep, and are on the headings. They expect to bottom about Friday next. The water is very light.

A party south of the All Nations Consols tribute have bottomed a bore at 80ft. on reef, and are still engaged boring.

The Daughters of Freedom picked out a nugget last week weighing 4oz. 4dwt. They washed a round off on Monday, and obtained 1oz., and have since been getting good prospects.

White and party, south of the Daughters of Freedom, at Main Lead, are down 57ft., and expect to bottom next week.

The Barton company finished a crushing of 40 tons from the upper level yesterday for a yield of 10oz. 10dwt.

Sons of Freedom No. 2.—West reef drive extended to 155ft., reef hard. East wash drive extended to 304½ft., payable.

Sons of Freedom South, Raglan.—Main west reef drive extended 56ft.; full length from No. 1 shoot, 128ft. No. 1 rise west—North-west off south-west reached 135ft.; wash dipped under foot. No. 3 rise—Crosscut south off east now in 67ft., in heavy stope of wash; fair prospects at times. Panelling and blocking in fair quality dirt. Gold for the fortnight, 104oz. 10dwt. Started a bore north off the shaft; same down 82ft., in black clay.

Sons of Freedom Central, Raglan.—No. 5 rise off north-east intermediate—North drive extended 40ft., in payable wash. No. 3 rise off west main level—North-east drive extended 32ft.; payable prospects. South-west extended 44ft.; payable prospects. Blocking in Nos. 1, 2, and 3 rises. Yield for week, 126oz.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sons of Freedom Central, 125oz. 10dwt.; All Nations Consols tribute party (7½ sets), 73oz. 14dwt.; Brusher's Co., 3oz. 19dwt. 2gr.; Last Chance, 2oz.; Trompf and party, 12dwt. 23gr.; Daughters of Freedom, 5oz. 6dwt.; sundries, 12oz.

SONS OF FREEDOM CENTRAL CO.

The half-yearly meeting of shareholders in the above company was held in the Golden Age Hall on Thursday evening; Mr J. Henderson (chairman of directors) presiding, and about 40 shareholders present.

The manager having read the advertisement convening the meeting, the minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The reports and balance-sheet were taken as read and received, on motion of Messrs Eastwood and R. Stevenson.

Directors' Report.—We beg to lay before you our report of the progress of your company during the past half-year. Work at the mine has been carried on continuously during that period, and gold won to the value of £11,784 16s 7d. The mining manager's report will supply you with full details of our operations for the past term. Your directors have been able to declare four dividends of sixpence and two of one shilling during the past half-year, which must be regarded as most satisfactory. Two of your directors, viz., Messrs J. T. Stevenson and W. McNish, retire at this meeting, but are eligible for re-election and offer themselves accordingly. You will also require to elect two auditors, the retiring ones being Messrs A. Parker and D. Cameron.—J. Henderson, Chairman; J. H. Cunningham, Manager.

Mine Manager's Report.—I beg to submit the following report of work done during the last six months. The west main level has been extended 349ft., making a total of 677ft. There have been Nos. 2 and 3 rises put up off same, which have been opened up in wash of a payable character. The north-east intermediate has been extended 345ft., making a total of 995ft. Nos. 4 and 5 rises have been put up off same, and the ground opened up in a fair quality wash. During the term there has been 928ft. of reef driving and 3437ft. of wash driving done, also 3522ft. of blocking taken out for a return of 2887oz. 8dwts. 20grs. of gold. Your machinery has been well attended to and is in good order throughout. In conclusion, I may state that the mine is still looking well.—J. Skewes, Mine Manager.

The auditors, Messrs A. Parker and D. Cameron, certified to the correctness of the accounts.

The half-yearly balance-sheet showed that the receipts had amounted to £12,206 3s 12d, and the expenditure to £11,645 13s 4d, thus leaving a credit balance of £560 10s 7d. The chief receipts were from gold, viz., £11,784 16s 7d, and a credit balance from the previous half-year of £419 3s 8d. The principal items of expenditure were—Wages and salaries, £4,882 4s 11d; dividends, £5,378; timber and fuel, £647 11s 4d; ironmongery, £322 16s 10d; property and plant, £212 2s 4d. The general balance-sheet showed—Receipts, £23,543 18s 7d; expenditure, £22,983 8s. The gold account amounted to £17,960 15s 3d, the capital account to £3468 5s 10d, and the premium account to £2092 14s 6d. On the debit side the principal items were—Wages and salaries, £9753 10s 4d; dividends, £6050 5s; property and plant, £3054 1s 1d; timber and fuel, £1541 11s 2d; ironmongery, £1256 4s 1d. The assets were estimated at £16,390 5s 10½, and the liabilities at £8.

Mr J. Cuthbertson asked if the amount of gold set forth in the balance-sheet represented the whole of the winnings for the half-year.

The Chairman said that £11,784 16s 7d was the value of the gold.

Mr Cuthbertson said it was currently reported on the best authority that a very large amount of gold was held in hand. If that were so, shares were worth a great deal more than was calculated, as in the future yields should be better.

In answer to Mr R. Stevenson as to who said the company had a large amount of gold on hand, Mr Cuthbertson said Mr Fred. Troy told him the company had 520oz. on hand.

The Chairman said he did not know of it.

Mr Cuthbertson observed that he had bought shares on the strength of it, and considering that the dead work had been done, shares should be worth 14s. It was nothing but fair that registered shareholders should know what gold was kept on hand, and if such was not the case they were entitled to an explanation, for others had been told the same thing.

Mr R. Stevenson said the question was unprecedented in the annals of mining, and was only introduced as a side issue. Mr Cuthbertson was rounding on a certain individual for saying a certain amount of gold was in hand, while every man knew it was not known for some time to shareholders generally what amount of gold actually came out of the mine.

Mr Cuthbertson called Mr Stevenson to order, and objected to being personally addressed.

Mr Stevenson retorted that Mr Cuthbertson had made personal remarks.

Mr Cuthbertson denied this, and reiterated that the statement was made to him and others. It was time the shareholders knew whether it was true or not.

The Chairman said so far as he knew the returns were kept at, about an average, and gave as a reason that it kept shares at their value. If they got 500oz. one fortnight and say 100 the next, shares would be up and down, and those who knew little about it would be left in the lurch. Every company thought it better to have its mine worked on average yields.

Mr R. Stevenson said the two Sons were worked on the same principle.

Mr Cuthbertson thought shareholders should know if there was a lot of gold on hand.

Mr Stevenson—You knew and blew the gaff.

Mr Cuthbertson—But you said it wasn't in existence.

Mr Stevenson—No, I did not.

Mr Ballantine said it was important that they should know the true state of the company. He thought directors should not know any more than shareholders.

Mr Troy said his name was called in question, and he was surprised at Mr Cuthbertson. He was simply going to treat this with silent contempt, and would say publicly that he was surprised at Mr Cuthbertson. They understood his position thoroughly.

Mr Eastwood did not know that they had met together to discuss matters of this kind. As far as the shareholders were concerned, the balance-sheet was before them. As a large shareholder, and representing large shareholders, he thought everything was eminently satisfactory. If all companies could show so creditable a balance-sheet, mining would be in a better condition. When they considered the extent of the lead and that 50 per cent. of the gold had been returned to shareholders, no objection could be taken to the management of the mine. He took Mr Cuthbertson's remarks as a reflection on the directors. He had sat with them, and could say they were men above suspicion, and hoped they would be returned to-night.

During further discussion, the Chairman said he could not tell whether a large amount of gold was on hand, and if he knew he would not tell.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the reports and balance-sheet, mentioned that very nearly half the gold had been paid to shareholders, and totting up the mine manager's report of the wash treated, gave about 2oz. per fathom. They fully understood that in other mines an ounce to the fathom would pay, but taking out a fathom in the Sons of Freedom Central cost twice as much as in other mines, as the wash was from 2ft. to 3ft. 6in. Every fathom taken out of the Sons of Freedom Central almost doubled any other fathom in the Ballarat district, so that even a profit of 50 per cent. on the gold won he considered a very fair percentage to anyone who was reasonable. Answering an interjection by Mr Price, that the Birthday did not keep back a reserve, he said the shareholders had their remedy by turning the old board out. He (Mr Price) could have his seat.

Mr Price—Who could turn you out?—a man with 22,000 votes.

Mr Henderson—That shows I had the confidence of the shareholders.

The motion was seconded by Mr Eastwood, and carried.

Mr Eastwood moved that the retiring directors, Messrs J. T. Stevenson and W. McNish, be re-elected. He thought from the fact of their having been connected with the mine since its inception, and of its having been worked thoroughly on its merits, that they deserved this from the shareholders. Seconded by Mr Troy, who hoped they would look at the matter in a fair light, and come to the conclusion that the directors had done their duty.

Mr Price nominated Messrs J. Cuthbertson and J. Freeman as directors. Seconded by Mr Ballantine.

A ballot was decided upon; the auditors and Mr J. B. Humphreys being appointed scrutineers.

The retiring auditors were re-elected, on motion of Messrs Price and R. Stevenson.

Mr Cuthbertson moved that the disallowed proxies be kept intact in the office. Seconded by Mr Price, and carried. There was a good deal of discussion over the proxies, and those disallowed by the Chairman were ones which were given to two parties, bearing the same date, or on which the signature did not correspond with the names on the register.

The ballot resulted as follows:—Stevenson, 15,898; McNish, 14,023; Cuthbertson, 7,684; Freeman, 6,809.

There were two informal papers, representing over 2,000 shares.

Mr Henderson having left to catch the train, Mr Troy acted as chairman and declared Messrs Stevenson and McNish duly elected as directors. Both of them returned thanks.

Mr J. T. Stevenson moved that the scrutineers be allowed L1 1s each for their services. Seconded by Mr Eastwood, and carried.

The proceedings, which were of a very lively nature, terminated with a vote of thanks to the chair.

A scorcher for Beaufort. The thermometer registered 98 degrees in the shade yesterday.

Probate Duties Bill, which was cut out by Legislative Council, again submitted to the Legislative Assembly, which once more passed it, only with slight amendment.

Buangor Athletic Club.

President—Mr. W. G. Pickford.
Vice-President—Mr. J. Robinson.
Judges—Messrs. W. G. Pickford, W. Matheson, and C. Stewart.
Referee—Mr. H. Dunn.
Starter—Mr. A. McDonald.
Assistant Starter—Mr. L. J. Berryman.
Handicapper—Mr. S. S. Pickford.
Race Steward—Mr. P. Russell.
Stewards—Messrs. J. White, H. Glenn, T. White, C. J. C. Baker, J. A. Lewis, J. Mitchell, R. Murray, W. Ford, J. McLeod, A. McDonald, H. Mathews, G. Davis, C. McPherson, D. McInnes, and above officials.
Secretary—Mr A. E. Neate.

The fourth annual sports meeting of the Buangor Athletic Club was held on Foundation Day, and eclipsed all previous gatherings, not only as regards attendance, but management. Notwithstanding a delay of about half-an-hour in starting, the sports were kept going, and the fact of 39 events being got off during the day certainly reflects credit on the officials, and plainly shows that they displayed unfiring energy in promoting the interests of the club and in catering for the amusement of the public. There was also a better class of competitors at this meeting than formerly, with the result that the events were keenly contested, and many of the finishes were close and exciting. This must have been particularly gratifying to Mr S. S. Pickford, the handicapper, who showed admirable judgment in adjusting the starts. The popular president, Cr. W. G. Pickford, performed his arduous duties to the evident satisfaction of all. Certainly he worked like a Trojan, as indeed did all the officials, to ensure success. With the president, Mr W. Matheson and Cr. C. Stewart judged with that fairness and straightforwardness which always gains the confidence of the competitors and the public. There were occasions when outsiders found it difficult to separate competitors, but the judges were never at fault, and did their work honestly and well. The president found an able assistant in Mr J. Robinson, who, as vice-president, paid close attention to his duties. Mr A. McDonald proved himself a most capable starter, and competitors soon found he was not to be trifled with. Good starts were accordingly the order of the day. As referee, Mr H. Dunn was the right man in the right place; and this applies also to the race-steward, Mr P. J. Russell, who carried out his work in a most energetic manner. The stewards, too, worked with a will, with the result that the combined efforts of the indefatigable workers made matters go smoothly and satisfactorily. Much of the success of the sports meeting depends on the secretary. He it is who has to attend to the numerous details and work the gathering up beforehand, besides taking more than a fair share of the downright hard "graft" of the day. In Mr A. E. Neate, the Buangor Athletic Club have a secretary whom they are justly and deservedly proud of. The very fact of his being connected with a movement is almost a guarantee of success, because he puts his heart into the work, and leaves no stone unturned to ensure success. The club is indeed fortunate in possessing so capable and indefatigable an officer. There could not have been less than 500 people on the ground, including Mr R. F. Toutcher, the parliamentary representative for the district, who took a delight in renewing acquaintances and paying heed to such requirements of his constituents as were brought under his notice. Mr A. Ferguson and Mrs McDonell had charge of a fruit and tea and coffee stall respectively, and appeared to do a brisk business. The officials and a few visitors to the number of about 25, partook of an excellent repast at Jones's Buangor hotel. The chair was occupied by the president of the club, Cr. W. G. Pickford, who had on his right Mr R. F. Toutcher, M.L.A. The vice-chair was occupied by Cr. C. Stewart. The toast of "The King" was given by the president, and loyally honored.

The president next proposed the toast of "Parliament." He remarked that he was very pleased indeed to see their local representative present, but did not intend to delay them by touching on politics.

The toast having been cordially honored,

Mr R. F. Toutcher, M.L.A., in responding, said it afforded him the greatest pleasure to be present as their local representative and to see them one and all. Personally he could claim to have made many sincere friends in this part of his constituency, and he could say that although some of them differed with him politically they did not differ with him personally. They recognised that he was there to promote and promulgate the welfare of the district, and no matter from whom suggestions came, whether from those who supported him or from those opposed to his politics, he would always endeavour to carry out the best interests of the district. He recognized that this was not the time for speech-making. But as this was the first time he had met some of them since the last election, he would take the opportunity of thanking the people of Buangor for the magnificent support he had received at their hands. True he had not headed the poll so far as Buangor was concerned, but he was very well satisfied, as his position here was higher than ever before. And when he found himself rising in their esteem, he was very well satisfied. Touching upon political subjects, and announcing himself as an Oppositionist, Mr Toutcher referred to supporters of the Government condemning its taxation proposals, as being of a dishonest and unfair character. Small farmers and wage-earners getting £125 a year were saddled with an Income Tax. It was not the small amount of taxation that they would have to pay that was objected to, but the schedules were so complicated to these men that they had to go to a lawyer or an accountant to get it filled up, which meant a greater tax upon them. He strongly condemned the action of the Treasurer in using the trust funds of the country. The Railway Compensation Fund had been treated in the same way. He also censured the Treasurer for using money to the credit of the Mallee Land Act. He characterised it as dishonest, and observed that if there had been a strong opposition and honest public opinion had been expressed by the metropolitan press, this could not have occurred. This Government had started with a strong phalanx of power, but already the "writing on the wall was visible," and they were sure to fall. In concluding Mr Toutcher, said he was very glad to meet them. Already he had had several wants brought under his notice. The question of securing a teacher for Ballyrogan and the purchase of school [illegible] were mentioned, and he had also been interviewed about the erection

r Athletic Club.

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THE LOOMS OF DESTINY.

BY J MONK FOSTER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"DECLINED WITH THANKS."

All his life Mr. Geoffrey Blandford had been in the habit of scoring success "off his bat," as he phrased it. He had been successful at school, as a youth; had been successful at the mills and offices as a young man; had been not less fortunate later, socially, as an admirer of the fair sex: and later still had commenced his public career with a sweeping majority when he forced his way into the Town Council at Spindleford.

That long series of prosperous undertakings, and his own masterful idiosyncrasy, ill-fitted our friend for temperately composing himself when he had to chronicle an unmistakable repulse, and most indisputable failure, such as had marked his wooing of Doris Lonsdale.

Geoffrey was almost beside himself with passionate mortification and wounded vanity, when the beautiful and honest-hearted lassie flung his ring at his feet and marched swiftly homeward, heedless of his cries. For once he had been utterly wrong in his selfish reckoning. Knowing that Doris loved him devotedly, feeling assured also of the magnetic attraction of his handsome personality, he had assumed that the rest would be easy.

But for once the self-satisfied and good-looking rascal was to find that love,—even great love—does not always so blind a woman as to make her reckless of those immediate jewels of her soul—her honour and good name. That the knowledge rankled in his heart passes without saying.

He had picked up the jewelled ring—a costlier trinket than the one Doris still wore in honourable memory of his honester brother's devotion—had pocketed it with muttered objurgations, and then had walked away, pouring all the venom of his tongue on the unknown correspondent whose warnings had so effectually checkmated his amatorial designs.

Even then Geoffrey did not resign all hope of ultimate success. In a few days the girl's anger would vanish; love of him and fear of losing him entirely would drive her back to his arms, and a little later still he would be enabled to discover and punish the infernal spy who had contrived to frighten Doris and spoil his own plans.

So thinking of re-instated affection and forthcoming revenge the millowner's elder son salved his wounded feelings. Next day he made it his business to stroll through the weaving-shed, intending to feast his eyes on the confused Doris. But to his surprise and delight he found the fair weaver missing from her accustomed place.

Daisy Ray was near and some strange woman had charge of Doris's looms. Geoffrey laughed in his sleeve then. He understood the cause of the girl's absence. Last evening's quarrel had upset her so much that she had not been able or willing to come to her work; and from that fact he could only augur well for his own wishes.

When evening came round again Geoffrey was once more away from home. The Knowltons were giving another party; he was among the invited guests, and he went, resolved to carry his coquetting with the unhandsome Miss Gwendolen a step or two further. Again Doris might hear of it, and the knowledge that he was on the best possible terms with a dame of great wealth, if not of highest degree, might teach the high-spirited lass a much-needed lesson.

Consequently, about nine o'clock Geoffrey Blandford, Esq., T.C., found himself at Tyldon Hall. The big, rambling old mansion was flooded with light from roof to basement; an unusual crowd of people had already arrived to do honour to Miss Gwendolen's twenty-fifth natal anniversary; the strains of a melodious string band were filling all the upper rooms and knots of black-robed gentlemen and gorgeously attired ladies were to be met on all hands.

Our friend was welcomed most warmly by Mr. and Mrs. Knowlton; a minute later he was in the big room where the dancing was proceeding, and almost immediately was shaking hands with the youngest daughter of the house in whose honour the feast was being given.

Miss Gwendolen Knowlton was certainly no beauty. She was tall for a woman, and her uncommon height was accentuated by her thinness. She was pale-faced, grey-eyed, dun-haired; had features of the most commonplace type; where one expected the soft gracious contours of a damsel of five-and twenty there were only hard angles; yet she had a soft tongue and an apt one, and plenty of intelligence lurked beneath those grey, unshowy eyes.

"How many scores of returns of this happy day shall I wish you, Miss Gwendolen?" Geoffrey cried, his handsome dark face flushed with pleasure as he stood beside the other at one corner of the room "A hundred if you like!"

"Say fifty, Mr. Blandford!" she cried, good-humouredly. "That will take me to seventy-five, you know."

"Some women," he cried gallantly, "cannot live too long. And I do know that some of your good friends, whose appearance on earth ante-dated your own, yet claim to be younger."

"Flatterer!" she pouted. "But you know, Mr. Blandford, that I do not agree with many of my friends. They argue that birthday parties are quite a mistake."

"Ah, I understand!" he laughed. "Because they give away one's age to all who have good memories. But you don't fear that. Why should you? I declare, on my honour, that you look younger this evening than you did when I first danced with you just four years ago."

"What a pity it is that some of you charming courtiers can only flatter us poor women at the expense of truth."

"But you are not dancing, Miss Gwendolen!" he cried, changing the subject adroitly. "How is that, pray? How stupid of me to come like a laggard when your programme is filled!"

"It is the first dance, Mr. Blandford, and I promised myself that I wouldn't dance until you came." She laughed softly in his face, adding, "You see that I have saved a waltz or two, and if you care for old times' sake—"

"A thousand thanks!" he whispered warmly, and for an instant his bold, ardent eyes challenged her own quiet grey ones, ere he lifted the dainty programme hanging at her waist by a silken cord, and scanned it.

"There are two dances—waltzes—unappropriated, Miss Gwendolen. One is the very next, and the other is the last before supper. Dare I steal them both?"

"He that dares not when he may——"

He flashed another warm look upon her half-smiling, enigmatical face, and then scribbled his initials in the vacant spaces. Then they continued their bantering conversation, seemingly understanding one another well, and quite clearly on the best of terms.

Geoffrey knew everyone present, and he sharpened his wit on not a few who passed in the throng of dancers. Once his companion's sharp face clouded ominously at a satiric shaft shot at a thick-set man of forty with a big, leonine head and strongly marked face. But the expression of annoyance was gone in an instant, and Blandford never suspected that he had wounded the woman he meant to win that night.

Geoffrey and Gwendolen Knowlton danced together. They were both fine waltzers, and their height made them conspicuous. Every warm whisper dropped into her ear by him as they floated round the room to the dreamy sweetness of the music was met and responded to in the old half-coquettish, half-bantering fashion. That she was fond of him an intimacy of several years had amply attested, and that he had only to ask to obtain he felt fully assured now.

When the dance ended Geoffrey flung himself body and mind into the hilarity of the festal gathering. He danced with most of the prettiest women in the house, hob-nobbed at intervals with the best and most companionable of the male guests, had a class of champagne with the master of Tyldon Hall himself, and in all ways felt satisfied with the world.

Midway between eleven and twelve the cotton-master's eldest son claimed Miss Gwendolen for the last waltz before supper. He found her amiable as ever, and they footed it featly through the soft-swirling, melodiously-mazy measures of the dance. When it finished he did not leave her. The next item on the programme was a galop—which she detested, and desired to avoid. She had promised that item to some unimportant personage; and thanking the Fates for the opportunity vouchsafed him, Geoffrey led Miss Gwendolen to a balcony at one end of the great room, overlooking the gardens behind the Hall.

"I am just wondering, Miss Gwendolen," he remarked softly, as they leant on the stone balustrade and peered into the quiet semi-darkness below, "how many more of your birthday parties I shall have the happiness to be at."

"All the fifty you were good enough to wish me, Mr. Blandford, I hope," she answered, warmly.

"Of course. But it wasn't quite that I was meaning. I was wondering how many more, as Miss Gwendolen Knowlton."

"Who can say! But perhaps not many," she exclaimed, lightly laughing. "My face is not my fortune, you know, and our lords and masters—the mere men—run after beauty's daughters now as ever."

"That is not true of all men, Miss Gwendolen!" he cried, forcing a softly passionate ring into his tones.

"Of all I know then," she answered lowly.

"No! Not even that; for you know me have known me ever so long and well now!"

"And I am to believe, Mr. Blandford, that you—the handsomest of men—do not pin your faith to the most beautiful of women?"

"Certainly not! Whatever made you think so? What is this beauty but a mere veneer of flesh? There are other gifts I prize more. And too often the possession of beauty by a woman is frequently marked by the lack of other, and higher graces. You, Gwendolen, have rarer gifts than mere charm of face!"

"What flatterers you handsome men are!" she whispered, looking into his eyes for a moment across her fan.

"That is the honest truth, Gwendolen!" he urged with low vehemence. "I have wished, a thousand times, that I might speak out plainly to you. May I do so now?"

"But we have always been so frank with one another," she remarked with a smile. "What can you wish to tell me now that I have not already heard a hundred times?"

"Much!" and their eyes met again. "I want to speak now of all that is nearest my heart—of all I think and hope and dare wish where you are concerned, Gwendolen. May I—dare I—will you let me speak now?"

"Hush! Not now! See, they are all trooping away to supper. Tell me afterwards—when I give you another dance."

He led her back to the ballroom, and there she glided swiftly away to her relatives. Later Geoffrey found himself enjoying a recherche repast, with a handsome woman on either hand. Later still the guests were all standing, and the master of Tyldon Hall was proposing a toast.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began somewhat pompously, "I have a very pleasant duty to perform. I have to ask you to join me in wishing my dear daughter Gwendolen many happy returns of the day; and with that toast I wish to couple the name of our good friend, Mr. Matthew White Broomfield, her future husband."

The toast was drunk heartily by all, save one, in flowing goblets of champagne. That one was Geoffrey Blandford. He was erect like the rest, and he emptied his glass as the others did. But instead of hearty words on his lips there were deep unspoken curses burning in his heart.

The last sentence uttered by the toast-giver had turned him white to the lips. A moment before it had been uttered he was considering his own chances of winning Gwendolen Knowlton, and the next instant he remembered the jibe he had whispered in Gwendolen's ear respecting that strong-faced, lion-headed man now sitting at her elbow. What an ass he had been! How adroitly that plain-faced woman had foiled him!

Geoffrey did not claim that other dance Miss Gwendolen had promised after supper. As quickly as was convenient he took his departure, and slouched homeward in high dudgeon with himself and the world. To-morrow, perhaps, in a few days at the longest, the intelligence of Miss Knowlton's engagement to Mr. Broomfield would be scattered all over the town, and then even Doris Lonsdale would know how grossly he had lied to suit his own schemes.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHEN THE STORM HAD PASSED.

A couple of days after that last interview with her false lover, David Blandford chanced to learn that Doris Lonsdale was absent from work through illness. Business of some kind had taken him into the weaving-shed, and the sight of Daisy Ray's bonnie dark face had reminded him of her friend. In a moment he had glanced round to allow his eyes to rest a moment delightedly on Doris, and to his amaze had encountered a strange face.

"Where's your friend, Doris?" he had whispered in Daisy's ear. "What's wrong? How long has this other woman been on her looms?"

"Doris is poorly, Master David," the girl whispered back. "She's been off since Wednesday. She's very bad, too! Can't tell what's amiss with her. But I'm hoping she'll be well enough again to start next week."

It was Friday afternoon then, an hour or so after dinner, and half-an-hour later David had left the mills. Striding out at a good pace he passed through the town, and when he paused he was knocking at the door of a cottage in Hampton-street. Presently the door swung back and Mrs. Fletcher stood on the threshold, her stout arms bared to the elbow, and a look of wonder on her comely face.

"Good afternoon, Master David," she cried. "An' was you lookin' for somebody now?"

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Fletcher," he answered pleasantly enough. "I have just called to inquire about your friend and lodger, Miss Lonsdale. I only heard half-an-hour since that she is ill and off work. May I hope to hear that it is nothing serious, and that she is improving."

"It's nothin' serious, I think, sir, but the lass is right poorly, an' I can't say as Dorrie's mendin' much eyther."

"What does the doctor say?"

"That's just it, Master David. She wouldn't let me bring a doctor at any price till this mornin'."

"And now?" he demanded, keeping down his impatience with an effort.

"Well, now we're not much wiser, an' the wench seems no better nor no worse. Dr. Bendbury reckons the lass is low like, says Dorrie's somethin' on her mind; or it's the work in the shade; an' he tells her to take all sorts o' strengthenin' food—such as grapes, port wine, an' the Lord knows what—never thinkin' how poor folks are to get 'em."

"Do you think she would care to see me for a few minutes, Mrs. Fletcher?"

"I don't think she would, sir. She told me that nobody was to see her—only Daisy Ray. That's her companion, you know."

"Well, you can say that I have called—if you think fit. Give her my respects, please, and tell her that her place will be kept for her no matter how long she is away. Perhaps I may call again in a day or so. Good day, Mrs. Fletcher."

"Good afternoon, Master David."

He raised his hat in his quiet, gentlemanly way, smiled in his rare, grave manner, and walked quickly away. As for the buxom widow, she watched David till he turned the corner, then she closed the door and marched straight up the narrow, steep staircase, and with a look of vast importance on her face went to Doris Lonsdale's room.

"Guess, Dorrie, lass, who has just been to ax ever so many kind questions about you."

"How can I guess, Mrs. Fletcher?" was the quiet response. "Someone I know? Perhaps Mr. Beaumont or his wife?"

"Naither on 'em. But you do know him weel, wench; an' its right kind o' him to come here, just like any o'nary poor body. What do you think, Dorrie, when I say it was young Mester Blandford himsel'?"

"Geoffrey Blandford!" fell in a hoarse whisper from the ailing girl's lips, and a momentary look of deep pain rested on her white face.

"Not him!" the good dame cried. "It were Mester David; an' he——" Then the big-hearted woman proceeded to narrate at great length all that had been spoken on her doorstep only a few minutes before.

Presently Doris was left to herself again, and then she lay there staring at the white-washed ceiling, her thoughts dwelling on the two brothers. How kind and thoughtful David was; how honest and manly contrasted with his brother. She felt almost sorry now that Mrs. Fletcher had sent him away without seeing her. But he would come again, and then she might be strong enough to meet him.

The girl's ailment was mental rather than physical. That night after leaving Geoffrey so dramatically she had hurried home in a perfect whirlwind of confusion and horror, bred of the unspeakable deception she had discovered in the man to whom she had surrendered her heart, and reaching her humble lodgings she had at once gone to her room pleading head-ache.

Five or ten minutes after that the widow and her daughter were startled by hearing a thud on the floor above. The lass ran up the stairs, after shouting and receiving no response, and found Doris lying senseless near her bed. She had swooned away under the stress of the bitter trouble running riot in her brain; and when she came to herself again she was packed snugly between the sheets, and was being tended like a loved child who was sick.

Mrs. Fletcher was on the point of sending for a doctor when Doris regained her senses. She shuddered at the idea of calling in a medical man to minister to her mental trouble, but next morning was still too upset to make work desirable or possible; and so she had lain there, eating out her soul in mute agony for a couple of days.

Lying in her room, white-faced, a little haggard and quite apathetic, the lassie's rare face seemed more refined and spiritually beautiful than ever. At that moment she was bitterly pondering the irony of fate which dominated her own affairs of the heart.

She was trying to crush down in her soul—obliterate from her thoughts, every vestige of love for Geoffrey Blandford, and was torn with self-accusing remorse to find that, although she hated him beyond words, she loved him blindly still. Once or twice in the depth of her agony she had prayed to God to change her so that she might learn to worship the nobler brother and despise the ignoble one.

Slowly the heavily-shod minutes drifted away, and wearying of her thoughts, and that never-ceasing internal conflict of affection and hatred, Doris tried to dispel her distressing reflections by reading. She was turning the pages of a dull book Daisy had brought her on the previous evening when again her landlady came shuffling into the chamber, and once more that look of vast import shone on her good-natured face.

"What is it now, Nancy?"

"There's a lot o' things just come, Dorrie—two boxes an' a big basket—an' the chap says they're a' for you. An' your name's on 'em a' too! What am I to do, wench?"

"Give the man something for his trouble, and bring them to me, Nancy."

A few minutes later the widow had lugged basket and boxes upstairs, and Doris, sitting up in bed, a little flushed and bright-eyed now, was watching Mrs. Fletcher open them. First she loosed the cords fastening the lid of a round hamper, and next moment she was plaiting on the bed great bunches of many-hued flowers, and low ejaculations of surprise and delight were welling from the girl's lips.

There were great bunches of roses of various colours—pink, deep-red, white and yellow, buds and full-blown flowers, banked against sprays of cool green ivy and sweet fern fronds. There were big bouquets of many other blossoms, and all fresh and beautiful and delicious to the senses, as if just gathered in some great conservatory.

Doris buried her face amidst the roses, and drank deep of the rare perfumes they exhaled, touched the rarer buds with her soft lips, rubbed the velvety petals of the damask roses on her own satiny cheeks, laughed lowly, sweetly, with sparkling eyes, and handled the floral gems daintily as a woman will. Then amidst a cluster of tea-roses she spied a slip of cardboard.

It was the card of her late caller—David Blandford. On the back of it were a few words scribbled in pencil. They ran so:—"From a friend, with his heartiest sympathy and best wishes for a speedy recovery."

She read those words with moist eyes, and for an instant her quivering lips brushed the pencilled lines which David had traced. Then a cry from Mrs. Fletcher scattered her reverie, and when she glanced that way it was to find her cheap little dressing table littered with several bottles of port wine, some boxes of choice cakes, and quite a pile of daintily bound volumes, mostly novels.

Then her eyes filled and her heart also. It was with an effort that she choked back her tears, stifled the huskiness in her throat, and answered Nancy's amazed query.

"In the name of goodness, Doris, whoever can have sent a' these things?"

"Mr. David Blandford, Nancy. Here is his card. I found it among the roses. You may read it."

"A friend," the widow mumbled. "I should think he is one, too. An' if he calls again what am I to tell him, lass?"

"Tell him that I shall be glad to see him."

"He's your lover, Doris!" Mrs. Fletcher cried in a sudden burst of inspiration. "You fell out, an' now he's——"

"No, Nancy, no! God knows that I wish it were so. But David once asked me to be his wife, and I couldn't."

"Couldn't! Why, wench? Why?"

"Because I loved another man. And we have quarrelled now. But you must keep my secret, Nancy—dear Nancy, promise me you will!"

She broke down, crying softly with her sweet face buried amidst David's flowers, and the wondering dame exclaimed that a hundred lions shouldn't drag a word from her lips.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A GREAT REVELATION.

It was a mild morning at the end of March, and the brothers Blandford were sitting at breakfast. Their father was away from home. On the previous day he had gone to one of the great cities in Lancashire, to attend some large and important conference of cotton spinners, and the date of his return home was uncertain.

By chance Geoffrey had been the first to appear at the breakfast table that morning. While helping himself to coffee, he had noticed a letter lying on the table, and had bent incuriously over it. But in an instant his indifference had vanished when his eye caught the postmark whence it had come.

In a trice he had caught it up, with an exclamation and a white face, and was scanning address and postmark with an eagerness he made no attempt to hide. It was addressed to his parent, and it had come from Liverpool. Who was the writer? Could it be possible that she had dared to write to his father?

Even while the latter thought flashed through his mind, David's voice and steps were heard outside the breakfast room. Hastily tossing the letter on the table he bent himself to the morning meal, and next minute was greeting his brother cheerily.

"Good morning, David. There's a letter there for the governor; but I suppose it will keep till his return. By the way, did father say when he would get back from Manchester?"

"Probably this evening, or to-morrow at the latest. But he couldn't say with any certainty. He was expecting to drop across some old friends in Manchester, and in case he did he said he might spend a day or two with them."

The meal proceeded, and the brothers conversed in the ordinary, occasional manner common to relatives who take no absorbing interest in each other. Presently, David concluded his repast, and as he rose from the table he remarked casually.

"Are you ready for walking down, Geoffrey?"

"Not quite, David. I don't think I shall get to the mills for half-an-hour or so. Well, good-morning, if you are off."

The younger brother withdrew, nodding pleasantly, and for a few minutes more Geoffrey remained seated. Then he rose, reached the letter, thrust it into his pocket, and went upstairs to his own room. Then minutes later he had steamed open the envelope, and its contents, four or five sheets of shabby note-paper, covered with closely-written characters, were lying in his hands.

He had locked the door of his room before beginning his nefarious work, and was quite free from all oversight or intervention. No one could interrupt him now, and in a little while his father's correspondence would seem as intact and inviolable as ever.

Then he read, and from the first line, with the greatest of interest. Before he had got half-way through the flimsy sheets his black eyes were flashing, and ejaculations were falling from his lips. When all the writing was mastered his feelings found vent in a low passionate flow of words.

"My God!" he cried, "what a lucky discovery is this! I would not have missed it for a thousand pounds! And to think I should see that postmark, and the governor should be away when it came. But, good heavens! to think that she is the woman, and that I was almost casting her away. Now the thing is to consider my next move. After all I have to thank my father and his spy, Levi Crane, for something!"

(To be Continued).

SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

A barrister riding his bicycle on a path was caught by a policeman. The gentleman at once came off the path and tried to reason with the policeman.

"You aren't really going to run me in for this?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; I can't help it."

"Well, come in here (a public-house close by) and we will talk about it."

The policeman followed the gentleman, who ordered two glasses of beer, one for himself, the other for the policeman, both of which were finished ere he again remarked—

"Surely you are not really going to make a fuss about this?"

"I must, sir; it's my business."

"Ah! then at the same time it will be my business to report you for drinking beer while on duty."

The policeman's expression suddenly changed.

"You are a lawyer, I suppose, sir?"

"Yes."

"And a sharp one, too," he said, as he went out and left the gentleman to continue his ride.

BABY'S PORTRAIT.

(Sketched by His Mother.)

A little head of shapely mould,
Two baby eyes so bright and bold,
A dainty little nose;
Two little cheeks so round and fair,
With tiny dimples hiding there
Like dewdrops in a rose.

A little mouth so fragrant sweet,
A tiny dimpling chin so neat,
And both just made to kiss;
Two cunning ears each in its place,
A baby forehead set with grace,
Whose photograph is this?

Two sturdy shoulders, broad and square,
Two chubby hands so fat and fair,
And cunning feet so coy;
A roguish smile for you and me,
Sweet baby-ways—now don't you see
The portrait of our boy?

"The evidence," said the magistrate, "is conclusive as to your having thrown a stone at the policeman." "Sure, an' it is," agreed the defendant, an Irishwoman: "an' th' looks of the man shows more than that, yer honour! It shows that I hit him I"

BARRINGTON'S RUSE.

"Now, Arthur," said Mrs. Barrington, as her husband put three hand-bags in the seat beside her in the sleeper, and handed over six baggage-checks, "I want you to be sure and write to me every day, and tell me everything you think, just how much you miss me, and all about the way the servant gets along—don't omit any of the details, thinking that I shall not be interested, for every word that you write, dear, will be precious to me. Put plenty of local colour in your letters."

"Oh, I'll keep you posted," he replied. "You go ahead and have a good time and don't worry about me. I'll get along some way. Of course it'll be lonely and all that, but I'll manage to pass the time. It'll be rather dismal for me to sit on the front porch alone when it begins to get dark, thinking of you in the gay crowd having a good time, and never giving a thought to——"

"Arthur Barrington," his pretty wife interrupted, "if you continue to talk that way I just shan't go. You know I shall think of you every minute I'm away, and if the doctor hadn't said the sea air would be good for me I wouldn't have thought of accepting Aunt Laura's invitation. Please don't fret for me, love, will you? Remember that, wherever I may be, and no matter how gay my surroundings, I shall be thinking of you and" (lowering her voice to a whisper) "my soul will still be communing with your soul."

They threw kisses at each other as the train moved away. Then Barrington went to his office and began writing letters. They were to his wife. He wrote fourteen of them—enough to last two weeks in general outline, the letters were the same. He started each by filling a sheet with endearing words and declarations that he was very lonely without his darling. Then followed the local colour she wanted in the form of comment on occurrences of the day in and around their home. The letters were not dated, but he sealed and addressed them, and arranged them in a bunch, so that his stenographer could take off the top one day after day, and drop it into the mail-box.

He had been gone nearly a week when there came a telegram for him. Of course telegrams had to be opened, and, when Miss Wildreth, the stenographer, read the message, she turned pale:

"Why don't you answer my questions about the housemaid's ankle and your liver? Am awfully worried."

That was what Elizabeth Barrington had telegraphed. After studying the matter for a while Miss Wildreth decided that it was necessary for her to act. She was clever enough to hold a position that not more than one man out of fifty could have filled, and she had the habit of keeping her eyes and ears open. Still, she said to herself:

"The housemaid's ankle. I can see how he might know something about his own liver, but—and why should his wife, of all people, want him to see about it? Well, if I ever get married——"

But instead of finishing what she had started to say she wrote the following despatch:

"Leg and liver O.K. Don't worry."

It was about ten o'clock the next day when another telegram for Arthur Barrington was received. It read:

"Yesterday's letter contradicts telegram. Why are you deceiving me? Are you better to-day? Shall I come home?"

The stenographer's reply was as follows:

"Am true as steel. Don't think of coming home."

Miss Wildreth had just begun to feel that she had succeeded in settling the disagreeable business when a messenger boy arrived with another telegram in which her employer's wife said:

"Don't understand. What do you mean by being true as steel? Something tells me you are worse. Wire immediately."

The stenographer replied:

"Never mind reference to steel. Am all right."

Mrs. Barrington watched eagerly for the postman on the following day, and when he handed her Arthur's letter, she opened it with trembling fingers. Eagerly she scanned the first page and was about half through the local colour when she jumped up and ran to her aunt, crying:

"Merciful goodness! What can this mean? Three days ago Arthur wrote that the housemaid was still laid up with her lame ankle, which I have tried in vain to get him to tell me about, and that he was not feeling well, and the doctor had told him his liver was out of order. Yet here in to-day's letter he tells me that the housemaid has just fallen out of a cherry-tree, spraining her ankle, and that he made himself a Welsh rarebit night before last and ate so much of it that his liver is all upset. Why on earth did the housemaid climb a cherry tree when she had a lame ankle, and whatever possessed Arthur to eat a Welsh rarebit when the doctor had just warned him about his liver?"

Her aunt was trying to figure it out, when Elizabeth Barrington happened to think of the telegram she had received the day before.

"This letter must have been written about the time they were sent," she said. "I'm going home. Something's wrong. Arthur's liver trouble has gone to his head. My poor darling has lost his reason. He writes a thing and then denies it by telegraph. By starting to-night I can be with him to-morrow forenoon. Oh, how shall I pass the weary hours!"

Miss Wildreth broke down and made a full confession when Mrs. Barrington rushed, wild-eyed and pale, into her husband's office. Then the two young women sat together in the private room and wept.

"If I hadn't accidentally knocked over the pile of letters he left to be mailed," the stenographer sobbed, "they would not have been mixed up; there would have been no reference to the spraining of the housemaid's ankle before it happened and his liver would not have troubled him until he ate the rarebit. How shall I ever be able to explain it to him.

"You needn't try," Mrs. Barrington answered. "I'll explain to him when he comes out of the woods. Dear old fellow! I'm so glad he doesn't know anything about this. He mightn't be having a good time at all if he did."

MEXICAN PROVERBS.

There are many fine epigrams and proverbs in Spanish, used in Mexico. Many of them cannot be translated so as to preserve the terseness and aptness of the original. Many, of course, are the same as the English proverbs or simply change the simile. They are used with all possible variety of application. A gentleman who was seated near a group of young ladies at a railway station, busy with their farewell kisses, stood it as long as he could and then protested: "Don't count your money in the presence of the poor." Following are some of the proverbs not uncommonly heard in Mexico:—

"He who never ventures will never cross the sea."

"There's no gain without pain."

"Flies cannot enter a closed mouth."

"Behind the Cross is the Devil."

"A cat in gloves will never catch rats."

"To the hungry no bread is dry."

"A book that is shut makes no scholar."

"The good laundress washes the shirt first."

"No evil will endure a hundred years."

"When the river is passed the saint is forgotten."

"He who has little has little to fear."

"If the pill were not bitter it would not be gilt."

"Do not trust your money to those who keep their eyes on the floor (i.e., make an outward sign of piety)."

"Wine and good-luck do not last."

"It is good fishing in troubled waters."

"A frugal rich father and a spendthrift son."

"No word is ill-spoken if it is not ill-understood."

"A tongue may inflict a deeper wound than a sword."

ONLY A TRIFLE.

The late Bishop Walsham How was once called down into his study to perform the marriage ceremony for a couple in middle life.

"Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the bridegroom.

"No, sir."

"Have you?" to the bride.

"Well, yes, I have," replied the bride, laconically, "but it was twenty years ago, and he left us a bain and killed himself when we'd been married only a week, so it really ain't worth mentioning."

BROWN'S DECEPTION.

Brown's type-writer had a cold in her head. Brown, who was an impulsive, generous man, observed her sniffing and asked her what she was doing for the cold.

"Nothing," she said.

"I'll call up my family doctor and get him to prescribe for you," said Brown, kindly. "It's no use being uncomfortable longer than necessary."

While he was waiting for Central to give him the doctor's number a startling thought came to him. What if the doctor should mention to Brown's wife that Brown had telephoned him about the typewriter? Brown's wife quite believed that Brown was possessed of charms that attracted all women to him irresistibly, especially type-writers, and she was wildly jealous of the industrious soul to whom Brown was really interesting only on salary day.

"Gad," said Brown, as he thought of the blunder he had so nearly committed, "that would have raised the deuce."

"Hullo!" came the voice of the doctor.

"Hullo!" replied Brown. "That you, doctor? Say, doctor, I've got a mighty bad cold. Can't you send around something for it?"

"What sort of a cold?" asked the other end.

"It's in my head, I think," ventured Brown.

"You think! Don't you know?" came in a tone of some surprise. "What are your symptoms?"

Brown had not thought of that, and he stammered in sudden ic. He was not much used to lying

"Wait a minute, doctor," he said, and rushed over to his type-writer. "What're your symptoms—quick, quick!" he whispered.

"Cough," said she, "tickling in my throat, headache, constant thirst, can't breathe through my nose."

Brown rushed back to the 'phone. "Cough doctor," he said, "tickling in my throat constant thirst, headache, can't breathe through my nose."

"That sounds bad," said the doctor, after a moment. "I'd better run around to see you. I'll be around in an hour. I can't prescribe for anything as serious as that without seeing you."

"Sorry," gasped Brown, "but I'm just going out of town."

"Not with that cold! I'll be right up. Good-bye," said the doctor, ringing off. Brown scarcely had time to get well scared before the doctor hurried in. "You're looking pretty well," were his first words.

"Oh yes," said Brown, grimly. "I look better than I feel."

The doctor unbuttoned Brown's coat and listened for a rattling in his chest. He tapped him for soreness, examined his tongue, felt his pulse, and looked grave as Brown had a paroxysm of coughing.

"Brown," said he, you are a mighty sick man. You ought to be in bed this very minute. This is Saturday. Now you hurry home and don't you leave your house till Monday; better stay in bed. Take one of these dark tablets every two hours and three quinine pills after each meal. Good-bye. Be sure and let me know how you are getting on."

Brown turned the tablets over to his type-writer, and was enjoying his papers on Sunday afternoon, when he was horrified to see the doctor at his door.

"I got worried about you," said the doctor, "and thought I'd drive around. Medicines help you any?"

"Oh, wonderfully," said Brown; "I feel like a different man."

"How many tablets have you left?" asked the doctor. "Let me see them Brown."

"Oh, there's plenty left, plenty left," said Brown, nervously.

"But I want to see them," insisted the doctor.

"Well, you can't see them," blurted out Brown; "the infernal things are at the office."

"Why, Henry," broke in Mrs. Brown, much aggrieved, "why didn't you tell me that you were ill? Such things ought not to be kept from me. Is he very ill, doctor?"

"I want you to get him to bed at once," said the doctor, decisively. "He has got the grip. If he had taken that medicine he might have warded it off, but now it is too late. His hands are cold, his forehead's covered with perspiration; and his circulation is mighty bad."

"I don't want to go to bed," said Brown, with much heat. "I'm better. That tickling in my throat has gone, and I can breathe through my nose now."

"All goes to show that the cold has left your head and has settled in your whole system," said the doctor. "If you don't go to bed at once, I'll not answer for the consequences."

Brown resisted till the doctor and Mrs. Brown wore him out between them, and he went to bed.

"Get him a profuse perspiration as soon as possible," ordered the doctor; and Mrs. Brown buried Brown several feet deep under hot blankets.

"Now give him a bowl of hot lemonade and whisky," ordered the doctor.

"I can't go hot lemonade. It makes me sick," said the mutinous Brown.

"Never mind," insisted the doctor. "I'll give you something to settle your stomach. We're going to sweat this grip out of you."

As Brown lay there under half a dozen blankets that afternoon, he glared about him with the perspiration oozing from every pore, and swore to discharge the typewriter on Monday. He cursed his generous impulses and condemned all doctors to a place warm enough to sweat out grip without extra blankets. As Mrs. Brown bustled in that evening with a bowl of weak broth in place of his usual excellent Sunday dinner, she heard Brown mutter:

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

She set the tray down hastily, and hurried the maid to the drug store to telephone the doctor that Brown had gone delirious, and he had better come immediately.

A SMART YOUNG MAN.

Smart Young Man: Good morning, Mr Bullion.

Mr. Bullion (irascible old gent): Um—ah! Good-morn. Remarkable dog you have with you.

"Ya-as; Siberian blood hound; terribly savage; takes this ox chain to hold him. If anyone should ever look cross at me this would tear him to pieces—yes, indeed. I'm going to have him killed. Too dangerous you know."

"I should say so."

"Ya-as; must do it in the interest of humanity, you know. By the way, Mr. Bullion, your daughter has accepted me, and I have called to ask your consent"

He got it.

IT PURSUED HIM.

The decayed old colonel had twice packed his traps and calamities and indignantly trekked frontiersward to escape the encroachments of advancing civilisation.

To him the old friend:

"Well, colonel, still trying to keep the wolf from the door?"

Howled the colonel:

"Wolf? No, begad! Golf!"

A CONVENTIONAL BEAUTY.

Her cheeks are like the roses—
The yellow ones, I mean.
Her eyes are like the firmament
When it is a whitish green.
Her hair is like a raven
Just from a bleaching bath.
Her form is like a willow—
A weeping-willow lath.

ONE OF THE THORNS.

Fond Mother: Why are you so dignified when Mr. Cashly calls, Rose? I'm afraid he will never ask you to become his wife if you continue to act in that manner.

Rose: Oh, don't be alarmed, mamma, dear. Even a primrose is not without its attractions.

FAMOUS JEWELS OF EUROPE'S RULERS.

The Imperial family of Russia poss

(Copyright.)

The BLACKMAILERS.

A Stirring Romance of England and Australia.

By W. Murray Graydon,

Author of "The Thirlstones of London," "Reaping the Whirlwind," &c.

SUMMARY of Opening CHAPTERS.

Malcolm Frazer, a squatter, is standing at the door of his homestead, in the wilds of Western Australia, when his overseer, Jim Connop returns from the nearest settlement with letters and papers. While they are talking together, a stranger, hatless and bootless, with mere rags about his emaciated frame, staggers up to them, and appeals for help. He is Charles Travers, who has accompanied Sir John Vallenger on an exploring expedition. The party has been given up for lost. Sir John dies in Fraser's house, after making a will in the presence of a local J.P. leaving an annuity to his nephew, Osbert Challoner, and the rest of his wealth to his adopted son, Laurence Douglas Vallenger, whom he had previously disowned in favor of Challoner. Challoner, ignorant of the tragic happenings in the bush, but hearing that the expedition had been lost, enters into possession. Laurence, or Larry, turns up from Australia and establishes his claim. Then Challoner and his friends hatch a conspiracy to blackmail the new heir to the Burlingham estates. Hearing of his engagement to the daughter of Colonel Lovering, they produce a woman, alleging her to be Larry's adventuress wife, whom he believes to have been shot dead during a fight with bushrangers, to whom she had betrayed her husband. Larry thinks he recognises her. His confession is overheard by the colonel, and a scene follows. Larry however, convinces the colonel of his bona fides, and the old officer becomes his best friend. Larry goes to keep an appointment with one of the conspirators, Teddy Margrave, and as he approaches the rendezvous, a shot is fired in the dark, and Margrave is killed. The police arrive, and suspicion points to Larry :—

The story proceeds with

CHAPTER XVII.

SUSPECTED.

A few seconds passed in silence.

"It is to my interest to give you all possible assistance in tracing the murderer," said Larry, recovering his self-possession when he realized his need of it. "I distinctly heard him running away, down the road, just after the shot was fired."

"If his motive was robbery," remarked the inspector, as he examined the dead man closely," he would hardly have fled empty-handed. Yet he evidently did so. Here is a gold watch and chain on the body, and also a well-filled purse. Margrave, you said was the name of your friend? Was he staying in the neighborhood?"

"Yes; but I can't tell you where."

"According to law," said the inspector, "the body must be taken to the nearest inn on the road where it is found, and in this case that will be the Gorgon's Head at Acle."

"And the next step in the proceedings?" asked Larry.

"The inquest, Mr. Vallenger. It will be held to-morrow, and your attendance will be required."

"Of course, I know that," Larry assented.

He shrank from the ordeal, wondering in what light the coroner and the jury would regard his statements.

Larry started after his horse, which had wandered nearly to the bridge and Inspector Bamfield, repressing an impulse to call his companion, contented himself with watching him keenly until he began to retrace his steps. Just at this moment a gleam of white caught his eye, and approaching the spot, the inspector picked up the lost letter, which he thrust into his pocket, after giving it a hasty glance.

* * * * * *

Tidings of evil travel rapidly, and the news was not slow in reaching Burlingham Manor next morning, where Teddy Margrove was, of course, well known. Larry, when he came down to breakfast looked distressed and haggard from sleeplessness. He silently ate a few mouthfuls and sipped a cup of tea, and as he rose from the table, a sealed note was handed to him. He opened it in the library, and had barely read the enclosure, when Colonel Lovering was announced.

"You have heard then?" Larry asked, as the door closed.

"Yes, I have heard. Vallenger, my dear fellow, what does it all mean?"

"Have—have they found the murderer yet?" Larry demanded, anxiously.

"Not yet; there is no trace of him so far," the colonel replied. "Tell me all, Vallenger, so that I may advise and help you. My knowledge is at present limited to vague rumor."

The two sat down, and Larry, who was deeply grateful for the offer of assistance, consoled the whole story unreservedly to his companion. The lines of care on the colonel's face grew more marked as he listened.

"I am satisfied that it was an ordinary crime," continued Larry.

"Some prowling ruffian followed Margrave with intent to rob, and when resistance was offered, he shot him in self-defence. Naturally the fellow, hearing my approach, would take to his heels without thinking of plunder."

"I can't help agreeing with you. And yet—has it never occurred to you, to suspect the man, Garnet?"

"By Jove! not till this minute, colonel. Do you believe that Gontran Garnet is the murderer?"

"If we assume that Margrave intended to betray some important secret to you—something that would injure his fellow- blackmailers— it is possible that Garnet tracked the poor fellow down here and killed him. On the other hand the theory is most unlikely—of so little importance at the present stage, that the blackmailing case need not be dragged into the inquest if you can keep it out. And Garnet, thorough-paced scoundrel though he is, would hardly risk putting his neck into the hangman's noose."

"Moreover," supplemented Larry, "what information could Margrave have possessed that would drive Garnet to such an extreme as murder? None that I can see. Garnet did not dread exposure; he knew that my lips were sealed. And the woman he produced was undoubtedly my wife."

The colonel gave a slight start, and then for three or four minutes he spoke not a word. He ignored his companion's presence, and he was turning something over and over in his mind while he stared with apparent interest at a bronze paperweight on the writing-desk.

"I am firmly convinced," he said, abruptly, "that Margrave had a valuable secret to impart to you."

"Then what could it have been?"

"I don't know, and it doesn't matter—at present. But to my mind the fact is irrefutable."

"Colonel, you are coming round again to the presumption that Garnet is the guilty man."

"If he is, Vallenger—and I don't deny it—rest assured that he has covered his tracks with consummate cunning. He won't be caught; he won't leave any evidence of guilt behind him. And to bring him under the shadow of the law, even with the help of the cleverest detective talent, would possibly require months of time—and we cannot spare weeks."

"But if it is my only chance to"—began Larry.

"It is no chance at all my dear fellow. The hazardous possibility of Garnet being the murderer is far removed from your theory, which is tenable and reasonable. Look here, Vallenger; I have a fairly clear course of action mapped out ahead in the event of circumstances developing, as they may do. I want you to put yourself entirely into my hands, unconditionally and unreservedly. Will you promise?"

"Willingly Colonel."

"On those terms?"

"Yes, on the stated terms, strict though they are. But I should like to know something of your plans."

"If I told you what was in my mind," replied the Colonel, "you would consider it chimeric and visionary, to say the least. Trust me, Vallenger, that is all you need to do. And now I must be off, for I have some very important matters to attend to. I will see you at the inquest. By-the-by, I had better wire to Hardesty in your name to be present. A solicitor should certainly watch the proceedings in your behalf."

Larry assented to this, and he looked a trifle more cheerful as he accompanied his visitor to the door.

"Well, good bye," said the Colonel "until two o'clock. Hope for the best, but don't be unprepared for the worst."

"The worst?" exclaimed Larry. "By heavens, I can't bear to contemplate that."

"In this case, Vallenger, the worst may turn out to be the best."

With that oracular saying, Colonel Lovering climbed into his waiting trap and was rattled away. He scowled at the two ferret-faced men who were lounging about the park gates, and drove at a tearing rate of speed to Upton, stopping at Acle long enough to send the wire to Jasper Hardesty.

"There is a lot to be done," he said to himself as he neared Burelands, "and very little time to do it in."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE INQUEST at the GORGON'S HEAD.

Never before within the memory of the oldest inhabitant had Acle beheld such an assemblage as gathered there on that dreary September morning; never before had the pretty little town by the marshes been roused to such unwonted excitement.

Promptly to time, amid great solemnity, the inquest was opened in a gloomy room on the ground floor.

The identity of the deceased was established, and the doctor gave evidence as to the cause of death. The landlord of the Hermitage told what he knew. Mr. Margrave, he said, had arrived between ten and eleven o'clock on Thursday night, and had expressed his intention of stopping until the week-end. He brought with him some fishing tackle and a small travelling bag.

"Did he do any fishing," asked the coroner.

"No, sir." was the reply.

"How did he spend Friday?"

"He went for a walk in the morning, and all the rest of the time, except when he came down to dinner and supper, he was in his own room'

"How did the deceased leave the house?"

"By his bed-room window."

Further questioning related to the finding of the body, and then the coroner called:

"Mr, Vallenger."

In cool and steady tones, with perfect self-possession, Larry told of the appointment by letter, how he had ridden on the Friday night to the rendezvous, and what he heard and saw when he reached the fatal spot. Cross-examination had no effect whatever on his story, and so far he had made a favorable impression.

"Will Mr, Vallenger tell us why"—began one of the jurors.

"One moment, sir, if you please," the coroner interupted. He took an envelope from his pocket and held it towards the witness. "Mr. Vallenger," he added, "is this the letter you refer to?"

"It is, it must have dropped when I took my handkerchief from my pocket."

"And is this your revolver?"

Taken now by surprise, Larry visibly started.

"Yes, it is my property," he answered, after a brief hesitation.

"It fell into the creek last night, when I was bending over to wet my handkerchief, and knowing the depth of the water I made no effort to recover it. The circumstance had slipped my mind until you recalled it."

"Are you aware that one chamber is empty?"

"I am, sir, I was using the weapon to shoot at a mark yesterday morning, and after reloading it fired one shot."

Constable Jones gave evidence as to the finding of the revolver in the creek with a drag-net. When the constable sat down, a pin might have been heard to drop as Dr. Selwyn was recalled.

"You recognise the revolver?" asked the coroner.

"Yes, it is the one that was handed to me for examination this morning, by constable Jones."

"Describe it to the jury."

"It is a weapon of American make known as a Smith and Wesson," stated the doctor, "and it fires a 32-calibre ball. Five of the chambers were loaded, and in the sixth I found an empty cartridge."

"You extracted the bullet from the body of the deceased," continued the coroner. "Please tell us what calibre it is."

"Number 32."

"The same calibre as the revolver in evidence?"

"Yes, precisely."

"And the ball fits the empty cartridge shell?"

"It does."

"Thank you, that will do."

The doctor stepped aside, and a low murmur of voices rose from different parts of the room. Colonel Lovering pulled nervously at his moustaches as he turned to whisper to Jasper Hardesty, and Larry, sitting with white and rigid face, could hardly restrain his pent up emotions as he realised the terrible net of evidence that was closing around him.

Hardesty jumped to his feet.

"I am here in behalf of Mr Vallenger," said the solicitor, "and I advise him to say nothing more. If you have finished"—

"Mr. Vallenger is excused from further attendance, if he so wishes," the coroner interupted.

Larry gladly rose and left the room by a rear passage. Colonel Lovering followed, but Jasper Hardesty, to whom he spoke a few words remained behind. At the same moment, in response to a quiet signal from Inspector Bamfield, Constable Jones slipped out unobtrusively by a side door.

Larry's head swam, and he reeled slightly as he emerged from the close atmosphere into the air. He instantly recovered himself, however, and walked steadily across the courtyard. The colonel overtook him as he was directing the groom to bring his buggy.

"Well, what do you think of it," asked Larry.

"Bad enough," muttered the colonel. "An ugly chain of evidence—circumstantial evidence. Good heavens, Vallenger, how could you have been so careless as to lose the revolver? And the letter"—

"It was stupid, I know. But an innocent man dosen't think of such things. Had I been the real criminal, I should have taken proper precautions. It is unfortunate that the pistol that killed Margrave should have been of the same calibre as mine. Perhaps by this time, colonel you have had reasons to change your mind. And I should be the last to blame you."

The colonel put his hands on Larry's shoulders, and looked keenly into his unflinching eyes.

"My dear fellow, my opinion remains the same," he replied. "Were the evidence ten times stronger against you, I would still believe in your innocence. And if these fools yonder knew anything of human nature and character, they would no more suspect you of Margrave's murder than they would the man in the moon."

"You put fresh courage into me," said Larry. "What am I to do now" he added. "I was going home, but if you think had better wait for the result"—

"No, no. Go home at once, by all means. It is the best thing to do. Hardesty is stopping to watch the proceedings, and I am going to drive over to Burelands for half an hour. Then I return here, and later I will be at Burlingham Manor. As for the inquest, that will likely be carried over till to-morrow, to await the arrival of Margraves father. They won't finish to-day."

"Then they are likely to"—

"Much may happen in the meantime," interrupted the colonel. "I'll keep you posted. I propose to see you through this scrape, and I'll stick to you to the end. Don't forget that you have put yourself unconditionally into my hands. You are bound to follow me to the north pole if I give you the word."

"I am afraid you are powerless to help me, except in one way."

"And that?"

"Find Margrave's murderer."

"I wish to heavens I could, Vallenger. But I assure you I shall do the next best thing."

The groom had the trap ready and Larry took his seat.

"Good-bye for the present," said the colonel as he turned away.

It was close on four o'clock, and as yet not a word of the proceedings had leaked out of the closed room in the Gorgon's Head, where the jury sat in solemn judgement. Larry drove home at a rattling pace, and had he glanced behind him, would have seen a vehicle, in which two men sat, following at an equal rate of speed.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF SYDNEY HARBOUR.

"The Making of Pirates in the Convict Days" is the title of an article contributed to the current issue of the "Windsor Magazine," by Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery.

Here is one of the incidents described :—

One dark night in May, 1808, as the brig Harrington lay at her moorings at Farm Cove, in Sydney Harbour, a party of convicts rowed silently on board and made themselves masters of the vessel. When the dawn broke, her owner, whose house overlooked the Cove, looked out from his bedroom window and discovered that his brig had vanished! A gun was fired, and the soldiers' drums beat, and in half an hour a small vessel called the Halcyon was manned, ten soldiers put on board of her, and despatched in pursuit. There was no doubt as to the reason of the disappearance of the Harrington, for one Robert Stewart, a notorious prisoner, and several of the gang who worked with him, were missing.

With the Halcyon a whole fleet of small boats put to sea to join in the chase, but there was then no wind, although a fresh breeze had been blowing all the night; and in consequence the Harrington was long out of sight before the flotilla reached the Heads. The small boats then returned to Sydney, and the Halcyon lay rolling helplessly on the long Pacific swell just outside.

Towards evening two ship's boats came into port, and it can be imagined what excited crowds gathered along the harbour shores when the news spread that they were the Harrington's boats, in charge of Mr. Fish, the chief officer. His tale was told as follows, in the old "Sydney Gazette" :—

"The brig was riding at two anchors, the ship's company in bed in the steerage, when Mr. Fish was suddenly awakened in his cabin by seeing two men at his bedside and feeling the cold barrel of a pistol to his forehead, a stern voice bidding him to be silent on pain of instant death. Meanwhile some of the party who were all well armed, had gone for'ard and overpowered the crew, while others slipped the cables and made sail. At seven in the morning the land was twenty miles distant, and Mr. Fish (the captain was sleeping on shore when the ship was seized) and his men were forced into two boats." The subsequent adventures of this band of pirates would take too long to narrate in this article, but it may be mentioned that the Harrington was captured by an English man-of-war off the Philippine Islands, and brought to Calcutta.

There are many similar stories to this—the seizure of the yacht Alice, the mutiny of the brig Venus, are celebrated cases, and Brett's "Early New Zealand" has many tales to tell of mutinies and piracies in the old colonial days. And, as we have said, all these other narratives can be found in books; but what perhaps is newer matter is the ending of some of these "runaways" in the South Seas, many of whom rose to terrible notoriety for their crimes in the "Islands," while others lived respectable lives, made money as traders, were esteemed by white and brown men alike, and have left as their descendants a race of half-blooded people whose reputation as sailormen is famous from the Hawaiian Islands in the North Pacific to the Friendly Archipelago in the South Pacific.—"Weekly Telegraph."

HOW SQUIRRELS PLANT OAK TREES.

It is a curious circumstance, and not generally known, that most of those oak trees which are said to have grown spontaneously are planted by the squirrel.

This little animal has performed the most essential service to the British Navy. A gentleman walking one afternoon through the woods of his estate in the neighbourhood had his attention diverted by a squirrel, which sat very composedly upon the ground. He stopped to observe its motions. In a few moments the squirrel darted to the top of a tree, beneath which he had been sitting. In an instant he was down with an acorn in his mouth, and after digging a small hole, he stooped down and deposited a small acorn; then, covering it he darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down again with another, which he buried in the same manner. This he continued to do as long as the observer thought proper to watch him.

The industry of this little creature is directed to the purpose of securing him against want in winter, and it is probable that his memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember the spot in which he deposits every acorn. The industrious little fellow, no doubt, loses a few every year; these spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree.

Thus is Britain, in some measure, indebted to the industry and bad memory of the squirrel for her pride, her glory, and her high position among the nations.

It was in the Far West of America. "How are things?" asked the tourist.

"Pretty tolerable, stranger," responded the old man, who was sitting on a stump. "I had some trees to cut down, but the cyclone levelled them and saved me the trouble."

"That is good."

"Yes; and then the lightning set fire to the brush pile, and saved me the trouble of burning it."

"Remarkable! But what are you doing now?"

"Waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."

The population of Russia doubles, from natural increase alone, once every 60 years.

A DYING INDUSTRY.

Some time back, the Imperial Government despatched an officer to New Zealand and Australia to ascertain our resources in the matter of horse supply for army requirements.

Theretofore, the War Office had to rely upon foreign resources; notably, of late, upon the United States. Apart from the circumstance that this was a resource which, under international complications, might fail at a most critical time, the authorities were doubtless affected by the spirit that had been called forth by the cordial cooperation of these countries in the recent Transvaal trouble.

It was felt no doubt, that the large sum of money annually spent by the War Office in the purchase of army mounts, should, if possible, find its way into the pockets of kinsfolk, rather than into the hands of alien nations. This circumstance emphasizes the regret which must follow the unfavourable report of the expert sent out to discover our value as horse producing countries.

The officer referred to has stated that, as producers of good, sound horses suitable for cavalry and artillery purposes, these countries, once in the front rank, have no claim upon the attention of the Imperial Government. The quality of horse flesh, it appears, now produced here will not compare with that supplied by foreign breeders. Unless strenuous efforts be made at once to recover the position once held, we shall be outstripped in the race by the competition of American, Hungarian and other foreign breeders. For a long time to come we shall not be able to count upon the industry as of any real value. All this is lamentable; the more so, that the disaster has arisen in the crass neglect of our several Governments to so regulate the exportation of horse stock, as to ensure that the best blood be not absolutely lost to us.

For example, during the Boer war, among the horses sent to South Africa were some of the best mares in these States. Everybody who knows anything about horse breeding is aware of the importance of securing good dams for the purpose. The Arabs know this so well that no money can purchase a pure bred mare from them; while they put no such value upon sires. This is one of the reasons why Australia and New Zealand have lost their old position as producers of first class horse stock.

Shippers to the Indian market know very well that for years these countries have been losing their best brood stock by exportation to India and this fact, followed up by the demand from South Africa, largely explains why it is that at present we hold no position as producers of good sound horses.

The position illustrates, in its way the curious circumstance that, with all our self complacency we are singularly deficient in that business forethought, such as years ago directed the attention of breeders in the United States to the production of first class horse stock to meet foreign demands. We have been content to sell our best mares whenever a good price has been offered. The result, as at present is, that we possess few horses worth looking at from the standpoint of military requirements.

The late Colonel Rogers who, in the sixties, was sent down by the Indian Government to purchase remounts, prophesied, even then, that if breeders persisted in this haphazard policy, the time would come when the market would be closed.

This has virtually come to pass. We own any amount of weeds The only class stock that seems to be valued here is that of the race horse Here we find another reason why our serviceable and profitable breeds have become almost extinct. To develop a wire drawn two year old that can cut out a furlong or two in a little faster time than others, seems to be the desire of the modern breeder of these countries.

Those who regard horse racing as tending to the improvement of the breed of horses have certainly very little proof to put forward as illustration of the theory. In the old days blood stock of course contributed to the formation of the splendid breed of horses New Zealand and Australia boasted of. But racing in old times was not conducted as at present. Endurance was not held secondary to speed. As the modern ship builder constructs a vessel to race across the ocean faster than competitors, but is careless of its capacity to last longer than a few years, so the modern breeder of race horses goes in for the "short life and merry one" policy. It is only necessary to observe how few first class race horses survive more than a season or two, to discover that as producers of general stock they cannot be relied upon.

Thus it is, and for other reasons also that modern horse racing, so far from conducing to the improvement of horses generally, has a deterrent effect. The "weed" is as often seen a successful competitor in a horse race as not. Trained to the "last hair" he lives his brief hour of triumph; and them mayhap, broken and debilitated, he is utilised for stud purposes. Of course mares suffer in like manner from the hot-house education to which they are subjected.

How then can we say that horse racing is calculated to improve the breed of general stock. As matters stand, it is the other way about. In the wretched animals we sometimes see between the shafts of a buggy, or the knees of a suburban resident, it is not difficult to discern traces of blood stock origin. But one might as well look for the British type of manhood among the narrow shouldered "tenth transmittors of a foolish face," who so often satirise their "nobility" by their ignoble acts, as for the sturdy breed of blood, and bone, and moral quality also, among horses, in the product of broken down racers.

If we would recover our old position, this matter must be met in a practical way. There should be no difficulty in rapidly improving our horse stock. But as long as breeders are animated by a desire for immediate profit only, and are content to part with their best mares, because of an exceptional price, we shall not progress in this matter.

It may come to pass in the remote future that these new countries may be called upon for special legislation in respect to horse breeding. Less important subjects have occupied the attention of our wise men. At anyrate in the superior quality of our stock of every kind resides one factor in the development of future prosperity.

AN INDIAN SNAKE CHARMER.

During the Autumn of 1869, while awaiting the arrival of the steam-frigate Colorado, to which he had been assigned, Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans spent four months at Singapore. With four companions, he hired a bungalow, which was situated on the edge of the jungle. In his autobiographical volume, "A Sailor's Log," he tells this story :—

One morning, as five of us sat taking our morning fruit and coffee, the Chinese attendant broke into the room, almost paralysed with fear, screaming, "Cobra! Cobra!" In a moment we had located a large vicious-looking reptile in the back yard, and the happy thought came to someone to send for a snake charmer and test his qualities on this specimen, which had evidently just crawled out of the jungle.

In five minutes or possibly less, the charmer appeared, and proceeded to do the neatest trick I ever witnessed. He was a Mohammedan, about forty years of age, stripped to the waist, and carrying a sealskin bag, with the fur on the inside, in which he had a large collection of cobras and other snakes.

He stood quietly watching the newcomer for a few moments, evidently sizeing him up, and then, producing a small reed fife, began blowing it, making a sharp monotonous noise. at the same time an assistant, some yards behind him, beat slowly on a small tom-tom, or drum. The two advanced slowly to the middle of the small enclosure, and, when fifteen or twenty feet from their quest, seated themselves on the ground, and continued their music, or, more properly speaking, noise.

The cobra in the mean time was much excited, and showed signs of fight. He rapidly coiled himself, raised a foot or two of his body vertically, spread his hood, and generally looked very ugly. The monotonous noise of the performers continued, and the cobra shifted his position first to the side, and then directly towards the charmers, always watching them closely with his keen scintillating eyes. After half an hour of this play he was almost between the feet of the Mohammedan and as he raised himself and spread his hood we all expected to see him strike and end the performance; but instead, the man reached out his hand, slowly seized the cobra by the neck, and, rising with him, held him limp in the air for a moment, and then deposited him in the bag with the other snakes.

The Chinaman had in the meantime bolted; nothing could induce him to stay longer in such a dangerous spot. The assistant took his departure, and the charmer, with his bag of snakes, stepped into our dining-room for a parting drink.

THE BEST WHITEWASH MADE.

Slake half a bushel of quicklime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it, and add a peck of salt dissolved in warm water, 3lbs. of rice which has been previously boiled to a thin paste, ½lb. of powdered Spanish whitening, and 1lb. of clean glue dissolved in warm water. After mixing all these ingredients, let stand for several days. If this wash be kept in a kettle and heated very hot before being put on it will be found to have the brilliancy of paint, and is almost as durable. It is wonderful what a little paint or whitewash adds to the look of a place—yea, and healthfulness, too—and it is indeed too bad to neglect using them where needed.

HOW OUR NEW ALLY WASHES.

The Japanese rip their garments apart for every washing and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a flat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes which thus acquire quite a lustre.

The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors in a washtub not more than 6in. high.

The hardest-worked washerwomen in the world are the Coreans. They have to wash about a dozen dresses at a time for their husbands and they have plenty to do. The washing is usually done in cold water and often in running streams. The clothes are pounded with paddles until they shine like a white shirt front fresh from the laundry.

In France the novel method for catching fish is being tested by anglers. A tiny mirror is attached to the line near the baited hook. The assumption is that the fish, when it sees itself in the mirror, will conclude that some other fish is trying to carry off its bait, and will make haste to secure the tempting morsel for itself, the result being that it will speedily be caught on the relentless hook. From experiments which have been made, there seems to be some foundation for this assumption.

An old country sexton, in showing visitors round the churchyard, used to stop at a certain tomb and say—"This 'ere is the tomb of Tummas 'Opper and 'is eleven wives."

One day a lady remarked—"Eleven? Dear me, that's rather a lot, isn't it?"

The old man looked at her gravely and remarked—"Well mum, ye see it war an 'obby of 'iss'n."

A LONDON CRIMINAL AT WORK.

There are certain things in the back attic of this shabby little house in Hoxton which might interest the neighbours, could they manage to peer through its closely curtained window (says Mr. Ernest A. Carr in "Living London")

Over the coke fire hangs a melting pot, an iron ladle is lying before it, and an electric battery stands on the mantelshelf. On the table, beside a shapless mass of bright metal, are some odd-looking slabs of plaster of Paris; and seated before it is an elderly man in a leather apron at work with his tools. One by one he picks up the glittering white discs that lie before him on a board, nips off from each its long "tail" of metal, and touches up its milled edges at the point of fracture. They look like silver coins—crowns, half-crowns, and florins— but the Royal Mint would repudiate them all.

This dingy attic is the workshop of a notorious coiner—a "smasher," in the jargon of crime—well known in the old honest days as the cleverest silversmith in Clerkenwell, but an inveterate criminal now.

How are his spurious wares foisted on the market? This smartly dressed couple walking arm-in-arm down Old Street are among his patrons, and will illustrate the methods of the "snide pitcher," or passer of bad money, as they are practised daily in London. Armed with a purseful of good coin of the realm and a single piece of "snide," the woman selects for her field of action those shops which are in charge of lads or elderly women; her partner, as she enters each, takes his stand at a safe distance, prepared to vanish unobtrusively at a hint of trouble. If detected, her assumption of innocence will probably save her from arrest; if successful she rejoins her companion, takes his arm, and he furtively slips another false coin into her hand. In this way the precious pair contrive to pass some two dozen pieces of counterfeit money in a day.

BE SWEET TOOTHED AND GROW TALL.

English girls just reaching womanhood, and the next generation in its early teens, are usually tall, standing a head or more above their mothers. Although this has been remarked on over and over again, and been made the subject of learned disquisitions, yet no generally accepted cause has been found for the fact up to this time. Now a physician of note says that it is simply a case of lengthened sweetness. By "sweetness" in this particular case the nature of the young ladies is not referred to, but their diet. In fact, statistics of recent years show that Britons of both sexes are increasing in height and weight. Why? This physician replies—Sugar! Great Britain has quadrupled its saccharine consumption in the last score of years. This is now the latest explaination of an accepted fact, and it will have to stand until the next one comes along.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

The jaw of the shark furnishes the best watchmaker's oil. In each shark's jaw is found above half a pint.

The highest inhabited spot in Europe is the observatory at the summit of Mount Etna, 9,076ft. above sea level.

The scale of the human voice, from lowest bass to highest soprano, is four octaves. The average voice has only twelve notes.

Camel teams are now being used for the carriage and distribution of mining machinery on the North Coolgardie gold fields.

Memory is an essential that can be cultivated. There is no acceptable apology possible for a poor memory. A great deal of time is not required to cultivate memory since, when on a train, in the street, or anywhere else, in fact, one may be memorising, and every scientific truth intelligently committed to memory is an advance.

It is generally agreed among naturalists that the tortoise is the longest lived of all animals. There are many instances of their attaining the extraordinary age of 250 years, while one is actually mentioned as reaching the unparalled age of 405 years. Notwithstanding these examples, which, of course, are exceptionally rare, the ordinary tortois only lives, on the average, from 100 to 150 years.

There are, in Naples, a number of cats that live in the churches. They are kept and fed by the authorities on purpose to catch the mice which infest some of the old buildings there. The little animals may often be seen walking about among the congregation or sitting gravely before the altar during the time of mass, and it is considered a sacrilege to disturb them.

The sewage of Paris is conveyed to an immense farm about twenty-five miles from the city. The farm is four square miles in area, and this fertiliser has proved so profitable to the land that neighbouring farmers are anxious to procure some of the sewage, although at first they were opposed to its use.

A shark, while swimming leisurely near Anastasia Island, Florida, espied a 200lb. turtle, and tried to take him in, tail first. The turtle was a shrewd old fellow, and merely extended his forward flippers, thus blocking the shark's game. After repeated efforts to swallow, the shark was reluctantly compelled to turn the rascal out. (1338) B.

THROAT AFFECTION AN
All suffering from irritation
hoarseness will be agreeabl
almost immediate relief afto
"Brown's Bronchial Troche
"lozenges" are now sold b
chemists in this country.
with a "hacking cough,"
or bronchial affections,
too soon, as similar tro
to progress, result in serio
Asthmatic Affections. Se
"Brown's Bronchial Troc
Government Stamp around e
JOHN I. BROWN & SO
European Depot, 33, Farrin
England.

The Rev. Father Ca
curate to the Rev. Fa
at St. Joseph's, Charlto
15 months, has been
Ararat.

of sheep-trucking yards at Middle Creek, and also with regard to a cowpit. He promised to do his very best to get their wants, even although he sat in opposition to the Government.

Cr. Stewart proposed the health of "The Visitors," coupled with the name of Mr Vanstan.

Mr G. Vanstan, of Moyston, responded, highly eugolising the officials for the creditable manner in which they conducted their sports.

Cr. Sinclair proposed the health of "The President and officials of the Buangor Athletic Club." He said that the sports reflected very great credit upon them. They were better than last year, and he trusted they would last for many years and be a great success.

The President, in returning thanks, said it gave them heart to go forward when they found that their old friends did not desert them. He trusted the sports would be carried out so that competitors would get their honest dues and go away satisfied.

The district races were not as satisfactory as they might have been, several cyclists and "peds." being evidently out for an airing. No mishap happened during the racing, but unfortunately a rather sensational accident occurred prior to the sports commencing to a party driving from Ararat. When going down the hill about a mile from Buangor a bolt came out of one of the buggy shafts, and the vehicle collided against a tree, the occupants (Mr C. Grano, of the London Bank; Mr S. Grano, son of Mr T. G. Grano, barrister; and Mr V. Collum) being thrown out. Mr S. Grano escaped with a shaking, but Mr C. Grano was caught by the wheel, his right ear being lacerated and the right side of his head considerably injured. Mr Collum was rendered insensible, and was injured about the face and head. He, however, speedily recovered consciousness and subsequently competed at the sports.

Appended are the results of the various events:—

Maiden Plate, 100yds. 1st, 30s.—First heat—W. Geyle, 1; A. Graham, 2; Hardy, 3. Won by a yard. Five starters. Second heat—V. Collum, 1; E. Robinson, 2; Simpson, 3. Four starters. Won easily. Third heat—W. Isbel, 1; C. Leslie, 2; Fallon, 3. Five starters. Won by a yard and a half. Final—Geyle, 1; Graham, 2; Isbel, 3. A close finish. Won by a foot.

Boys' Handicap Race (under 10 years), 80yds. 4s, 2s and 1s.—E. White, 1; J. Stock, 2; N. Dunn, 3.

Girls' Handicap Race (under 10 years), 50yds. 2s, 1s and 6d.—K. Bywater, 1; A. Butler, 2; M. Anderson, 3.

Buangor Handicap, 130yds. £3, £1 10s and 10s. First heat—S. Grano, 14yds, 1; E. Robinson, 15yds, 2. Three starters. Won by a foot. Second heat—A. V. Carroll, 11yds, 1; D. McPherson, 12yds, 2. Five starters. Won easily. Third heat—P. Shackles, 5yds, 1; W. Geyle, 11yds, 2. Four starters. Won easily. Fourth heat—L. Graham, 12yds, 1; G. Coad, 7yds, 2. Six starters. Won by about half a yard. Fifth heat—A. Graham, 14yds, 1; T. Robinson, 9yds, 2. Four starters. Won on the tape. First semi-final—Carroll, 1; McPherson, 2; Grano, 3. Won by a few inches. Shackles, who was put back a yard and was left at the post, came with a great rush at the finish, but could not get through. He pushed Grano, who fell heavily, but was not hurt. Shackles protested against Grano and another for running in front and blocking him, but it was dismissed, and the deposit refunded; the committee considering that the placed men had not interfered with Shackles in any way. Second semi-final—L. Graham, 1; Geyle, 2, A. Graham, 3. Won comfortably by a yard. Final—L. Graham, 1; Carroll, 2; Geyle, 3. Won by 5yds; almost a dead heat for second place.

Boys' Handicap Race (under 15 years), 100yds. 6s, 4s and 2s.—J. McDonald, 1; T. McPherson, 2; T. Bywaterr, 3.

Sack Race. 7s 6d and 2s 6d.—H. Baker, 1; T. Baker, 2. Four starters.

Girls' Handicap Race (under 14 years), 80 yds. 4s, 2s and 1s.—Eva Nairn, 1; Eda Neate, 2; Florrie Laikane, 3.

Handicap High Jump. £1 and 10s.—A. Kelly, 2ft in., 1; E. Farish, 3in., 2. Height cleared, 5ft. 2in. Nine competitors.

Siamese Race, of 10s.—Coad and Grano. Won easily. Six competitors.

District Handicap, 120yds. 14 miles radius. L2 10s and 10s.—First heat—A. Graham, 9yds, 1; E. Farish, 9yds, 2. Four starters. Won easily. Second heat—L. Graham, 7yds, 1; G. Coad, 2yds, 2. Five starters. Won by about 5yds. Third heat—T. Robinson, 4yds, 1; W. Lees, 9yds, 2. Four starters. Won by 3yds. Fourth heat C. V. Leslie, 9yds, and D. McPherson, 7yds, tied for 1st. Four starters. First semi-final—L. Graham, 1; A. Graham, 2; Farish, 3. A good race; won by a yard. Second semi-final—Robinson, 1; McPherson, 2; Leslie, 3. Won by a short yard. Final—L. Graham, 1; A. Graham, 2; T. Robinson, 3. Won easily by about 5yds.

District Bicycle Handicap, about one mile. 14 miles radius. £2 and 10s.—First heat—E. D. Ferry, 85yds, 1; W. Pierce, 110yds, 2; M. Tyrrell, 60yds, 3. Won by half a wheel. Five starters. Pierce was brought before the stewards and cautioned for having followed the dangerous practice of looking round. Second heat—G. Fry, 90yds, 1; T. McDonald, 70yds, 2. Three starters. Won easily by five lengths. Final—Pierce, 1; Fry, 2; Ferry, 3. Won easily by about five lengths.

440yds. Handicap. £2 10s and 10s.—First heat—E. Farish, 33yds, 1; J. H. McCracken, 28yds, 2; A. V. Carroll, 25yds, 3. Eight starters. Won by about two yards. Second heat—T. Robinson, 25yds, 1; J. J. Stapleton, 28yds, 2; P. Shackles, 20yds, 3. Won comfortably by two yards. Eight starters. Final—Farish, 1; Carroll, 2. Won easily by about 7yds.

Members' Handicap Race, 100yds. First, trophy, silver teapot (gift of Messrs Hawkes Bros., Beaufort); second, trophy, silver sugar tongs and spoon (gift of Mrs W. Jones, Buangor).—W. G. Pickford, 12yds, 1; R. Robinson, scr., 2. Won easily by about 6yds. Eight starters.

Open Bicycle Handicap, about two miles. £3 and £1.—First heat—W. Crosbie, 60yds, 1; E. W. Lamin, 110yds, 2; T. McDonald, 150yds, 3. Three starters. A lazy race. Won by three lengths. Second heat—G. Fry, 100yds, 1; H. Wyhoon, 70yds, 2; M. Tyrrell, 130yds, 3. Five starters. Won easily. Final—Wyhoon, 1; Tyrell, 2; Crosbie, 3. Won by three wheels.

Handicap Hurdle Race, 120yds. £2 10s and 10s.—A. V. Carroll, 4yds, 1; E. D. Ferry, 7yds, 2; J. J. Stapleton, 11yds, 3. Five starters. A good race; Ferry leading over the hurdles, but being beaten in the run home by Carroll by about a yard.

Married Men's Race, 100yds. Handicap. Radius of 10 miles. Trophy, silver cruet stand (gift of Messrs J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Beaufort).—J. Pearson, 1; W. Allender, 2. Ten competitors. Won by two yards.

Potato Race; five potatoes in 20 yards. 7s 6d and 2s 6d.—Shackles, 1; Simpson, 2.

THROAT AFFECTION AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight" cold, or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. European Depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London England.

The Rev. Father Cain, who has been curate to the Rev. Father Goidsnich, at St. Joseph's, Charlton, for the past 15 months, has been transferred to Ararat.

Farewell to Mr T. VanderStoel.

About 30 of the leading residents met at the Societies' Hall on Wednesday night to bid farewell to Mr T. VanderStoel (who is leaving Beaufort for Melbourne), and to make him a presentation. Cr. Sinclair presided. Light refreshments having been partaken of, the health of "The King" was loyally honored.

The Chairman, in proposing the health of Mr VanderStoel, said he was very pleased to see such a representative gathering. They had met to say *au revoir* to one of their oldest and most honorable citizens. He was very glad that the secretary (Mr C. W. Jones) had thought fit to start the movement, as he believed in giving honor to whom honor was due. It would have been discreditable to Beaufort to allow Mr VanderStoel to depart without saying good-bye. He was sure they all held him in the highest estimation, as he did personally. No doubt he held peculiar ideas in some matters, but he was entitled to his own opinion, and during the unfortunate war in South Africa they allowed him to differ. But he was still a British subject, and when asked to do so the other evening, had readily sung "The Red, White, and Blue." Mr VanderStoel had always stuck up for what he thought was right. He had taken a deep interest in public affairs, and was connected with almost every institution in the town. In mining ventures he was the first to put down his name and give his mite, besides doing a lot of prospecting work for the town. Finding old age creeping on he had gone out of business, which he had always conducted most honorably. All wished him every happiness in Melbourne. Mr VanderStoel had been a good citizen in every way. He was one of the best fathers that it was possible to be, having taken great interest in his boys and getting them placed in Government positions, putting forth every exertion to do so. He could say that more honorable boys never went out of Beaufort, while his daughters were perfect ladies. It was a credit to Mr and Mrs VanderStoel the way they had brought up their children. Some people thought it was a pity to see children brought up in a public house, but he knew several such families in Beaufort whose children were of the best. Some of their publicans were the best citizens, although they were connected with the liquor traffic. No one could leave Beaufort with a higher opinion than they had of Mr VanderStoel. As the years rolled on, if he found Melbourne did not suit him, he hoped he would come back and end his life here. The Chairman having invited others to speak,

Messrs E. W. Hughes, J. Humphreys, C. W. Jones, J. B. Cochran, J. Eastwood, and D. F. Troy spoke in eulogistic terms of Mr VanderStoel, whose health was then enthusiastically drunk with musical honors and cheers, cheers being also given for his family.

Song, "My Birthday," Mr C. W. Jones.

Mr VanderStoel, who was cordially received, said he was exceedingly obliged to them for coming here to wish him Godspeed. He could assure them he was not leaving with great jubilation, for if he could have made a decent living he would have stopped. He was an old identity. He hoped the young fellows would do as he had since he came in 1857—the best for the district. Although he had not got the best results, they came later on. They had certainly given him a lot of praise, and he did not know that he deserved it. He had done a lot of prospecting, as his friend Mr Hancock had, and although they had also done a bit of fighting over ground they were the best of friends now. As the lawyers had said, "When Mr Hancock and VanderStoel meet, we'll divide." He thought they had very well divided it. (Laughter). As Mr Troy said, he had done a great deal of mining. He marked out a claim the other day, and next day saw Mr Troy's pegs there. He thought, "Is this the old game?" But he met Mr Davey and Dr. Eadie, and when they asked him if he was going to fight over it, he said he did not think so, as it was not worth it. He thanked them very much for what was said about his boys, and was pleased, not so much for himself as for his boys, that he was getting this send-off, as it showed that people appreciated what he had done. He spoke of his boys' temperate habits, and remarked that while not a teetotaller himself, he never drank to excess. They had talked about the Boer war. Certainly he was a Dutchman, and thought of the land he was born in, and believed the Boers should uphold it if they possibly could, as they would if England and France were fighting. He thought the Boers fought well, and hoped they would keep on as long as they could, but always believed they would have to cave in. Mr VanderStoel then alluded to his being a Britisher in London, being sworn in at Tower Hill, London, and again in this country he was naturalized 25 or 26 years ago, having taken French leave of his ship and left his papers behind. He had always taken an interest in sport, believing that it kept the district together. Besides being connected with the Athletic and Jockey Clubs, he used to go round and collect about £14 for a gathering on 24th May to give the children a treat in the Park, but they had not had it since '87, owing to the weather not being so fine as in the early days. In again thanking them for their kindness, he said if he could say more he would, but thought he had come to the point.

The Chairman, on behalf of those present and others unable to attend (apologising for the absence of Dr. Eadie, Mr Wotherspoon, and others), then presented Mr VanderStoel with a silver cruet, sincerely trusting that he and Mrs VanderStoel would live long to use it, and that his health would very much improve. He asked Mr VanderStoel to get it engraved with the words, "Presented by the citizens of Beaufort, with best wishes." In concluding, he added, may the remainder of your life be one of peace and happiness.

Mr VanderStoel, in returning thanks, said he did not expect the present. He was sure Mrs VanderStoel would think very highly of it, and when he got to town he would certainly get it engraved.

Mr Jones mentioned that there were a few shillings which he would hand over to Mr VanderStoel to pay for the engraving, which he intended to get done, but for want of time.

By request Mr VanderStoel favored the company with the song, "Red, White and Blue."

Other toasts honored were those of "The Secretary" (proposed by Mr J. Eastwood, and responded to by Mr C. W. Jones); "The Ladies," coupled with the names of Mrs and Misses VanderStoel (proposed by Mr E. W. Hughes, and responded to by Messrs W. Holdsworth, J. Cameron, and VanderStoel); and "The Chairman" (proposed by Mr C. W. Jones, and responded to by Mr Sinclair), who mentioned that a presentation was to be made to the Misses VanderStoel by the Girls' Friendly Society.

During the evening harmony was contributed by Messrs J. R. Hughes, J. Holdsworth, J. French, E. W. Hughes, and J. B. Cochran; the proceedings terminating with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Beaufort Cemetery Trust.

The annual meeting was held at the secretary's (Mr Browne's) office on Saturday afternoon. Present—Messrs J. Humphreys (chairman), D. D. Cameron, A. Parker, and J. W. Browne (secretary).

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The following report from the secretary was read:—

Secretary's Report.—In this my report for the past year, I beg to state that the lodge is in good order. One of the gate posts at the main entrance is in a state of decay and is allowing the gate to drop. A new post will have to be shortly put in there. All the rest of the entrance is in fair order. The fence is beginning to show effects of time and weather, especially on the east side of the cemetery. All the loose posts have been made secure, and new pickets put in where necessary now leaves it in fair order. The cemetery grounds have been well attended to by the sexton. The roads and paths are fairly clean and in good order. During the year 65 pine trees have been topped, as they were growing too tall, and the lower branches trimmed. Three new paths have also been made in the Dissenters' ground. During the past year 37 interments took place, being 7 in excess of the previous year; also 13 graves have been sold, realising £17 16s. There are now 212 certificates of private ground in existence, representing 359 sold graves. All of them are recorded in the register and marked in the cemetery plan. Several of the decayed fences have been removed. I am sorry to say the cleaning and keeping in order of monuments is still being neglected. It having been brought under my notice that some unsightly heaps of rubbish have been deposited on the left hand side of the avenue approach to the cemetery, I now beg to bring the matter under your notice.—J. W. Browne, Secretary.

A statement of accounts for the year 1902 was submitted, the receipts amounting to £94 9s, and the expenditure to £67 1s 4d, thus leaving a credit balance of £27 7s 8d.

Messrs Humphreys and Parker certified to having audited the accounts and found them correct in every particular.

The reports and balance-sheet were received and adopted; the secretary being instructed to forward an abstract of the accounts to the Board of Public Health.

The matter of erecting a new gate post at the cemetery was left in the hands of Mr Cameron.

A letter was read from the sexton, J. Louttit, stating that the oven put in the kitchen would not act and caused the chimney to smoke so badly that he had to take it out, and asking the Trust to take it off his hands.—Resolved that the Trust keep the oven.

With a view to ultimately extending the Presbyterian ground in an easterly direction, it was decided to ring about a dozen fir trees for removal at a later date.

The Chairman moved that bonuses of £4 4s each be voted to the secretary and sexton; Mr Browne returning thanks.

A bonus of £1 1s each was also voted to the auditors.

A vote of thanks to the chair terminated the meeting.

Business man—"You remember that 'ad.' I had in your paper, and took out two months ago? Well, I want to have it put back again." Editor—"Why, I thought you said no one noticed it while it was in." Business man (humbly)—"They didn't seem to until I took it out." The mere fact of your advertising lets people know you are still in business; also that your business is sufficiently important to stand advertising. If you are in business you cannot afford to do without advertising, as it is too much of an admission to the world at large.—Extract from an interview with a man who has profited by newspaper advertising.

The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, billheads, letter-heads, envelopes, and all business printing to execute. The newspaper man needs it, and it helps him to pay his printers for setting up the thousand and one free notices he gives you and your town; but don't give it to the printer or job printing office that can give you no such return, and is spending neither time, money, nor brains in helping you to build up your town. The time may come when a newspaper can live simply upon the revenue derived from advertising and subscriptions, but no ordinary newspaper in any ordinary town can exist without the auxiliary support derived from job printing. Therefore, if you want a *good* newspaper—one that can still further help you and your town—give it your job printing.

Art Classes.

MISS C. V. BRINE, Certificated Teacher and Medallist, resumes tuition Painting, Drawing, Chip, Relief Carving, &c., Tuesday, 3rd February, at Mechanics', Beaufort. Prospectus obtained on application.

SONS OF FREEDOM CENTRAL GOLD MINING COMPANY, No Liability, Raglan.—A DIVIDEND (No. 9) of Sixpence per share has been declared in the above company, payable to the registered shareholders, at the office of the company, on Thursday, 12th February, 1903.
J. H. CUNNINGHAM, Manager.
7 Lydiard street north, Ballarat.
N.B.—Transfer books close on Thursday, 5th February, until after date of payment of dividend.

It will be learnt with much regret by denominations that the Rev. Father Ryan, who for the past two years has been acting as coadjutor to the Rev. R. Meade in the Ararat parish, is about to sever his connection with the district. The rev. gentleman had received an appointment in the Colac parish, and will leave for his new sphere of labor this week. During his stay in this district Father Ryan has made himself very popular with all classes, and whilst an earnest worker for his church, he has always been regarded as a gentlemen of very liberal views, and consequently was very much esteemed. The rev. gentleman was also a very able exponent of muscular Christianity, and shone in all pastimes. The Ararat Cricket, Tennis, and Football Clubs will lose a sterling player, and one who always commanded respect. We understand that the parishioners do not intend to allow him to depart without exhibiting some mark of esteem in which he is held by them, and will consider the matter next Sunday.

E. R.

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF RIPON AND HAMPDEN.—BEAUFORT DIVISION, 1903.—LIST OF NAMES OBJECTED TO UPON THE LIST OF RATEPAYING ELECTORS:—No. 19, Baldwin, Samuel; No. 74, Callister, William; No. 77, Campbell, Charles; No. 94, Cleland James; No. 105, Craseweller, Henry; No. 128, Ditchfield, George; No. 158, Byckens, William; No. 196, Gilloch, Frederick; No. 255, Hutton, Thomas; No. 258, Iredale, William; No. 289, Kewley, Thomas; No. 316, Loft, Charles; No. 341, Milligan, Edward; No. 353, Murchison, John; No. 534, Topp, William; No. 552, Vanderstoel, Tennis. The numbers correspond with those shown on Electoral List for the above-mentioned Division. Full particulars of persons objected to may be seen without fee at my office.
C. W. MINCHIN, Electoral Registrar.
Beaufort, 23/1/1903.

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF RIPON AND HAMPDEN.—BEAUFORT DIVISION, 1903.—LIST OF NAMES OBJECTED TO UPON THE GENERAL LIST OF ELECTORS:—No. 51143, Baker, Clement John Coulston; 162239, Barton, Thomas Peter; 91209, Callsunder, Joseph; 162227, Carroll, James McEwan; 162235, Cobden, Thomas; 112310, Cotter, James Angus; 187428, Dieber, William; 228583, Gibbons, Edward; 162241, Goode, Frederick Allan; 87496, Grant, Lachlan; 228562, Griggs, James; 87493, Guyatt, Frederick; 87418, Haggis, Edward; 228556, Hains, Percy Frederick Theodore; 196882, Hannah, William; 87489, Harris, William; 228564, Hill, George; 162249, Hill, William James; 162242, Jackson, Allan Godwin; 162209, Jaensch, James Alwyn; 228573, Kelly, Mathew; 228558, Laney, Richard; 162252, Lilley, John Arthur; 196894, Liston, Thomas; 162236, Lowe, Philip; 228565, Marks, John; 162232, Martin, Samuel; 162251, Mitchell, Stewart; 228591, McGeachin, John; 87440, McKinnon, John; 87497, Newey, Thomas; 196892, Scott, William; 196854, Sudweeks, Albert Edward, 228588, Thomas, David William; 162233, Tompkins, Hugh; 162258, Topp, William; 228575, Vaughan, Michael Robert; 228566, Whitfield, Joseph; 87498, Woodfine, Charles. The numbers are those of the Rights shown on the General List. Full particulars of persons objected to may be seen without fee at my office.
C. W. MINCHIN, Electoral Registrar.
Beaufort, 23/1/1903.

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF RIPON AND HAMPDEN, ST. ENOCH'S DIVISION, 1903.—LIST OF NAMES OBJECTED TO UPON LIST OF RATEPAYING ELECTORS:—7, Chirnside, George; 40, Oddie, Francis; 59, Whiting, Robert S. The numbers correspond with those shown on Electoral List for the above-mentioned Division. Full particulars of persons objected to may be seen without fee at my office.
EDWARD C. EARLES,
Electoral Registrar.

WANTED, Travelling Chaffcutter, to cut about 300 tons Straw and Hay, at per ton respectively. Carters also required to cart similar quantity at per ton per mile. Apply, W. H. HALPIN, Beaufort.

DIXON BROS. beg to notify the public of the surrounding district that they are Cash Buyers of Wheat, Oats, Hay, Straw, etc. We also supply Potatoes, Onions, Chaff, etc., at lowest market rates. Horse Rugs, Tarpaulins, etc., a specialty, made on the premises. Head Office: Ballarat.

FOR SALE BY TENDER, Coach, Cab, Single and Double Sets of Harness, 2 Horses, Sundries, and good-will of business. Alternate tenders with and without horses. Tenders to be sent to undersigned on or before 10th February. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. J. BALL, Cab Proprietor, Beaufort.

£2 REWARD will be given for information leading to the conviction of the person or persons who stole a quantity of fencing from my Long Gully grazing block of land. JOHN FRUSHER.

Public Notice.

A PUBLIC MEETING of the members and supporters of the Beaufort Brass Band will be held in the SHIRE HALL, THURSDAY, 5th inst., at 8 p.m., for the purpose of electing committee to carry out SPORTS, to be held on EASTER MONDAY. Proceeds to be devoted to the building of a Band Rotunda in the town.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

TENDERS, addressed to the President of the Shire of Ripon, and enclosing five per cent. cash deposit (minimum deposit, £1), will be received up till 11 a.m. on Monday, 2nd FEBRUARY, 1903, for the following works:—

NORTH RIDING.

Contract 182.—Forming and gravelling 20 chains, construction of culvert, &c., on the back road between Beaufort and Raglan.

Contract 183.—Re-forming and metalling, &c., 39 chains on the Sailor's Gully and Trawalla road.

WEST RIDING.

Contract 184.—Supplying 400 cub. yds. maintenance metal (2½in. gauge), on the Skipton and Streatham road.

Contract 185.—Supplying 100 cub. yds. maintenance metal (2½in. gauge), on the Lake Goldsmith and Skipton road.

EAST RIDING.

Contract 186.—Supplying 200 cub. yds. gravel, on east and west road north of Fraser's house, near Lake Burrumbeet.

Contract 187.—Breaking bluestone metal opposite Presbyterian Church, Snake Valley.

Contract 188.—Construction of pipe culvert, gravelling, &c., on road leading to Smith's house, Carngham.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Mechanics' Institute, Skipton; Greyhound Hotel, Snake Valley; and Shire Hall, Beaufort.
E. J. MUNTZ, Shire Engineer.
Shire Office,
Beaufort, 23rd January, 1903.

GRAND VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL CONCERTS!

PUBLIC HALL, RAGLAN, THURSDAY, 5th FEBRUARY;
SOCIETIES' HALL, BEAUFORT, FRIDAY, 6th FEBRUARY, 1903.

In aid of Presbyterian Church Improvement Fund. Artists from Melbourne, Ballarat, and Ararat, and local favorites. Jackson's String Band. Prices, 2s and 1s; Children, half-price. Curtain up 8 o'clock sharp.

BEAUFORT JOCKEY CLUB'S ANNUAL RACES

To be held on the Racecourse, WATERLOO FLAT on

Wednesday, Feby. 25, '03.

Member's Ticket, 10s.
Admission to Course, 1s.; Children under 15, 6d.

President: Dr. G. A. Eadie.
Stewards: Crs. M. Flynn and D. Stewart, Messrs W. Hinchliffe, J. McKeich, C. W. and G. Vowles, J. Eastwood, J. W. Harris, T. Newey, A. Holdsworth, W. Stevenson, H. F. Watkin, C. Broadbent, W. J. Hill, G. Hellyer, F. W. Rogers, J. E. Loft, E. H. Welsh, and S. Hancock.
Judge: Cr. R. A. D. Sinclair.
Clerk of Scales: Mr W. O'Sullivan.
Clerk of Course: Mr. J. Vowles.
Starter: Mr C. Loft.
Handicappers: Messrs W. O'Sullivan, J. Lynch, and A. Parker.
Treasurer: Mr J. R. Wotherspoon, J.P.
Hon. Auctioneer: Mr W. E. Nickols.

Maiden Plate, of £5.
Half-a-mile. For all horses that have never won an advertised race. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 5s.

Pony Race, of £5.
(Ponies 14 hands and under). Half-a-mile. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Post entry, 5s.

Beaufort Handicap, of £12.
One mile. 1st, £10; 2nd, £2. Nomination, 12s.

Selling Flat Race, of £5.
Handicap. Winner to be sold for £8. Five-tenths of any surplus to go to the funds of the club; three-tenths to second horse; and two-tenths to third horse. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Distance half-a-mile. Nomination, 5s.

Welter Handicap, of £7.
Five furlongs. 1st, £6; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 7s.

Handicap Trot,
A sweepstake of 5s, with £1 added, for 1st prize; 2nd, £1. Two miles. Post entry.

Flying Handicap, of £5.
Three-quarters of a mile. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 5s.

Nominations for Maiden Plate, Beaufort Handicap, Welter Handicap, and Flying Handicap close with the secretary on Wednesday, 18th February, 1903.

A copy of the handicaps will be posted to nominators.

Nominations must be accompanied by the fees, or they will not be recognised.

First race to start at one o'clock sharp.

V.R.C. rules strictly adhered to.

Jockeys must ride in colors.

A. PARKER, Hon. Secy.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all. 1902-1903.

HAWKES BROS.,

THE IMPORTERS, of Neill Street, Beaufort.

To the gentle public of Beaufort and surrounding districts.
Come one, and come all, and inspect our splendid Exhibition of

FURNITURE.

No need to go to Ballarat or elsewhere, when you can get such a first-class selection for cottage or mansion, at lowest prices. BEDSTEADS from makers direct, in great variety. BEDDING.—Best sanitary of purest materials. WIRE MATTRESSES in wonderful weavings, the acme of comfort and convenience.

PAPERHANGINGS.—We have just opened up the largest line of Papers ever shipped to Beaufort. Pieces from the best English Mills. Absolutely the best value and an immense assortment to pick from. Call early and see for yourselves.

In CROCKERY and GLASSWARE we are second to none, both for value and selection, and invite your kind inspection. Come and bring your friends, and you shall not be disappointed. TEA SETS, DINNER SETS, BEDROOM SETS, LOVELY GOODS. GREAT NOVELTIES.

Do not forget us for LINOLEUMS and OILCLOTHS. The newest and prettiest patterns ever seen in Beaufort town.

Remember we have over 5,000 feet of floor space to show our immense Stocks of Goods in, and never before have we held such large and well assorted stocks in all departments. We have New Goods arriving every week, and all orders receive our prompt and personal attention.

HAWKES BROS.,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
AND AT GEELONG.

OUR BUSINESS EXISTENCE

Depends on our ability to furnish our customers with exactly what they require.

We Have the Stock to do Business with,

And when a customer asks for some line he has seen or read about, we don't have to make excuses or try to persuade him to take something else in its place. We either have it in stock or secure it for him at once.

Our Big Premises were never so superior as they are now; our stock was never so splendid. We cannot attempt to renumerate our immense stock. Walk in and see for yourself what we have. We never press anyone to buy.

Inspect our Millinery Show Room,
Clothing Department,
Dress Department,
Manchester Department,
Boots and Shoes,
As well as our Groceries,
Wines and Spirits,
And our Splendid Crockery Show Room.

We are not in Business for our Health,

But we always strive to keep a healthy tone about it by keeping the best goods that we can buy, and as we are spot cash buyers, know where to get the goods, and crediting ourselves with being keen buyers, we are in a position to do well for our customers.

In wishing our numerous clients a happy, prosperous, and successful 1903, we take this opportunity of thanking them for the splendid measure of support accorded to this business for over 40 years, and in soliciting a continuance of their support, we may say that it will in the future (as in the past) be our sole aim to conduct our transactions as honestly and as fairly as we know how.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,
UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,
BEAUFORT.

N.B.—
"The cows are in the Corn"
When eating our Pure Hay Chaff.
We pride ourselves on the quality of our Chaff.
Try it.

PERSONS found illegally USING or SELLING BOTTLES with my BRANDS will be PROSECUTED. J. A. HARRIS, Aerated Water Manufacturer, Beaufort.

SWALLOW THIS.

They have stood the test of many years, and will stand it for many more.

WHAT?

The "Swallow" Cycle!

Those who want to save money and get good value, READ THIS—

"Swallow" Roadster, £12 10s;
"Swallow" Special Road Racer, £14;
"Swallow" Special Path Racer, £14 10s;
Ladies' "Swallow" Cycle, £14.

The price appeals to you.
B.S.A. parts, ball bearings, guaranteed for 12 months. Inspection invited.

SOLE AGENT—
C. W. JONES,
Tobacconist and Fancy Goods Depot,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

J. B. COCHRAN begs to intimate that having purchased Miss Wilson's Stock of FANCY GOODS, TOYS, CONFECTIONERY, etc., he intends carrying on this Business, in conjunction with his NEWS AGENCY and STATIONERY BUSINESS, in the premises formerly occupied by Miss Wilson, next door to Wotherspoon & Co.'s. Ladies are notified that Afternoon Tea can be obtained. Accordeons, Concertinas, Violins, and Musical Sundries kept in Stock. A good assortment of Pipes, Tobacco, and Cigarettes.

J. J. NAYLOR wishes to inform the public of Beaufort and district that he has secured the services of a first-class COACH PAINTER from Melbourne, and all orders entrusted to him will be executed with neatness and despatch. Inspection invited.

Bicycles. Bicycles.

IF you are in want of a BICYCLE, or any accessories, go to W. GIBSON, Corner Neill and Lawrence Streets. New Machines from £10 10s. Second-hand at all prices. Repairs done below Ballarat prices.
W. GIBSON.

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

THE PROPRIETOR of the above well-known Hostelry, in thanking residents of Beaufort and district for the very liberal patronage bestowed on the house during the past twelve months, takes this favorable opportunity to let them know that the HOTEL has lately been thoroughly RENOVATED, PAINTED, and where necessary, RE-FURNISHED, and patrons will now find the

Accommodation Unsurpassed in the District.

Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales will be retailed, as heretofore, with every civility.

WILLIAM J. HILL,
Proprietor.

JENNY'S BROOCH.

"It ain't of no use," said old Mrs. Reynolds with an impatient sigh, "ye'll have to sell it."

The girl she addressed was rocking herself slowly to and fro on a broken chair by the window that looked out on the dingy London alley, and she made no answer.

"It's the only thing between us and the workus," continued the old woman plaintively; "and ye wouldn't let your grandmother die in the workus, surely?"

The girl pushed back the fair hair from her face with a little gesture of mute agony, and lifted her head.

"Oh, granny," she cried, "why do you keep on pressing me? Give me another chance, and I'll go out and search for work until I drop. Let me keep that. It's all he ever gave me, and it seems like as if I was parting for good and all with everything I cared for. I can't bear to think of other folk touching it and looking at it. I can't forget who it was give it to me!"

"And he treated you so well with it all, didn't he?" sneered her grandmother. "Cast ye off on the eve of your wedding-day to be made a mock of—a little lass of seventeen as ye were, too!"

"Don't, granny!" burst out passionately from the girl at the window. "You know well enough whose fault it was. If it hadn't been for my cursed vanity he would never have done it. Do you think a man like he was would stand seeing the girl he was going to marry larking about with the other boys like I did? And when he spoke to me about it I up and told him I didn't care for him. I think of his face as it looked then, nights when I lie awake with the cold!"

"Ye were a fool, Jenny!" moaned the old woman—ye were a fool! An I've brought your grandmother to her deathbed. If it hadn't been for that we'd have been living in peace and plenty in the old village now, and never set foot in this miserable city! And ye won't even sell your trumpery bauble to save me from death!"

"Oh, granny, granny! You know I will!" cried the girl, with a sudden burst of sobs. "I'll go round to the pawnbroker's this minute, and see what I can get for it. I'll do my best for you, and I'll try to forget him; but God knows it's hard enough. It don't seem a bit easier to do it to-day, after two years, than it did on the mornin' of my wedding-day, when I woke up and remembered what had happened, and how we were parted for ever!"

* * * *

Mr. Richards, the pawnbroker, was sitting at ease in his shop after the day's toil was over, resting from his labours. He always chose his shop instead of the cosy little parlour behind from preference, and in the intervals of reading down the columns of the "Evening News" his eyes would rove contentedly round the hundreds of miscellaneous articles piled up round him. There was pretty nearly everything in the shop—from the old cracked piano in the corner to the stall of thumbed and dog-eared books outside labelled 1d. each. There were the usual number of old violins, banjoes, and concertinas, faded satin garments, and dilapidated pieces of furniture; quantities of jewellery and china, besides a heap of unsorted articles that would take at least a week to set in order; while in the adjoining room, divided off into different compartments, the most important branch of Mr. Richards's work went on briskly under the shelter of the three balls.

Mr. Richards was the best known man in the neighbourhood, which, considering the poverty of his surroundings, was not to be wondered at; but, in spite of the nature of his business, he was honest and respectable, and a genial host to those of his neighbours who dropped in occasionally to see him.

He was expecting no visitors this evening, however, and work, as I have before said, was over for the day; nevertheless, his rest was suddenly and unexpectedly broken by a hurried ringing at the outside bell, and before he had had time to answer it a young man walked in unceremoniously.

"Why, Tom," cried the pawnbroker, starting up in his chair, "I'm glad to see you, lad! Whatever has brought you up to town at this time o' year?"

"I've come up to sell some cattle for the governor," replied his nephew, removing his hat and perching himself on the counter as he spoke. "I'm only here until Thursday, but I thought I'd look you up. Besides, I am looking out for a good silver watch, and I knew you would help me there."

"That I can!" replied the pawnbroker briskly; "but there's no hurry. You'll surely stay and take a bite with me presently?"

"I'm afraid I can't, thank you," replied the young man. "I'm bound to be back at the cattle market before I turn in, and I've not got more than ten minutes to spare. If you'll let me see the watches I'll be off; but I'll look you up again, if I can, before I leave town."

The pawnbroker bustled off, and the young man turned his attention lazily to the numerous cases of jewellery lying about where they had been put out to turn over and clean before being consigned to their different places in the shop. When the old man returned with a tray of watches in his arms he found his nephew kneeling down on the hearthrug trying to examine something he held in his hand by the flickering light of the fire.

"Uncle," he said, in rather an unsteady voice, "this is a queer bit of a brooch you have got here. I've never seen its like but once before, and I'd like to buy it, for old sake's sake. It looks as though it had a history attached to it. I wonder if you could remember how you came by it?"

"I don't know about the history," replied the old man, peering over his nephew's shoulder, "but like enough it's a love-gift, or summat of the sort. It was brought here by a young girl of the name of Reynolds, and she kept the pawnbroker for about a couple of months, and loth she was to part with it. But only this evening she was back again with her ticket, trying to raise some more money on it. She said it was no use to keep it, as her grandmother was starving, and she'd never have the money to buy it back. I gave her a trifle more than I need have. But she was a pretty lass, and cry she did, as though she was parting from a sweetheart."

"Where does she live?" his nephew asked, and his voice sounded hoarse and strange to the old man's ears.

"Golden Court, No. 5, just round the corner," replied his uncle; "but I doubt they'll be there much longer. I've seen many in dire straits, and I know the signs well enough. It's the workhouse they'll be bound for before many days are out. But you're not going to buy that rubbish, lad? I shouldn't have thought you'd be soft for a bit of sentiment!"

"Yes, I am," replied the young man. "I've took a fancy to it, and I'll pay for it straight away. If you'll have the watches ready for me I'll call again on Wednesday night, for I can't wait now. Good night, uncle, and thank you kindly!"

He shut the door behind him, and passed out into the street without another word. "Golden Alley," swarming with the refuse of a squalid neighbourhood, struck a chill to his heart, and as he turned into the miserable little dwelling that the faint light of the gaslight showed him to be No. 5, the fear that he should not find that which he was seeking for took possession of him.

"Reynolds?" said a dirty, sullen-looking woman, in answer to his inquiries. "Yes, they're upstairs, first door to the right; and I wish you joy of the old woman and her whining ways!"

The young man made no answer. He stumbled through the unlighted passage and up the stairs as best he might, guiding himself by the broken baluster as he went. Once at the top he hesitated, and through the half-open door he caught sight of the occupants of the room as he stood on the dark landing outside.

Mrs. Reynolds was lying on a mattress by the miserable fire, and Jenny, seated on her accustomed chair by the window, was rocking herself backwards and forwards, and speaking in a low, stifled voice, as though she was trying hard to keep back the tears which were threatening to fall.

"You'll be better, granny, when you get a drop of soup," she was saying; "and the food will last out now for a day or two, and before it's done I dare say I shall have got some work to do. Things can't go on like this for ever!"

"And ye'll be fretting after that brooch till I can't bear to hear ye," replied the old woman in grumbling tones. "Ye've thought more of that than ever ye thought of your poor old granny, and I believe now ye'd rather have lost me than it any day."

"You know that's not true," replied the girl, with a sob. "It was hard parting with it, and I can't deny it made me fret a bit; but I'd sell it over and over again to keep you out of the workhouse—God knows I would!"

There was no answer to this; but a hesitating knock at the door startled the girl, and she hastened to open it.

As she did so something was thrust into her hand—something small, folded into a compact parcel, and tied with a bit of string. She stood for a moment peering into the dense darkness outside in search of the giver.

"What is it?" she cried. "Is that you, Mrs. Dagwell?"

"It's someone from Mr. Richards," replied a muffled voice at her elbow. "He said you would like to have it, and so he sent it back."

"What is it?" cried the girl again. She hurried to the fire and knelt down before it, removing the paper wrapping with eager, trembling hands. Then she gave a cry of delight.

"Oh, granny!" she burst out, "it's my brooch. He's sent it back! He knew how wretched I was, and he has sent it back to me. God bless him for it!"

"Who brought it?" cried the old woman impatiently, raising herself on her elbow. "Open the door and ask him to come in and tell us about it. Quick lass, before he's gone!"

But the girl did not move. She had turned round as she heard the door grate on its hinges, and now she knelt there, gazing mutely with whitening cheeks at the man who stood in the doorway watching her, till suddenly, with a cry, she sprang to her feet, and the next moment all the trouble and misery of the past two years had slipped away from her as she sobbed out her greeting in her lover's arms.

AN ALPHABETICAL PSALM.

The following alphabetical psalm on the virtue of total abstinence is one of the best essays of its kind in print:

A stands for Alcohol; deathlike its grip.
B for Beginner, who takes just one sip.
C for Companion, who urges him on.
D for the Demon of drink that is born.
E for Endeavour he makes to resist.
F stands for Friends who so loudly insist.
E for Endeavour he makes to resist.
G for the guilt he afterwards feels.
H for the Horrors that hang at his heels,
I his Intention to drink not at all.
J stands for jeering that follow his fall.
K for his Knowledge that he is a slave.
L stands for Liquors his appetites crave,
M for convivial Meetings so gay.
N stands for No that he tries hard to say.
O for the Orgies that then come to pass.
P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass,
Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound.
R stands for Ruin, that hovers around.
S stands for Sights that his vision bedims.
T stands for Trembling that seizes his limbs.
U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums.
V for the Vagrant he quickly becomes.
W for Waning of life that's soon done.
X for his eXit regretted by none.
Y ouths of this nation, such weakness is crime.
Z ealously turn from the temper in time!

"AV COORSE."

A family who have recently taken into their employ an Irish servant, say that her blunders cause them amusement enough to compensate for any trouble they may entail.

One day her mistress stated in Bridget's hearing that she intended to have an outhouse built on a piece of ground which at that time enclosed a well.

"And sure, mum," said the inquiring Bridget, "will you be movin' the well to a more convenient spot whin the outhouse is builted?"

A smile crossed her mistress's face, and instantly Bridget saw that she had made a mistake.

"It's mesil that's a fool, I'm thinkin'!" she said hastily. "Av coorse, whin the well was moved ivery drop of water would rin out av it!"

SUMMER COMPLAINT is the children's most dangerous enemy and the mother's most dreaded foe. Immediate and proper treatment is always necessary. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, given according to directions, is the most effectual remedy known. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. E. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

CLARKE'S 41 B PILLS are warranted to cure in either sex, all acquired or constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs, Gravel, and Pains in the Back. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes, 4s. 6d. each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

USEFUL HINTS.

TO WASH CLOTHES IN PARAFFIN SOAP.—Cut down ½lb. paraffin soap and put it into a boiler of water to melt. Rub the clothes well out of the soda water, in which they have been previously soaked, put them into the boiler and let them boil for half an hour; then put them into a tub with plenty of cold water; wash them thoroughly, then rinse in blue water and dry.

TO CLEAN EMBROIDERY.—Gold and silver fancy work of this description may be most easily cleaned with spirits of wine, either alone, or diluted with an equal weight of water. The common practice of using alkaline or acidulous liquors is very injurious, and frequently destroys the beauty of the articles, instead of cleaning them.

TO RESTORE SCORCHED LINEN.—Ingredients: Two onions, 2oz. white soap, 2oz. of fuller's earth, half a pint of vinegar. Mode: Extract the juice of the onions by pounding and pressing them; cut up the soap and fuller's earth, and boil all together. When cool, cover the scorched linen with this mixture, and let it dry. Wash the linen, and the scorches will disappear, if not so bad as to damage the texture.

BED-ROOM FLOORS.—Some mistresses make a practice of ordering the floors of bed-rooms to be frequently washed. I wish to guard both mistresses and servants against this practice. It is most dangerous to the health of the person who occupies the bed-room, to wash it or scour it, unless the weather be very fine or warm, in order to allow the window to be opened for thoroughly drying the room before night. The utmost that should be done, except in favourable circumstances, is to pass a damp cloth lightly over the floor.

HOW TO CLEAN DECANTERS AND CRUETS.—The best way is to wash them out with a little pearlash and warm water, adding a spoonful or two of fresh slaked lime if necessary. To facilitate the action of the fluids against the sides of the glass, a few small cinders or pieces of raw potato may be used. A spoonful of strong oil of vitriol put into a dry bottle will, if allowed to run round its inner surface, rapidly remove any kind of dirt. It should then be drained, and afterwards rinsed with clean water. Where they have become furred by holding hard water, a little hydro-chloric acid (spirits of salts) diluted with three times its weight of water will remove it.

TO WASH CLOTHES WITH PARAFFIN OIL.—To every eight gallons of cold water put ½lb. of soap, shred fine, one and a-half tablespoonful of paraffin oil, into a boiler, put in the clothes, let them come to the boil, keep the lid close on boiler, and steam for half an hour, take out each article separately, and wring them out. When all are finished, hang them out to dry. If possible, bleach your clothes on grass after boiling; but where this cannot be done, it is yet possible with care to keep your linen white and clear. Laces and muslin should not be rubbed, but squeezed with the hands in melted soap and warm water. Be careful, in boiling them, to tie them up in a handkerchief to prevent their being torn.

PIANO KEYS.—These can be whitened by washing in a solution composed of 1oz. of nitric acid to 100z. of soft water. Apply with a brush, taking care that it does not flow on the wood part upon which the ivory is veneered, for the joint will be spoiled. Cleanse carefully with clean water and a piece of flannel. Or, sulphorous acid with an equal quantity of water may be used as above. If the discolouration has not gone too far, rub the keys carefully with pure lemon juice. While still damp, put on a coating of whiting or prepared chalk, mixed with a little lemon juice. When dry, brush off with a dry brush, taking care that none of the mixture gets between the keys. If, however, the keys are thoroughly worn and discoloured, they must be dismounted, scraped, bleached, and repolished, which is a long and tedious affair, and requires to be done by a skilled workman.

TO CLEAN BRUSSELS CARPETS.—Brussels carpets may be cleaned in the following manner:—First, stretch the carpet tightly on the floor, nail it at the sides, and sweep it clean. Procure an ox gall from a butcher, and mix it with a pail of cold water. Have another pail ready with cold water only. Have also two woollen cloths and several dry towels. Commence by dipping a woollen cloth in the gall-water, and then rub the carpet with it. This will produce a froth on the carpet, and you will now take the other woollen cloth dipped in clean water, with which you will rub the carpet till no more froth rises from it, rinsing the cloth occasionally in the clean water. The water in this pail should be changed when it becomes dirty. You then rub the carpet as dry as possible with the towels.

TO WASH FLANNELS.—In washing flannels (notice particularly) to keep them a good colour, and to prevent their shrinking. Get from the grocer 1lb. or 2lb. (according to the size of your washing) of soap parings, which you will get cheap; for 1lb. of soap parings, put three quarts of water; boil to a jelly, and with this wash your flannels. Be sure you have plenty of warm water, not too hot; put in a handful of your soap jelly, and mix thoroughly in the water; then take the flannels, one at a time, shake all dust out of them first; then shake the articles up and down well; rub as little as possible, for rubbing knots the little loops of wool together, and thickens the flannel; wring them in a machine, if you have one; if not, squeeze them well. Dry in the open air, if the weather permits, as quickly as possible. In washing scarlet or blue flannel, put one tablespoonful of spirits of ammonia in the rinsing water.

Lime-washing is a much more effectual mode of purification than white-washing, but is not so often used, as few persons know how to make lime-wash. If lime is used it is destroyed by the lime, and the wash easily rubs off the walls when dry. This also happens if the lime be simply slaked in water and used without any fixing material. Lime-wash should be made by placing some freshly burned quicklime in a pail, and pouring on sufficient water to cover it; if the lime is fresh, great heat is given out; boiled oil (a preparation of linseed oil, sold by all oilmen) should then be added, one pint to each gallon of wash. For cheapness, any refuse fat, such as dripping, may be used instead of the boiled oil. The whole should then be thinned with water. The brush should not be left in the lime-wash, or the bristles will be destroyed. Should coloured wash be required, 1lb. of green vitroil added to every two gallons of wash gives a pleasing drab. Quick-lime slaked with skimmed milk, and afterwards thinned with water, makes an excellent wash for out-door walls, as it is not acted on by the weather.

WORKING DRESSES.—It is best to wear washing dresses to work in as much as much as possible; of course washing them or having them washed is troublesome and expensive, but dirt and grease do not ruin them, and they look fresher and better than stuff dresses, especially in summer. Never trim a washing dress with flounces or frills; they look out of place, are soon crumpled, and are very troublesome to starch and iron. Do not have a working dress made long; it is waste of stuff, and would be very much in the way. Keep your working dress clean and tidy by wearing over it a large thick apron with a bib, and turning up your sleeves.

NOT A MINUTE should be lost after a child shows symptoms of cholera infantum. The first unusual looseness of the bowels should be sufficent warning. If immediate and proper treatment is given, serious consequences will be averted. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy is the sole reliance of thousands of mothers and by its aid they have often saved their children's lives. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. J. E. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

WOMAN'S HIGHEST MISSION.

It has been truly said that "if modern knowledge is power, it is not wisdom"; and therefore, with increased education, the social status does not always improve, crime does not diminish, nor suffering grow less, and thus the levels of life are not lifted.

And now that woman has taken into her own hands the shaping of her destiny can she do better than accept these conditions?

Can she conceive of no higher ideals, no grander incentive, and no more beautiful fulfilment?

What is it that woman aims at in the widening of her career? Is it not freedom—the intellectual mastery and control that have made man free, and that she fondly hopes will give her freedom in turn?

How shall she best attain it? she asks.

But right here, in the answer she gives herself, is actually the mistake that she makes, and that perhaps explains in part the hostile attitude of many men and the shrinking of certain women when equal claims and rights are asserted.

Precisely by following in man's footsteps, she insists; along the lines he has chosen and with the same objects and ambitions in view.

Just what he has accomplished, I will strive to accomplish. Just as he has built, I will build; just as he has aspired, I will aspire.

But surely here is no freedom in its true sense, because no deliverance and enlargement of spirit, giving birth to new individuality and initiative.

Undoubtedly there are women gifted to excel where men have excelled in scientific and professional pursuits; but these women are necessarily exceptional. There are reasons deep-seated in her own constitution, and in the constitution of society, why it is not easy nor always to be advised that young women should be subjected to the mental strain and and strict training required to fit them for a profession, nor is it well, or often possible that girls as a rule should leave their homes and be sent into the world like boys.

But even under the most favouring circumstances, and when good result has been accomplished without too great sacrifice or injury in any other direction, it is seldom that a woman is able to devote herself without interruption, and to the exclusion of the more intimate interests of life, to the callings that require unremitting and absorbed attention.

Marriage comes in as so paramount a factor; an episode in the life of a man, it is a career for a woman, in most cases incompatible with any other career.

And for women who do not marry, the claims and duties of home are often quite as pressing and incumbent; the family tie is stronger, the dependence more subtle, and the whole affectional side of life has greater stress and obligation with women than with men.

But from these practical considerations, no woman who has sounded the depths of her own nature can help feeling that a profound deception awaits those who imagine that the outward extension of privilege, the liberty to enter the arena and compete for what the world prizes, will satisfy the deep inner craving, the vague but keen longing, the unknown want which the world cannot fulfil.

Women even more than men are restless, unsatisfied, seeking they know not what, they know not where; for a great hope has gone out of the world, a great light and presence once seen and felt by all.

The world cannot and need not go back to its primitive beliefs, but spiritual growth must keep pace with mental growth.

In proportion as the realm of matter is explored and brought within the compass of mind the realm of spirit must expand to receive it, filling and making radiant with its presense the whole visible universe.

The laws and harmonies of nature reveal still deeper harmony and all-embracing law; spiritual truth that reflects itself in man's inner consciousness in the workings of heart, brain, and soul.

The mysteries of growth and evolution start untold possibilities, and lay the foundations of life and its finalities in regions far beyond the range of imagination.

The finite loses its grasp and man becomes aware of his relations with the infinite of the constant inflowing of divine energies in his own being and of eternal reality underneath the passing show of appearence. In the light of such understanding, knowledge becomes wisdom, and higher education becomes the education of the higher nature.

And it is women especially who have the key to this higher knowledge, in their finer perceptions and sensibilities, their more delicate organisation so quick to discern the hidden sense of things, the meanings that flash out from the unseen and that are not apprehended by the intellect alone, but by the whole personality, which kindles with sympathetic response.

This is the secret of that moral force which gives woman a strength beyond strength, faith beyond joy, and love beyond self.

And this is truly woman's "sphere,"—her "vocation," whatever post she may fill—to live within vision of the ideal, upon a plane not bounded by the pleasures and pains of sense, and therefore to a certain extent released from the thraldom of material conditions.

What higher mission and privilege for woman than to lead the example—to set the fashion, as it were, of nobler, purer, and simpler lives, consecrated to deeper and more unselfish purposes?

Bent Like a Cripple.

NO COMFORT. NO RELIEF. NO REST.

A Friend's Obstinate Persistence.

The Case of Mr. G. EDMONDS.

(*By our Reporter.*)

Telegrams indicating the duration and extent of the falls of rain which unexpectedly come to the relief of the patient agriculturist just as he is resigning himself to the disastrous results of another drought are read with much eagerness by the townsman whose supply of water has been nearly exhausted, because he will also gain. It is unusual for men to trouble about the welfare of their neighbours unless a personal interest is involved, but our reporter found an exception to the rule in the person of Mr. George Edmonds, of No. 50 Capel-street West Melbourne.

"Three years of intense suffering nearly killed me," said Mr. Edmunds. "I could not make out what on earth was the matter, as all that time I had dull pains in the chest as if it had been crushed in with a heavy blow. The distress was made all the greater by the fact that I could not get my breath properly, for there seemed to be an obstruction near the throat as if I had swallowed something hard, and it had stopped there. I was afraid I would choke in my sleep, but the danger of such an occurrence was greatly minimised by my being unable to sleep excepting for short stretches. This can be accounted for by the repulsive dreams I used to have, and from which I generally awoke with a jump that threw me half way out of bed. My brain was in a continual state of unrest, and the simplest thing in the world used to irritate and excite me. After dressing myself in the mornings I felt so tired and weary that I wanted to go back to bed again, and I might just as well have done so, for I was thoroughly unfit to work. I could not raise a cup of tea to my lips without spilling some of it, because my hand shook so terribly, and in many ways I had symptoms to prove that my nervous system was completely undermined."

"Are you naturally a delicate man?"

"Quite the reverse. I used to be very strong, but all the health had left me through worrying over some heavy monetary losses I had experienced. I had not one solitary comfort in life. Everything I looked at seemed blurred and besmeared, so that I had to give up reading altogether. My eyes felt twice their ordinary size, with black marks under them, and the colour of my skin was just like a dead man's. I would have been a very profitable customer to a restaurant, because my appetite was so bad, and if I had not had all my meals at home I would have blamed bad cooking for the excruciating pains which I experienced after meals."

"Where did you feel them?"

"Pretty well all over me; but the pains in my stomach were particularly awful. The perverseness of my digestive organs seemed to have no limit, for all my food turned sour, and caused me to bring up an ill-tasting gas, the flavour of which was in my mouth both morning, noon, and night. Sometimes I was bent like a cripple, with windy spasms, and there was a mysterious fluttering around my heart, which gave my illness a very serious aspect. My flesh fell away so rapidly that I was reduced two stone in weight in less than eight months. I defy any artist in the world to sketch a more miserable looking creature than I was. The frightful sharp pains in the lower part of my back, combined with similar troubles about the shoulders, made it almost impossible for me to lie down, whilst to my list of tortures I have to add an unremitting attack of violent headaches. The furred state of my tongue showed that my bowels were in a constipated condition, and there were signs which pointed to a diseased state of the kidneys, one of which was that my water was greatly discoloured and thick. As one year followed another, and my health kept getting worse, I became so dejected and sick at heart that I felt I would rather be dead than alive. I got so weak that I could not walk except by holding on to a fence as I went along, and even then I turned giddy in the head, and almost dropped in the street. A feeling of desperation often came over me, and I felt inclined to commit suicide, but I am thankful that my hand was stayed."

"What made you so desperate, Mr. Edmonds?"

"The thought that I was in the clutches of an incurable disease made me so. I had been under several doctors during my three years' misery, and all I had to show for the money I had spent was a large collection of medicine bottles. Advertised pills and physics had also been tried in vain, so what could I think but that my time had come."

"Evidently you were mistaken?"

"Yes, but I would have died only for Clements Tonic, which an old friend persuaded me to take after a long argument. Thanks to his obstinate persistence, I was prevailed upon to purchase a bottle of Clements Tonic right off, and I can honestly swear that I felt a little better after taking the third dose. I did not notice much further change during the course of that bottle, but the improvement was good enough to prompt me to get more Clements Tonic, and I got in a larger quantity, because I resolved to give it a fair opportunity of proving its value, and shortly afterwards I got the greatest surprise of my life."

"What was it?"

"I found that the maddening pains in my head were gone completely. They had been getting less and less from the time I started on Clements Tonic, but then, to my intense relief, the agonies were subdued entirely. A turn for the better took place all round. I felt so comforted and eased that I had no difficulty in getting to sleep at night, and I slept without dreaming. My weary, aching limbs thus got the rest they wanted, and I picked up strength by degrees. Clements Tonic put my bowels in order, so that the furr on my tongue and nauseous taste were soon lost, and I had no desire to retrieve them, I assure you. My improved appetite made me the subject of jest at the table, but I could afford to cause a little amusement, as I got so stout, and I am sure that no other medicine could re-build my nervous system like Clemente Tonic did, for my nerves were made as true as steel. The pains in my chest were wafted away like chaff before the wind, and the heavy, swollen feeling left my eyes, so that my sight became as good as ever. Those who had seen me holding on to the fence to save myself from falling marvelled at the wonderful alteration that had taken place in my condition, as I was able to walk about with as much vigour as any of them. I did not leave off the medicine till I was free from every pain and perfectly sound in health, and I am heartily grateful to Clements Tonic for giving me a new life. I would like every sufferer to hear of my cure.

"The statements I have made are perfectly true, so you may publish them as you like."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, GEORGE EDMONDS, of 50 Capel-street, West Melbourne, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of four folios and consecutively numbered from one to four, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my statements—which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

George Edmonds

Declared at Melbourne, in the State of Victoria this second day of May, one thousand nine hundred and one, before me,

EDWARD McCARTHY, J.P.

A Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J's.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday.—Messrs F. Beggs, H. Cushing, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridges. Fourth Tuesday.—Messrs M. Flynn, G. Topper, and T. Beggs.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READERS

You want to see the local paper a successful institution.

Talk about it wherever you go

Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business.

If they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so.

If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.

Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.

Of you dry to do peesnis mitowt advertising, you will find yourself already like a boy drying to shlide a hill down mitowt shnow. Besides dere ish dese differences: yen you don't got some shnow you gant make 'em; but you can sometimes shenerally always make der advertising come right away quick off, all der year round, mit some moneys.—Joseph.

J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGENT, BOOKSELLER, and STATIONER, begs to announce to the inhabitants of BEAUFORT and district that he is Sole Agent for the *Argus, Age, Herald, Star, Courier;* Melbourne *Punch,* Sydney *Bulletin, Riponshire Advocate, Leader, Weekly Times, Australasian, Australian Journal, Sportsman,* and all other Periodicals. All School Requisites kept in stock. Advertisements received for all the above-named papers. While thanking his numerous customers for past favors, he trusts, by strict attention to the delivery of all papers, to merit a fair share of their support. Advertisements received for all Melbourne and Ballarat papers. By sending through local agent advertisers save postage. Note the address—Next door to Wotherspoon & Co.

THE STOMACH MAKES THE MAN.

A competent stomach means vigour, vitality, health, for by digestion alone can food be transformed into blood, brain, muscle, wasted tissues repaired, decay arrested and life sustained. Imperfect digestion (indigestion) upsets the whole economy of life. It makes good food poison, breeds dolts, lapsards, hobbling rheumatics, nerve racking pains. Seigel's Syrup cures indigestion, dispels disease, produces health. Backed by 34 years unbroken success in 10 countries.

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"Two years ago I contracted indigestion and had it pretty badly," says Mr. Geo. Matthews, 92, Bourke St., Sydney, N.S.W. "I suffered from severe pains in the stomach, sleeplessness and vomiting. I lost flesh and strength rapidly and could not work nearly so well as previously. My wife induced me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. The first bottle relieved me wonderfully and before the second was emptied I was quite cured and as right as rain." July 1st, 1902.

TONES THE STOMACH.

Michaelis, Hallenstein & Co.
Proprietary Limited,
382-384 LONSDALE STREET, MELBOURNE,
Are now Buying
WATTLE-BARK
For Cash,
In any quantity, remitting highest market value on consignments without delay.
All Bark to be consigned to Footscray Railway Station, where a Government weighbridge has been erected.
NO COMMISSION CHARGED.

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All sorts of Vehicles Re-painted. Estimates given in town and country. All Painters' Requisites kept in stock.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT WATCH REPAIRS.
Afew-or-dash-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dash-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dash-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dash-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dash-out-wat-chrep-airs.
Afeww-or-dash-out-wat-chrep-airs.
When you want your watch or clock done up so that you will have no further trouble with it, bring it here, and the result will be all you desire.
The most expert tradesmen obtainable are employed at PAYNE'S, and only the very best material procurable is used in all repairs.—Near the Post Office.
Hundreds of watches are laid aside every year as valueless that could be made equal to new if they only got into proper hands.
These are the kind of watches we want—watches that you have no end of bother with, and perhaps given up as hopeless.
We would like you to know what kind of work is turned out of Payne's shop, if you do not know already.
Jewellery repaired, altered, or made to order. Stones reset or mounted. Gilding and engraving done. GEO. PAYNE, near the Post Office.
In ladies' and gents' rings of every description we show twice the stock of any other shop in the city, and all rings supplied by us are manufactured by the leading ring makers of the State.—PAYNE'S.
Band rings from 9s 6d to 35s; with stones, from 11s 6d upwards. A special line of gents' wide buckle rings, all sizes, at 26s 6d, set with various stones. Gents' rings, new designs, at 20s to 50s each. Gents' buckle rings set with real diamond, at 50s. Wide heavy band rings set with good diamond and rubies, at 90s.
A new selection of ladies' gipsy set 18-ct. diamond rings, beautiful designs, at 45s, 55s, 65s upwards.—Near the Post Office.
Five stone diamond, diamonds and sapphires, diamonds and rubies, diamonds and opals, at 55s, 65s, 75s upwards.
Five-stone half-hoop opal rings, well made, and stones well matched, at 25s upwards.
Also a good selection of ladies' rings at from 12s 6d to 25s.—PAYNE'S.
Wedding rings and keepers have always been a specialty at Payne's. We keep one of the largest stocks in the State, in all sizes and at all prices. No place like Payne's for wedding rings and keepers.
Nickel and gun metal watches regulated and guaranteed, at 8s 6d, 9s 6d, 12s 6d, and 15s. Best makes in nickel and gun metal watches imported to the colony at 20s, 22s 6d and 25s each. Remember, in buying a watch here you run no risk whatever, as all watches, even to the cheapest, are all tested before being offered for sale, and furthermore, any watch sold, if not satisfactory, will be replaced by one that is. No place like PAYNE'S for watches of every description.
In gold brooches a splendid stock is shown, our large sales enabling us to get the newest goods as soon as they are design d. Don't you buy a brooch without first inspecting PAYNE'S stock.
A stock of 200 pairs of gents' gold sleeve links to select from. Gold curb bracelets; plain gold and padlock bracelets; and fancy set bracelets of every description. Gents' gold and silver chains, lockets, medals, collar and front studs and sets in great variety. New designs in scarf pins just received; match boxes, sovereign cases, muff chains, fob chains, gold-mounted hair guards, gold-mounted silk ribbon guards (double and single), bangle rings, ladies' gun metal and fancy watches of every description. Ladies' gold watches from 45s upwards. Gents' gold watches from £5 upwards. Gents' silver watches by all the leading makers, including Waltham, Elgin, Barnes, Elinhards, Rotherhams, Settle Brothers, &c., at from 45s upwards. Payne's Alarm clocks, fancy clocks, eight-day striking clocks, by all the best makers; 200 different kinds of clocks to select from. Don't you buy a clock without first inspecting Payne's stock. All kinds of spectacles kept in stock from 1s pair. Gold frames spectacles from 30s to 45s pair. Sight tested and spectacles made to measure. Good stock of opera and field glasses, finest quality. Teapots, butter dishes, cruets, hot water kettles, pickles, biscuit barrels, hot water cans, toast racks, &c., in new designs.
Knife, fork, and spoon, in beautiful case, finest quality, 25s; Children's silver-plated mugs, nicely engraved, 3s 6d, 10s 6d each; salt cellars, silver mounted, 2s 6d each; ladies' silver-plated belts, 5s 6d to 12s 6d; silver-mounted purses, 3s 6d to 22s 6d each; gents', solid silver cigarette cases, 35s each; gents' cigarette cases, in Russian leather, silver-mounted, 15s each; gents' silver-mounted pocket book and purse combined, 10s 6d to 17s 6d; silver tooth picks, 3s 6d and 3s 6d; gold, 15s; gold spectacles, 35s and 45s pair; napkin rings, 2s to 7s 6d; solid silver napkin rings, in case, 21s pair; tobacco pouches, silver-mounted, 5s 6d and 6s 6d; gold-mounted, 15s. We just received a new assortment of gents', genuine gold-filled albertas, English made, at 17s 6d; ladies' gold-filled chain and padlock bracelets, at 15s. These are really good, and remember are not what are usually sold as rolled gold. A splendid assortment of gents' scarf pins, in all the newest designs, at 10s to £5 each; teaspoons 10s doz.; dessert spoons, 16s doz. These are the best quality imported, and the only kind stocked; sterling silver salt spoons, 3s 6d pair; best quality rolled gold spectacles, 5s pair; Oak trays, silver-plated mounts, 35s each; Oak liquor stands, three bottles, silver-plated mounts, 35s each; repeater alarm clocks, keep on alarming at intervals for half-an-hour, or by altering an indicator you can make it ring for 20 minutes continuously, 10s 6d each; ordinary alarm clocks, 3s 6d to 5s 6d each; silver teaspoons, 22s 6d to 47s 6d each.
GEO. PAYNE, JEWELLER,
Near the Post Office, Sturt street, Ballarat.

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The most efficacious Medicine yet known for the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. True to its name.
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Printed and published by the Proprietor, ARTHUR PARKES, at the office of *The Ripenshire Advocate* newspaper, Lawrence-street, Beaufort, Victoria.