PUBLIC LIBRARY 6-APR.03 OF VICTORIA

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1323 { Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. } BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 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. . . . .

(Extracts from Sworn Affidavits Declared before a Justice of the Peace.)

MRS. MARY MARKS, residing at 61 Napier-street, Fitzroy, aged 74 years, after being a cripple, having all the joints stiffened, and suffering agony over 11 months, pronounced incurable, failing to obtain relief from anybody or anything else, was completely cured over six years ago, and has kept in perfect health since.

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, 22nd 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 hand is being so bad that pads had to be used to keep them open, 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. 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. For Whooping Cough.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM	For Coughs and Colds.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM	Best for Influenza. In Bronchitis and Loss of Voice.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM	For Croup.

STOUTNESS—abnominal 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. 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.

USE LINSEED COMPOUND. TRADE MARK. KAY'S COMPOUND ESSENCE OF LINSEED ETC. OF 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 L3 worth of goods, and the grocer's man or draper will not throw in gratis L1 worth of something else that you may ask for. Try him if 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, 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.

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. 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.—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.

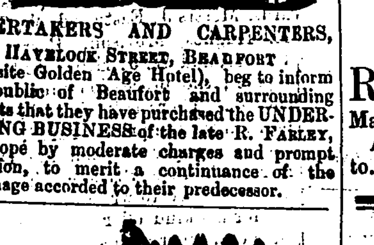
To such a man the noisy din
Of traffic may not enter in,
For bargain hunters by the score
Shall pass nor heed his dingy door;
For tho' his sign is on the wall,
And on some barnyard gate a scrawl,
No people who have cash and sense,
Go prancing around to read the fence.

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.

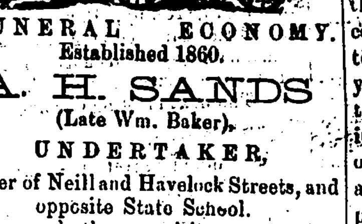
And when he dies, go plant him deep
That naught may break his dreamless sleep,
Where no rude clamor may dispel
The quiet that he loved so well,
And that the world may know its loss
Place on his grave a wreath of moss
And on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."
—Mortimer Crane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

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
B September, 1896

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.

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 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 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 each, whilst aiming at the success of 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 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 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 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 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,
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PRINTED in FIRST-CLASS STYLE
AT MELBOURNE PRICES.

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Plain & Ornamental Printing
Of Every description executed at the
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ON REASONABLE TERMS.

MINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPT
DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,
Prepared on the shortest n

AUTUMN AND WINTER, 1903.

Just Arrived. NEW GOODS. Just Arrived.

At

G. H. COUGLE'S.

Your Inspection Invited.

AUTUMN AND WINTER MILLINERY, AUTUMN AND WINTER.

The newest, nicest, and best in the world of fashion.

We invite your verdict. Come and visit us.

Just Arrived. New Jackets and Rain-Cloaks.

Latest Shapes and Styles.

We can fit the tallest, the stoutest, the thinnest, the shortest.

NEW DRESS GOODS. Correct Materials and latest Styles. Lace Collarettes, Lace Insertions, and New Dress Strappings, &c.

TAILORING.—If not already amongst our clients for Tailoring, we ask you to favor us with a trial, as we feel convinced that we are able to please you in every way. A perfect fit is guaranteed. Our prices are low. Our work is good.

Study Economy in Price.

Do not be led away by the representations of large firms who travel the district, who do not give any better value, and who have of a necessity to add heavy working expenses and commission.

GENT'S HATS.

We ask you to have a look at our Clothing Window for Style and Prices.

G. H. COUGLE,
The People's Draper,
Havelock Street, BEAUFORT.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT LIVE STOCK MARKET.
Tuesday.

Fat Cattle.—322 head came to hand for to-day's sale, the majority consisting of middling and useful descriptions, only a small proportion ranging from good to prime, a larger number of cows than usual being penned. There was a good attendance of the trade, and for suitable quality competition was brisk, prices ruling fully equal to last week's, whilst for other descriptions the demand was hardly so firm, prices for such having a tendency to ease. Quotations:—Prime pens bullocks, £15 to £16; good do, £13 to £14; useful do, £10 10s to £11 10s; cows, to £11. Fat Calves—38 yarded, including a few good and prime vealers, which sold well; beat to £8 2s 6d. Fat sheep—9932 was the number yarded for to-day's sale, and consisted largely of middling descriptions and stores, only a small proportion being up to trade requirements. There was a large muster both of the trade and graziers, sales opening to fairly brisk competition at about last week's rates, improving as they progressed, closing very strong, last week's best values being fully realised. Quotations:—Prime crossbred wethers, 21s to 24s; extra do, 23s to 26s 9d; good do, 18s to 19s; useful do, 15s to 16s; prime crossbred ewes, 20s to 22s; extra weight, 24s to 28s; good do 17s to 18s; useful do, 15s to 16s; prime merino wethers, 16s to 17s 11d; good do, 14s to 15s; useful do, 12s to 13s; merino ewes, to 11s 9d. Lambs—1380 to hand, consisting largely of middling sorts, only a small proportion being good to prime, for which late rates were obtained; other sorts somewhat easier; prime, 13s to 14s; extra, 15 to 18s; good, 11s to 12s; useful, 9s to 10s 6d.

The following district sales are reported:—By Messrs S. G. Valentine & Co.—239 merino ewes, Mr G. A. Dunne', Stockyard Hill, to 7s 2d; 32 lambs, same owner, to 11s 9d. By Messrs Macleod & Booth—98 sheep, Mr G. Exell, Stockyard Hill, 6 comeback wethers, at 26s 2d, topping the market, comeback and crossbred ewes 20s 3d to 24s 6d, averaging 22s; 65 ewes and wethers, Mr N. McIntosh, Beaufort, 11s 10d to 16s 10d; 6 lambs, same owner, 11s 9d; 132 lambs, Mr G. H. Clark, Middle Creek, 7s 3d to 12s, averaging 9s 4d.

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 Tackler, 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 for the State of Victoria for taking Affidavits.

TRUST and other MONIES TO LEND on freehold and other securities.

United Ancient Order of Druids.

THE usual FORTNIGHTLY MEETING will be held in the LODGE ROOM, SOCIETIES' HALL, on TUESDAY Evening next, at 7.30 o'clock sharp.

L. A. JAENSCH, Secy.

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 Pharmacopœia 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, B.D.S.,
Surgical & Mechanical Dentist,
HAVELOCK-STRE 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, &

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

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 5TH APRIL, 1903.

Presbyterian Church.—Lexton, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A. Waterloo, 3 p.m.; Chute, 7 p.m.—Mr Samuel Collins. Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Trawalla, 3 p.m.; Waterloo, 7 p.m.—Mr Geo. Rowe, B.A.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Chute, 3 p.m.; Raglan, 7.30 p.m.—Rev. W. J. Bottoms. Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Mr N. Davey. Raglan, 3 p.m.—Mr Waldron. Main Lead, 3 p.m.—Mr Cunnington.

Death.

CARVER.—On 31st March, at her late residence, Beaufort, Rose, the beloved wife of George Carver, aged 60 years.

Bereavement Card.

MR. G. CARVER and Family return their sincere THANKS to their many friends for kind enquiries, floral tributes, and expressions of sympathy received in their recent sad bereavement.

THE
Riponshire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1903.

A general meeting in connection with the Beaufort Easter Monday sports carnival is convened for Tuesday evening next at the Shire Hall.

The opinion is expressed by many members of the Assembly that in all probability the general elections for the reconstructed Houses of Parliament will take place about March next. The view is also entertained that the Redistribution of Seats Bill will not be disposed of before November. The next session, it is understood, will open in June.

A sparrow match of eight birds was fired at Raglan on Wednesday afternoon for a trophy, an electro-plated hot water kettle and stand, valued at 30s. There were eight competitors. A good afternoon's sport resulted in Mr A. Blick securing the trophy. He shot well, grassing the eight birds. Three or four shot six birds in succession. Sweepstakes were won by Messrs T. Sands, F. Ball, H. Bennett, the last sweepstake being divided by Messrs P. Hains and T. Sands, who grassed 15 birds each.

Mr Henry H. Jackson, of Strathbogie, gentleman, former engineer for the Shire of Ripon, who died on 19th February, under a will dated 11th June, 1902, left real estate valued at £2130, and personal property valued at £2605, to his children.

A meeting of the committee connected with the Beaufort Easter sports carnival was held in the Shire Hall on Tuesday evening; Mr J. R. Wotherspoon in the chair, and 10 members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. The treasurer (Mr E. W. Hughes) reported that an account had been opened in the bank to the credit of the Band Rotunda Fund, and the sum of £13 9s 9d paid in. The chairman mentioned that splendid nominations had been received, and that by the time acceptances (which closed on Saturday) were in, the fees were expected to amount to £25. Messrs Parker, Kenny, Jones and Wotherspoon were appointed to draw up the sports programmes; the right to the programmes being given to *The Riponshire Advocate*. Messrs O'Sullivan and Parker were appointed judges and handicappers for the horse events. The action of the chairman and secretary in making arrangements with Mr Stevens to put the track and grounds in order was endorsed. The secretary was instructed to write to the Shire Council for permission to have a pony trot and trial of hackneys over hurdles on the grass. The chairman mentioned that owing to the low price offered for the publican's booth, the committee decided to keep it; Mr Hill very kindly offering the use of his license. As a good many donations of cordials, ale, whisky and cigars had been obtained, the booth should be run very cheaply. The secretary said that three men had offered their services as barmen, and Mr Loft offered to provide another. It was decided to ask Mr McDonald to manage the bar. It was resolved to have a soft drink booth, and to ask Mr Whitehead to take charge of it. Messrs Pedder, Stevens, McRae and Cameron were appointed gatekeepers. The chairman stated that everything in connection with the dramatic entertainment was going off well. The following officials were appointed to carry out the sports:—Lap scorer, Mr Cougle; referee, Mr Sinclair; timekeeper, Mr Stokeld; timekeeper of heats, Mr D. Stevenson; number stewards, Messrs Gibson, Troy, Welsh and H. Parker; judges, Messrs Loft, Kenny, Baker, E. W. Hughes, Stuart, McKeich, Drs. Eadie and Jackson; starters, Messrs R. G. Kirkpatrick and T. Buchanan; handicappers, Messrs Gibson, Troy (cyclists), Kirkpatrick and H. Parker (pedestrians), O'Sullivan and A. Parker (horses); stewards, Messrs J. Eastwood, W. T. Hill, J. R. Hughes, Murison, Perry, Stevens, Pedder, and W. J. Hill. Judging by the reports, the procession promises to be a success. There is likely to be keen competition for the prizes offered, and a good display is expected from the Druids and Dunkeld Fire Brigade. The secretary was instructed to write thanking Mr Cochran for his kind offer to procure the services of a piper at his own expense. Mr Stuart was appointed assistant marshal. Mr Baker promised to ask the school children to march in the procession and carry flags. The secretary reported that Mr J. R. Hughes had given 5s as a prize for the best individual character by children under 16 years of age. Messrs Loft, W. J. Hill, McDougall, Kenny, Baker, Stuart, and the chairman and secretary were appointed to make an organised effort to get competitors for the prizes and work the procession up. The next meeting was fixed for Tuesday night.

Very much regret was expressed in Ararat Monday morning on the receipt of the intelligence of the death of Mr Robert Stewart Thompson, of Challicum. The deceased gentleman had been in failing health for some time past, suffering from an affection of the throat. About a month ago he went to Melbourne, and was since in Dr. Bird's private hospital. For some little time his condition was most grave, as practical closure of the throat occurred, and he steadily sank, and died on Sunday. The deceased was in his 40th year. He was born at Challicum, and was the second and only surviving son of the late George Wingfield Thomson, one of the earliest settlers in this district. He was educated at Scotch College and studied medicine at the Melbourne University, but, though he passed through a brilliant course and secured his degree, he never practised his profession. The deceased was of a very genial and kindly disposition, and his death will be learned of with regret by a host of friends. Mr Thomson was married about three years ago, and leaves a widow, but no family.—*Advertiser.*

An important communication was received at the meeting of the Ballarat Agricultural and Pastoral Society on Saturday morning:—From the director of agriculture, who stated that the Council of Agricultural Education had decided to defray the expense of holding a course of instruction for farmers and farmers' sons in eight centres during the coming winter months, viz.—June, July, August and September. The classes would be under his direction. The City of Ballarat had been selected as one of the centres, and a class would be held there for one month during the above mentioned period, providing the following conditions were complied with—1. That at least 40 farmers or farmers' sons over 16 years of age enrol themselves as students before the 15th May next, and agree to attend all lectures given during the month. 2. That the Agricultural Society, or some local body, agree to bear all local expense, such as finding a suitable hall, advertising etc. Three lectures will be given per day, delivered in the afternoon for five days a week on subjects of agriculture and the allied sciences (chemistry, agricultural chemistry, and botany). Agriculture will be taken in its widest sense, including stock, poultry, cultivation, manuring, dairying, viticulture, and horticulture. The director asked the society to appoint a committee, whose work would be to canvass for students. He stated that no entrance examination would be held, and that the only qualification would be that the student must be a farmer, the son of a farmer, or have worked for at least one year on the land. A final examination would be held, but it would be optional for students to enter for that. No fees would be charged. It was decided, on the motion of Mr Baird, to support the movement. Intending students are requested to call on the secretary of the society, Mr Kelsall.—"Star."

The Premier (Mr Irvine) stated on Thursday afternoon that he expected the prorogation of Parliament to take place at two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon next.

The Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A., conducted a special children's service in the Beaufort Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning, and delivered an able and interesting address. At night Mr Barber also conducted a harvest thanksgiving service, the Church being crowded to overflowing. The reverend gentleman preached a powerful discourse from the text, "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle." Special hymns, appropriate to the occasion, were pleasingly rendered by the choir. The ladies of the congregation had gone to considerable trouble in beautifully decorating the church with grain, fruit, vegetables, and flowers. The produce was afterwards thoughtfully sent to the gaoloo in aid of the relief fund there. It consisted of a bag of wheat, two bags of vegetables, one bag of potatoes, and eight or nine cases of fruit.

Mr W. Dickson, P.M., sat as a Licensing Court at Beaufort on Thursday. Emma Grace Woodfine, proposed licensee, and Petrus DeBaere, owner, applied for the transfer of the license of the Waterloo Hotel from Mary Nixon. Mr S. Young, who appeared for the applicants, pointed out that notice to quit had been given to Mrs Nixon for non-payment of rent, and that she refused to sign the application for a transfer, because she had been summoned for rates. Senior-constable Jones stated that he was instructed by Supt. Young to say that the licensing inspector offered no objection. Formal evidence was tendered by Petrus DeBaere and Samuel Young in support of counsel's statement, and evidence was also given by Emma Grace Woodfine as to advertising the application and serving notices. The transfer was granted. A temporary license was granted to W. J. Hill, of the Camp Hotel, Beaufort, for the sports carnival in the Beaufort Park on Easter Monday; the police offering no objection.

Mr W. Dickson, P.M., presided over the Beaufort Police Court on Thursday. The case of Supt. Young v. Chas. Broadbent, junr., was stated to have been withdrawn. The Shire of Ripon proceeded against a number of defaulting ratepayers (Mr J. M. Carroll, shire secretary, appearing on behalf of the council), and verdicts were given as follow, in default distress:—Wm. Phillips, £4 4s; John Wright, 22s (another £1 having been paid since the issue of the summons); Mary Nixon, £4 10s; Albert Andrews, £7 2s; Henry Bending £1 (same amount having been paid); John Johnston, junr., £2 5s; Thos. Thompson, £1 16s. Three similar cases were settled out of court. J. R. Wotherspoon & Co. sought to recover £4 2s 9d from Albert W. Constable for goods sold and delivered, and an order was made for the amount claimed, with £1 0s 6d costs; Mr S. Young appearing for plaintiff. A debt case by the same firm against W. G. Davis was struck out, as defendant had filed his schedule. George Geogehan proceeded against John and Daniel Hehir for unlawful assault, there being also a cross summons by Daniel Hehir against Geogehan on a similar charge. Mr S. Young appeared for Geogehan, and Mr A. B. Cray for the Hehirs. Mr Young applied for an adjournment, as he was not prepared to go on. The Hehirs were arrested on warrant on Tuesday, since which his client had instructed him, and he had only received the cross summons that morning. Mr Cray strongly opposed an adjournment. The arrest was a most outrageous proceeding, his clients being residents of the district, and a summons would have met the case. Mr Young said his client lived four miles away. He had to inform him that defendants were arrested, and his letter could only have been received that morning, and he had not been able to consult him. Senior-constable Jones stated that the Hehirs had been admitted to bail half-an-hour after their arrest. Mr Cray said he was prepared to go on, and insisted on the case being now heard. The P.M.—"But we can't go on." He would adjourn the cases till 28th inst. Mr Cray applied for costs, and was allowed £3 3s; Mr Young protesting that if he had communicated with him he could have prevented his attending by telegraphing to him his intention to apply for an adjournment.

The Conference gave many Assembly members a most unpleasant turn, says "Punch." It is the custom for members of the Lower House to talk of Legislative Councillors as "those old chaps." From casual conversation, a visitor might take away the impression that the Second Chamber is a collection of perhaps good-natured, rich men in their dotage. It has consequently been a shock to these members to find that the "old chaps" from the Council have held their own with the elected delegates from the Assembly. Indeed there are some who were present who are ready to assert that the Council managers carry off the honors. Certainly, the Assembly had not a trio to match Sir Henry Cuthbert, Mr Fitzgerald and Mr Wynne. There was a vast difference between the methods of the two teams, indicative of changing conditions. Council managers sugar-coated all their nasty remarks, and it was only after they had swallowed them that the Assembly managers knew what they had taken. Again, the "old chaps" never came down to an abrupt "yes" or "no." They returned a negative with such grace and address that they seemed to be conferring a favor. Assembly managers, on the other hand, were downright—and often too much to the point. It was the courtly style of the duelling days compared with the modern prize-ring methods. Taking the week through, the Premier did not improve his position on the first night. He was certainly patience personified, and he exhibited a degree of tactfulness with which few people would have credited him. But of what avail were such qualities when associated with a misdirected zeal and obstinacy? Instead of trying to clear the ground for action by a couple of "affairs of outposts," Mr Irvine forced the conference to a pitched battle on a point which the Council had unanimously said it would not yield. Everybody knew that the Upper House would not accept finality clauses, yet the Premier tackled it on this issue. Disaster was bound to overtake him:

"Fanatics have their dreams, wherewith they weave
A Paradise for a sect,"

Keats says; and so it is with some politicians. They frame schemes which appear certain to accomplish the impossible, and, even when they are proved impracticable, they cling to them still.

BABY'S COUGH MUST NEVER LINGER.—Nothing is more distressing than to see a helpless little infant suffering with a cough, and to be fearful of using a remedy which may contain some harmful ingredient. The makers of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy positively guarantee that this preparation does not contain opium in any form, or any other harmful substance. Mothers may confidently give this remedy to their little ones. It gives prompt relief and is perfectly safe. It always cures and cures quickly. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

The rainfall at Beaufort for the week amounted to 50 points.

We would again direct attention to the public meeting to be held in the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute on Wednesday evening, to elect a member of the committee of management of the Beaufort Racecourse and Recreation Reserve, in the room of the late Mr J. T. Harris.

Messrs L. E. Cutter and Co., carriage builders, of Ballarat, were the victims of a gross act of vandalism after the Beaufort show. They had shown a buggy, which had taken a prize, and when the show closed the buggy was placed on a railway truck to be returned to Ballarat. Before the train left Beaufort, however, some miscreant used a knife on it, with such effect that the leather work was cut to pieces, and the paint was badly scraped. The matter has been reported to the police, who are making enquiries, but so far, no clue has been obtained to the perpetrators of the outrage.

Mr W. Dickson, P.M., sat at Beaufort on Thursday as a commissioner under the Old Age Pension Act. Rasmus Jepson Duus applied for an old-age pension. He had been mining for nearly 30 years in Victoria, and lived in a bark hut at Main Lead. All the money he had was 3d. He had no banking account, nor "stocking." He produced his naturalization papers, dated in September last. He had no property. He had a brother at home with a family, but had not written to him for two years. He got 2s a week lately from the Beaufort Ladies' Benevolent Society. About 12 months ago he got a little gold, with which he paid a few pounds off a debt to his neighbour. He was in debt now to him, as also to the butcher and storekeeper. During the last three months he had not earned 5s per month. He could earn his living if there was any gold to get, and supposed he could live on 6s or 7s a week. He had had influenza, which did not do him any good. He had a good appetite if he could get anything to eat. Messrs Geo. Hellyer and J. B. Humphreys having given evidence in support of the application, both certifying that Duus was a sober and industrious man, the commissioner granted him a pension of 7s per week from the 28th March.

Mr Robert John Cochran, grocer, of Beaufort, reported to the police recently the theft, from the Beaufort show ground, of a Beeston Humber bicycle, valued at £12. On Thursday (says the "Ballarat Star") Detective Armstrong traced the machine to the possession of a man named James Colley, a groom in the employ of Dr. Davies, of Sturt-street. When questioned, Colley was able to account for his possession of the bicycle, which, he said, he had purchased from a man named Thomas Clark for the sum of £3. He had, he said, paid £2 to Clark, who was to call for the balance either that day or the next. Clark's movements were then carefully traced, and during the afternoon he called at Dr. Davies' residence, in order to obtain the balance due to him, when he was promptly arrested. Clark appeared at the City Police Court yesterday morning, and was further charged with stealing from Colley a pair of boots, of the value of 12s 6d. He was remanded till Wednesday, bail being allowed in each case in one surety of £25.

The announcement of the demise of Mrs. Ranson, wife of Constable S. Ranson, an esteemed member of the Ararat police force (says the *Ararat Advertiser*), was received with feelings of pained regret. It was known that the deceased lady's life had been despaired of for several days, and the news of her death on Tuesday morning, though not unexpected, was received with sincere manifestations of grief. Her illness was of comparatively brief duration, the cause of death being septicæmia. Her demise is attended with very sad circumstances. At the time of her death the deceased lady was only 32 years of age, and she leaves a young family of four—one an infant only a fortnight old—to mourn the loss of a devoted mother. The grief of her relatives is also accentuated by the fact that only a couple of weeks previously her husband's brother, Mr W. Ranson, of Stawell, had the misfortune to lose his wife. Under the circumstances, the family's cup of grief is very full. The late Mrs Ranson was the daughter of Mr McLeod, of Trawalla, and sister of Mrs Alex. McDonald, of the Terminus Hotel. She was of an amiable disposition and much esteemed by all who enjoyed her acquaintance, by whom she will be much missed. The funeral took place in the Ararat Cemetery on Wednesday afternoon, and was very numerously attended. The members of the local branch A.N.A., of which Mr. Ranson is a member, marched in procession to the cemetery behind the mourning coach, and there was a very lengthy procession of vehicles. At the graveside the funeral service was conducted by the Rev. J. J. Spalding, who made touching reference to the sad demise. Numerous floral tributes were significant of the regret felt.

At the Ararat shire Council meeting on Thursday, Cr. Pickford introduced Mr Dunn, of Middle Creek, as a deputation. Mr Dunn stated that he came in regard to an agreement entered into between the council and himself, giving the council power to enter his paddock to clean out the creek. Cr. Richardson said that the matter was dealt with two years ago. It was agreed that the survey be made and the amount at once paid. The engineer said the survey was made a considerable time ago. The secretary said he had not received the survey. Cr. Pickford agreed with Cr. Richardson; it was too bad that the matter had not been settled long ago. Mrs McDonald spoke to him a fortnight ago, and she had not been settled with. Further than this, Contractor Freeman entered her land and took material and she had never been paid. Cr. Clarke moved that the secretary be instructed to have the lease for Mr Dunn and Mrs McDonald prepared for signature at next meeting, and the amounts placed on next pay-sheet. Seconded by Cr. Sutherland, and carried. Mr Dunn said he had made the concession to the council in order that a channel might be cut. He cut 12 chains of channel and was never paid for it. Cr. Clarke said he moved several years ago that the amount be placed on the pay-sheet. The President—It is too bad. Here we are half the meeting doing work that was ordered to be done years ago. It is too bad. There is a fault somewhere, drifting and drifting, and doing things over and over again, and it is not the fault of the council. Cr. Stewart agreed that there was a grave fault, and it should be rectified. Cr. Richardson proposed that the secretary look up the minute about £4 10s, and if it was not paid it be placed on the next pay-sheet. Seconded by Cr. Pickford and carried.—Cr. Pickford asked that the claim of Mrs. McDonald for removal of material from her paddock be settled. He moved that the engineer inquire into the matter of removal of material from her land, and if anything be owing it be paid. Seconded by Cr. Clarke. Cr. Stewart asked if any claim had been made in writing by Mrs McDonald. Cr. Pickford said what he wanted was to ascertain if any order was given to Freeman to enter Mrs McDonald's land. The motion was carried.—Cr. Pickford reminded the council that the Ripon council some years ago asked them to join in protecting the roadway in Kane's lane. The money was on the estimates for the last three years. He proposed that the Ripon council be asked to have the work done, and this council will pay half the cost. Seconded by Cr. Richardson and carried.—Abridged from "Advertiser."

The death of Miss Mary O'Brien, daughter of Mr Martin O'Brien, of Shirley road, we regret to say, occurred on Friday week. Deceased was 24 years of age, and she had been suffering from Bright's disease. The remains were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery on Sunday afternoon, the funeral being largely attended. Mr W. Kelly read the R.C. burial service. The funeral arrangements were carried out by Messrs Stevenson Bros., undertakers, Beaufort.

We regret having to record the death of Mrs. Rose Carver, the wife of Mr George Carver, and an old and respected resident of Beaufort, the sad event occurring on Tuesday morning, at the age of 60 years. The deceased had been afflicted with a cataract on the eye for several years, this having followed an attack of typhoid fever. Recently she was successfully operated on in Melbourne, and her sight was restored. But last week an acute attack of diarrhœa set in, and proved fatal. The deceased was a native of Suntown, West Meath, Ireland, and was a colonist of 46 years' standing, about 37 years being spent in Beaufort. She was greatly esteemed for her many good qualities. The deceased leaves a husband, two sons, and two daughters (Mrs J. Roberts and Mrs M. Kelly) to mourn their loss. The remains were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery on Wednesday, a number of sympathising friends attending the funeral. Mr M. Kelly read the R.C. burial service. Mr A. H. Sands, undertaker, Beaufort, carried out the mortuary arrangements.

The opinion of every Englishman is that liberty of speech and action is the birthright of every free man. "Britons never shall be slaves" is one of the most popular of our national songs, and as a matter of fact it is impossible for slavery to exist under the protecting shadow of the British flag. In the same manner men cannot remain bound by the tyrannic shackles of disease if they will place themselves under the healing influence of Holloway's Pills and Ointment. Their success in all parts of the world is now a familiar story, and it is only necessary to say here there is no known disorder that cannot be speedily cured or relieved by them.

A pitiful case of wife desertion was brought under the notice of Mr W. Dickson, P.M., at the Beaufort Police Court on Thursday. A married woman named Elizabeth S. Keith appeared in Court with five children, ranging from about 14 to 5 years of age, and applied to have them committed to the care of the Department for Neglected Children. She stated that she had been ill for eight weeks in the Ararat Hospital, and had not seen Keith since the 27th January, nor had a line from him. He had been living with the children in Mr Westbrook's house, and the P.M. said he would let the matter stand over till the 28th April to see in the meantime whether she could get any assistance for her children. He thought the mother, father, and grandfather ought to do something for her in the meantime. Senior-constable Jones said they might give her the price of a warrant (5s.). Later in the afternoon the P.M. issued the warrant.

NO OPIUM IN CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.—Many cough cures contain opium. The effect of this drug is to diminish secretion of the mucus, and the relief afforded is only temporary. As soon as the effect of the opium passes off, the malady returns in a more severe form. The system is also weakened and rendered more susceptible to cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy does not contain opium in any form. It affords relief and leaves the system in a healthy condition. It always cures and cures quickly. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

The Legislative Council on Wednesday adopted the recommendations of the inter-cameral conference, with regard to the Constitution Reform Bill. Mr Manifold moved that the report of the managers for the Council was unsatisfactory, as no report recommending the dissolubility of the Upper House would be acceptable to that chamber. The motion found a very strong supporter in Mr D. Ham, who thought that Mr Fitzgerald and Mr Wynne had turned completely round at the conference, but the virtual motion of censure on the managers was negatived by 35 votes to 7, the minority in its favor comprising Mr Melville, Mr D. Ham, Mr Manifold, and Mr E. E. Smith. The recommendations of the conference were then agreed to, and the Reform Bill now only requires the Royal assent in order to become law.

Stockyard Hill and Lake Goldsmith Picnic.

The annual public picnic provided by the residents of Stockyard Hill and Lake Goldsmith was held on Wednesday in a paddock (the use of which was kindly granted by Rear-Admiral Bridges) at Lake Goldsmith. Unfortunately the weather was cold and threatening, and greatly militated against the success of the gathering. The attendance, in consequence, was far below that of previous years. There could not have been much more than 200 people present. Despite the cold weather, however, there was no lack of enjoyment, and those who were not engaged in athletic sports derived amusement from the customary ring games, rounders, &c. Though the provisions were somewhat slow in arriving, through being left at the Ballarat station, and only being despatched by the 11.15 train, ample amends were made for a late lunch. The principal part of the catering was done by Mr McIntosh, of Buninyong. Tea was served at about 5 o'clock, and there was no reason to complain of the hospitality of the picnic committee, the ladies and gentlemen of the district doing their utmost to provide for the wants of visitors. A very liberal supply of fruit and lollies was also distributed. An attractive programme of sports was successfully carried out, the committee consisting of Messrs R. Ward, S. Boyle, P. Cushing, W. Lynch, G. Dunnet, J. Gillespie, R. G. Kirkpatrick, A. Kirkpatrick, A. M. Hannah, J. Exell, and last, but by no means least, Mr D. R. Hannah, who, as secretary, spared no effort to make the outing a thoroughly enjoyable one. Messrs G. A. Dunnet and R. G. Kirkpatrick officiated as handicappers, the first-named also carrying out the duties of starter. The following ladies deserve a special word of praise for the kindly manner in which they dispensed the creature comforts, viz., Misses Ward (2), Cushing (2), Bain (2), Exell, Kirkpatrick (2), Hannah (2), Cochrane and Boyle. Appended are the results of the sports events, for which small money prizes were given:—

Tilting at the Ring on Bicycles.—J. Fallon, 1; Wm. Anderson, 2. Nine competitors. In this event Walter Anderson put his stick through the spokes of his front wheel, damaging it considerably. Anderson was thrown, but escaped injury.

Slow Bicycle Race, 75yds.—Out of eight competitors, J. McDonald was the only one to reach the winning post.

Young Men's Race, 130yds.—First heat—J. McDonald, 6yds., 1; W. Bailey, 10yds., 2; A. Johnston, 10yds., 3. Second heat—A. M. Hannah, 8yds., 1; P. W. Edwards, scr., 2; W. Lynch, 3yds., 3. Final—McDonald, 1; Hannah, 2; Johnstone, 3. Won easily. Thirteen competitors.

Men's High Jump.—J. McDonald, 1½ in., 1; D. Stewart, 5in., 2; R. G. Kirkpatrick, scr., 3. Nine competitors.

Football Place Kick.—J. McDonald, 1; A. Short, 2. Fifteen competitors.

Football Drop Kick.—W. Cheeseman, 1; R. G. Kirkpatrick, 2. Nine competitors.

Girls' Race, under 12.—Ruby Gillespie, 1; J. McCracken, 2; A. Ellis, 3.

Girls' Race, under 16.—E. McCracken, 1; A. McCracken, 2; L. Ellis, 3.

Boys' Race, under 12.—T. Kerr, 1; J. Jellet, 2; J. Ellis, 3.

Boys' Race, under 16.—J. Exell, 1; O. King, 2; A. Dalgleish, 3.

Youths' Race, under 18.—W. Crooke, 1; J. Dalgleish, 2; P. Meehan, 3.

Cricket.

ARARAT v. MIDDLE CREEK AND DISTRICT.

The Ararat club tried conclusions with a team representing Middle Creek and district on Saturday afternoon at the Recreation Reserve. The climatic conditions were decidedly unfavorable for cricket, the ball being greasy and the bowlers had difficulty in keeping their feet. This, combined with a perfect cement wicket, made the play all in the batsmen's favor. The visiters brought a strong team, including Trompf, who in past years has rendered yeoman service for Beaufort and district clubs. Hardy, of Beaufort, also played with them, whilst Raglan was represented in the combined team. The match was played 12 men aside, the visitors being first to the wickets. They compiled 196 runs, and of this score Trompf was responsible for not less than 106, made by attractive and free cricket all round the wicket. He hit not less than a dozen fours, whilst a sixer was also credited to him. Certainly he was aided by a slice of luck in being missed occasionally, but otherwise his display was a masterly one. Hardy and Young were the only others to stay for a lengthened period, whilst O'Brien knocked up 17. The others were easily disposed of. Ararat started well, losing the first wicket for 62, and when stumps were drawn had two down for 92. Molloy 31, and Eeles 44 not out, were the chief contributors, and they negotiated the trundling in good style. Scores:—

MIDDLE CREEK.

Vincent, b Molloy	6
Hardy, b Thurgood	23
W. Trompf, c Molloy, b Thurgood	106
O'Brien, c Hooper, b Molloy	17
Young, st. McGuire, b Moore	21
A. McDonald, b Moore	2
Stevenson, b Thurgood	1
Baker, c Hooper, b Moore	0
J. McDonald, l b w., b Thurgood	2
A. Baker, b Thurgood	0
Richards, b Moore	5
Bailey, not out	2
Sundries	11
Total	196

Bowling.—Moore, 4 for 13; Thurgood, 5 for 72; Molloy, 2 for 75; Hooper, 0 for 22.

ARARAT.

Molloy, b McDonald	31
Eeles, not out	44
Thurgood, c McDonald, b Young	3
Fraser, not out	4
Sundries	5
Total for two wickets	92

Bowling.—McDonald, 1 for 35; Hardy, 0 for 20; Baker, 0 for 13; Vincent, 0 for 6; Young, 1 for 13.—*Advertiser.*

It is proposed to play the return match on the Ararat ground in about three weeks' time.

SORE AND SWOLLEN JOINTS, sharp, shooting pains, torturing pains, no rest, no sleep—that means rheumatism. It is a stubborn disease to fight, but Chamberlain's Pain Balm has conquered it thousands of times. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

and Lake Gold-
n Picnic.

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Cricket.

MIDDLE CREEK AND DISTRICT.

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Molloy	23
urgood	106
c Molloy, b Thurgood ...	17
ooper, b Molloy	23
cGuire, b Moore... ...	2
d, b Moore...	1
Thurgood	0
oper, b Thurgood ...	2
d, l b w., b Thurgood ...	0
Thurgood	5
Moore	2
but	11
ndries	1
al	196

—Moore, 4 for 13; Thurgood, 5 loy, 2 for 75; Hooper, 0 for 22.

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cDonald	31
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McDonald, b Young ...	8
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THE LOOMS OF DESTINY.

BY J. MONK FOSTER.

CHAPTER XLVI.—(Continued.)

The reading came to an end suddenly, and when he had finished the legal gentleman peered somewhat curiously through his glasses at his audience of two. The younger brother was flushed and elated, and a soft light glowed in his eyes; once David had cried out in gladdest, deepest amaze when the name of the woman he worshipped fell clearly from the reader's lips; then he composed himself instantly, and waited in silence till the end.

Geoffrey's strong, fine face was pale, grim, and sullen. His lips were compressed firmly on his white-hot passions; a fierce fire, baleful and threatening, shone in his eyes. He had come there prepared for the worst; now that the worst was known he scarce knew how to give vent to the venom surging in him.

"That, gentlemen, is your father's last will and testament," the solicitor remarked, blandly.

"Who drew it up?" Geoffrey cried.

"Your father, every word, sir."

"It's an infamous document!" Geoffrey spluttered again.

"Why?" queried the man of law, mildly; and David echoed more sternly, "Why?"

"Because it is absurd on the very face of it! It outrages all the laws of common-sense! He was mad when he drew it up! Twenty thousand pounds for a common mill-girl whose claims upon him were merely of a sentimental kind. Any judge in England would set it aside at once!"

Geoffrey brayed forth these words in a sort of low thunder, and his kinsman and the lawyer stared at him in wondering amaze.

"Geoffrey! Geoffrey!" was all that David could say.

"Mr. Blandford, I do hope you will remember where you are!" the attorney urged. "I see nothing wrong with the document in any way. It is properly drawn and attested, each folio has the requisite signatures; it will hold good in any court in the kingdom; and, besides, I understand that you and your brother, here, consented to that arrangement regarding his old master's daughter."

"I did!" David said, firmly. "So did Geoffrey as well. Why object now?"

"When I consented it was simply to please an old man's whim. I never believed he would carry his folly to such lengths. I protest now against such madness—such rank spoliation of myself—and my brother!"

"I am afraid it is too late, now, Mr. Geoffrey, to protest," the lawyer said dryly.

"It would be monstrous to protest!" David cried sternly. "Are our dead fathers' dearest wishes to count for nothing now? But they will count, for they are chrystallised here in his last words, and the law will see them fulfilled."

"I give formal notice to you now," Geoffrey rejoined, "that I shall dispute that will. It is the work of a demented man, and the law will refuse to confirm it."

"Father was never saner than when he strove to atone for that great wrong!" was David's answer.

"But twenty thousand pounds!" Geoffrey muttered. "Had it been one thousand, two thousand, five, even—I might have let it pass. But a score! More than we both possess! I swear I will dispute it if it costs every penny I have."

"Twenty thousand pounds is certainly a very large sum," the lawyer broke in suavely, as one who would throw oil on troubled waters. "Perhaps this young lady might be willing to effect some compromise."

"There shall be no compromise!" David burst forth. "As my father willed it so shall it be! If he cares to waste his money let him do so. I stand by my father's wishes and this woman's rights!"

Geoffrey was about to hiss out some reply when the solicitor held up his hand.

"Gentlemen," he said, urbanely, "what about letting this vexed question stand over for twenty-four hours? You are both heated now, and passion makes an indifferent judge. In a day or so reflection and reason will show us a way out of the difficulty. What do you say, Mr. David, to my suggestion?"

"I agree to it with pleasure, sir!"

"And you, Mr. Geoffrey?"

"I suppose I can't object to that," was the sullen response. "To-morrow, then, we'll see you again, sir. But I do not pretend that either my opinions or intentions will have changed by that time."

The lawyer smiled agreeably, made haste to reintroduce the document in its steel coffin, and then bowed them out. For some moments the brothers exchanged no word. David's brain was ablaze with the great news he had for Doris; Geoffrey's heart was raging over his dead hopes and vanquished schemes.

"Geoffrey," said the other, as they paced the street, "you cannot, surely, mean that thing? Think of the vast scandal it will create! Poor father's black past will all be reaped up, and everyone will set down your protest to mere selfish greed."

"Greed, eh?" the elder brother snarled. "And what of your motives, pray? Is it because you are to marry this woman that you defend my father's mad will?"

"Geoffrey! You know that I meant to marry Doris Lonsdale ere I knew she would ever be worth a penny-piece. Was it because you knew the truth respecting her and our father's will that you begged and prayed of her to marry you only the other night?"

"Yes, —— you! Yes!" Geoffrey hissed in his brother's face. "But for that do you imagine I should have stooped to such a woman?"

The speaker turned aside suddenly, and darted into his club. On the threshold David put forth a detaining hand, saying in a low voice.

"What a mean hound you are, my brother! Now hear a word from me. If you ever utter one word against that dear woman who is to be my wife, or move a step in order to contest my father's will, I go to the police and tell them all I know respecting your doings with Levi Crane the night of his death!"

With an unspeakable look, and then a suddenly dropped head, Geoffrey slunk away.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE METHOD OF A MAN.

Five minutes after pouring that startling warning into his callous brother's ear David Blandford was being carried swiftly towards the Swan Meadow Mills in a cab. As the vehicle drew near the gates the great buildings were beginning to disgorge their streams of heated workers, and the yard was filled with clatter of feet and hum of voices.

Dismissing the cabby, and walking towards the offices, David came across the young tackler, Frank Baldwin. Instantly he caught the operative's arm and drew him aside, saying quickly,

"You know Doris Lonsdale—she works under you. Do you happen to know if she's gone home to dinner?"

"She's not gone home, Mr. David. Doris and a friend of hers, Daisy Ray, have just gone to eat their dinners on the grass near the lodges."

"Good! Go to her at once and say that she must come to the office immediately. I've good news—great news—wonderful news for her. Don't waste a minute, Frank."

"Right, sir; I'm off like a bird."

They parted, the tackler sped back, and the millowner passed through the open doorway of the offices, and mounted the stairs, to find all the rooms empty, for cashier and clerks had gone to their dinners. Passing to one of the slightly lowered windows David stood there watching the bustling, eddying streams of workpeople beneath, his thoughts flitting swiftly from the mental landmarks of the last few months.

It was but May yet; and how much had taken place, how many strange things had chanced since the year set in. On the previous night he and Doris had been long together, and then, for the first time, she had given him the whole of her confidence; had laid bare her very heart and mind to him; had spoken plainly of many matters David had formerly known only by conjecture.

She had told him of her admiration of his brother; of Geoffrey's note on the night of the school concert; of his desire to have her trained for a musical career; of his ever increasing interest in her; of her own augmenting affection for the worthless rake she had then deemed the handsomest and noblest of mankind.

Buoyed up by her new love, Doris had spared herself no humiliation. Like a sensible and true woman, she had told David all. The anonymous gift of his own ring had driven Doris into Geoffrey's arms. She had worn it first for Geoffrey's sake; he had allowed her to think it his gift, and only when David proposed to her first had she realised the shallow duplicity of her lover.

Then she had upbraided Geoffrey with his deceit, he had acknowledged his crafty trick, had won her over to a secret engagement, later, had almost persuaded her to leave the town on the pretext of marriage, from which dishonour she had been saved by the timely letter of warning which Frank and Daisy had written.

All those matters Doris had related to the amazed and indignant David, and then had wound up her recital by narrating how Geoffrey had visited her at Hampton-street, there to press his hated addresses upon her anew; to urge her passionately to become his wife without delay; even going the length of offering her ten thousand pounds on the day she married him.

[illegible] ing through David's mind as he stood there by the window. His brother must have known something respecting his father's will. Had he not practically admitted as much a short time ago? An instant after he had uttered that threat at parting he had felt sorry for his words. But he was no longer sorry. If Geoffrey moved a step against his father's will the law should be set upon him! Why should he seek to shelter such a——

"David! Frank Baldwin says you want me."

Doris had entered unheard, and her soft tones of wondering inquiry sent him rushing to her side.

"I have great news for you, Doris! The greatest, the most wonderful news you can imagine!"

"What can it be, David, to make you look and talk so?"

"I have just come from a lawyer's office, Doris, where my brother and I have been to hear our father's will read."

"That, surely, cannot concern me—except in so far as it concerns yourself, David?"

"But it does! You are a lady now of independent means, and need never enter a mill again. Doris, my father has bequeathed to you twenty thousand pounds!"

She gasped audibly, but could not speak for a moment. She could only stare at him with wide questioning eyes, curious to know if this might be some strange jest of his. But his manner forbade that thought. He was grave, earnest, joyous even—almost tragic in his intense pose.

"It is true, Doris, strange and wondrous as it seems! True as the sunshine out there! True as we are here!"

"But why should he leave me a penny?" she demanded, suddenly finding her voice. It seems madness to think——"

"Not madness!" he broke in, "but an act of common justice! God in His own way shapes all things. The whole story I do not know, but I can tell you this much. Our fathers were sworn friends long ago, and mine seems to have done yours some great wrong. That twenty thousand pounds is my dead father's atonement. My father had spoken vaguely of his wrong-doing, had mentioned the form his expiation was to take, but I never dreamt you were the daughter of his old friend."

"David," she said, weakly, and in a confused way, "tell me what I am to do!"

"Quit the mill at once, and come back to it no more. Go home now, see the solicitors, Messrs. Scott and Ellis, later, and they will advise you what to do."

"You will come with me, David?"

"Of course!—No, why should I? You are rich now, and can do as you think best, Doris. I give you back your freedom. When I asked you to marry me I did not know you were to be rich. Besides, the knowledge that my father wronged yours, robbed him, ruined him, caused his death, may make you hate me now!"

"David, I love you!" She ran to him and placed her hands on his shoulders. "I don't want my freedom. I will not take it. I want you! If wrong was done between your father and mine, Heaven will set right the wrong when we become husband and wife. David! David! tell me—will it not be so?"

The clinging hands slipped to his neck, her sweet appealing face was uplifted to his own, her eyes asked him for the love and comfort he could not refuse. When he clasped her in his arms, and kissed her lips, there was a great lump in his throat, and tears were dimming his sight.

(To be Concluded.)

Old Lady (in car, reading advertisements): Bythinia water; Bythinia water; law sakes, why do people want to buy thinnier water than they now use, and get from Spring Valley Company?

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TICKET-O'-LEAVE.

1.

"Valesca!" John Langdon stooped to look into her face and his hot breath, strong of whisky, seemed to burn her cheek. "Don't turn away from me," he cried. "Valesca, I love you! Promise to be my wife."

"I cannot." Valesca Bevan tried to push him away. "I am so sorry you have asked me, Mr. Langdon. I—I do not care for you in that way."

"It is as I thought—that wretched, sneaking Edward Crawford has ousted me in your affections."

"You must not speak of him so," cried Valesca. "If there were no such person as Ted—as Mr. Crawford—if you were the only man in the world, I would not marry you."

Langdon turned from her in a fury and went down the lane with unsteady steps.

Valesca was glad to be alone and set off quickly towards her home, in the opposite direction to that which Langdon had taken.

The brief August gloaming was fading. Countrybred girl though she was, Valesca began to get frightened; even the sharp squeak of a shrew startled her.

Presently she descried a figure in the distance, and when it proved to be Ted Crawford, she could not help uttering an exclamation of delight, at which he stopped short.

"What you, Miss Bevan?" His good-natured, plain face brightened all over. "Have you seen Jack?"

"Yes, I met him about half a mile back. Do you know, Mr. Crawford, he rather frightened me. I am sure he had been drinking."

The light died out of Ted's face and he began to look anxious.

"If the boy went wrong it would break his father's heart," he said. "Poor old man. He has been very good to me, giving me a home when my parents died, and treating me as a son. I would count no sacrifice too great if I could repay him for his kindness."

Afterwards Valesca had bitter reason to recall Ted's words.

He turned to see her home, and somehow as they walked along he began telling her the old story.

"I love you and will do my best to make you happy," he told her, simply. "I am not a rich man, but I am not afraid of work and can promise you a comfortable home. Valesca, look at me."

She raised her eyes to his and in their depths he read his answer and was content.

II.

There was no doubt that old Mr. Langdon, of Gate Court Farm, was breaking. Everybody at Highbridge loved him, who had never done an unkind deed in his life. For his sake people tried to keep from him all knowledge of his son's vicious habits that the poor old man's last days might be unclouded.

Jack, the only child of his girl-wife who died when her baby was born, was as the very apple of his eye. If he had only known the truth about the young man's profligacy—his gambling and drunkenness—the old grey head would have been bowed never to raise itself again.

"He's a fine boy, Ted. He has the making of a good man." So Mr. Langdon often said to Ted, who tried to answer as though he believed him.

Crawford managed to farm a little way out of Highbridge, and though his income was certainly not munificent there was no need for his marriage with Valesca to be long postponed.

Jack had nothing but black looks for his successful rival; only these could not kill. As the winter came Mr. Langdon got weaker. The doctor said he would scarcely live to see the new year.

It was towards the end of October that Highbridge was all agog with excitement and horror.

Ted Crawford was arrested on the charge of attempted murder and robbery. A pedlar, tramping from Highbridge one dark, stormy night, was shot and robbed and left for dead by the roadside.

The village-constable, patrolling his beat, heard the sound of a pistol and hastened in the direction from whence it proceeded. He met Ted hurrying along with blood on his coat. He could give no coherent account of himself. But when the pedlar was brought round and his wound probed, a bullet was found which exactly fitted a pistol discovered in Ted's possession. So Ted was arrested and committed to take his trial at the next assizes.

He pleaded "not guilty," but had no evidence to offer in his defence. His story that, proceeding along the road homewards, he heard the sound of a scuffle and pistol-shot and rushed to the spot to find the pedlar lying in a pool of blood, was too improbable to be believed. How came the pistol in Ted's possession?

No, the proofs were damning, and Crawford was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

Popular feeling ran high, and there was not one who believed in his protested innocence. Yes, one, and she whose opinion was worth more to Ted than any. Valesca felt that there was something behind it all which she could not understand; only she knew that her lover was incapable of the crime ascribed to him.

She was permitted to have a brief interview with him in his cell.

"Dearest," she said, "I know some day this mystery will be cleared. But, remember, through all I am true and am waiting."

Then Ted broke down and his tears were no disgrace to his manhood. When the time came for Valesca to leave him, he whispered,

"How is Mr. Langdon? Does he know?"

She shook her head.

"No, he has heard nothing. He thinks you are absent on business. Dear old man, he is dying fast. But I think Jack is a comfort to him now; he has been steadier lately."

So with one kiss Valesca and her lover were parted.

III.

Mr. Langdon died on Christmas Eve.

"I am sorry not to see Ted again," were almost his last words. "Give him my love." Then he stretched out his hand and placed it on Jack's bowed head as he knelt by the bedside. "God bless you, lad," he whispered, "you have been a good son to me. Give me a kiss to take to your mother—I shall see her tonight."

After his father's death Jack threw off whatever restraint he might have previously exercised over himself. He went from bad to worse, and at last left Highbridge, which knew him no more.

The years passed away, bringing little outward change to the village.

Valesca's grandparents—who had brought her up died, and she got a situation as housekeeper at the doctor's.

She still remained faithful to her convict lover, strong in the belief that his innocence would be proved. At the expiration of five years Ted was released on ticket-of-leave, and he boldly returned to Highbridge.

Nobody knew what it cost him to bear the sneers and the cold shoulder with which he was greeted by former friends; but for Valesca's sake he did his best to be brave.

"Ted," she said, "I am ready to marry you whenever you like. My hero, do I not understand your splendid sacrifice? Oh, if only the world might know you as you are. But it will some day. God will not let your goodness go unrewarded."

"Valesca, sometimes the way seems dark. But what I did I did for the best—to save that noble old man from a shame which would have been bitterer than death. Only suppose my name is never cleared? It does not seem likely now. Jack has gone no one knows where. Ought I to marry you, Valesca, with this cloud hanging over me!"

"Dearest," she answered, proudly, "there is no cloud, only the sunshine of your self-sacrifice. I want no higher honour than to be your wife, my love."

. . . . . .

It is always the unexpected which happens. The vicar told it out in Highbridge Church on Sunday for everybody to hear. How he had been sent for to visit a man dying in the workhouse of the neighbouring town, and how the man was John Langdon, returning to his native village broken down, destitute, but intent on doing what he could to make tardy restitution. He confessed how on that fateful October night he had been drinking in the ale-house. The pedlar entered and displayed a bag well filled with money. Fired with drink and greed John Langdon followed him along the dark road and shot at him. The man fell groaning, and at that instant Ted Crawford appeared. Langdon dropped the pistol and made off—the rest we know.

Langdon died, but not before he had signed a full confession of his guilt, which was conclusively proved.

All Highbridge turned out to see Valesca Bevan's wedding, and the village rang with cheers as she left the church on the arm of her husband—Ted Crawford, hero and ticket-of-leave.

Marion Wymborne.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

The prospective end of the world, or the extinction of life upon the globe, which is much the same thing, is a fascinating theme with astronomers and scientific speculators. Most of them, however, put the period of finality so far away in the future that the present generation is not very seriously concerned in the mathematical accuracy of their calculations. Two astronomers of the Naval Observatory at Washington—Mr. George A. Hill and Dr. T. J. J. Lee—have been measuring up the years of the world's existence, and both have come to pretty near the same conclusion, though while the former will not commit himself to any period more definite than "billions of years," the latter fixes our doom at or about 3,001,900 A.D.

At the end of about three million years we are told by Dr. Lee that the sun, which has already expended eight-ninths of its energy, will have exhausted the remaining ninth and be completely burnt out. Although the sun will still continue to be the centre of the solar system, with the earth and other planets travelling about it in their orbits, all will be perpetual night. In the absence of solar heat the oceans will freeze over and ultimately become absorbed by the land, the atmosphere will cease to be vapour and lie like snow upon the earth's crust, while all life will disappear from the face of the globe.

Mr. Hill's vision of the future provides us with an alternative method of [illegible] We may probably be frozen out of existence, in the manner suggested by Dr. Lee, or we may be cremated by being drawn into the sun. The latter possibility is contingent on an accident, such as a blow from some erratic meteor which would have the effect of knocking the earth sufficiently awry to change its balance. It would require a meteor half the size and weight of the earth to do this, not a very probable occurrence, though, perhaps, not impossible. While, however, the freezing process by the exhaustion of the sun's heat would be a gradual one, the incineration resulting from an unbalanced world would be comparatively rapid.

It would take a year before the earth ultimately reached the sun, though by the time it had travelled 45,000,000 miles, or half the distance, the temperature of the globe would be enhanced to possibly 500 or 600 degrees, at which, of course, all life would be impossible. Should our planet remain at this distance the year would be reduced to three months' duration, inasmuch as our velocity would be four times as great as now, and we should whirl round at the rate of 72 miles a second. All buildings and loose objects would be thrown off into space by centrifugal force, and many of the more loosely attached rocks would follow suit.

Dr. T. N. Gill, biologist of the Smithsonian Museum, and Professor W. J. McGee, ethnologist and biologist, are more consoling, for while the former considers that man will disappear from earth to be succeeded by a higher race evolved from the existing stock, the latter cannot see any probability of man's ultimate annihilation. Intellect, the latter considers, will step in to prevent the earth freezing and keep mankind alive. But intellect will be a sorry kind of fuel when the sun goes out. As the earth cools and dries Dr. Gill thinks that the higher race to be evolved from man will need less water, put on more clothes, eat more oil, and grow hair over his entire body. Whether life in regions of everlasting ice and darkness would be worth preserving, or be of any practical utility, neither Dr. Gill nor Professor McGee vouchsafe to tell us, probably for the reason that they know no more than we do. These fanciful speculations of scientists, though occasionally taken seriously by a few, are more amusing than useful, albeit they serve to show the length to which deduction will lead even shrewd people when once they surrender themselves to its fascinating thraldom.

WHO JUDGE SCROGGS WAS

The statement by Mr. Louis Calvert, at the Haymarket Theatre every evening, to the effect that "Scrogge is a just judge, and one who loves a merry trial" has aroused some interest in this quaintly-named wearer of the ermine.

A contemporary of the notorious Lord Jeffreys, Sir William Scroggs became Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1678. Throughout the whole of his career he was conspicuous for his cruelty to such unfortunate individuals as chanced to be arraigned before him. Particularly was this the case with regard to persons tried by him for complicity in the Popish plot, which in June, 1678, Titus Oates pretended to have unmasked.

His term of office, however, was a short one, for, after only two years' occupancy of it a reaction set in against him and he was impeached by the House of Commons. Thereupon he appealed to King Charles, who, in one of his many weak moments, interfered on his behalf, with the result that he was merely compulsorily retired from the Bench on a handsome pension.

In 1685 he died, leaving behind him the reputation of having been "the best hated and the most greatly feared man in England." He pre-deceased Nell Gwynne by four years.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BROWNINGS.

During the happy summer of which I write, I occupied certain rooms in the Villa Bricchieri, on Bellosguardo, sharing the upper floor with Miss Blagden, the "dear Isa" so frequently mentioned in Mrs. Browning's letters. From Bellosguardo I walked down every weekday morning to the city, often breakfasting with Mrs. Jameson—who was then reviewing her "Legendary Art," and who occupied the third floor of Casa Guidi—spent the morning in the Specolo studying anatomy, and returned to Casa Guidi to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Browning. Up the Bellosguardo Mr. Browning, who rose early, and was fond of a morning walk, often came to meet me.

"If there is one thing my soul craves more than another," said I, on one of these occasions, "it is to take a turn in a donkey caretta."

"And so you shall," said Mr. Browning, "and that now, for there just coming out of the gate, is Girolomo, who every morning brings us vegetables to Casa Guidi. We will appropriate his caretta, take a turn in it up Poggio Imperiale toward his vigna, come back and meet him. Hullo, Girolomo!"

Thus accosted, Girolomo paused; the proposition was made, immediately accepted; Girolomo descended and yielded up the reins.

"These carette, common enough in Italy, may perhaps be best described as barrows, the entire solid bottom of which consists of a narrow plank, running from end to end, and the rest being a network of rope upon which a loose board is placed which serves as a seat, and which, obeying nature's laws, has a tendency to retreat in proportion as the steed advances. On this occasion a small heap of vegetables in the after part of the caretta, refuse of the morning supply, added to the general picturesqueness of the vehicle.

And now for Girolomo's donkey. Let science boast as it may of the marvels achieved by X-rays! All that they have achieved sinks into nothingness compared with the intellectual achievement wrought by that donkey in one instant of time. Although he had not turned his wicked little eye upon us, we, and the whole situation were photographed upon his wily brain. Before placing one foot before another he had travelled from Homer and Phidias down, and knew exactly of what unpractical stuff poets and sculptors are made. In his wicked little mind, and before the turn of a hair, problems connected, not only with the present and past, but with futurity, were resolved.

"Will the donkey go without you, Girolomo?" inquired Mr. Browning, at this stage of the proceedings.

"Oh, andra—andra!" (he will go) said Girolomo, with emphasis. Oh, the sly Florentine! How little we suspected what that emphasis implied!

"We will divide honours," said I, as we mounted the equipage. "You take one rope rein and I will take the other."

"Honours are easy," said Mr. Browning.

(Note: Not so easy as we thought.)

A little time passed in silence, perhaps the poet was congratulating himself upon having furnished a prospective pleasure to his friend, perhaps the sculptor was congratulating herself upon the materialisation of a life-long ambition, but it is more likely that both were silently occupied in striving to accommodate themselves to the unusual situation.

"Ha!" said Browning, at last, giving a flip to his one rope rein. This is great—de gustibus non—"

"You had better let go your Latin and hold on to your seat," interrupted the sculptor. "You do not seem to be aware that we are being run away with!"

"Nonsense!" said Browning. "The donkey knows he is going home!"

"He knows more than that," said I. "He knows he is master of the situation," and once more I was impressed with the almost diabolical intelligence of the animal, for, although uttered in what to him was a foreign tongue, he grasped the whole pith of the remark, starting off with renewed vehemence upon his flight.

Silence again ensued, for the situation was critical. Stones from beneath and Girolomo's remaining vegetables from the rear shot out as if from a catapult, little by little the loose footboard sole pivot of rest for our feet, "vanished," so far as we were concerned, "into thin air." Little by little our sliding seat, obeying nature's laws of motion, retreated, with constantly accelerated strides, to the farthermost end of the caretta; its next movement would be to launch its occupants into space. Phaeton was no longer a mystery of myth—he was one with ourselves.

"What if we should meet another caretta in this narrow lane?" said I.

"Or, what if our feet should catch in the rope net when we are overturned?" said Browning, now fully alive to the true nature of the situation.

But while Mr. Browning, between gasps for breath was trying to reconcile this contingency with the dead Hector at the chariot-wheel of Achilles, the donkey, by an abrupt halt at the gate of his own vineyard, taught us the true nature of centrifugal force.

"Dio mio! Cose e?" said a voice belonging to a head which suddenly appeared at an upper window of the tenuta. "San Antonio! It is Signor Browning!" and the next minute clattering feet told us of the swift approach of Assunta, wife of Girolomo, to whom the voice and head belonged.

Italians are quick at the uptake, and aided by a few words from Mr. Browning, Assunta comprehended in a moment the whole situation. "Oh, was there anything like the impertinence of animals?" But of all bestie impertinence, this beast of Girolomo's was the worst. He was an animal without moral sense. There was nothing to appeal to in his composition. He was base from his head to his tail. He was not an animal at all; he was an evil spirit in disguise, and Assunta, concluded the list of his diabolical attributes by calling upon the Madonna to witness that he was a disgrace to nature.—Harriet G. Hosmer in "Youth's Companion."

TOM LOWREY GAVE A PASS.

One of Minnesota's delegates at large to the Philadelphia Convention was Tom Lowrey, who owns all the street railways in St. Paul and Minneapolis, besides much other valuable property. One of his associates was a member of the State Legislature, and the twain met in the corridor of the Walton. "Well," exclaimed the legislator as he saw the millionaire, "here is Tom Lowrey! By thunder, there is no man on earth ever did more for Tom Lowrey that I have done. Why, he never asked me for a thing that I did not give it to him. He never wanted anything when I knew it but what I went out of my way to get it. I have gone out of my way many a time to do things for him, and, do you know, I never got a thing from him; no, sir, I never got even a pass on the Minneapolis street railroad. Not even a pass."

"Say, old man," said Thomas, "I will tell you what I will do. If you will set up the champagne, I will give you a pass on the Minneapolis street railroad."

"By jove, it is a go," said the member of the Legislature, and he took the party into the cafe and set up two bottles of champagne. When the wine had been downed, Thomas drew a nickel from his pocket and handing it across the table, said:

"Here, old man; it's good on any line in Minneapolis and will take you anywhere you want to go."

FORTUNES IN PRESENTS.

THE HANDSOME WAY ROYALTY REWARDS AMBASSADORS.

Probably one of the most rapidly-decaying of customs is that of presenting ambassadors at Foreign Courts with presents. The diminution, it is true, is largely due to the fact that the governments of some ambassadors very properly forbid them to receive presents of any great value. But, nevertheless, even at the present day, Sovereigns and Princes are wont to express their satisfaction by means of gifts at the manner in which an ambassador has accomplished his business, or conducted some special mission with which he was charged. It may be added that the bestowal of presents on ambassadors is not altogether a voluntary act, but principally arises from custom.

There has never been a period, perhaps, at which ambassadors received presents more frequently than during the Middle Ages. There is a record of a most magnificent interchange of gifts which took place in 1227 between the Emperor Frederick and one of the Emirs; but of the two the Emir was evidently the more generous, for he gave the ambassador—who carried the Emperor's compliments—gifts to double the value of the presents which he had received.

GIVEN THE COLD SHOULDER.

In Turkey gifts were formerly a very important feature at Court, and the Sultan himself was in nowise above receiving presents; in fact, if an ambassador arrived at the Palace without a good present, he was given the "cold shoulder," and was generally treated with contempt and scorn by all the Court.

One of the most graceful presents on record, however, was that given by Frederick the Fourth of Denmark in 1720 to Lord Carteret, who had done so much towards the restoration of peace. As the ambassador was taking his farewell his Majesty unbuckled his own sword and presented it to the English peer.

During the same year, 1720, Count Wratislau, the Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg, received the Order of St. Andrew with the collar which had been worn by Peter the Second, and which was worth 25 000 roubles. Louis Quatorze was accustomed to present ambassadors with very valuable copies of rare old works printed at the Louvre.

AN EMBARRASSING GIFT.

But the most extraordinary gifts were those usually presented by the Popes which ruled the States or Church three and four centuries ago. They consisted chiefly of beads and relics with a whole host of blessings thrown in. Very often when his Holiness wished to do an ambassador a special honour he presented him with a toe, or leg, a tooth, and sometimes the whole body of saint or martyr. Once the Duke of Crequi, a French gentleman of great elegance, sent by the Court of Versailles to Rome, was complimented with the remains of the "Holy Ovidius." The Duke was rather embarrassed with his precious relic, and did not know what to do with it. Eventually, he decided to send it to the Capuchin Monastry in the Place Louis Le Grand, where the monks received the sacred body with a reverence only equalled by their surprise when they discovered that he was endowed with the miraculous peculiarity of two left legs.

JEWELS FOR THE LADIES.

There have been many instances in which ambassadors virtuously refused presents for themselves, but very dexterously hinted that their wives would receive gifts of jewels with infinite greediness and satisfaction.

The ambassador's wife must in no way be forgotten. Indeed, there are instances in which ambassadresses have received presents of much greater magnificence than their husbands were wont to receive, but this was generally the case where she was a special favourite of the King or Princes. In 1695 the wife of Erizo, Venetian ambassador at the Court of France, received an enormous present from the King, but for this honour she was indebted to her remarkable beauty, and not at all to the services of her husband.

Formerly, ambassadors on their arrival as well as on their departure from a Court, received a present, and even at the present day this custom exists.

To-day the usual present of a Sovereign to an ambassador is a ribbon or decoration. An eminent negotiator once remarked that he had received so many decorations that foreign Courts disposed to do him honour were at length obliged "to come out with their snuff boxes."

CHARACTER TOLD BY THE EYES.

Superstition and science are so mixed up in the modern practice of face-reading that it is impossible to declare where one begins and the other ends. Nevertheless, many individuals, women especially, who are able observers of small indications, are able to discover the foibles and dangerous qualities of a new acquaintance by reading his or her countenance. The eye has been called the most tell-tale feature. Perhaps it is, but it is also the one most used for purposes of deception. A false smile may often be discriminated from a true one, but a falsely sweet glance seldom fails to charm. In melodramatic stories of a few years back we read often the villain's

UNSTEADINESS OF GAZE.

The deceiver's eye always "fell" before the scrutiny of the just; unluckily a modern hypocrite would probably convey into her eyes an expression of apparently innocent wonder! However, when restless eyes are seen, we may be sure that they denote a false, designing, self-ashamed disposition, and malicious intention into the bargain, if their shade is greenish. A brown-eyed woman whose eyes are restless has probably allowed her warm feelings to lead her into falsenesses of which she is repentant. Roving, unsteady pale blue eyes signify a character that is all for self and self's passionate attachments to things or creatures, not wholly bad or genuinely good, very attractive, in all probability, a pleasing, and very demonstrative friend, but not entitled to one atom of reliance.

Let me explain, says "The Lady" in the "Queenslander," that I am offering feminine cases for consideration; the warning will fit male instances just as surely. Who has not met the really charming girl, whose stare of too-obvious curiosity turns aside abashed by a return gaze? Her eyes cannot be described as restless; they are too firmly fixed for good manners, as a rule. That her stare falters simply means that it has not been wholly friendly; she has been studying you for the entertainment of herself at the moment, and the after-amusement of her bosom friends of the day. She may be disposed, piecently, to make you one of their number, when she will try to entertain you by the gossip, learned chiefly through staring about other people: but she is best kept as an acquaintance, until, maybe, she has learned how to be true. When eyes have dazzlingly-blue "whites," an impulsive temperament is told; if they become less white, sometimes clouding with yellow,

"AN ATTACK OF EVIL TEMPER

is coming on, and the individual is best avoided until her eye-balls return to their usual condition. Hazel eyes are the safest, especially those in which the brown predominates. Talent, wit, truth, energy of disposition, originality of thought, sincerity, balanced tempers, self-control, common-sense, unselfishness, are generally possessed by the owners of such eyes. Pale, cold-looking, steady, blue eyes denote chilly, stern obstinate, often selfish natures, and absence of warm feelings. Rare dark-blue and deep-grey eyes go with amiable, often noble, characters, without any special gifts of intellect or strength of will.

THE MAN OPPOSITE.

To be staying in apartments at the seaside on a wet day is the essence of misery. Such, at least, was Marmie Hayward's opinion as she strummed on the window-pane watching the downpour.

Marmie, aged eighteen, was the only and spoilt daughter of a wealthy City merchant. The Haywards had a flat in town and a house in the country, and Marmie scarcely knew what it was to have a wish ungratified. Yet at the present moment she looked the most unhappy mortal in the world. Mrs. Hayward lay on the sofa with a splitting headache, and the ceaseless tap of Marmie's fingers against the glass wore on her nerves.

"Do leave off that noise, child. It makes my head a thousand times worse," said her mother.

"I don't wonder it aches in such a stuffy room. You want more air."

Marmie threw up the window and leant out. The strains of a violin fell on her ears. She found herself looking straight into the drawing-room of the house opposite.

A man lay stretched on an invalid's chair in the window holding a violin. The sweet sounds he drew forth with his master touch held Marmie spellbound. The magnetism of glances probably attracted him, for he turned his face towards her—a handsome face, but worn with suffering, and a great pity welled up in the girl's heart.

She crept behind the curtains and listened to the music. Presently Mr. Hayward entered the room.

"Ah, that's what I call playing," he said, stopping short. "What's the name of that piece, Marmie?"

"I don't know, father. But don't talk, listen."

Mr. Hayward stood still, uttering various sounds in a vain effort to

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SUZE'S LOVE LETTERS,

By ELLIS MARSTON.

Swish went the well-directed rain against the second floor windows of Mevrouw Ten Bruggenkate's house in Haarlem, and Suze, looking up, received an impromptu shower-bath on her pretty face. Pretty would Suze be accounted anywhere, and just then she looked particularly so, as she laughed back at Betji, who was looking down at her from an open window.

Mevrouw Ten Bruggenkate was away for a day or two, visiting her rich brother Cornelius in Amsterdam, and we all know what happens in every country when the cat is away. Suze poised the syringe again and sent another jet against the windows, standing further back as she did so, that the shower might not descend again upon her face.

Suze had a complexion of milk and roses, eyes like blue porcelain, and soft straight hair of light brown, which was parted on her forehead and put neatly away behind her white frilled cap. Her blue woollen skirt was pinned up over a scarlet petticoat, and her white ribbed stockings, knitted by her own deft fingers, were tucked into pointed wooden shoes.

Swish—this time the shower was directed against the first floor windows.

"You are well set to work, Suze," said a voice behind her. "See how you have drenched my hat."

"You should not go so near the windows," Suze replied, without turning her head.

"Why, I had a note to deliver to Mina the cook, so I had no choice. Your mistress returns to-morrow and brings Mynheer Cornelius with her for one night only; and Mevrouw desires Mina to prepare his favourite chicken mayonnaise, without which the Heer hardly thinks life worth living."

Suze turned round and confronted the speaker, a good looking young fellow, in a blue serge jacket, wide knicker bockers of the same material, and a large grey felt hat.

"Oh, it's you, Jan," she said innocently.

"Dag, Jan."

"Dag, Suze. So you did not know me at first?"

Suze's colour heightened ever so little, but she did not reply, and sent the water against the ground-floor windows with a will.

"I brought you something," said Jan, taking a tea-rosebud from the little basket he held; he added to it a spray of maiden-hair fern, and then with a pin which he extracted out of his jacket, pinned the flower to the front of Suze's dress.

"Now, you look like a flower yourself," he said with an unwonted poetic outburst.

"You will be late home, Jan, if you loiter here, and you know that Myuheer Cornelius is very exact."

"True," he said. "Good-bye, Suze, look out for the postman," and with a wave of his hand he was gone.

"What had Jan to say to thee?" asked Betji, appearing again at the top floor window.

"Oh, that Mevrouw was coming home to-morrow. Oh, yes, and he mentioned also the flowers."

"Does Mynheer Cornelius exhibit at the orchid show the end of this month?" asked Betji. "Surely yes, for he took several prizes last year, and Jan was highly commended by the judges."

"I know not," said Suze, indifferently. "I had not time for gossip, and, Betji, the windows are finished while thou hast been lazying, and now I am ready to help thee with the linen."

Three days afterwards the postman left a letter for Suze. It was addressed in a large round hand, and after minutely inspecting it, she put it away in a little locked box, where she kept a bag of dried roseleaves, her best earrings and pocket-handkerchiefs, her Bible and Prayer-book, and the other little odds and ends which made up the sum total of her treasures.

Suse and Betji occupied together a long low room at the top of the house, where two little wooden bedsteads hung with the whitest of dimity, awaited them after the day's work was over. At nine o'clock both the maidens were in bed, and Betji's regular breathing announced that she was in the land of dreams. Then Suze cautiously lit the candle, and stealing out of bed opened her rosewood box, and took therefrom a letter, which she had not yet opened. It was not long, but Suze took a long time in reading it.

"Respected and dear Suze"—it began. "The tulips are now in full bloom, and the roses are coming on apace. The orchids also are beginning to make a show, and I think we shall have the finest flowers of all this year. We exhibit at the Hague next month, and the Heer says that if he is awarded first medal he will raise my wages. He has also given me a house near Myn Breugh, which, as you know, is his country estate. It is small but commodious, the door and window frames are deep red, and the front of the house is stained yellow. The windows will look well with lace curtains such as my mother has laid by. There is a small garden in front where flowers may be cultivated, and a larger one at the back which will grow onions and cabbages. How much dost thou think it will take to furnish the house? And dost thou think wall paper of blue or red will look best? These questions I should like answered. I hope the honourable lady, thy mistress, is well.—Thy friend and well wisher, Jan Vreede."

Suze read this epistle through three times, and replaced it in the fragrant little box, which she carefully locked, and put the key under her pillow.

Suze took a week to think over Jan's letter, and during that time she was rather distraite, so that her mistress had to call her to account. She brought in the tea water several times very much off the boil, and used the same duster three days running, a crime utterly forbidden in Mevrouw Ten Bruggenkate's household.

Then one day when Mina the cook was busy elsewhere, and Betji had been allowed out to tea with a friend, Suze sate down in the kitchen and wrote her letter.

"Respected friend Jan.

The honoured Mevrouw, my mistress, is in good health. I am glad to hear that the tulips are blooming and that the roses are forward. It is also good news that the orchids will make so fine a show. Thy mother will rejoice that the honoured Heer approves of thee, and intends to show his approval as thou hast said. It is my opinion, after thinking long on the subject, that red paper looks best with some rooms, and blue with others. The lace curtains will go well with the windows, and thy mother I know well to be a clever and thrifty housewife. I look to thee to assure her of my dutiful respects. As to the expenses of furnishing I know little, but can consult my mother as thou canst thine.

It rejoices my heart to know that tulips and roses may be cultivated in the front garden, and that onions and cabbages will grow well at the back. Thy friend and well wisher, Suze Klops."

When Suze had finished her epistle, she asked leave of her mistress to go and post it.

"Yes, child, and take these of mine at the same time," said Mevrouw, putting half a dozen into the girl's hands. She went to the post, and just as she was dropping the letters in, an acquaintance from one of the neighbouring houses came there on the same errand, and in the interesting conversation that ensued poor Suze did not notice that her letter to Jan fell on to the ground, and that a mischievous little breeze, out for a holiday, seized it and whirled it away round the corner of a street, finally dropping it in a water butt which stood in a backyard. She went back with a heart at ease, feeling that the die was cast, and that she had only to wait until the orchid show was over to give her three months' notice to her mistress.

But week followed week and there came no sign from Jan, nor did she ever see him coming to the house with messages and letters. At first she thought it was because Jan was busy preparing for the orchid show, but when that was long past and still she neither saw nor heard anything of him, Suze's heart began to ache at this apparent desertion on the part of an old and tried friend.

"You are looking pale and ill, Suze," said Mevrouw Ten Bruggenkate to her one day. "You had better pack up your things and go home for a week."

In vain Suze protested that she was perfectly well. Her mistress was resolute, and in the end the girl had to give way and go.

"Well, child," said her mother, a short, stout woman with generous waist and hips; "so thou has been getting ill up yonder. Ah! in towns it is no wonder that folk are never well. My poor head aches always with the noise whenever I go to Rotterdam, if only for a few days. But out here, where it is quiet always, and the air is pure, thou will soon be well again."

Suze looked mournfully out on the landscape, and thought it had never looked so dreary. Far away, as far as the eye could reach, spread grassing meadows; on the canal a barge was slowly wending its way, and the red caps of the men on board made the only bit of bright colouring in the landscape. A herd of black and white cows of which old Piet Klops, Suze's father, had charge, grazed in the foreground; pollard willows grew everywhere, and against the horizon the sails of windmills whirled unceasingly. The girl shrank and shivered a little.

"Heaven send thou hast not the ague," exclaimed Vrouw Klops, bustling to the cupboard and bringing out an infallible remedy for that malady. "Ah these cities! They are indeed nurseries of all evils, both of mind and body."

Old Piet Klops was away in Amsterdam, whither he had gone to buy some cows Mynheer Cornelius, his master, had large herds already, but he was one of those men denounced in Scripture, who are ever ready to increase their stock of possessions. Piet had various errands in the city and did not return until Suze had been at home three days.

"Great news in Amsterdam," he said regarding his daughter narrowly as he sat over his bread and cheese. "Jan Vreede is, they say, betrothed to Vrouw Steene, the rich widow of the grocer. I had not thought that Jan was on the look-out for money, but so it is. The Heer took first prize for orchids at the Hague, and Jan has now a higher salary, but if he marries Vrouw Steene, he will likely give up his gardening and take to the shop."

SUZE.

"Where art thou going, Suze?" for she was vanishing through the open door.

"I forgot to feed the hens," the girl answered in a faint voice. The old Dutchman shook his head solemnly. After he had finished his meal he shook it again, and when he had filled his beloved pipe, and, retiring to the bench outside the cottage door, was enjoying the sweets of well-earned repose, he shook it many times.

At this precise time Jan Vreede was entering the shop of Vrouw Steene, with a long list of articles which the cook had desired him to order on his way to the station. Jan looked graver than when Suze had last seen him, and his brown eyes had a puzzled expression, as if he had been trying to solve some problem which was too hard for him.

Vrouw Steene, a buxom widow, with lively black eyes and a comely visage, was serving in her shop when he entered, and her face lit up with a smile as she saw him, for Jan was always a welcome caller, not only for his own sake, but also because Mynheer was a good customer and never grumbled at her prices.

"Dag, Jan," she said, and Jan, taking off his hat responded, "Dag, Vrouw Steene, and how goes the world with you?"

"Well enough," answered the widow with a sigh, "but the business is too much for me. It needs a stronger hand and head than mine to keep it going as it should, Mynheer Vreede."

"Ah! ja," said Jan, absently. "See Anna has given me this list to bring you, and will be glad if you will send the things as soon as possible. I am on my way to Haarlem. Any messages or commissions, Vrouw Steene? You have relatives there, I believe."

"Thanks," said the Vrouw, looking at him critically. "I will trouble you with a small basket to leave with my aunt Jansen. I am always glad to send her a few things. Are you going to call at Mevrouw Ten Bruggenkate's house?"

"Ja, the Heer has sent her some cuttings, and I am to stay and see them properly set."

"Ah! then you will have a long talk with Suze. A nice maiden is Suze."

"Ja," said Jan indifferently, "but I have not seen Suze for long."

"No," with an air of wonderment, "why I thought that—report did say—"

"Report lies," said Jan angrily.

"But now," continued the widow, "it says that the policeman Keppel loiters much about the house; and that it is surmised Suze is not indifferent to him."

The unwonted colour flushed Jan's face, but he made no answer, and with a bow to Vrouw Steene, left the shop and made his way to the station.

"So, so," said the widow nodding her head complacently, "you may spill your coffee while raising it to your lips, it seems."

Jan hurried on to the station, more perturbed in spirits than ever he had been in his life before. Suze false to him—she whom he had ever believed to be the incarnation of truth and steadfastness. Oh! a thousand devils, why could he not have been contented in the society of tulips and orchids, and not have troubled himself about such frivolous things as women.

When he reached the dwelling of Mevrouw Ten Bruggenkate, Jan was in as bad a temper as it was possible for a very good natured Dutchman to be. Opposite the house he caught sight of the policeman Keppel strolling along and occasionally looking up at the house, and Jan felt vastly inclined to give him a taste of his strong fists. But remembering the dignity of his master, as also that the policeman was a larger and more powerful man than himself, he prudently restrained his wrath and went up the steps.

Betji opened the door to him with a smile and a blush. "Good morning Jan, it is long since you have been here."

"Yes, I have been very busy. How is your honourable mistress?"

"My honourable mistress is well, but you do not inquire after old friends, Jan."

"Ah, yourself. I can see that you are well and rosy. How is Mina the cook?"

"Mina the cook is also well," answered Betji demurely, "but someone else is not. Someone else has gone away sick."

"Indeed," said Jan, "and who is that?"

"Can you not guess, Jan? You used not to be so thick-headed. Why Suze, of course. She has gone home ill."

Jan nearly dropped the basket in his consternation.

"Indeed, I had heard nothing of it, I swear to you Betji."

"No? Oh, I dare say not. You have been too much occupied with the rich widow Steene to remember old friends."

"The widow Steene," echoed Jan contemptuously; then, with energy, "Betji, dear Betji, tell me what it all means."

"Why, you see Jan, you never came here, and Suze got paler and thinner, and pale and thinner till we all thought she would go into a decline, and so Mevrouw sent her off home thinking the change would benefit her."

"Why," said the bewildered Jan. "I thought I heard that Suze had taken up with the policeman Keppel."

"The policeman Keppel," cried Betji shrilly. "No, Mynheer Jan, the policeman Keppel is courting me."

"Oh—h," said Jan with a long whistle. "Here Betji, you very good girl, tell your mistress I have brought her some cuttings from Mynheer Cornelius, and am to stay and get them set, so let me get to work at once for I have plenty to do elsewhere."

The sun was setting over Holland, and canal and mere and broad meadows were all tinged with his dying glory. Old Piet Klops sat in his arbour, puffing at a long clay pipe, and occasionally taking a pull at a jug of ale which stood on the bench beside him, while at the open door of the house his wife sat at her knitting. Suze was out at the back hanging red and blue petticoats to dry on a line, when the garden gate opened with a hasty click, and a strong decided step came up the little walk. "Good day, Vrouw Klops; where is Suze?"

"Good day Jan, it is long since thou hast been to see us, for an old friend and neighbour. Suze is at the back I will go and call her."

"Nay, I will go myself," said the young man, and not waiting for the good dame, he strode out of the door and round to the back of the house. A pale girl was standing pegging garments on to the line. Could this be this blooming Suze?

With two strides Jan reached her, and catching her waist from behind before she was aware of him, imprinted a hearty kiss on both her cheeks. With a little scream Suze drew away from the bold intruder, but turning caught sight of Jan's happy laughing face, and threw her arms round his neck.

"What are you two doing so long out there?" inquired Vrouw Klops, as she emerged from the back door shortly afterwards.

"Mother," said Jan, leading up the blushing Suze, "we have only been putting a tangled skein straight."

AMONG DE BRUDDERS.

Every great language has its mock lingoes and clipped dialects. Darky English, like the grotesque blunder-words of the supposed Mrs. Partington, nearly always had a phonetic suggestion that makes the speaker's meaning remarkably clear. The fat old cook in Lynchburg, Virginia, who complained that her son "Sem's goin's on is conjurin' his institution an' disrupti'n us all" had the word "disreputable" echoing round somewhere in her head. She made herself understood, and there was piquancy in her new verb. The Rev. Egerton R. Young describes one of his evenings in an African church in Florida, where the minister announced "de fun' chapter of the Epistle o' David," and proceeded to read the First Psalm. One fiery young exhorter in the meeting, with exemplary good taste, confined his remarks to those of his own age.

"I's suffin to say to-night," said he, "to disrupt de feelin's o' yous ole daddies an' mammies, but I's jes' goin' ter consummate dem sinners back by de do'."

At the close of one service a pastor called attention to the rain-soaked and stained plaster in the recess behind the pulpit, which he had long tried in vain to persuade his shiftless parishioners to fresco, and he pronounced his ultimatum in this wise, "Bredren, de survices in dis church will all be discontinnered outil yo' fricasse de abscess."

Mr. Young adds a good quotation to close with, though there is no badly twisted English in it.

"Pompey, how did you like my sermon?" said a vain and rather long-winded preacher to a black man who had sat under the gallery.

Pompey was still aching with the fatigue of listening to the 40-minute discourse.

"Well, boss," he replied, "tin'k yo' went by a lot o' mighty good stoppin' places."

A JAPANESE FAD.

A curious fad has to some extent seemingly taken root in Japan. This is nothing more nor less than the alteration, by the surgeon's knife, of the shape of the eye, so that in future times the Japanese will not be distinguished as one of the "almond-eyed" races. The operation is said to be simple and quite painless. The surgeon takes a scalpel in his right hand, and, stretching the skin with the fore-finger of his left hand, makes an incision on the outer part of the eyelids in a straight line for the barest part of an inch. The lashes are then brought into shape, and held firmly by a piece of chemically-prepared sticking-plaster. The wound needs no further dressing, and the subject of the Emperor of the Rising Sun Kingdom goes on about his business as if nothing had happened. In a few days it is entirely healed, when the surgeon is visited and requested to remove the plaster, and with the plaster comes the fear. The Japs say that their Eastern, not to say Mongolian, appearance is a disadvantage to them in their commercial and other relations with Western races.

Even Worse.—He: Darling, don't you know that it is unlucky to postpone a wedding?

She: I can't help that. My dressmaker is ill, and I'm afraid it would be more unlucky if I were to go and get married before having all the clothes I want made, while my father is still willing to pay for them.

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Quite.—Mrs. D.: I married you for love, and I did not get it.

Mr D.: Well, we are quits then. I married you for money, and I did not get it.

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May: You should get him to sign the pledge before you marry him.

Fay: Why, he doesn't drink.

May: No, but he may be tempted to do so later.

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It Told a Tale.—Husband: How pretty you look!

Wife: Yes; I notice that as often as the style changes you find my old dresses most charming.

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A Matter of Course.—Edith: I suppose you were at the wedding?

Helen: Oh, yes.

Edith: How did the bride appear?

Helen: Triumphant, of course.

A GENIUS IN ADVERTISING.

"When I was a youngster, say, of 21," remarked the veteran journalist of a Western city, "I was the editor of a country paper in a town of about 5,000 people, and having lived for a year in New York I had an idea that I was really the only person in town who knew anything. I had a pretty hard time making things come my way, but youth and enterprise are hard to down, and I kept at it. There was one firm in town, Smith Brothers, which was the strongest and most Conservative there, and I knew an advertisement from them would be the making of me; but they were very slow in letting me have it. However, I persisted, until at last I had it in my clutches, and I grasped it as a drowning man grasps at a life buoy.

"The senior partner, who was a most austere and particular old chap, and a deacon into the bargain, was anxious to impress me with the fact that they were doing a great deal for me, and I must return value received. All of which I agreed to do; and then the old gentleman surprised me by telling me he would give me the copy and leave it to my new fangled notions, as he called them, to make up an ad. that would show the Smith Br'thers to be as progressive as any other merchants in town and quite as ready to meet the modern ideas. Well, this was more than I could have asked for if they had begged me to do so, and I went out of the place almost shouting. When I reached my office I read the copy over again to find its strong points of display. It was as follows, for I can never forget it: "Smith Brothers, the well-known dealers in groceries, are pleased to make the announcement that they are in receipt of the biggest stock of canned goods ever seen here, and they will be sold at prices hitherto unknown. Some advertisers may be liars, but Smith Brothers are happy in showing that they have a reputation for veracity which is worth more to them than gold."

"That was good, plain stuff, with add much of a margin visible for the play of my versatile fancy, but I was expected to do something that would attract attention, for the old gentleman had been especially strong on that point. He was tired of the plainly severe, he said, and wanted something that would not fail to stir things up. I sat up when morning came I had it all in shape to fill a column, the amount of space he wanted it to occupy. He told me, when he gave me the copy, that if he didn't get around to see the proof, just to let it go and take the chances, which I did when he didn't appear, and when the paper came out there, in the biggest and blackest letters I could set up, was this advertisement for a full column on the first page:

"SMITH BROTHERS,
the well-known dealers in groceries,
ARE
pleased to make
THE
announcement that they are in receipt
of the
BIGGEST
stock of canned goods ever seen here, and at
prices hitherto unknown. Some
advertisers may be
LIARS
but Smith Brothers are happy
IN
showing that they have a reputation in this
TOWN
or veracity which is worth more to them than
gold."

"Well, when the Smith Brothers saw that ad. fairly shouting to them and at them and about them, they were the maddest men you ever saw, and they were only restrained by their religion from shooting me on the spot. However, they sued me, in spite of all my defence of the attractive qualities of the display, and I would have gone to the wall for my genius and Napoleonic brilliancy had it not been for the fact that before the time of hearing the suit the ad. had actually given Smith Brothers a boom that almost frightened them by its tremendous popularity; and though they never repeated the ad. and always made me submit matter before it was printed, we became great friends, and each of us did much for the other in financial and other ways."

QUICK BACKSLIDING.

There was a "big revival" one winter among the coloured folks near Southern Pines, North Carolina, under the powerful rhetorical hell-fire upon his hearers, and depicted the "terrors of the Judgment" to them in most graphic language. Scores of the darkies pretended to have "done got religion sure nuff."

As usual among these excitable creatures, these conversions were attended with hysterical shrieking, having the "power," falling, etc., until a very pandemonium prevailed for about one week. Then Br'er Johnsing was called home by the death of a child. Leaving, he promised to return the next Sunday to baptise the young converts by immersion. On Sunday morning hundreds of people, black and white, stood shivering upon the banks of the creek where baptismal services were to be held. By what means Satan had recaptured these souls none knew, but when Br'er Johnsing asked for the baptismal candidates to step forward, only one lone, lame darkey responded. "Yer go home, yer," called Br'er Johnsing in disgust, "dew yer spose I'm goin' tew git myself all over wet for one darn old black niggah, hey?"

CLOCK WITHOUT FIGURES.

When you look at your watch and it reads 11.40 o'clock, do you notice the hour marked VIII and XII, or do you only glance at the position of the hands on the dial and instantly understand what time it is? asks the "Manufacturing Jeweller." If all the arbitrary hour and minute hands were wiped out, couldn't you tell what time it is by the town clock?

The city of Detroit is deeply involved in the settlement of these points. A huge clock has been put in the tower of the fine new post-office building. Instead of the customary numerals a plain black band has been put on the dail, and gilded dots mark the fleeting hours.

A local inventor and mathematician devised it. He claims, and he is supported by Sir Edward Becket, the great clock and watch authority, that nobody but the very ignorant believes that people "tell the time" from the figures on the dial.

A tower clock on the line of the Boston & Maine railway in New Hampshire, has, instead of the usual numerals, the letters which go to make up the words "Memento mori."

A WOMAN'S CARRIAGE.

Much of an Englishwoman's beauty lies in her proud carriage, the erectness of her figure and the poise of her head. The aristocratic carriage is within reach of every girl who will take the trouble to have it. It is a question of a few years of vigilance, during which she should never relax the watchfulness over herself. Sitting or standing the erectness and pose must be preserved. The result will be that at the end of that time it has become second nature to her. In this way the figure is also preserved. The muscles are kept firm and well strung, and the sinking down of the flesh round the waist and hips is prevented.

HE SAID TOO MUCH.

"Mr. Wandsley," said the hostess, at a recent Colonial Club function, "I want to introduce you to Miss Brinkstone."

The gentleman bowed very politely, but Miss Brinkstone smiled and said:

"Oh, I fancy Mr. Wandsley and I hardly need to be introduced to each other. He is an old friend of mine."

"Yes," he added, "I shall always regard Miss Brinkstone as one of the dearest friends I have. She once declined to become my wife."

It was several hours later when he succeeded in guessing why Miss Brinkstone's air had suddenly become so cold and icy.

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In Bad Form.—Why do you allow your wife to rule you, as if you were a baby? indignantly asked Mr. Meeker's brother. "You ought to have a voice once in a while in the management of the household. Assert your independence."

"Independence!" echoed Mr. Meeker bitterly, "she won't even grant me autonomy."

A DELIBERATE OPINION.

Chief Justice Waite, who delighted to tell stories once told this story about Evarts and Conkling.

Roscoe Conkling came into Mr. Evart's office one day when he was a young lawyer in quite a nervous state.

"You seem to be very much excited, Mr. Conkling," said Mr. Evarts as Roscoe walked up and down the room.

"Yes, I'm provoked—I am provoked," said Mr. Conkling. "I never had a client dissatisfied about my fee before."

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Mr. Evarts.

"Why, I defended Gibbons for arson, you know. He was convicted, but I did hard work for him. I took him to the superior court and he was convicted, then on to the supreme court and the supreme court confirmed the judgment and gave him ten years in the penitentiary. I charged him 3,000 dollars, and now Gibbons is grumbling about it—says it is too much. Now, Mr. Evarts, I ask you if I really charged too much?"

"Well," said Mr. Evarts, very deliberately, "of course you did a good deal of work, and 3,000 dollars is not a very big fee, but to be frank with you, Mr. Conkling, my deliberate opinion is that—he—might—have—been—convicted—for—less—money."

PRESIDENT OF THE MORMONS.

Lorenzo Snow, the newly-chosen President of the Latter Day Saints, is one of the most forceful characters in Mormondom. He is an Ohioan by birth, and is a product of the famous Oberlin College, the alma mater of so many distinguished men before him. Mr. Snow had heard of the Mormons, and was first introduced into the circle by a visit to his sisters at Kirtland, Ohio which was then a Mormon centre. He became convinced that the Book of Mormon was the truth, and, being a man of decided character, he determined to give up his life to the cause. As missionary in the Mormon religion he travelled at home and abroad, and his labours were always successful. There is scarcely a place in the United States which he has not visited on his proselytising errand, and he has been a member of the Mormon faith from the earliest days, when the celebrated Zion in Missouri was the hope of the followers of Joe Smith. Elder Snow is truly an elder. He is now 84 years old, but in perfect health, and possessed of all the keen mental faculties that are requisite for a leadership of the Mormon Church.

THE MODERN BOY.

This is a true story of an office boy who asked for an increase in his salary, and got it. He is employed in one of Lipton's shops in Glasgow. He was getting eight shillings a week, and he thought he ought to have more. So he asked his superintendent, and the superintendent referred him to the manager, and the manager leaned back in his chair, and said, "You must see Mr. Lipton himself. He regulates all rises in salary." And after a week of disappointment the boy succeeded in gaining admittance to Mr. Lipton's office. With shaky voice he asked for a rise in salary. "How long have you worked here?" asked Mr. Lipton. "Four years." "And how much are you getting?" "Eight shillings a week." "How old are you?" "Fifteen years old." "Why," returned Mr. Lipton, "when I was your age I was working for four-and-sixpence a week and I thought I was well paid. What do you think of that?" "Perhaps you weren't as valuable a boy as I am," was the respectful reply. The boy got his rise.

SAVAGE CAPACITY.

A Bocotundo Indian boy captured was sent to school at Bahia. He had talent and industry enough to win a medical degree, and practised as a doctor. But after some years his friends remarked a growing melancholy, and one day he vanished, returned to his naked people, and was seen no more. There is a circumstantial legend in Sydney to the same effect, says Mr. Frederick Boyle in "Macmillan's." The aboriginal hero, who distanced all competitors in the schools, was named Bungay. Peschel quotes a story told by Neumayer, an Australian explorer, in 1881. When lost in the bush, he came across a party of blacks who were very kind. He asked directions for his route, and one of them, stark naked, taking the explorer's notebook and pencil, jotted down the names of places and descriptions of the country through which he had to pass, in excellent English, and a handwriting like copper-plate. He had been prize pupil at Adelaide Mission School five or six years before.

WANTS AND WISHES.

In Dean Pigou's reminiscences, issued by Edward Arnold, there is a story of a curate, a new one, that paid his first visit to an old woman who at once defined their relations. Addressing him in broad Yorkshire, which the historian does not venture to reproduce, she said, "Eh, you're the new curate ain't you?" "Yes," he said. "Well, now, I'll tell you what yer does when yer comes to see me. You takes that stool, d'ye see? You sits down, reads me a short—mind, a short—Psalm. You gives me a shilling, and then ye can go."

Another old woman, whom the Vicar himself visited, and asked, sympathetically, how he could help her, admitted that the curates, "a nice young gentlemen, but taint vicar," had called. Suddenly throwing herself back and placing her hand on her stomach, she exclaimed, "It's a great piece of beef in a bowl of gravy as I wants."

"CELESTIAL" QUOTATIONS.

One of the chief characteristics of the written language of China is its love of quotation. The more frequently and aptly a Chinese writer employs literary allusions the more is his style admired. Among the Chinese it might almost be said that style is quotation. With them to quote is one of the first canons of literary art, and a Chinese who cannot introduce even into his ordinary compositions phrases borrowed from the records of the past might as well try to lay claim to literary attainments as a European unable to spell correctly or to write grammatically. Letters on the most common subjects and newspaper paragraphs detailing ordinary items of intelligence are seldom written without the introduction of quotations, and if these quotations are not understood it is impossible to grasp the meaning of the writer.

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One night Brown came home very late, and found his wife evidently prepared to administer a Caudle lecture. Instead of going to bed he took a seat, and, resting his elbows on his knees seemed absorbed in grief, sighing heavily, and uttering such exclamations as "Poor Smith! Poor fellow!" Mrs. Brown, moved by curiosity, said sharply, "What's the matter with Smith?" "Ah," said Brown, "his wife is giving him fits just now." Mrs. Brown let her husband off that time.

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Works both Ways.—Mrs. Walker: I don't see why the doctors recommend bicycle riding. If it makes people healthier, it is a loss to the doctors.

Mr. Walker: I know, but they calculate that one sound, healthy rider will disable at least five invalids per week.

THE TRIALS THAT BESET A PRIMA DONNA.

Mme. Eames had just concluded a very trying season, but her vivacity, ten minutes of which remind one of a breezy day on a Yorkshire moor, was, as effervescent as ever, and an interviewer was surprised to find her in a quite jubilant mood. Somehow or other, when you speak to Mme. Eames for the first time you feel as if you had known her for years. This is due to two reasons—first, her charming personality, and, second, her palpable ignorance of the art of affectation.

"If your spirits are any criterion, Mme. Eames," said the personage "the prevailing impression that a prima donna's life is 'just lovely' is not far wrong."

"Then my spirits delude you," the hostess, who is the wife of Mr. Julian Story, the well-known painter, quickly answered. "I am in such excellent humour because I have finished my engagements—because I am my own mistress—because I can live as Nature intended me to live. I can sit in a cloud of cigarette smoke if I like, I can get tired if I like, I can eat almonds if I like, and I can catch cold if I like. You may smile, but I am compelled to take such care of myself during the opera season that it is quite a novelty to be able to sit in a draught and catch a real good cold. Yes, I'm in the best of moods. I am going away on Tuesday to my home in the mountains of Italy, where I shall be as free as a bird. Out there I wear a man's slouch hat, a man's coat, and roam about in hob-nailed boots. The prospect is delightful."

"Give me some idea of the life of the opera singer, Mme. Eames." "It differs entirely from that of anybody else. One has to be constantly saving oneself up for an effort. You dare not over-tire yourself, and all the time you must rest in advance. Will you believe that during the London season I only accepted one invitation to a friend's house? A conscientious singer must sacrifice everything to her work, and the strain is awful. Take my case as an example. I wake up with a fearful sinking feeling—a feeling wholly engendered by anxiety as to how I shall sing in the evening. I am frightfully nervous and of a most worrying disposition where my art is concerned. The anticipation of the thing is what is so dreadful. The day preceding a performance drags wofully, and I am perpetually longing for the hour which will release me from my misery. What a pity it is that aspirants don't realise how exacting the life is—how eager the singer is to maintain the high standard expected of her, and how hard she strives to excel.

"To be certain of doing one's best—that is the trouble. Sometimes when I worry myself because I fancy that I am in bad voice I meet with the most success. I suppose this is because I am more careful. But I am always serious—not from fear of the public but from apprehension lest my nerves will play me a trick. The public imagine that we don't work—that we just sing. They forget that the voice—to quote Gounod—is only the canvas on which we paint. On the day that I am announced to appear I stay in bed until after lunch. I should like to be up early, but I am forbidden to do so. I have to keep myself in a perfect state of equilibrium. Operasinging is just as much a question of equilibrium as tight rope dancing. I am even afraid to write a letter before going down to the theatre. The fact is, I have to keep my mind fixed on the one absorbing object before me. I am not a morbid, mawkish, sensitive plant—please don't say I'm that—but I am sensitive in other ways. Everything impresses me. It is abominable. I seem to be covered with sensitive feelers.

NOT NATURE WORSHIPPERS.

"It is my belief," said a bright little matron newly arrived from a summer in Virginia, "that we go away from home to get our illusions dragged away from us and thrown to the winds. Down in Virginia this year I was crazier about the mountains than ever before; it seemed to me they were more beautiful than ever before. Out on a drive over the lovely rough Virginian roads one day, we were caught in a storm and took refuge in old Squire Banko's cabin home. We sat in the open porch between the two log rooms which made the house, and faced those wonderful, awe-inspiring mountains. Recalling all I had read about how they move into valleys; the Swiss herdsmen who die of homesickness—modelling their own 'Ranz Des Vaches,' or whatever it is—I said to the gaunt old wife of the squire: 'Don't you love these beautiful hills?'

"The old lady turned on me an eye of unmistakable scorn, and answered: "Love them ol' hills—not much; an' I reckon 'f you had ter chase cows up an' down them ol' hills you wouldn't love 'em neither. That was extremely discouraging — no Swiss sentiment there, evidently; so I turned to the old squire. He had a kindly eye—surely all this exquisite nature surrounding had burned some lasting imprint on his simple soul.

"'Squire Banks, I said, 'you love these grand old mountains, don't you? You love your home up among them, haven't you You couldn't be happy anywhere else, could you?'

"The old man, rugged as the mountains shut one eye and squinted at me condescendingly with the other, as if humoring a crazy person.

"'Couldn't be happy 'thout them ol' hills?—Land o' goodness, lady, if you had ter plow up an' down them blamed ol' hills, I'll bet ye'd wisht they wuzn't thar.'

"Then Harry looked at me and chuckled. Very few educated men like mountains better than they do a joke on their wives."

IRISH HUMOUR.

Patsy Dooly was a very poor arithmetician and was puzzled by a great many questions numbers of which did not enter other people's heads. One day a new acquaintance remarked in his presence:

"I have eight brothers."

"Ye have eight brothers?" said Patsy. "Then I suppose every wan o' thim has eight brothers, too?"

"Certainly."

"Arrah, thin," said Patsy. "How many mothers had the sixty-four o' ye?"

An acquaintance, meeting an Irishman carrying a small box, asked what it contained.

"Sure, an' its full of nothing," replied the son of Erin.

"Nothing!" exclaimed the other. "And pray, what does nothing look like?"

"Faith, an' if ye'll shut your eyes, ye'll be after seein' it immediately."

A well-known public man was sent over from London to Dublin during the great famine to show the people how to make soup. He asked a starving beggar why she did not go and get some of the soup that was being freely distributed.

"Soup, is it, your honour!" said the woman; "sure it isn't soup at all."

"And what is it then?" inquired the Englishman.

"It is nothin', your honour, but a quart of water b'iled down to a pint, to make it strong."

TWIN TREES.

A curious freak of nature has recently been discovered on Goat Island, at Niagara Falls. It includes two trees of the Siamese twin pattern. The connecting limb between the two trees on Goat Island is believed to be the longest connection of the kind yet found, and it is very much of a novelty. The trees are red cedars. The larger of the two trees is about 40 feet high and about two feet from the base, where the tree is 39½ inches in circumference, the connecting limb shoots out. At the point where the branch leaves the larger tree it is six inches in circumference. At a distance of 30 inches from the larger tree the branch passes through a crotch in a white birch tree, which tree is 57 inches in circumference just below the crotch. In height the birch is taller than the cedars surrounding it. Then the course of the connecting branch inclines downward and connects with the second cedar about a foot from its base. The length of the branch is nine feet and one inch. It is 4½ inches in circumference at the birch tree and seven inches in circumference where it joins the second tr

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Marriage is a science in which there are no experts.

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One Thing About It.—She (looking at flat): Unusually small, isn't it?

He: Yes, but there's lots of room for improvements.

THE RECEPTION OF MR. TUBBS.

"Some women are so painfully careful that they may be said to put cleanliness right up even with godliness, and occasionally a little mite ahead of it," remarked Uncle Amzi Stebbins, who was entertaining the city boarder with reminiscences of the community. "Almira Tubbs was that kind of a woman. She and dirt were at war without ceasin', and her husband was sort of a reconcentrado, so to describe his condition, tryin' to occupy a neutral zone betwixt the combatants, and continually gittin' the worst of it from both sides.

"Durin' the first year of their married life—she was a Peck before she became Tubbs—so it was whispered around the neighbourhood, she had the settin'-room carpet taken up five different times and beaten and put down the other way of the room, to cause it to fade equally, and the other side up, on general principles—I don't mean that it had five different sides to it, but it was turned over five different times—and poor Obed, her husband, had to do the work, in spite of his somewhat frequent protests.

"This went on, with slight variations, till they had been married suthin' like six years, by the end of which time Obed had become pretty well hen-pecked and subjugated, and would about as soon have been suspected of piracy as rebellion. But, one day, while he was in the midst of beatin' the usual and, so to express it, perpetual carpet, he got to musin' miserably of the numerous times he had already beaten carpets, and the long sum of carpets he was yet destined to beat if he lived to the age of 70 years, and the supply of carpets still held out, which was likely, and his wife didn't change her mind, which did not seem at all probable; he has told me more than once just how many carpets he figured out that he was doomed to beat; I don't recollect jest how many it was, but it 'pears to me the number ran pretty well up into the tens of thousands. Anyhow, it scared him, and, nerved to desperation by the appallin' prospect, he dropped his stick, jumped the fence like a frightened roebuck, and cut across the meadow toward the village, desertin' wife, home, and carpets at one fell swoop, as it were.

"For fifteen years not a word was heard of him. His wife thought him dead, and presently married again. Then the carpet-beatin' went on as of yore, with the exception that another man was now attached to the other end of the stick. Finally this husband, who was never quite as strong as an ox, beat himself into an untimely grave. After an interval of two or three years Almira married once more, and another feller beats the carpets, till one hot summer day he up and hung himself with the carpet-line.

"Well, finally Obed turned up again, time and a longin' for home havin' sort of mellowed his recollections. The old home place looked a good deal as it did when he had left it, fifteen years before, and I s'pose all sorts of tumultuous memories welled up in his bosom, as they say in stories, as he entered the old familiar gate. There, on a line in the same old place, hung a carpet which looked considerable like the one he had left half beaten when he ran away. He thought it would be a good plan to break the surprise of his home comin' to his wife by pickin' up a stick and beatin' the carpet a little. He hadn't hit it more than half-a-dozen licks when the form of his spouse appeared in the doorway—older and not so good-lookin' as she had been in the long ago, but still active and bustlin'.

"'Don't you think, Almira,' he asked, kinder shame-facedly, 'that I—I've beaten this carpet enough?'

"'No, indeed!' she answered, briskly, without any indication of surprise at seein' him there in the same position that she'd left him when she went into the house fifteen years before. 'Just turn it over, Obed, and beat it a spell on the other side.'"

FRENCH LOVE OF TALK

It appears to me, Mme.

Beaufort Rifle Club.

The half-yearly meeting of the above club, to have been held on Thursday evening, lapsed for want of a quorum, only seven members being present. The following are the half-yearly reports:—

Captain's Report.—In presenting my report for the past half-year, I am sorry to say that as regards members attending practice and match shooting, this has been the worst half-year we have had for some time past. The first match arranged by your committee was a match married v. single members, bringing out nine competing members. The entrance money amounted to 4s 6d, leaving a very small prize for the best shot—hardly worth shooting for. The next match arranged was an open match at 500yds., and shot on the same lines as last, except that the entrance money was 1s instead of 6d. This brought one extra member to the range. When we consider we have between 40 and 50 names on the roll, 10 entries is a miserable muster. I would suggest that bigger prizes be offered out of the club's funds, and try and induce members to take more interest in shooting. Our average entrance money amounts to about 10s in most matches, and small stakes of this kind keep promising shots away. On Novr. 25th your committee decided to classify the members under the style of class A and class B, and offer something better to shoot for. This had the desired effect, and brought out 20 shooters. This shows that better prizes make better shots. Nearly two months lapsed before another match was fired, then it was only fairly attended and not up to expectations. The next match was for the president's trophy, this being a very fine rifleman's outfit, and ought to have caused more interest in the shoot for it, but being a cloudy day only those very anxious to further the interests of the club presented themselves, being too wet for fine day shots. The trophy was won by E. Buchanan, who well deserved it. The pair of trousers fell to W. T. Hill, and Jas. McKeich secured third prize (10s). A few improvements have been made at the range in the way of moving the flagpole; also re-fixing the pulley, which has been out of repair for some time. The windage flag shows to advantage now. The hut has been brought back to the 500yds. mound, and we have decided to keep our ammunition on the range, instead of at the secretary's office, which will be more convenient for riflemen who are in the habit of forgetting their ammunition and depend on some other member bringing a packet or two extra. I would suggest a few more loads of sand be put on mounds not already fixed up; also the 700 and 800yds. mound be built, and more practice done at longer ranges. The stop-butt wants attending to early, or the rabbits will have it moved further back into the bush. Re our Raglan branch, not a shot has been fired on that range this half-year, and it might be closed up for all the interest members living out there take in the club. Hoping that all members take a real live interest this coming half-year, and thanking fellow-officers and members for past assistance,—Jas. A. Hogg, Captain.

Secretary's Report.—In presenting to you my balance-sheet and half-yearly report, I feel that some explanation is necessary to show why the half-yearly meeting was not held in February, as laid down in rules of the club. I called a committee meeting of the club on February 24th to decide on date of meeting, which was fixed by that meeting for March 11th. The date, however, proved to be unsuitable to most of the officers, hence its postponement. On March 18th I called the committee together to further decide on date of meeting, but only one member of the committee attended the meeting, so I took the liberty myself of calling the meeting for this evening. It is my pleasing duty to again congratulate the club on its financial position. The amount to your credit at bank is £14 10s 8d, and cash in hand 4s; total, £14 14s 8d, which I think you will consider very satisfactory, considering the club has given away in prize-money during the half-year £6 8s, and have been to the expense of shifting hut on range, also flag pole, at a cost of £2 10s. You have also a substantial asset in ammunition on hand of £7 8s 3d, and outstanding subscriptions of £7 16s. The assets of the club are set down at £70 3s 11d, while the liabilities of the club amount to only 15s, thus leaving a balance of assets over liabilities of £69 8s 11d. The number of affiliated members on the muster roll is 47, and honorary 11, making a total of 58. I wish to draw the club's attention to the amount of M.H. ammunition the club has, viz., 5410 rounds, and I think the club should reduce the present stock. The free ammunition available for year is to hand for distribution and musketry, which I have stocked in hut on range for convenience of the members. Several of the members have completed their musketry for this year, and as the time is approaching for annual returns to be sent away, it would be advisable for incoming committee to push on with same. The shooting up to present for musketry is far better than last half-year. During the past half-year six club matches were fired, and two shoots (finals) for Skene trophy, this club finishing third place, St. Arnaud being first, and Amphitheatre second. The club matches, I am sorry to say, were not as well attended as usual, and for the completion for president's and Kino's trophies only seventeen entries were received. I wish to draw the club's attention to the amount of outstanding subscriptions. Not one affiliated member of Raglan section has paid his subscription this half-year, and some are a year in arrears, and as the members of that section have failed to show any interest in matches or club generally, I think the committee should take into consideration the disbandment of Raglan section of this club. The Beaufort section shows outstanding subscriptions of £3, and as each member has been served with a notice of his arrears, I think something should be done to make members pay their subscriptions, which in most cases is sheer neglect. In conclusion I wish to thank the captain, president, and members for their kindness shown to me during my term of office.—W. T. Hill, Secretary.

AVERAGES.

	Shots.	Points.	Aver.
Sgt.-Mjr. Brittain ...	38	161	4.237
J. McKeich	82	345	4.207
D. F. Troy	92	381	4.141
W. T. Hill	92	265	3.967
J. A. Hogg	96	369	3.843
E. Buchanan	106	407	3.839
C. Grant	49	180	3.673
E. Dawson	52	187	3.596
T. Sands	72	253	3.514
R. Hughes	99	332	3.353
A. McDougall... ...	59	189	3.135
G. Perry	42	118	2.809
Rev. W. J. Bottoms...	48	131	2.729
A. L. Wotherspoon...	48	123	2.562
L. Bravo	48	110	2.291

Members who have not fired sufficient shots for the half-year average:—

H. H. Menzies ...	14	61	4.347
W. J. Hill ...	24	92	3.833
M. Tyrrell ...	28	102	3.640
H. Tompkins ...	21	56	2.714
G. H. Cougle ...	24	49	2.040
D. Ferguson ...	34	105	3.088
S. Martin ...	14	43	3.070
J. McDonald ...	14	36	2.570
D. Cameron ...	14	26	1.857

New Insolvent.

William George Davis, Raglan. Assets, £8; liabilities, £54 1s 6s; deficiency, £46 1s 6d. Causes of insolvency, unremunerative employment and pressure of creditors. W. D. McKee, official assignee.

THE ELUSIVE PIGSKIN is the source of much sport and the cause of many injuries. Football players should use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, an antiseptic liniment, especially valuable for sprains and bruises. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Australian Natives' Association.

WATERLOO BRANCH.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Waterloo branch A.N.A. was held at the Societies' Hall on Tuesday evening; Mr H. H. Menzies (president) presiding, and 13 members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Correspondence.—From secretary Ararat branch, asking the branch to place W. O'Callaghan on their medical list.—Request complied with. The appeals from the St. Kilda and Brighton branches, held over from last meeting, were then considered, 5s being voted to each. The president said that since the conference he was of opinion that the appeals would not be so numerous, as the board would inquire fully into the matter before an appeal could be made. Sick pay amounting to £9 13s 4d was passed for payment, as also an account for 9s 10d from the Deniliquin branch. Mr Muntz moved that the medical officer of the branch be requested to send in the permission for member O'Neill's absence from the district. Seconded by Mr Hill, and carried. One new member was proposed. The secretary stated that he had made arrangements with Mr Richards to visit Middle Creek on the 24th April, when a progressive euchre party and musical evening will take place. The president hoped that as many members as can possibly go would do so. The president apologised for the absence of Mr Clinton, who was unable to give his lecture that evening. The treasurer (Mr Sands) reported that the takings for the evening amounted to £17 12s. Mr Muntz and the president gave a lengthy report of the proceedings of the delegates' conference at Daylesford, and the meeting terminated.

CARNGHAM BRANCH.

The local branch met in the Mechanics' Hall on Wednesday; Mr W. Wollard (president) in the chair. Arrangements are to be made re a debate with the Scarsdale branch on 15th instant. Mr P. J. O'Sullivan, one of the branch delegates, gave an interesting account of the business transacted at the annual conference. The two delegates (Messrs O'Sullivan and Ryan) were thanked for the manner in which they looked after the branch's interest.

MIDDLE CREEK BRANCH.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Middle Creek branch A.N.A. was held in the Middle Creek Public Hall on Friday evening, 27th ult., the president, Mr H. Dunn, occupying the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been confirmed, correspondence was read as under.—From F. Flowers, re trophy not received from late sports.—Attended to by the secretary. Appeal from St. Kilda branch.—To be considered at next meeting. From Elmhurst branch, re Member Whelan.—Attended to by secretary. Accounts amounting to £5 16s 6d were passed for payment. It was decided to consider at next meeting the matter of entertaining members of the Waterloo branch at the musical evening on 24th April. As next meeting falls on Good Friday, the date was altered to Saturday. Contributions amounting to £6 11s were received by the treasurer, and the meeting adjourned with a vote of thanks to the chair.

Chute.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT).

A most successful concert was held at Chute on Friday, 27th ult., in aid of Mr J. Kinleyside, whose wife has been under medical treatment for many months. The hall was packed, numbers being unable to gain admission. The programme passed off without a hitch, the audience, both inside and outside, showing their appreciation for each and all of the items. The following is the programme:—Quartette, Jackson's String Band; song, Mr C. W. Jones; song, Mrs Cunnington; recitation, Mr R. A. D. Sinclair; song, Mr J. R. Wotherspoon; cornet solo; song, Mr Chandler; song, Mr Murison; song, Mr Chandler; song, Mr C. W. Jones; cornet solo, Mr W. J. Hill; song, Mr J. R. Wotherspoon; recitation, Mr Chandler. At the end of the programme a hearty vote of thanks was moved by Mr W. Callister to the Beaufort friends who supplied the programme; to Mr Parker, Beaufort, who printed the tickets at his own expense; to Rev. J. A. Barber, who did all the work of supplying performers for the concert; and especially to Admiral Bridges, Trawalla, who most generously forwarded £5; and to Mr Oman, M.L.A., for his donation of 10s. This was suitably seconded by Mr C. Loft, and carried with enthusiasm. After the concert the performers adjourned to the school, where an excellent supper was provided, and was much appreciated by them. The performance was a great financial success, £21 18s being the result, including donations of 10s from Mrs E. Schlicht, and 5s from Mr R. Cochran.

Skipton.

A large new tank of 2000 gallons capacity was damaged considerably by Saturday's storm. It had just been placed in position at Mr J. Holloway's house at Gnotuk, when the wind caught it and blew it along the paddock at an alarming rate. It dashed through the fence separating Mr Holloway's and Mr R. Nimmo's properties, and as it collided with the residence of Mr Nimmo several boards were torn away. The check afforded by the collision was only momentary. The tank was whirled onwards and crashed through two fences, known as the railway double, before it pulled up, battered and bent in all directions.

A fire started in the Skipton cemetery on Thursday. The whole of the eastern boundary fence was consumed, and had the wind been a little more northerly, the fences around a number of graves would have also disappeared.—"Star."

The last days for the sale of tickets in the Druids' gala and art union are announced, and it behoves everyone who desires to assist the public charities to purchase at least one ticket, entitling the holder to a chance in the art union, in which prizes to the value of £1500 are given; the first prize being £1000. Last Easter the Druids were able, as the result of their exertion, to distribute £1400 amongst the charities, and this Easter they hope, with the assistance of a generous public, to increase the amount of their donations. In addition to the other great attractions connected with this great entertainment, Major Taylor, the champion bicycle sprinter of the world, will make his last appearance in Australia

Beaufort Easter Sports Carnival.

The following are the handicaps for the principal events at the above sports, to be held in the Beaufort Park on Easter Monday. Acceptances positively close with the Secretary (Mr C. W. Jones), at 8 p.m. on Saturday, 4th April, 1903. Competitors who have not sent their colors must do so when notifying acceptance. Competitors must send fees with acceptance, otherwise they will not be allowed to compete:—

SHEFFIELD HANDICAP, 130yds., £5. Acceptance, 1s.

	Yds.
T. W. Schlicht, Beaufort ...	scr.
F. Dooley, Mawallok ...	3
P. Jeffery, Ballarat North ...	4
L. K. Vickery, Preston ...	6
G. Cowell, North Carlton ...	6
J. Bennie, Ballarat ...	9
A. C. Welsh, Beaufort ...	11
W. H. Wilson, Trawalla...	11
P. W. Edwards, Beaufort ...	12
E. J. Pugh, Mt. Lonarch ...	13
A. Hannah, Stockyard Hill ...	14
B. White, Beaufort ...	14
J. A. Lilley, Beaufort ...	15
J. F. Boyle, Beaufort ...	15
H. Briody, Lexton ...	15
R. G. Orrock, Elmhurst...	15
T. Whelan, Mawallok ...	16

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES' HANDICAP, 100yds., £1 10s.

	Yds.
T. W. Schlicht, Beaufort ...	scr.
A. C. Welsh, Beaufort ...	6
A. McDougall, Beaufort ...	6
W. H. Wilson, Trawalla ...	8
J. Boyle, Beaufort ...	9
J. Lilley, Beaufort ...	10
M. Tyrrell, Beaufort ...	10
T. Whelan, Mawallok ...	11
W. Hall, Trawalla ...	11
R. Laney, Waterloo ...	12
R. Moore, Waterloo ...	12
A. Wright, Waterloo...	12
W. Driver, Beaufort...	12
T. Whitehead, Beaufort ...	12
J. Lattin, Beaufort ...	13
F. Glenister, Beaufort ...	13
J. Phillips, Beaufort...	13
G. Wilson, Beaufort...	13
B. Oulton, Raglan...	13
A. Driver, Beaufort ...	13
L. Jaensch, Beaufort...	13
W. Cochran, Beaufort ...	14
S. Martin, Beaufort ...	14
W. McCurdy, Beaufort ...	14
J. Ball, Beaufort. ...	14
J. E. Loft, Beaufort ...	15
A. Wilkinson, Raglan ...	20
J. Myres, Beaufort ...	20

R. G. KIRKPATRICK, H. PARKER, } Handicappers.
Beaufort, March 28th, 1903.

HALF-MILE, ONE-MILE, TWO-MILE BICYCLE RACES, for prizes of £5, £7, and £8 respectively. Acceptances, 1s each.

	½-m. Yds.	1-m. Yds.	2-m. Yds.
A. E. Roberts, Ballarat ...	scr.	scr.	scr.
T. Suhan, Terang ...	scr.	scr.	scr.
A. H. Laverick, Ballarat ...	scr.	scr.	scr.
T. Ethell, South Yarra ...	10	20	40
F. Milne, Newstead ...	10	20	40
W. C. Barton, Lexton ...	15	30	—
F. Wheeler, Raglan ...	15	30	60
J. F. Wills, Raglan ...	—	50	100
J. Pearce, Main Lead ...	15	30	60
W. W. Chivers, Maryborough	15	30	60
J. McDonald, Middle Creek	15	30	—
A. F. Boanas, Ballarat ...	25	50	100
T. Wrigglesworth, Prahran...	35	70	140
F. Flowers, Bacchus Marsh ...	35	70	140
W. George, Williamstown ...	40	80	160
A. T. Howqua, Williamstown	40	80	160
J. T. Gibbons, Lara ...	40	80	160
S. Mill, Coghill's Creek ...	40	80	160
A. Lang, Muckleford...	40	80	160
W. J. Burtalli, Newstead ...	45	90	180
D. Miller, Newstead ...	45	90	180
W. W. Anderson, Lake Goldsmith...	45	90	180
E. P. T. Doyle, Maryborough	50	100	200
H. Woodward, Ballarat ...	50	100	200
T. McDonald, Middle Creek...	50	100	200
W. Anderson, Trawalla ...	50	100	200
W. V. Anderson, Lake Goldsmith...	50	100	200
J. McErvale, Chute ...	55	110	220
G. Stokes, Chute ...	55	110	220
A. J. Saligari, Sandown ...	55	110	220
A. T. Kent, Lara ...	55	110	220
J. McDougall, Ballarat ...	—	110	220
P. Saligari, Sandown...	60	120	240
B. Grass, Lara... ...	60	120	240
T. A. Brudenall, Ballarat ...	60	120	240
A. G. Boanas, Ballarat ...	60	120	240
A. Acton, Ballarat ...	—	130	260
J. Cornish, Bungaree... ...	—	130	260
J. Simon, Bacchus Marsh ...	65	130	260
M. Tyrrell, Beaufort... ...	—	140	280
S. D. Straton, Stawell ...	70	140	—
J. F. Vondix, Ballarat ...	70	140	280
N. W. Daniels, Mawallok ...	80	—	—

ONE-MILE DISTRICT BICYCLE RACE, £3 10s. Acceptance, 1s.

	Yds.
W. C. Barton, Lexton ...	scr.
F. Wheeler, Raglan ...	scr.
J. Pearce, Main Lead ...	scr.
J. McDonald, Middle Creek ...	scr
J. F. Wills, Raglan ...	20
D. O'Brien, Eurambeen ...	60
W. W. Anderson, Lake Goldsmith	60
T. McDonald, Middle Creek ...	70
W. Anderson, Trawalla ...	70
W. V. Anderson, Lake Goldsmith	70
J. McErvale, Chute ...	80
G. Stokes, Chute ...	80
M. Tyrrell, Beaufort ...	110
N. W. Daniels, Mawallok ...	130

W. GIBSON, D. F. TROY, } Handicappers.
Beaufort, 28th March, 1903.

Mining News.

The following gold mining lease is to be granted:—J. Carmichael, Extended Daughters of Freedom, 23 acres, parish of Beaufort.

The Government battery at Beaufort this week crushed 1 ton of stone for the Day Dawn Co., Chute, for 5 dwt. 20 grs., and for the Yam Holes Syndicate, 5 tons of cement for a yield of 8 dwt. 15 grs.

The All Nations Consols No. 1 tribute party at Poverty Point washed off a machine on Saturday, four sets yielding 21oz. 17dwt. On Tuesday three sets gave a return of 19oz. 15dwt., and on Thursday a machine was washed off for 14oz. 14dwt. The party have purchased the Sons of Freedom Extended boiler for £140.

Sons of Freedom Central, Raglan.—N.E. intermediate, No. 5 rise—North drive extended 40ft. East off same extended 36ft.; wash payable. West main level, No. 3 rise—South off west extended 58ft.; wash of fair quality. Blocking in Nos. 1 and 2 west, and No. 3 N.E. rises, in fair average dirt. Yield for week, 124oz. 10dwt.

Sons of Freedom South, Raglan.—Main west wash drive dipped under foot; stoped up the same and put in a hand-pump to take away the water. Drive driven 23ft., in a nice stope of wash; fair prospects; 24ft. of reef in the face. Started crosscut north off the east from the dip; same driven 44ft.; fair prospects. No. 3 rise—East drive off south extended 36ft., in poor quality dirt. No. 1 south crosscut off the above driven 40ft., fair quality dirt. Panelling without change.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sons of Freedom Central, 126oz.; Sons of Freedom South (fortnight), 120oz. 11dwt.; All Nations Consols tribute (No. 1 party), 45oz. 8dwt.; Lennon and party, 2oz. 18dwt. 16gr.; Last Chance, 2oz. 7dwt.; John Bull Co., 1oz. 1dwt. 18gr.; Daughters of Freedom, 4oz.; Trompf and party, 15dwt.; sundries, 16oz.

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.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO'S.

Great Autumn and Winter Show

IS NOW ON.

OUR NEW SEASON'S GOODS COMPRISE EVERYTHING THAT IS DAINTY AND FASHIONABLE.

Everybody should see our Dress Department and our Mantle and Millinery Show Room.

Our reputation for High-class Goods is fully maintained in our Winter Show.

New Goods arriving weekly. Our Stock is always fresh.
Our traveller waits on our country customers with samples.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS. HIGH-CLASS DRAPERS, &c., &c.,

BEAUFORT and BUANGOR.

From half-past 4 p.m. to twenty minutes past 10 a.m. constituted the sitting of the Legislative Assembly which closed Wednesday morning. Members have not been called on to do much late work recently, and they underwent the ordeal with very good grace. The Premier had not to steel his heart against the pathetic appeals so often made to let legislators get home, there being a general recognition that all were called on to assist in giving the finishing touches to the bill. Of course the House was turned into a sleeping chamber, and the nasal music occasionally drowned a speaker's voice, and led to a good-tempered remonstrance from the interrupted orator. The approaching termination of the session, and the certainty of a few months' security produced a cheerful atmosphere, and considering everything, personalities were few and trivial. Mr Prendergast did once challenge the Deputy Speaker's ruling, and not too courteously, but he made a manly withdrawal, and the House was pleased, because the fair, earnest, and yet unassuming manner in which Mr Beazley discharges the duties of his high office made him a favorite.

ILLUSTRATED RECITALS.—A Novel ENTERTAINMENT will be given by REV. C. TREGEAR (of Wesley Church, Melbourne), as follows:—RAGLAN HALL, TUESDAY, 7th APRIL; WATERLOO MECHANICS' HALL, WEDNESDAY, 8th APRIL; BEAUFORT SOCIETIES' HALL, THURSDAY, 9th APRIL. MR. TREGEAR will sing popular Songs. His Recitals will be "The Lifeboat," "Billy's Rose," "Brave Women," "Balaclava." Statuary, Snow Scenes, Flower Studies, Humorous Sets, &c. Concluding with LECTURETTE, "The World's Marvel," illustrated with splendid slides. Admission, 1s.; Children, half-price. To commence at 8 p.m. Moonlight.

AN ENERGETIC AGENT wanted. Liberal Terms. Early application necessary. DAVIS-FRANKLIN CYCLE CO. LTD., Ballarat, Victoria.

FOR SALE, DIAMOND BICYCLE, in good order, cheap. Apply, P. W. EDWARD, Beaufort.

SONS OF FREEDOM SOUTH G.M. CO., No Liability, Raglan.—TENDERS are invited, returnable on Thursday, 12th April, 1903, for 12 months' supply of IRONMONGERY, PROPS, and LATHS. Particulars at the company's office and at the mine.
C. H. KING, Manager.
32 Lydiard street south, Ballarat.

Beaufort Easter Carnival.

Red Letter Day.

200 Entries Received.

A GREAT DAY'S SPORT.

Champion Woodcutters' Contest.

14 Competitors.

MONSTER PROCESSION.

IN THE EVENING THE SPLENDID

Drama,

"AURORA FLOYD."

Everybody Come.

General Meeting Executive,

SHIRE HALL,

TUESDAY, APRIL 7th, 1903,

At 8 p.m. sharp.

Full attendance particularly requested.

ABOUT ARNOLD'S BALSAM FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

This Balsam was invented and perfected by Dr. Arnold, physician, of St. Kilda, and has been found so good for Coughs and Colds of every kind, that imitations have sprung up in all directions. Buyers should steadily refuse these substitutes, which yield more profit to the seller, but are very unprofitable to the buyer. The genuine has the proprietor's name and address on label and wrapper, thus— JAMES BRINSMEAD, Chemist, St. Kilda, Melbourne.

ARNOLD'S BALSAM. For Asthma.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM. The Best Chest Medicine.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM. For Coughs and Colds.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM. Every Dose Effective.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM. Will Cure When Others Fail.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM. For Pain in the Side.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM. Best for Influenza.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM. In Bronchitis and Loss of Voice.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM. Whooping Cough and Croup.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

TENDERS, addressed to the President of the Shire of Ripon, and enclosing five per cent. cash deposit (minimum deposit £1, in cash or marked cheque), will be received up till 11 a.m. on Monday, 6th APRIL, 1903, for the following works:—

WEST RIDING.

Contract No. 195.—Rock cutting, metalling, gravelling, &c., near Wongan.

EAST RIDING.

Contract No. 196.—24 chains forming, gravelling, &c., near David's, Carngham.

Contract No. 197.—Carting 500 cub. yds. quartz and stacking to template in Main Street, Snake Valley.

NORTH RIDING.

Contract No. 198.—Lighting street lamps, Beaufort, for a period of six months.

Contract No. 199.—14 chains forming, construction of invert, &c., near N.W. corner of allot. 7, parish of Beaufort.

Contract No. 200.—30 chains forming, construction of invert, &c., on Chute and Waterloo Road.

Contract No. 201.—35 chains forming, construction of invert, &c., on Racecourse Road.

BEAUFORT WATER SUPPLY.

Contract No. 202.—220 sq. yds. pitching at Jonathan's Reservoir.

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, 27th March, 1903.

HANCOCK'S
GOLDEN AGE HOTEL,
BEAUFORT.

C. M. MURISON, Proprietor.

The Appointed House of the United Commercial Travellers' Association, Victoria.
SPLENDID ACCOMMODATION for visitors and commercial gentlemen.
Two first-class BILLIARD TABLES, and three SAMPLE ROOMS.
In close vicinity to the Railway Station.
Hot and Cold Baths.
Liquors of the Best Brands only.
Horses and Traps on Hire.

In thanking customers for patronage already granted, the Proprietor begs to announce that it will be his utmost endeavour to give satisfaction by studying the wants of his customers.

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.

WM. C. PEDDER,
Wheelwright and Blacksmith,
Begs to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 15 years, and to intimate that he is still carrying on business at the same old address,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,
with a staff of skilled mechanics and up-to-date machinery, and is prepared to execute any orders entrusted to him with promptness and despatch. Prices as low as possible, consistent with good workmanship. Horses as usual carefully shod.

£2500 IN PRIZES £2500

A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.
DRUIDS' 34th ANNUAL GALA,
EASTER WEEK.
EASTER WEEK.
Last Days for Sale of Tickets!
Last Days for Sale of Tickets!
Last Days for Sale of Tickets!
EXHIBITION BUILDING, MELB.
£1,000 for 1/- Golden £1,000 for 1/-
£1,000 for 1/- Druid £1,000 for 1/-
£1,000 for 1/- valued at £1,000 for 1/-
Won last year by Mr. William Sweetland, Fitzroy.
125 Golden Prizes in Raffle, value £1,500.
Druids' Great Wheel Race, £200.
Intercolonial Band Contest, £597.
FIRST AND SECOND CLASS BANDS.
THE DRUIDS ALWAYS LEAD.
And are this year offering to the Public a Grand and Attractive Three Days' Amusement, unrivalled in the Southern Hemisphere. The monster Art Union will be drawn at St. Patrick's Hall, Bourke Street, Melbourne, positively on Monday, 27th April, 1903, at 6 p.m., in the presence of Press Representatives and Ticket Holders, and the Winning Numbers advertised in the *Argus*, *Age* and *Herald*, April 28th; Sydney and Adelaide papers, April 30th; Tasmanian, West Australian, and New Zealand papers, as soon as mail arrangements will permit. Printed Result Slips obtainable from all Agents same dates, or sent by post to any address on application. Tickets, 1s. each, have full chance in Raffle whether used or not. May be had, with list of Prizes, from your local Agents, or direct from the Secretary, 1/- each; 11 for 10/-, or 23 for 20/-, by forwarding address and enclosing Postal Notes, P.O. Order, or Stamps, to
J. J. BRENAN, Hon. Secretary,
Grattan and Drummond Streets, Carlton.
Proceeds to Hospitals and Public Charities.
Local Agent—
Local Agent—MR. J. B. COCHRAN.

JOSEPH GEORGE (late of Warracknabeal), begs to notify that he intends starting a GENERAL BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS in the BEAUFORT BUTTER FACTORY BUILDING, opposite the Golden Age Hotel, on or about the 14th inst., and hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a fair share of public patronage. All Farm Work and Horse Shoeing a specialty.

J. FREEMAN, Sawmiller, wishes to notify to the public that he has started a TIMBER YARD in BEAUFORT, and is prepared to supply all sizes of Hardwood at lowest possible prices for Cash. Buy direct from the sawmiller, and save middlemen's profits.

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.

£1,000 for 1/- £1,000.
(Net Value). (Net Value.)
Melbourne 8 Hours' Art Union
As popular as ever. The great event of the year.
47th Anniversary, Eight Hours' Day.
Grand Fete, Bazaar & Art Union
In aid of the Charities (Town and Country).
Exhibition Buildings, Melbourne,
SATURDAY, 25th, and MONDAY, 27th APRIL (8 Hours' Day).
The EIGHT HOURS' ART UNION.
140 Prizes, value, £1,600. First Prize—£1,000.
This great Prize was won last year by Mr. Chas. Taylor, 279 Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy, Victoria.
Second Prize, £150, and 138 other Prizes, ranging in value from £60.
This great Art Union will be drawn in the presence of Ticketholders and the Press, at 8 p.m., on Wednesday, 6th May, 1903. Winning numbers will be published in the three Melbourne dailies on the 7th May.
Every Ticket Sold, and no other, has a Chance in this Art Union.
Tickets (1s. each) can be obtained, with full list of prizes, from your local agents, or direct from the Secretary, 1s. each, 11 for 10s., or 23 for £1, by forwarding address, and enclosing Postal Notes, P.O. Order, or Stamps (with stamp to reply), to
CHARLES HARRIS,
Secretary Eight Hours' Committee,
Trades' Hall, Carlton, Victoria.
Local Agent—J. B. COCHRAN, Stationer.
Buy your Ticket at once from your Local Agents.

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.

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.

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.

FRUIT & FLOWERS

GRAPE GRAFTING.

When to Graft—The Method of Grafting Below Ground Explained.

As a rule the vine cannot be grafted with success either while the sap is running so freely as to cause the vine when cut to bleed heavily, nor yet—except by the process of inarching—from the time in the spring or early summer when the young shoots begin to turn hard and fibrous. This reduces the time for successful grafting to two periods—the first one lying between the fall of the leaf and the rising of active circulation in the spring, and the second one beginning after this exceedingly strong flow of sap has abated and lasting until the full development of the first young growth.

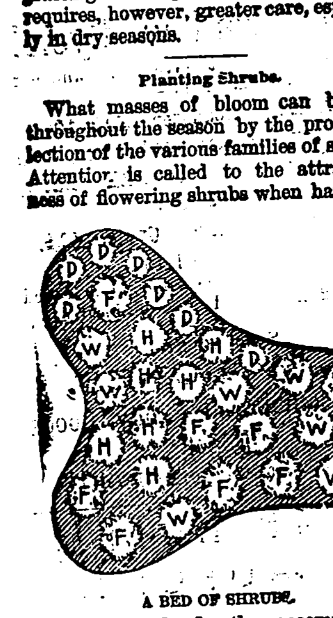
In the more southern states grafting may be successfully performed during the first period. Farther north fall grafting is not quite so certain. Still farther north, where the ground opens late and spring comes in abruptly, the best opportunity lies in the second period, or during the time in which the sap has ceased its active flow and exudes from the wound in a gummy state.

To insure success, as the vine does not graft with the same ease as does the apple or pear, grafting is usually done below ground. Dig away the earth around the vine until a smooth place on the stem is found, then cut it off smoothly and insert one or two scions, as in common cleft grafting. Be sure to cut the lower part of the scion to a thin wedge to insert it so as to secure a perfect junction of the stock and scion. If the vine is strong enough to hold the scion firmly, no bondage is required. Finish the operation by pressing the earth firmly around the cut and fill up with fine soil to the top.

Another plan and the one depicted in the cuts is as follows: Make a slanting cut in the stock from the side downward toward the middle, then cut your scion to a simple wedge and push it down on one side so as to join the bark of the stock. This has the advantage that the stock need not be cut off in case the scion should not unite with it, and as the fibers of both scion and stock are cut transversely the pores join better. As soon as the scion starts cut the stock off above it, taking care, however, not to move the scion in the operation. Some of our grape growers are practicing grafting above ground, a method that requires, however, greater care, especially in dry seasons.

Planting Shrubs.

What masses of bloom can be had throughout the season by the proper selection of the various families of shrubs! Attention is called to the attractiveness of flowering shrubs when harmoniously grouped. In the accompanying diagram from Elias A. Long's Landscape Gardening is given a hint worthy of close study:



A BED OF SHRUBS.

This bed shows 29 hardy shrubs in six varieties irregularly arranged. F indicates Forscythia viridissima, W Weigela variegata, H plumed hydrangea, D Spirea eximea, E burning bush. The design was to secure in a small bed a succession of attractiveness from April, when the forsythias bloom, until the end of the hydrangea season, in October, to be followed for some months later by the fruit of the burning bush. The shrubs selected are also attractive in foliage outside of the blooming season.

Fuchsia Triphylla.

The triphylla is an entirely distinct species, somewhat resembling the fulgens type, but with much smaller flowers of a brilliant orange scarlet, borne closely together on the ends of the branches in such a manner as to remind one of a small spray of bouvardias. The foliage also is quite distinct, being of a bronzy purple color.

In the varieties of last year among the best fuchsias are Buffon, Ulysse Trelat, Constancy, Mrs. Ch. Daniels, Alphonse Karr, Celine Montaland, etc.

A Beautiful New Shrub.

Elæagnus edulis is a beautiful new shrub from Japan that is likely to prove popular. The plant is covered with bright red berries having a pungent and somewhat agreeable flavor. Laden with fruit the bush is highly ornamental, and the fact that its leaves remain fresh until late in autumn gives it additional value for garden decoration.

Floral Brevities.

There is no better bedding plant than the verbena. By starting plants from seeds early in pots or boxes one may have a bright flowering bed of these in June or July.

According to a New York florist, overwatering is one of the worst things for carnations.

The Florists' Exchange describes the Emperor William canna as a compact growing variety, with flowers of a medium size, of a crimson scarlet color.

American Gardening calls attention to the Miss Ruth Cleveland rose, originated by W. A. T. Stratton of Petaluma, Cal. It is of a rosy salmon color.

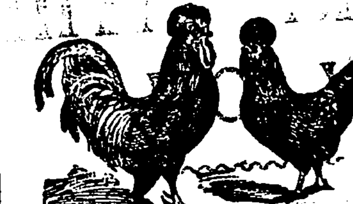
The Golden Wedding chrysanthemum has been pronounced the finest yellow "mum" yet produced.

CATARRH IS ALWAYS THE RESULT of a neglected cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will not cure catarrh, but will cure the cold and so prevent that disagreeable malady. This remedy not only relieves the local irritation of the throat and lungs, but [illegible] the diseased condition. It leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. It always cures and cures quickly. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

FRENCH FOWLS.

Birds That Illustrate a Splendid Type For Table Purposes.

Among those most successful of mercantile poultry growers, the French, assiduous attention has long been devoted to the production of a great weight and excellent quality of flesh, combined with a remarkably small proportion of bone and offal. As a result the French breeds, which include the Houdans, La Fleche, Creve Cours, etc., are pre-eminently table fowls. Probably the most popular and best known of French varieties in this



CREVE COURS.

country are the Houdans. The Creve Cours, however (of which an illustration is presented), represent an equally important kind as regards quantity and quality of flesh.

Wright says the full grown cock will not infrequently weigh ten pounds, but 7½ to 8 pounds is a good average. In form the Creve Cour is very full and compact, the legs exceedingly short, especially in the hens, which appear almost as if they were creeping about on the ground. Their motions are quiet and deliberate, and they seem very contented in confinement. They do not set, or very rarely, and are tolerable layers of very large white eggs. The comb is in the form of two well developed horns surmounted by a large black crest; wattles full, and, like the comb, of a very dark red. The plumage is mostly black, but not infrequently mixed with gold or straw on the hackle and saddle.

The merits of the Creve fowl consists in its edible qualities, early maturity, the ease with which it can be kept and reared in confinement and its fine, large eggs.

On the other hand, it is only a moderate layer, and the eggs are often sterile. It requires warm, dry quarters, and in this country is pronounced by good authorities as delicate and inclined to croup and throat diseases. But these fine, heavy birds, although perhaps not adapted to general domestic purposes in our climate, are of interest to those studying the production of a splendid table fowl, and under favorable circumstances might repay a trial.

Frosted Combs.

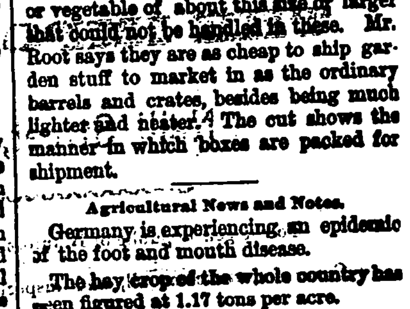
Breeders of large combed breeds of fowls have more or less annoyance from frosted combs if they do not provide warm frostproof abiding places at night and even the daytime. A cockerel will deliberately stand in some poorly sheltered spot and allow his comb to get frosted sooner than go into a warm house during the day. His desire to "stand around" must be cut short. He must be restrained and kept within bounds. It is a fact that more combs get frosted in daytime than at nights, and it does not take very long to frost them either.

When a bird gets its comb frosted it needs immediate attention, or you will have a sorry looking bird pretty soon. To "draw out" the frost and cure the bird is the question. The Poultry News says:

We like the old method of anointing the comb and wattles with turpentine and placing it in a warm, dark, dry, underground cellar. This will draw out the frost quicker than anything we have ever seen tried. To heal the wound after the swelling has subsided we apply a mixture of lard and glycerin, half and half. Glycerin applied to the comb and wattles is a good preventive against frost and cold. Feed whole grain and provide a drinking cup that the bird can only get its beak into. If the bowels become loose put a small quantity of ginger in the water.

Cheap Boxes for Garden Stuff.

A. I. Root makes his cheapest boxes after the fashion of those illustrated here. For the ends he uses six slats instead of boards, crosswise, thus making them open on the ends as well as the sides.



SLATTED BOXES.

These are used for tomatoes, apples, cucumbers, etc. In fact there is no fruit or vegetable of about this size or larger that could not be handled in these. Mr. Root says they are as cheap to ship garden stuff to market in as the ordinary barrels and crates, besides being much lighter and neater. The cut shows the manner in which boxes are packed for shipment.

Agricultural News and Notes.

Germany is experiencing an epidemic of the foot and mouth disease.

The hay crop of the whole country has been figured at 1.17 tons per acre.

Pennsylvania has established a dairy school under the control of the state college.

The state report of the North Dakota wheat crop gives a yield of 33,826,000 bushels, an average of 12.6 bushels per acre.

One hundred and fifty-five million five hundred and sixty-three thousand pounds is reported as the rice crop of the United States this year.

The Nebraska commissioner of industrial education has collected answers to inquiries concerning the cost per acre of making a crop of corn from every county in that state. The average of all the figures is $6.44 per acre.

This is a good hauling season on many farms. Good hard ground, with a smooth surface of snow, gives good sledding, and the horses can pull an extra large load.

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.

An Appeal Against Rates.

THE LEXTONSHIRE COUNCIL AND LANGI-KAL-KAL STATION.

At the Talbot Court of Petty Sessions on Saturday last, Mr W. Leader, P.M., heard an appeal against the rating of a portion of the Langi-kal-kal Station, that is in the Lextonshire. Mr Herring appeared for the shire council, and Mr Lazarus for the appellant. The valuation in 1901-2 was £3199, and in 1902-3 £3732, or a difference of £533, which at 5 percent. represented about £26 additional per acre.

Mr Herring, in opening the case, said that the whole land was worth for grazing 3s 9d per acre per annum and the capital value was more than £5 per acre. There were two bases of assessment, viz, rental value and capital value. £3 10s per acre would give the present assessment.

G. Pinch, sworn, Government land valuator since 1878, said he had been sheep-farming for 35 years. He knew Langi-kal-kal Station. The land would carry 1½ sheep to the acre, and for grazing was worth 3s 9d per acre per annum. The soil varied, but a good deal of it was suited for agriculture. There were two creeks on the property, which was well improved and in splendid condition. For agriculture it was worth £4 to £5 an acre. There was a great demand at present for agricultural land. The assessment of £3 10s and 3s 6d was a low valuation. He had experience in selling land, the last was at Elmhurst, 20 miles from Langi-kal-kal. He valued for the Government 24 years ago for the land tax, not since. He valued this land all through, and not each paddock separately. The property would carry more than 22,000 sheep to 28,000 acres. More than two-thirds of the land was fit for agriculture. With one sheep to the acre a fair return for this land would be from 8s to 9s a sheep, for 1¼ sheep 6s to 7s a sheep.

In the absence of the shire secretary and other witnesses from Lextonshire, the appellant commenced his appeal with right for both sides to call and recall witnesses.

Mr Lazarus addressed the court, and said Mr Valentine's valuation was £2 19s 1d, and Mr Greenfield's valuation was £2 17s 6d.

Sam. Geo. Valentine, stock and station agent and valuator, said he had 44 years' experience about Ballarat, had made frequent sales of land, and carried out the sale to the present owner. He valued the whole run in 1897 at £3 per acre. He went through all the paddocks within the last two weeks. A full valuation of all land in Lextonshire would be £3 per acre.

Colonel Greenfield made his own valuation. Some of the land in Riponshire would carry two sheep to the acre. The property comprised in Lexton land 21,380 acres, and in Ripon land 5600 acres, total 26,980 acres. He sold with the station to the present owners—22,280 sheep, 329 cattle, 35 horses, and all implements, etc. He did not get more than £3 an acre for the land itself, 26,981 acres. This class of land has not increased in value in four or five years. £3 an acre was the full value of this land. Some valuable stud sheep were sold with the run for New South Wales owners, but they all considered it too high.

A. M. Greenfield, sworn auctioneer and valuator for many years, said he knew this land in Lextonshire, comprising 21,381 acres. He was all day valuing the paddocks, each separately. He valued the whole Lextonshire land at £2 16s 7d per acre. That was the value of the fee simple. He sold land adjoining, 160 acres, at 35s an acre, and 320 acres at 30s an acre. 1000 acres of "White Stone" paddock was a sandbank, or bed of an old lake, worth only 30s to work in with the estate. The 382 acres round the home station were worth £6 to £8 an acre. As to the 320 acres fronting Lexton road, he sold it for Mrs Kennedy at 30s. Cultivation land should have a subsoil, but this land had no subsoil, except in parts. There was only a little patch of reddish soil (not volcanic), say, about 20 acres. The land was now fairly bare.

Jas. Robt. Simkin, valuer of the Shire of Lexton, put in £3 10s as the capital value, and 3s 6d as annual value. He knew what the land would carry, i.e., 1½ sheep to the acre. There had been no sales in the immediate vicinity for four or five years. One-third of the land was agricultural, and worth 5s an acre rent. There was a demand for arable land, and it was steadily increasing. The Riponshire portion of this estate was the best land. He had no experience of sales of land.

The P.M. reduced the valuation to £3 an acre, and the rate to 3s, the former valuation, and said he could find no grounds for raising the valuation for the current year. He also allowed £30 costs to the appellant.

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.

The Premiers of the States will meet in conference in Sydney on Wednesday, 15th April. It is expected that all the States will be represented. Mr Irvine has arranged to attend, and among the subjects for discussion which he has suggested are State and federal loans, the joint occupation of buildings by the State and federal departments, the future position of the agency-general of the States in London, and the collection of Customs duties on State importation.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases.

Applicants for leases within the district covered by *The Riponshire Advocate* are invited to peruse the following facts:—

The New Mining Regulations require that when a lease is marked out the applicant "shall insert in a newspaper PUBLISHED IN THE DISTRICT WHERE THE LAND IS SITUATED, or if no such newspaper, then in the one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked A in the schedule prescribed."

Ten days are allowed, after marking out the lease, in which to lodge the application with the Warden or his clerk, and forward a duplicate to the Minister of Mines.

The word "district" in the regulations has been defined by the Crown Solicitor to be read as locality, and not as mining district, and the lease should therefore be advertised in the paper nearest the land for which application is to be made. As TEN days (not seven as formerly) are given in which to complete the application, no valid excuse can now be urged for failure to advertise the lease in the district paper, though it has only a weekly, and not a daily issue.

This is borne out by the following memo. from the Mines Department received by Mr H. A. Adams, *Grenville Standard*, Linton.—"Sir,—Referring to your communication, I have the honor to inform you that the Warden's clerk at Smythesdale has been instructed to advise intending applicants for mining leases, where opportunity offers [i.e., for tendering such advice], that the regulation relating to advertising their applications should be STRICTLY ADHERED TO.—I have the honor to be, etc., P. Cohen, for Sec. of Mines and Water Supply."

INCOME TAX.

In England the Income Tax is administered through district surveyors and assessors who have considerable local knowledge of taxpayers and their circumstances. They deliver to each of such persons a schedule to be filled in, and then collect them, thus enabling the Commissioners to ensure returns being furnished by all who come within the operation of the Act. In this State, however, the Commissioner of Taxes is at a disadvantage by having to administer the Act from a central office, and it is left to taxpayers to ask for, and obtain their own schedules, fill them in, and return them to him. Notwithstanding the numerous checks instituted, it is considered that many who should have complied with the requirements of the Act have failed to do so, and have thus unjustly escaped the payment of tax, thereby doing, also, a great wrong to the honest taxpayers.

This year, however, as the area of taxation has been widely enlarged, and the tax made payable by a large number of persons earning smaller incomes, the Commissioner of Taxes has completed arrangements by which he will be furnished, from every locality within the State, with confidential reports of the names of all persons who should be presumed to be within the Act, and who should furnish him with Returns of their Incomes—namely, everyone who during the year 1902 was in receipt of an income of £125, or who earned wages of 8s. per day. By this means, and of the other careful checks now instituted, the Commissioner of Taxes feels confident that all those who are required by the Act to send in returns will do so, and that should any fail to do so they will be at once discovered.

In all cases of default the Commissioner of Taxes intends to strictly enforce the provisions of the Act, which render any person who should furnish a return and who fails to do so liable to a penalty of £100 and to pay double tax.

"Two Per Cent. off My Life."

It was in a court of justice adjoining the hideously gloomy prison of Newgate, a point at which the misery and crime of London have for centuries been focussed. A young man, scarce past boyhood, stood before the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, charged with embezzlement. He was a bright, intelligent youth, somewhat better educated than the average English clerk, but not clever enough to make one sovereign do the work of five, so he had embezzled his employer's money in order to live according to his taste. The employer objected, hence the scene of which we have a vivid recollection. After reading him a fatherly lecture, the eminent judge sentenced the delinquent to two years' imprisonment. "Two years!" exclaimed the convict as he was led away. "Two per cent. off my life, if I live for a hundred years!"

Yes, two years makes a distinct notch in the life even of a centenarian; and then you see, very few of us can reasonably hope to become centenarians, which makes the matter worse. Notwithstanding the benefits conferred upon humanity by our marvellously improved sanitary arrangements, modern habits and customs don't on the whole tend towards increased length of life. It is, therefore, imperative that everyone should as vigilantly watch that he loses no time by transgressing the laws of health as it is that he should avoid transgressing the laws of the land; for the first of these transgressions is responsible for a vastly larger amount of lost time than can be ascribed to the second.

"After suffering from indigestion for over two years I was completely cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup in five weeks." Thus writes Miss Helena Easton, of 50, Pacific Street, Newcastle, N.S.W., on October 21, 1902. Miss Easton is a young lady of about twenty-six summers, that golden period of life which cannot be abbreviated by two years, or even two months, without inspiring infinite regret. Miss Easton continues: "In the summer of 1898, when residing in Auburn Street, Goulburn (of which city I am a native), I first became conscious that my health was giving way. My appetite left me, and I felt languid, weak, and nervous. The little food I ate caused dreadful pains in the chest and stomach, to say nothing of many other distressing symptoms. A doctor whom I consulted informed me that my complaint was acute indigestion; but his treatment did me no good whatever. The efforts of a second doctor being equally futile, I took a great variety of patent medicines, which in turn were recommended to me by various friends. But I did not find that any of them did me the least good. And so for two years I grew paler, thinner, and feebler. I never went out, but moped about the house all day, dull and listless, the slightest effort being painful to me. Noise, or excitement of any kind, would cause my heart to palpitate violently, after which it would almost cease to beat.

"While I was in this miserable condition a lady friend, Mrs W. Cook, came from Sydney to spend with us the Christmas holidays of 1900. This lady persuaded me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, at the same time asserting that she knew several persons who had derived great benefit from it, and that she was sure it was the only thing that would do me good. I accepted her advice, and acting upon it found that in a surprisingly short space of time—before indeed I had finished the second bottle—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had wrought a change in my condition and appearance which nothing else had been able to effect. I could eat and sleep—the heart trouble disappeared; and I recovered all my old-time capacity for work and the pleasure of life. At this distance of time, I entertain no doubt whatever that my cure is absolutely permanent."

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.

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.

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 have 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.

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.

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 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.
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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, 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, Baumes, Ehrhardt, 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.

Police Magistrate's F

The following are the pol
Magistrates permanent engageme
Ballarat district, with the
proviso, added by Mr Dickson
otherwise engaged":—
Ballarat—10 a.m., daily.
Ballarat East—10 a.m., 3r
day and fourth Thursday.
Beaufort—1.30 p.m., 1st
and fourth Tuesday.
Bungaree—9 a.m., 4th Mo
Buninyong—3.15 p.m., 3rd
Carngham—2 p.m., 2nd W
Gordon—9 a.m., 2nd Mon
Linton—2 p.m., 1st Saturd
Learmonth—12.30 p.m., 1s
Kaleno—11 a.m., 2nd Tues
Scarsdale—Noon, 3rd Thur
Sebastopol—3.30 p.m., 2nd
Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd W
Smythesdale—Noon, 3rd T

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMB
other Acid Diseases have been
and Thoroughly Cured by—
DR. PARKER'S
GREAT INDIAN
RHEUMATIC R
As the following Cases can testify.
Severe Cases of Lumbago and Scia
JAMES McGUINESS, Esq., Grazie
Barham, near Warrnambool, who is
throughout the Western District, testifie
DEAR SIR,—For about sixteen years
by the back and loins, and about five y
Sciatica in the left leg. I tried variou
Morphia Injections, Blisters, &c., and h
medical advice with only poor results.
ber, 1896, after an exposure, I had to go
could not move without crutches, the
so intense, having no rest night an
November, 1896, reading of the wond
I decided to try Dr. Parker's INDIAN
REMEDY, and in two days had ease fro
before the first supply was finished th
WERE PUT ASIDE. I continued to imp
March, 1897, could ride and walk anyw
assistance, and was in better health tha
for twenty years. Being over fifty years
well pleased that the cure is effectual,
over twelve months ago since I took th
will do all in my power to recommend
to other sufferers.—Gratefully yours,
(Signed) JAMES McG
"Riverview," Framlingham, March, 189
Severe Sciatica and Debili
MR. EDWARD McEVOY, of Eas
South Gippsland, Sciatica very severe fo
was cured in two supplies of Remedy, a
well since October, 1901.
Severe Sciatica Cured.
DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the
in my case, having been a sufferer
attacks of Lumbago and Sciatica in both
incapacitated me from all work at inte
the past three years. I tried doctor's
and various medicines, &c., without
benefit therefrom. In August, 18 I took
suffering excruciating agony. I took
Great Remedy while in this State, and
lief from the first supply of it, and
five supplies I completely recovered,
well ever since.
(Signed) HELEG
Mountain-street, South Melbourne.
(Working at McCracken's City Brewery
MRS. FETHERSTONE, residing at
Grove, East Prahran, severe Sciatica
could not move from bed and was in
was cured by two bottles of Dr. Par
RHEUMATIC REMEDY twelve months a
been well since.
DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN
is perfectly HARMLESS, and is the true
all acid diseases, the causation of
Sciatica, Lumbago, &c. It has cured th
many hundreds of others in this State
Have the pain in a short period, and wi
will cure the most obstinate case. It h
in use for seventeen years, and owing
demand is now on sale at the principal s
throughout the Commonwealth. The
ments are true to facts, and can be ve
well-known people residing in Victoria.
Be sure and ask the local agent for D
GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY,
which contains a sufficient supply to las
thirty days, according to case.
Further particulars can be obt
Agencies.
AGENT FOR BEAUFO
D. Troy & Son, Merch
Ararat—J. J. Pawsey & Son, M
Creswick—J. Tait & Son, Stor
Maryborough—Mr. S. Ead, Gr
Daylesford—Hamilton Bros.,
etc.
Kyneton—Mr S. P. Hayes, S
High-street.

ARNOLD'S BAL
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — For the Chest
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — For Whooping
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — For Coughs an / Best for Influe
ARNOLD'S BALSAM — In Bronchitis / Voice. / For Croup.
STOUTNESS—abominal or other—is
duced by PYROLENE PELLETS.
safe and also tasteless. Full instructio
bottle. Small, 3s. 6d.; large (for a cours
by post, 3s. 9d. and 13s. Of all chem
ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., St. Kilda, Me
THE ROMAN HAIR RESTORER. — An inexpensi preparation and restoring color the hai beard, and w
Produces Brown and Black Hair. Price, 1s. 6d., by post 2s. 3d.
Largely used by the Roman ladies f
their magnificent tresses. Nourishes t
removes dandruff; increases the quantity
it glossy and supple; does not stain the
the linen. If your hair is falling off or
use this. ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., St.
(late Brinsmead & Co.) All Chemists Se
SOLD BY ALL STORES AND
Agent for Beaufort—D. TRO

J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGE
SELLER, and STATIONER, beg
to the inhabitants of BEAUFORT
that he is Sole Agent for the
Herald, Star, Courier, Melbou
Sydney Bulletin, Riponshire
Leader, Weekly Times, A
Australian Journal, Sportsman,
Periodicals. All School Requis
stock. Advertisements received
above-named papers. While t
numerous customers for past favor
by strict attention to the delivery
to merit a fair share of their supp
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Ballarat papers. By sending t
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address—Next door to Wotherspo

USE LINSEED COMPOUN
TRADE MARK
KAYS COMPOUND ESSENCE OF LINSEED ETC.
OF PROVEN EFFICACY FOR
COUGHS & CO
OF ALL CHEMISTS

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Buying
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WARD,
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Re-painted. Estimates
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nts.' buckle rings set with
. Wide heavy band rings
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ladies' gipsy set 18-ct. dia-
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l and gun metal watches
ony at 20s, 22s 6d and 25s
n buying a watch here you
r, as all watches, even to
nes, are all tested before
ale, and furthermore, any
atisfactory, will be replaced
o place like PAYNE'S for
scription
a splendid stock is shown, our
us to get the newest goods as
lesigned. Don't you buy a
t inspecting PAYNE'S stock.
irs of gents'. gold sleeve links
old curb bracelets; plain band
lets; and fancy set bracelets
. Gents'. gold and silver
dals, collar and front studs
ariety. New designs in scarf
match boxes, sovereign cases,
chains, gold-mounted hair
ted silk ribbon guards (double
rings, ladies' gun metal and
y description. Ladies' gold
pwards. Gents'. gold watches
Gents'. silver watches by all
kers, including Walthams,
Ebrhards, Rotherhams, Settle
from 45s upwards. Payne's.
y clocks, eight-day striking
best makers; 200 different kinds
from. Don't you buy a clock
specting Payne's stock. All
s kept in stock from 1s pair.
ctacles from 30s to 45s pair.
spectacles made to measure.
pera and field glasses, finest
ts, butter dishes, cruets, hot
ekles, biscuit barrels, hot water
, &c., in new designs.
and spoon, in beautiful case,
25s; Children's silver-plated
rraved, 8s 6d, 10s 6d each; salt
unted, 2s 6d each; ladies' silver-
6d to 12s 6d; silver-mounted
22s 6d each; gents'. solid silver
35s each; gents'. cigarette cases,
er, silver-mounted, 15s each;
ounted pocket book and purse
d to 17s 6d; silver tooth picks,
gold, 15s; gold spectacles, 35s
apkin rings, 2s to 7s 6d; solid
ngs, in case, 21s pair; tobacco
mounted, 5s 6d and 6s 6d; gold-
We just received a new assort-
. genuine gold-filled alberts,
t 17s 6d; ladies' gold-filled chain
celets, at 15s. These are really
nber are not what are usually
old. A splendid assortment of
s, in all the newest designs, at
; teaspoons, 10s doz.; dessert
z. These are the best quality
the only kind stocked; sterling
s, 3s 6d pair; best quality rolled
5s pair; Oak trays, silver-plated
nch; Oak liquor stands, three
lated mounts, 35s each; repeater
ep on alarming at intervals for
r by altering an indicator you
g for 20 minutes continuously,
rdinary alarm clocks, 3s 6d to 5s
teapots, 22s 6d to 47s 6d each.
PAYNE, JEWELLER,
t Office, Sturt street, Ballarat.

EGLECT THAT COLD.

urakof
fficacious Medicine yet known
of Coughs, Colds, Asthma,
tc. True to its name.
ce 2s., from
HLICHT, BEAUFORT;
ELDER, SKIPTON.

IN & CO.,
CHEMISTS,
Cathedral, Swanston-st.
ourne, and St. Kilda.

orders for JOB PRINTING to
er in your district, because it
ands of reports and notifica-
hich it receives no payment.
It is always spending its time
to benefit and improve the
f the place through which it
It gives you value in return
nting order.

published by the Proprietor,
PARKER, at the office of The
Advocate newspaper, Lawrence
ufort, Victoria.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1324 | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 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. . . . .

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 loins, and about five years ago got Sciatica in the left leg. I tried various remedies, Morphia Injections, Blisters, &c., and had the best medical advice with only poor results. In September, 1896, after an exposure, 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, 1896, reading of the wonderful cures I decided to try Dr. Parker's INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY, and in two days had ease from pain, and before the first supply was finished the CRUTCHES WERE PUT ASIDE. I continued to improve and in March, 1897, could ride and walk anywhere without assistance, and was in better health than I had been for twenty years. Being over fifty years of age, I am well pleased that the cure is effectual, as it is now over twelve months ago since I took the remedy. I will do all in my power to recommend the antidote to other sufferers.—Gratefully yours,

(Signed) JAMES McGUINESS.

"Riverview," Framlingham, March, 1898.

Severe Sciatica and Debility.

MR. EDWARD McEVOY, of East Poowong, South Gippsland, Sciatica very severe for six months was cured in two supplies of Remedy, and have kept well since October, 1901.

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 both hips, which incapacitated me from all work at intervals during the past three years. I tried doctor's electric baths and various medicines, &c., without deriving any benefit therefrom. In August, 1898, I was very bad, suffering excruciating agony. I took Dr. Parker's Great Remedy while in this State, and obtained relief from the first supply of it, and after taking five supplies I completely recovered, and have kept well ever since.

(Signed) HELEG EXTROM.

23 Mountain-street, South Melbourne.

(Working at McCracken's City Brewery, Melbourne.)

MRS. FETHERSTONE, residing at 68 Highbury Grove, East Prahran, severe Sciatica for six weeks, could not move from bed and was in dreadful agony, was cured by two bottles of Dr. Parker's INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY twelve months ago, and has been well since.

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

STOUTNESS—abdominal 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 Brisemead & Co.) All Chemists Sell It.

SOLD BY ALL STORES AND CHEMISTS.
Agent for Beaufort—D. TROY & SON.

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.

USE LINSEED COMPOUND
TRADE MARK OF KAY'S COMPOUND ESSENCE OF LINSEED ETC.
OF 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 L3 worth of goods, and the grocer's man or draper will not throw in gratis 1d 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, 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.

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 heir 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. 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.—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.

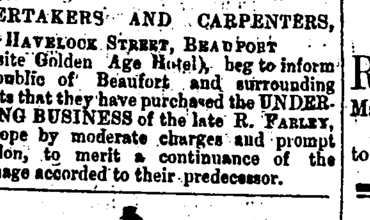
To such a man the noisy din
Of traffic may not enter in,
For bargain hunters by the score
Shall pass nor heed his dingy door;
For tho' his sign is on the wall
And on some barnyard gate a scrawl,
No people who have cash and sense,
Go prancing around to read the fence.

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.

DON'T COUGH.—Relief can be obtained immediately. Use "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES"—well known as the utterly unrivalled Cough Remedy. Strongly recommended by many eminent physicians. They at once check the cough and remove the cause—without any after effect; the most delicate can therefore take them. One Lozenge alone gives ease—one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold everywhere in tins, 13½d. each.

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.

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.

N O T I C E.

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
B September, 1896.

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.

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 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 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 each, whilst aiming at the success of 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 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 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 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,
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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 n

AUTUMN AND WINTER, 1903.

Just Arrived. NEW GOODS. Just Arrived.

At

G. H. COUGLE'S.

Your Inspection Invited.

AUTUMN AND WINTER MILLINERY, AUTUMN AND WINTER.

The newest, nicest, and best in the world of fashion.

We invite your verdict. Come and visit us.

Just Arrived. New Jackets and Rain-Cloaks.
Latest Shapes and Styles.

We can fit the tallest, the stoutest, the thinnest, the shortest.

NEW DRESS GOODS. Correct Materials and latest Styles. Lace Collarettes, Lace Insertions, and New Dress Strappings, &c.

TAILORING.—If not already amongst our clients for Tailoring, we ask you to favor us with a trial, as we feel convinced that we are able to please you in every way. A perfect fit is guaranteed. Our prices are low. Our work is good.

Study Economy in Price.

Do not be led away by the representations of large firms who travel the district, who do not give any better value, and who have of a necessity to add heavy working expenses and commission.

GENT'S HATS.

We ask you to have a look at our Clothing Window for Style and Prices.

G. H. COUGLE,
The People's Draper,
Havelock Street, BEAUFORT.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT LIVE STOCK MARKET.
Tuesday.

Fat Cattle—330 head was the supply penned for to-day's sale, about one-third consisting of quality ranging from good to prime, remaind r being principally made up of middling and useful descriptions. There was an average muster of the trade, quality especially being in request, prices for such showing an advance on last week's values, closing strong, other sorts showing very little if any alteration from late rates. Quotations—Prime pens bullocks, Ll4 10s to Ll5 10s; good, Ll3 to Ll4; useful, Ll0 10 to Ll1 10s; cows, to Ll2 2s 6d. Fat Calves—72 forward, which sold well. Bes to L8 12s 6d. Fat Sheep—14,055 came to hand for to-day's sale, fully 3500 of which were only in store condition, remainder chiefly comprising middling and useful description, a small proportion being really good and prime. There was a large attendance both of the trade and graziers, and for all suitable trade lots competition was brisk, at prices fully equal to last week's, whilst for medium sorts the demand was not so active, prices ruling somewhat easier. Quotations—Prime crossbred wethers, 21s to 24s; extra, 26s to 28s 3d; heavy-weights, 32s to 34s; good, 18s to 19s; useful, 15s to 16.

SORE AND SWOLLEN JOINTS, sharp, shooting pains, torturing pains, no rest, no sleep—that means rheumatism. It is a stubborn disease to fight, but Chamberlain's Pain Balm has conquered it thousands of times. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

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 Tackler, 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 STUART 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.

A. N. A.,
WATERLOO BRANCH,
Meets at 8 p.m. on TUESDAY next, at the SOCIETIES' HALL.

Item on Syllabus.—Rules' Night.

All meetings open to the public.

W. T. HILL, Secretary.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 12TH APRIL, 1903.

Presbyterian Church.—Raglan, 3 p.m.—Mr Samuel Collins. Middle Creek, 2.30 p.m.; Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. (solo, Mr J. R. Wotherspoon).—Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Waterloo, 3 p.m.—Rev. W. J. Bottoms. Raglan, 3 p.m.—Mr Davis. Raglan, 7.30 p.m.—Supply. Chute, 3 p.m.—Mr N. Davey.

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 Pharmacopœia 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, B.D.S.,
Surgical & Mechanical Dentist,
HAVELOCK-STRE BEAUFOR

May be consulted DAILY from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Teeth fitted accurately n vulcanite or gold at lowest prices.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Teet extracted painlessly with cocaine ether, chloride of thyl, laughing gas, &

☞NOTE THE ADDRESS—
HAVELOCK-STREET
(Next Mechanics Instit
BEAUFORT

Death.

ANDERSON.—On the 3rd April, at the Ararat District Hospital, Catherine Annie, eldest and dearly beloved daughter of the late James Anderson, and of Helen Anderson (formerly of Ballarat), aged 33 years and eight months. Deeply mourned.

Bereavement Card.

MRS. ANDERSON and Family desire to convey their heartfelt THANKS to their many friends for kind sympathy and floral tributes during their recent sad bereavement; also to Mr. Andrews for his kindness in delivering telegrams.

THE
Riponshire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1903.

Seventy points of rain fell at Beaufort on Saturday and Sunday, and 63 at Trawalla.

A young man named John A. Crocker was returning from his work as a trucker at one of the Raglan mines to his home on a bicycle, on Saturday, and whilst going down a hill at a smart pace, lost his pedal, with the result that his foot caught in the crank of the machine, and Crocker was thrown heavily. He sustained a severe abrasion on the face, and sprained his right wrist. His injuries were attended to by Dr. G. A. Eadie, of Beaufort.

A boy, about 13 years of age, named Roy Scott, son of Mrs H. F. Watkin by a former husband, met with a painful accident on Saturday. He is employed at Hawkes Bros., Beaufort, and while closing a big sliding door, a heavy bar of iron that was leaning against the door fell on his leg, inflicting a severe gash about three inches long on the back of the leg above the ankle. Dr. Eadie closed the wound up with seven stitches.

Constable Dunham arrested a swagman named Michael Rodgers on Tuesday night, on charges of being drunk and disorderly and using obscene language. He was brought before Mr J. R. Wotherspoon, J.P., on Wednesday, and discharged for the drunkenness, and fined 15s, or 7 days' imprisonment for the obscene language. The fine was paid. Rodgers had work to go to at Ercildoune, which accounts for the leniency of the penalty.

The application of Henry S. Stewart for 3 acres, parish of Langi-kal-kal, was recommended at a local Land Board held at Ballarat on Thursday.

We regret to record the death, from consumption, at the Ararat Hospital, on 3rd inst., of Miss Catherine Annie, eldest daughter of Mrs Anderson, of Lake Goldsmith, at the age of 33 years. The remains of deceased were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery on Saturday last, the funeral being largely attended. The mortuary arrangements were carried out by Messrs Stevenson Bros., undertakers, Beaufort.

The public meeting, convened by Cr. Beggs, President of Riponshire, for Wednesday evening, at the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute, for the purpose of nominating a member of the committee of management of the Beaufort Racecourse and Recreation Reserve, in the room of the late Mr J. T. Harris, was attended by eight persons. Dr. G. A. Eadie, the President of the Beaufort Jockey Club, having been voted to the chair, called upon the secretary of the club to explain the object of the meeting. This was done by Mr Parker, and on the motion of Messrs Jackson and Hellyer, Mr J. R. Wotherspoon was nominated for the position, and the secretary instructed to transmit such nomination to the Lands Department.

A gold robbery, concerning which unusual secrecy has been manifested by subordinate police officers, took place in somewhat remarkable circumstances at the All Nations Consols mine, near Beaufort, on Sunday, 29th ult. It appears that the Ballarat police received word that early on the day in question a raid on the sluice-boxes of one of the district mines was contemplated. The information was, indeed, so exact that it was explicitly stated that the descent had been planned for that very night. When Sub-Inspector Steel became acquainted with these facts he despatched Plain-clothes Constable Montague to the scene on a bicycle, with instructions to assist Senior-constable Jones in an attempt to catch the raiders red-handed. A close watch was kept at the Central Sons of Freedom and South Sons of Freedom mines, but nothing untoward occurred. It seems, however, that while the police were waiting for the thieves to appear here the marauders, out of sheer cussedness, took it into their heads to visit the Consols mine, which is several miles away. The sluice-box had, in accordance with custom, been cleaned out by the manager the previous evening, but the thieves succeeded in getting something for their pains by forcing the sides and scraping out the crevices. It is not considered likely that they got away with more than an ounce of the royal metal, which, it should be stated, is the property of the company's tributors.

THE ELUSIVE FIGSKIN is the source of much sport and the cause of many injuries. Football players should use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, an antiseptic liniment, especially valuable for sprains and bruises. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

An occasional correspondent at Middle Creek reports that as Mr S. S. Pickford has decided on leasing his farm for a term of five years, and is leaving the district for some time, the members of the Middle Creek Cricket Club made arrangements for showing their appreciation of the splendid assistance Mr Pickford has rendered to the club since its formation, by quietly presenting him with a valuable bat, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to S. S. Pickford, Esq., by the members of the M.C.C.C., for valuable services rendered during seasons 1893 to 1903." Mr Pickford said that during the number of years he had been associated with the members, he had always had an enjoyable time, and never expected that the members would think so much of the assistance he gave the club as to make him the present of such a fine bat. He trusted that the first time he used it he would be able to put up a good score.

A young man named Thomas Clarke, a laborer, was presented at the Ballarat City Police Court on Wednesday, before Messrs Heinz and Bodycomb, J's.P., on a charge of having stolen a bicycle, valued at £12, the property of R. T. Cochran, of Beaufort. Sergeant Arnold prosecuted. The informant deposed that on the 25th of last month he placed his bicycle with a number of others at the Beaufort Agricultural Show. On returning he found it was gone, and the next he saw of it was when he went with Detective Armstrong and saw it in the possession of a groom at Dr. Davies'. James Colley, a groom in the employ of Dr. Davies, said that the accused had asked him to sell the machine for him, but the matter ended by witness himself buying it for £3. He paid £2 of this then. The accused assured him that it was his own property, and stated that he had bought it in the mallee two years previously. Witness lent the bicycle to Stevens. The accused pleaded guilty, and elected to be dealt with by the bench. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with hard labor. On a second charge of stealing a pair of boots from Colley, to which he pleaded not guilty, Clarke was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

The monthly meeting of the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute committee was held on Tuesday evening; the president (Mr E. W. Hughes) presiding, and seven members present. In the absence on holidays of Mr Breen, Mr S. Young acted as secretary *pro tem.* A letter was read from the Chief Secretary, intimating that permission had been granted the committee to expend 75 per cent. of their income on maintenance. An account for £4 6s 8d was passed for payment to the librarian. The matter of getting temporary repairs effected to the roof of the members' room was left in the hands of the librarian. The librarian was also instructed to obtain 12 tons of firewood at 3s 3d per ton.

BABY'S COUGH MUST HAVE LINGER.—Nothing is more distressing than to see a helpless little infant suffering with a cough, and to be fearful of using a remedy which may contain some harmful ingredient. The makers of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy positively guarantee that this preparation does not contain opium in any form, or any other harmful substance. Mothers may confidently give this remedy to their little ones. It gives prompt relief and is perfectly safe. It always cures and cures quickly. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Riponshire Council.

MONDAY, 6TH APRIL, 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 H. M. Turner, manager Trawalla Estate, drawing attention to the bad state of the Lake Goldsmith reserve with rabbits, and trusting council will do something towards reducing the pest.—Referred to West riding members, with power to act, on motion of Crs. Lewis and Stewart.

From C. W. Jones and A. J. McDougall, secretaries to Easter Carnival, asking permission to have a pony trot and trial of hacks over hurdles at the sports meeting in Beaufort Park.—Cr. Stewart moved, and Cr. Flynn seconded, that the request be granted. Cr. Sinclair said it was not intended to run on the track, but inside on the grass. The President thought it objectionable, and they should think it over. Cr. Flynn—It may be introducing the thin end of the wedge for horse-racing. The President did not object to horse-racing, but thought it should not be held in the Park. If the Department heard of it they might object. Cr. Flynn said the council allowed tilting in the ring at the Park some time ago, and this was tantamount to the same thing. Cr. Sinclair said it was not really horse-racing, but the best hack over hurdles (like there was at the agricultural show) and a pony trot. He thought they should give their consent this time, and if there was anything objectionable about it they could stop it in future. The motion was carried; the President and Cr. Lewis voting against it.

From H. W. Ball, Beaufort, asking permission to erect a stable for his horse on the road opposite the All Nations Consols claim, Poverty Point.—Received, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Sinclair.

From W. G. Stevens, applying for renewal of dancing license for Societies' Hall, Beaufort.—Granted, on motion of Crs. Douglas and Stewart.

From C. C. Tucker, Raglan, claiming 10s for preventing damage to flumes by a bush fire at Mt. Cole last November.—Referred to engineer for report, on motion of Crs. Sinclair and Flynn.

From Under-Treasurer, forwarding account for £380, equivalent for licences.—Attended to.

From Public Health Department, acknowledging receipt of shire engineer's report on the Presbyterian Church, Stockyard Hill, and forwarding copy of letter sent to the secretary of the committee, showing that lighting must be complied with if building is to be used for public purposes at night, that an additional closet must be provided, and that the floor of porch must be on the same level as floor of church.—Attended to by engineer.

From Dr. G. A. Eadie, reporting that Jane Rutherford and John V. Nothnagel, of Waterloo South, were suffering from scarlet fever.—Received.

From W. J. Cowley, head teacher, Waterloo, reporting that several children are absent from school owing to throat complaints. Two cases of scarlet fever were reported, but as there has been no doctor attending he could not say with certainty that it really is scarlet fever.—Received, and Mr Cowley to be thanked for his report, on motion of Crs. Sinclair and Stewart.

From Public Health Dept., notifying gazettal of appointment of Messrs A. Angus, E. Crawford, and D. Elder, as trustees of the Skipton Cemetery.—Received.

From Lextonshire, in reply to request to join in making a dam on the Ballarat road at a cost of £25, stating they do not consider there is sufficient traffic to warrant the expenditure, and that the council decline to join in the cost.—Received; Cr. Sinclair supposing they wanted the money to pay for Kal-kal appeal, and Cr. Flynn stating that the road went through Kal-kal. (Laughter.)

From Ballaratshire, stating that that council employs an inspector of weights and measures, but could not state his salary, as he received a bulk sum as valuer, collector, inspector of dairies, nuisances, and weights and measures, road ranger, &c.—Received.

From Grenvilleshire, intimating that their inspector of weights and measures is not paid a fixed salary, and that the council did not wish to alter existing arrangements, or to enter into fresh arrangements for the appointment of a joint inspector.—Received.

From Lextonshire, stating that some years ago, conjointly with Ballarat-hire, they had the services of an inspector of weights and measures, but in consequence of the trifling necessity for the office in the shire it was discontinued. The matter of Ripon's enquiry will be considered at the councils' next meeting.—Received.

The secretary said he had received an income tax schedule and was asked to give a return of the salaries and wages paid by the council. This entailed a lot of work, which would be attended to in course of time.

From Municipal Association of Victoria, asking council to submit any amendments in the bill to consolidate and amend the laws relating to local government; also any motions it desires to have placed on business-sheet for annual session; also forwarding copy of a bill to further amend the Health Act.—Cr. Flynn moved that the officers be appointed to go through the L.G. bill and report to next meeting any suggested amendments desired. Seconded by Cr. Douglas, and carried. Re the Health Bill, Cr. Flynn spoke of the hardship incurred on small farmers by making them stone the floors of milking sheds. The President alluded to the necessity of milk purveyors being made to keep their sheds clean. It was decided, on the motion of Crs. Flynn and Sinclair, that the council recommend an amendment in the bill so as to leave it optional to councils to extend it to shires or not.

From City of Ballarat, asking council to take part in protesting against proposal to allow Newport workshops to tender for manufacture of locomotives for Railway Department.—Received.

From Horsham and Wimmera District Agricultural Society, soliciting co-operation in endeavouring to secure legislation making sheep dipping compulsory, provided that the Act gives the power to Shire Councils, where in their discretion the holdings of sheep in any part of their districts are so small—as that it would be a hardship for owners to provide dips—to construct and maintain central dips.—No action, on motion of Crs. Stewart and Flynn.

From Country Fire Brigades Board, notifying that probable expenditure of Western fire district has been estimated at £530 for the year, Ripon's contribution being £9 14s 4d, of which the quarterly payment of £2 8s 7d was claimed.—Account to be paid, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Sinclair; the secretary stating the total amount was 1s 3d more than last year.

From E. J. Wilkinson, Mt. Cole, intimating that obstruction across the road at Mt. Cole has not yet been removed, and asking that it be attended to.—Cr. Stewart moved that the offender be given a month to remove the obstruction. Seconded by Cr. Douglas, and carried.

From Sick Children's Hospital, soliciting donation.—Considered with charitable vote.

From Shire of Ararat, forwarding copy of resolution passed by council as follows:—"That the secretary write the Riponshire Council forwarding details of the cost of weighbridge at Middle Creek, and intimate that the councillors of this shire were under the impression from the first communication with the Riponshire Council that it was mutually agreed that each council was to defray half the cost of supplying and placing the weighbridge in position at Middle Creek, whatever that might be, each council to receive half the returns from use of same; and this council never agreed to any particular amount that was to be expended in connection therewith." Particulars of cost were given, totalling £267 2s 4d, and payment of half this amount was asked. The proceeds so far were considered satisfactory, being £5 6s from 13th to 31st January, and £6 17s for February.—Cr. Sinclair moved that the amount claimed be passed for payment and included in the pay-sheet, as it was no use wrangling over it. The bridge had cost more than it should have, and he had no hesitation in saying that if the work had been carried out by Ripon it would have been done much cheaper. In future any boundary works between the two shires should be carried out by Riponshire. Seconded by Cr. Flynn, and carried. Cr. Flynn then moved that in future Ararat shire be informed that payments for joint works will only be made to the extent of the amount agreed upon. He had caused a research of the books, and found that Ararat shire in the majority of cases had exceeded the amount submitted. It was clearly the duty of the secretary of the Ararat shire Council to have submitted the increased amount to this council before the work was proceeded with, especially as this council had clearly set out that it would only pay half the cost of £100, yet in face of this Ararat shire had constructed the weighbridge at a cost of £267 without consulting this shire. When they called for tenders and found that the bridge alone would cost £150, it was clearly Ararat shire's duty to tell this council before constructing it and running up the cost to £267. Then they sent through their secretary a letter demanding payment and saying they understood Ripon would pay half the amount. He wished this placed on record. This council knew Ararat shire Council too well to allow them unreservedly to go into any expense. Cr. Stewart, in seconding the motion, said they had the same thing in the West riding with Ararat shire, Ripon having to pay double the amount submitted. The motion was carried.

REPORTS.

The engineer (Mr E. J. Munts) reported as under:—

(1). During last month Mr Box, of the Railway Department, and myself visited Jonathan's reservoir for the purpose of consulting as to pitching, &c., required. We decided that in addition to pitching it would be advisable to lower the by-wash about eighteen inches for a portion of its width, and to have some protection against weathering at back of bank. This work should be carried out by the Council, and I would be glad to receive instructions on the matter. I have invited tenders for pitching, returnable to-day, but have agreed, for the Council, to submit tender to the Railway Department before finally accepting. (2). In reference to extension of Waterloo water supply north and south, there would be no engineering difficulty in either case, only, owing to small head, at least a two-inch pipe would be required in both cases, costing about £4 per chain. Even with this pipe in the case of a long extension pressure would be low, and supply small. In both cases the return in rates would be altogether inadequate for expense involved. The drains into the reservoir could be extended a very considerable distance towards the Main Lead road, but the extension has disadvantages. (3). A number of contracts let have been started, and three completed. I have invited tenders, returnable to-day, for several more.—Received, on motion of Crs. Flynn and O'Shaughnessy. Cr. Flynn moved that the first portion of clause 1 be adopted, and that the engineer have power to deal with the by-wash. Carried. Cr. Sinclair moved, and Cr. Lewis seconded, that clauses 2 and 3 be received. Carried.

The Treasurer (Mr E. J. Munts) reported that £441 15s 5d had been received since last meeting, that £179 12s 1d had been paid by cheque during March, that the credit balance is £1669 5s 5d, and that the credit to the Vermin Destruction account is £33 17s 3d, as against £14 4s 1d last month.—Received, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Douglas.

FINANCE.

The following accounts were passed for payment on the recommendation of the Finance Committee:—Salaries, £20 11s 9d; Mrs Taylor, £1 10s; Arnall & Jackson, £10 19s 1d; A. Parker, £1 12s 4d; fox rewards—advances to Secretary, £8; R. A. Brown, 10s; J. A. Harris, 13s; F. Drew, 6s; C. Wright, £9 13s 9d; Country Fire Brigades' Board, £2 8s 7d; G. Carver, 15s; J. J. Keating, £15 12s 6d; D. D. Cameron, £6 15s; J. Whilla, £5 10s; J. Daly, £1 19s; W. G. Stevens, £6 2s 8d; J. Tomkins, £3 15s; J. Whitfield, £8 18s 6d; E. Hill, £10; W. Buchanan, £2 2s; J. Freeman, £16 3s 9d; J. Forster, 16s; W. O'Sullivan, £1 1s; W. Nugent, £10 10s; R. A. Brown, £2 6s 8d; F. Sheehan, £3 6s 8d; E. Ellis, 10s; Marks and Coyte, £1 10s; W. Win, £1 12s; J. Gillespie, £10 2s; R. Ward, £2 9s; W. Watson & Sons, £1 3s 9d; H. M. Stuart, £1 10s; Hawkes Bros., £1 3s 1d; D. Troy & Son, £7; S. George, £10; A. H. Sands, £19 15s. Contract payment—W. B. Madden, £83 14s; J. Rodda, £17 3s 9d; Smith Bros., £8 5s; H. F. Watkin, £25 18s; P. Corrigan, £10. Deposit—W. B. Madden, £1 4s; J. Roddis, £1; H. F. Watkin, £1 6s. Total, £358 17s 9d.

The north riding members reported that at a meeting held on 2nd ult., Crs. Beggs, Flynn, and Sinclair being present, it was resolved—That the Engineer be instructed to have dead beasts removed, and stagnant water drained from creek at rear of Mrs Kilbey's, Beaufort; that the secretary be instructed to write the caretaker of the Beaufort weighbridge advising him that many complaints have been made as to the correctness of the weighings; that Messrs Eastwood and Halpin be asked to put their complaints concerning the Beaufort weighbridge into writing; that the engineer be instructed to call for applications for removing timber from near railway gate on Ararat road; that Walter Johnston's offer for bricks in creek at Raglan be accepted, upon his agreeing to fill up the hole.—Adopted, on motion of Crs. Lewis and Stewart.

TENDERS.

Contract No. 195.—Rock cutting, metalling, gravelling, &c., near Wongan.—W. B. Madden (accepted), L79 14s; H. F. Watkin, L82 10s; D. Madden, L83 17s; A. R. Slater, L85 9s 8d; Chas. Ball, L97 5s.

Contract No. 196.—24 chains forming, gravelling, &c., near David's, Carngham.—T. Shehan (accepted), L27 8s; G. Nunn, L32 8s; Smith Bros., L39 2s; C. Bradshaw, L39 16s; W. B. Madden, L39 19s 6d; A. R. Slater, L71 12s.

Contract No. 197.—Carting 500 cub. yds. quartz and stacking to template in Main Street, Snake Valley.—W. Nicholson (accepted), L18; J. Roddis, L22 19s 3d; A. R. Slater, L25; Hayward, L25; C. Bradshaw, L27 1s 8d; D. Madden, L29 3s 4d; Greenbank, L39 11s 8d; W. B. Madden, L47 19s 4d; Smith Bros., L50.

Contract No. 198.—Lighting street lamps, Beaufort, for a period of six months.—W. Driver (accepted), L19 18s.

Contract No. 199.—14 chains forming, construction of invert, &c., near N.W. corner of allot. 7, parish of Beaufort.—H. F. Watkin (accepted), L12 8s; C. Ball, L15 6s; D. Madden, L16 1s.

Contract No. 200.—30 chains forming, construction of invert, &c., on Chute and Waterloo Road.—H. F. Watkin (accepted), L22 5s; C. Ball, L30.

Contract No. 201.—35 chains forming, construction of invert, &c., on Racecourse Road.—H. F. Watkin (accepted), L22 7s 6d; D. Madden, L32 10s; J. Carmichael, L35 5s; C. Ball, L42 10s.

Contract No. 202.—220 sq. yds. pitching at Jonathan's Reservoir.—J. Carmichael (accepted), L9; C. Ball, L12 7s 6d; H. F. Watkin, L18 10s; P. C. Morris, L24 15s.

PETITION.

From N. Davey and 80 ratepayers and residents, calling attention to impassable state of road running south of main road from Beaufort to Waterloo, situated between allots. of Messrs W. Schlicht and V. Nothnagle, and suggesting that a passable crossing be formed for vehicular traffic.—Cr. Sinclair said they were well aware the work would have been done, but for a difficulty with Mr Schlicht. He moved that the North riding members and the engineer wait on Mr Schlicht this afternoon with a view of trying to get the work carried out. Seconded by Cr. Flynn, who said it was in the recollection of the council that when a former petition was sent in the work would have been done but for Mr Schlicht's refusal to allow the council to go on his land. It would be an advantage to wait upon Mr Schlicht and see what he thought about it now. The motion was carried.

CHARITABLE VOTE.

Cr. Sinclair recommended that the £10 voted to the Ballarat Benevolent Asylum last year and unpaid through the action of the committee be added to the vote to the Ararat Hospital and Benevolent Society. He thought the Ballarat people had made up their minds to do without Ripon's help. There are cases which the old age pensions do not meet.

Crs. Lewis and O'Shaughnessy thought the money should be given to Ballarat, and not Ararat.

Cr. Flynn thought they should increase the vote to the Ararat Hospital by £5. There were so many cases of helpless people which the old age pension did not meet. He knew one old man receiving a pension of 6s per week who became unable to help himself, and on his recommendation he was sent to the Nazareth House, who did not take patients receiving old age pensions. The pension was not enough to pay the cost of someone to look after a helpless person. The man fell in the fireplace. Through the attention received at Nazareth House his life was prolonged for 12 months.

Cr. Lewis said they had found out that a very large proportion of the Ballarat Benevolent Asylum's income came from the Government. The general taxpayers paid that. They were paying a land tax and a red hot income tax; and whether the council gave anything or not to the Asylum they were entitled to send people to such institutions, as the Government provided the money.

Cr. Sinclair—It does not send enough.

Cr. Lewis—The Government sends the bulk of their income.

Cr. Sinclair pointed out that they were only taking the vote from one asylum and giving it to another.

The President agreed with Cr. Lewis, but would give to the Melbourne Hospital, which was in a bad way.

Crs. Sinclair and Lewis expressed the opinion that they should consider charities at home.

Cr. Flynn observed that if they intended to contribute anything further they would raise themselves in public estimation by passing over all insults given to the council and donate the Ballarat Benevolent Asylum £20 this year—£10 for last year and £10 for this year. As a council they had certain obligations which they should attend to. He moved that they pay the Ballarat Benevolent Asylum £20 this year. Seconded by Cr. O'Shaughnessy, who thought they should not pass this asylum over altogether.

Cr. Sinclair remarked that there was a certain resolution in their books that when Messrs Shoppee and Oddie withdrew insulting remarks made by them the council would pay the £10, and he submitted that this resolution would have to be rescinded first.

Cr. Flynn said that sufficient time had elapsed to allow that to drop. He understood the technical position through the minute on the books, but thought it should not be pressed. Knowing at the time that the Ballarat Benevolent Asylum committee could no more carry out their resolution than fly, the council could afford to overlook it and give them the £20. The council had paid them out pretty well by keeping them out of the £10 all this time, and it would be a graceful act on the part of the council to pay them the £20, although he did not say they intended giving that amount next year.

Cr. Sinclair said they would remember the remarks of Messrs Shoppee and Oddie were altogether uncalled for, and he did not believe in paying the money till such remarks were withdrawn. Turning aside to Cr. O'Shaughnessy, Cr. Sinclair said in a lower tone—"He called us a lot of d—— idiots; we might be, but we do not like to be told so to our faces." He moved as an amendment that the amount (£20) be paid when the insulting remarks are withdrawn by Messrs Shoppee and Oddie. Seconded by Cr. Douglas. The amendment when put to the meeting read—"That when the resolution of this council is complied with, the money (£20) to the Ballarat Benevolent Asylum be paid."

Cr. Stewart moved, and Cr. Lewis seconded, as a further amendment, that no money at all be voted to the Ballarat Benevolent Asylum.

On being put, the further amendment was only supported by the mover and seconder.

Before Cr. Sinclair's amendment was put, Cr. Flynn obtained permission from the President (who agreed with Cr. Sinclair that it was against the rules) to again speak. Cr. Flynn said that with regard to the remarks criticised by Cr. Sinclair, as fair-minded men they could afford to look over them now that 12 months had passed. When Mr Oddie stated he had represented the Benevolent Asylum for 40 years, he could say, without casting any aspersion on him, that a man of his years was subject to many fads. He probably thought it was his privilege to criticise anyone who crossed his path. He (Cr. Flynn) thought that both his and Mr Shoppee's remarks might be fairly overlooked, knowing the fads men of their age were subject to.

The President, while agreeing with Cr. Flynn that as a public body they should not be too thin-skinned, was yet not in favor of voting a penny till the remarks were withdrawn. Mr Shoppee and Mr Oddie were both men who thought the country could not get along without them, and might make any remarks they liked.

The President, Crs. Lewis, Douglas, Stewart and Sinclair voted for Cr. Sinclair's amendment, and Crs. Flynn, O'Shaughnessy, and Stevenson for the motion. The amendment was accordingly carried.

Cr. Flynn then ejaculated, "Spite, spite, spite."

Cr. Lewis—"Oh!"

A list of recommendations was read.

Cr. Sinclair then moved that the Beaufort Ladies' Benevolent Society be voted £10. Seconded by Cr. Lewis, and carried.

The applications received during the year were mentioned.

Cr. Flynn moved that £5 be donated to the Nazareth House at Ballarat. Several people had been sent there from this district. There were 200 orphans and 40 old people in the institution, which was supported by private subscription. No questions were asked about religion when anyone went in. Seconded by Cr. Lewis, and carried.

Cr. Douglas said that the Carngham Widows' & Orphans' Fund could go another year without asking assistance.

Cr. Sinclair remarked that if the Ballarat Benevolent Asylum did not wish to receive the amount, some of it might be given to Ararat.

Cr. Flynn—That can be considered after.

The following vote was then adopted, on the motion of Crs. Flynn and Lewis; the amounts to be put on the pay-sheet at next meeting:—Ballarat Hospital, £40; Ballarat Orphan Asylum, £10; Ararat Hospital and Benevolent Asylum, £10; Skipton Mechanics' Institute, £5; Beaufort Mechanics' Institute, £10; Carngham Mechanics' Institute, £10; Waterloo Mechanics' Institute, £7; Raglan Mechanics' Institute, £5; Austin Hospital for Incurables, £7; Sick Children's Hospital, £5; Echuca Sanatorium for Consumptives, £5; Victorian Deaf and Dumb Institute, £2; Women's Hospital, £5; Blind Asylum, £5; Beaufort Ladies' Benevolent Asylum, £10; Nazareth House, Ballarat, £5; total, £141.

Ballarat Insolvency Court.

TUESDAY, 7TH APRIL, 1903.

(Before His Honor Judge Gaunt).

CERTIFICATE OF DISCHARGE GRANTED TO ALBERT ANDREWS.

Albert Andrews, uncertificated insolvent, compulsorily applied for his certificate of discharge.

Mr Cray (Wanliss and Cray) represented the insolvent, and Mr H. Troup appeared to examine on behalf of certain creditors.

Albert Andrews, chemist, under examination stated that he was an uncertificated insolvent, and had filed his schedule on the 14th December, 1896. The son of a Mr Vale at Beaufort died in 1895, and his life was insured in the A.M.P. Society for £100. Witness was given an order to receive that money. He did so, and paid it into his own account in the Bank of Victoria, Beaufort. He had not the remotest idea, however, as to what other money was standing in his name at the time.

Mr Troup stated at this point, in answer to a question by his Honor, that there had been criminal proceedings taken in the matter. Andrews had been charged with larceny as a bailee instead of with having fraudulently appropriated trust funds, and was acquitted on that technical point.

Witness said that Mr Vale had asked him for the £100, but he could not give it, as he did not have it then. His friends, however, offered it to Mr Vale when he took criminal proceedings; but he refused to take it then. Witness's money was all gone, but his brother was willing to replace the amount. He was tried at the Geelong Supreme Court with reference to these moneys, but was acquitted, Mr Justice Holroyd stating that he had committed no offence against the law. He did not remember his saying that there was ample evidence to go to a jury on a charge of having appropriated trust funds, in fact witness would swear he never said it at all. Witness knew a lady named Mrs Cathie at Beaufort. Her husband died and she came to witness in 1895 to ask about an insurance policy of over £400, which her husband had had on his life. Witness collected the money for her, paid some of deceased's debts, and gave Mrs Cathie her portion of the amount. The debts were over £200, and just about that amount was left over after her portion had been taken out of the whole. Deceased's father was to get one-half the amount of the policy, but he set it aside to pay debts. There was no balance of £31 over after all the debts had been paid; in fact the whole of the debts were never liquidated. Witness was still carrying on business as a chemist at Beaufort. His business was bringing in about £400 a year before his insolvency, but about £900 worth of stock was seized by distress for rent shortly before it, and the insolvency, accounted to the assignee for any profit made. The business as chemist and dentist was now worth from £22 to £23 a week. He had nine children, the eldest of whom was about 19 years of age. During the last 12 months he might have sent 60 trucks (worth from 25s to 26s a truck) of wood to Ballarat. The cutters received half, and 2s a truck had to be paid for freight, so there was really nothing in it except to give employment to his son.

To Mr Cray—He applied for dispensation on the ground that he had been utterly unable to pay anything off his debt.

Mr Troup said that his main object had been to ascertain the insolvent's position.

His Honor granted an unconditional certificate of discharge.—*Star.*

A meeting of the Snake Valley Mechanics' Institute was held on Monday; Mr W. R. Baker in the chair, when the committee stated their intention of closing the library if the public did not take more interest.

Sixty-one points of rain fell at Beaufort last night.

A billiard match, which excited considerable interest, and was witnessed by about 70 persons, was played at Hill's Camp Hotel, Beaufort, last night, between Messrs J. A. Harris, of Beaufort, and F. Evans, of Raglan, for £5 aside. The game (250 up) was played in a very friendly spirit, and on very even terms. They were practically together at the first 100, and at 200 Harris had a lead of 9. He ultimately proved the victor by 29, making 252 to Evans's 221. He also made the best break (20). A good deal of money changed hands over the game.

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TH APRIL, 1903.

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THE LOOMS OF DESTINY.

BY J. MONK FOSTER.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE GAMBLER'S LAST THROW.

Turning from his brother, whom he never remembered to have seen in such a stern and vindictive temper before, Geoffrey passed into the club premises to find the whole place almost empty. It was too early yet for the bulk of the mid-day frequenters; between one and two all would be lively enough—when lawyers, bank managers, and cashiers, prosperous business men, owners of works, and managers of them, professional men of various degrees, turned up for luncheon, a glass, a smoke, and a gossip.

The ex-butler who looked after the establishment was behind his bar polishing glasses; a well-looking young fellow was seated some little distance away at one of the small tables enjoying a Scotch and soda, beyond in the large room a couple of billiard tables shone out in their massiveness and smooth bright greenness, reminding Geoffrey of many profitless hours spent walking round them.

"Hullo, Blandford, good morning!" the young chap sang out cheerily. "In the humour for a game, eh?"

"Not this morning, thank you, Gough. Have got a nasty headache, and must be off soon. Let me have a drop of B. and S. Edwards."

"Right, sir, in a minute.

Geoffrey got his drink, drained it, and then strolled aimlessly towards the small news-room. It was deserted also; and as he paused near the window overlooking the busy thoroughfare, the steam-whistles began to shrill out the half-hour between twelve and one, filling the soft air with their subdued clangour.

He dropped into an arm-chair, raised a paper, but it was not to read. At that moment David was on his way to the mills—was rushing thither hot-foot, hot-mouthed, in order to apprise Doris Lonsdale Carrington of her miraculous fortune. In an hour the whole place would have heard of her unexampled luck; in a day—perhaps sooner—the town would be ringing with the tale of his father's fall and her own rise.

He ground his teeth savagely at these reflections, and at the thought of his own impotence. Could he have done so then he would have swept ruthlessly from his path the brother he had never loved, and the woman he had loved and lost.

But he was like a beast of prey with its fangs drawn and its claws pared. If he moved in the matter of disputing that monstrous last will and testament of his father he might endanger his own freedom—perchance, his very life itself.

Ordinarily, David was the essence of mildness, but would he be likely to spare any man—even a brother—who endeavoured to filch the rights of the woman he was to marry? Geoffrey thought not. Hadn't he already threatened to go to the police in case the will were contested?

And then the way in which David had pieced together the odds and ends of that night, when his father and Crane had fared forth in the Unknown, was ominous, sinister, fear-inspiring. He had been seen mounting the factory-wall; the private key, those bottles of whisky, that ten pound note, had all been found near or about the drowned man; his absence from Bartley's, his return home in the small hours, had all been noted; and a consideration of those facts, taken in conjunction with his own silence and absence when the inquest was held, would inevitably point a red finger at him.

No! He must not—he dared not—stir up the dark dregs of his brother's wrath. So far David held him only morally responsible for the watchman's sad end; he must never be allowed to learn that he was criminally accountable as well. That cursed document should never be challenged. His own life and freedom must rank higher than all schemes of retaliation.

And, now, what was he to do? That was the problem he had to solve—and quickly, too! Had he patience, self-control, fortitude enough to sit down and allow things to pursue their natural course—to see Doris come into possession of that potful of gold he grudged her—to see his brother grasp the woman he would have given his soul to win—to watch their happiness daily, and himself underneath a naked blade which might fall at any moment?

No! By heaven he could not bear all that! Better end it all at once, and seek pastures new. He was young still, had daring, cleverness, and good looks to commend him, and a half share of those fifteen thousand in the bank, as well as of the Mills and Parkhurst.

His portion could not mean less than ten or twelve thousand. But to realise his moiety to the utmost shilling meant a delay of days, weeks, perhaps months. David might put obstacles in his way, and he felt that he could not afford to wait. In a week he must be well on his way to the other side of the world.

He ordered another brandy and soda, and sat sipping in deep thought. At last he saw his way clearly. Jumping to his feet, he passed from the place wondering if he would ever enter it again.

From the club he strode to the bank he had visited a few days before. At the imposing entrance he almost ran against the little, fierce, soldierly-looking manager, Major Farringford.

"You are just the very gentleman I want to see, Major!" Geoffrey cried, genially grave. "Can I have just one minute's talk with you? 'Pon my honour, I won't keep you more than sixty seconds."

"This way then, Mr. Blandford," and they paced forward to the private-room. "And now, sir, what can I do for you?"

"My brother and I have just decided on greatly extending our business. We have arranged to buy the old Red Rock Mills just as they stand. If we send up our cashier, Mr. Fairbrother, in half-an-hour or so, can you let us have ten thousand pounds at once in cash and notes?"

"Certainly, sir! Twenty thousand if you wish it."

"Thanks, but ten will do. We mustn't overdraw our account, you know. Good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Blandford."

The manager passed into the bank to apprise the chief cashier of the forthcoming demand upon their resources, and the other strode moodily, yet alertly, towards the mills. The dinner hour was fast spending itself now, and cotton workers of all kinds were hurrying back to their vocations.

As Geoffrey neared the Swan Meadow Mills a hansom cab came dashing round the corner. He only smiled grimly when he saw David and Doris sitting inside. They were losing no time, it appeared. Well, he also was on the move. With his brother out of the way the rest was easy.

He sauntered into the offices, saw the clerks were again arriving, and passed into his private room. A quarter of an hour later two cheques were lying on his table. The first bore his own name alone. That was for the bulk of his own private account; to have withdrawn it all might have aroused uneasiness.

The other cheque was for ten thousand pounds; it bore two names at its foot—his own and that of his brother—the latter imitated so cleverly that David might have passed it without close scrutiny. Lighting a cigar and lolling back in his chair Geoffrey touched the bell on the table. A moment later, a tall, white-moustached man stood in the room.

"Oh, Fairbrother, I want you to oblige me by running up to the bank at once. I have been there and arranged about it with Major Farringford. We are going to buy the Red Rock Mills, you know. It's a big sum, and you'd better get it all in notes. Be quick, please, and careful. I'll meet you at two o'clock exactly, at the Royal Hotel."

The managing clerk picked up the cheques and withdrew; a couple of minutes later Geoffrey saw the cashier cross the yard with a small leather hand-bag, and ten minutes afterwards Blandford also left. Promptly at the hour specified master and clerk met again at the hotel, in a private room.

There they rapidly went over the notes together, finding them correct, and then Geoffrey ordered drinks and cigars. As they sat there enjoying both, the younger man remarked in his pleasant, off-hand way—

"Oh, Fairbrother, did my brother leave word as to the time he would be back at the mills?"

"No, sir. Carberry was telling me that Mr. David said he was not likely to get back here at all to-day."

"Well, well, I daresay I can manage alone."

Shortly after this the clerk was making his way back to his duties, elate and wondering, for at parting his employer had left a sovereign in his palm; and Geoffrey Blandford, handsome and debonair, was sitting in the express train which was whirling him on to his destiny.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WEDDING BELLS.

It was a pleasant morning in July, the midmost day of the seven, yet although it was Wednesday, and trade was good, the Swan Meadow Mills lay idle and deserted in the summer sunshine. But the workers from those mills were far from being miserable; they had been given a holiday and were enjoying it. Scores of them were loitering about the hot, dusty streets, scores of others were hanging about the porch and yard of St. David's Church, and a couple of hundreds of others—men, women, youths, and maids—were packed inside the holy building itself.

It was the wedding morning of their master David Blandford, and their ex-workmate, Doris Lonsdale—now spoken of by everybody as Miss Doris Lonsdale Carrington. By this time folks had almost grown tired of talking about the sweet girls' great good luck, of the fortune John Blandford had left her, because he had once wronged her father; of the man who had won her love ere his brother had disappeared; and they were only waiting now to see the marriage-knot tied.

David Blandford, when he learned of his kinsman's daring coup, had raised not a finger to intercept him. He thought he knew why Geofrey had vanished so suddenly, and, as for the money taken, that was not worth considering, for had he stayed he might have claimed and obtained a few thousands more, as his legal share.

Only once had David heard a whisper as to his relative's whereabouts. Some man from Spindleford, bound for British Columbia had written home, and in his letter had spoken of meeting Geoffrey Blandford, who had said he was going to some new goldfields just discovered, somewhere on the shores of the Yukon River.

Geoffrey himself had never written a line. He had cast the dust of the old town from his feet, and the vast immensities of the world had swallowed him up.

Presently a shout rose from the crowd loitering near the gates of the church, and a cab drove up. From it David Blandford and Frank Baldwin stepped, and passed quickly into the building. A minute later another cab dashed to the gates, and then Doris and Daisy and Mrs. Fletcher alighted, and marched through the staring and admiring crowd, amidst a hot bombardment of comments. Half an hour later the bells in the tower were sending out a joyous peal; bride, bridegroom, and friends were speeding to Parkhurst for the wedding feast.

And there, in that first glad hour of their union, let us take leave of David and Doris Blandford, hoping that the Looms of Destiny may weave for them a happy and glorious future.

The End.

THE UNTIDY CLOCK.

This naughty clock before you stands,
He will not wash his face and hands,
But stays there idly in his place,
And holds his hands before his face.
Though soap and sponge are sitting near,
A basin, too, of water clear.
The clock has never yet been seen
To try to make himself more clean.
Dearie, 'twould give me quite a shock
If you were like the untidy clock.

MATERIAL FOR HIS NOVEL.

Greatun: Well, I have my new novel almost done.

Amicus: Why, you haven't written a line of it yet.

"True, but I know just where I must go to steal each different thing I am going to use in it.

THE COOK'S REMARK.

Husband: Didn't you tell that cook I wanted my breakfast right on the minute?

Wife: I did.

"And what did she say?"

"She said that we all have our disappointments."

AN ADVANTAGE.

"How dreadfully stout the General is getting!" "Yes. Isn't it fortunate. Otherwise he would not be able to wear all his medals."

Miss Reader: Isn't it lovely to be an author? It must be so nice to write something that is worth reading twice.

THE PASSING OF PACO.

Miss Medwin's mother was Mexican—Spanish Mexican—of unquestionable and unlimited family. Mr. Medwin was American, and rich, which is an American's only excuse for being. John Tevis, to whom Miss Medwin was engaged to be married, was American, and she herself had been American, up to the time that her father, yielding to twenty years of placid, insistent pleading, had taken his wife back to the city of her birth and her affections. Then the glamour and the beauty of it all got into Miss Medwin's veins, and she became—barring some ineradicable prejudices in favour of truth and soap and water and hair pins—as much of a Mexican as any of her innumerable female cousins, who wore baggy skirts and black shawls, and who sat about all day and chatted about nothing.

Senora Medwin rejoiced. But Mr. Medwin was not pleased. He had married his wife in a moment of loneliness and expatriation, and his daughter had been the one drop of sweetness in the cup of bitter regret he had been quaffing ever since. If Frances had happened to be as her mother was, the chances would have been largely in favour of Mr. Medwin's suicide. So he watched the new turn of things uneasily, and looked with disfavour upon young Altamirano—otherwise known as "Paco," which is the diminutive of Francisco—when that entirely attractive individual began to advertise himself with customary frankness as the pretendiente of Miss Medwin and her millions.

Not that Francisco had need of the millions. He was heir to untold square miles of haciendas, and his family had a small army of retainers, its own church, and even a large hospital for the nursing of the said retainers, which was provided with all the instruments and appliances of the Middle Ages. The vassals and the private chapel and the hospital appealed to Miss Medwin's inborn love of the picturesque. She had visions of herself as a Lady Bountiful, and she believed that an American woman could keep her will and identity even after becoming the wife of a Mexican man. Mrs. Medwin was not concerned about the will and the identity, but an alliance with the family of Altamirano seemed to her suitable, and she approved of Paco in every way.

Unfortunately for herself, Miss Medwin did, too. It was unfortunate, because she believed in keeping promises. But when she tried to explain that to Paco, he did not understand. They stood together at sunset upon one of the half-dozen little balconies that overlooked the street, and he tried to make her take his point of view. Everything was in his favour, too. The weight of circumstances and surroundings and of ages bore down upon the girl. She felt that she was as much out of place as the steam-whistle that screeched out the signal for the mozos to stop work. She got on her own nerves.

At one end of the street was the big plaza, and the band was playing dreamy music there. The sound came up to her with the scent of roses of Castile and of orange-blossoms and violets. At the other end, a belfry tower stood out gray against the sky, as it had through the sunsets of three hundred years, and the pigeons fluttered and circled about it in the shimmering yellow light, settling down among the weeds that grew there, high in air, out of the dust of ages. The great iron bell struck the half-hour and was answered by other bells, far and near.

Once there had been a time when "Frances, I love you," had seemed to Miss Medwin sweet words, but they were harsh and rude compared to "Francisca, te amo," as Paco said it, leaning near to her in the twilight. They were in full view of all the street, and she had not yet accepted the publicity of the love-making of the country. She drew back quickly through the low window into the room. It was almost dark there and they were quite alone. Paco took her hand and bent over it. "I love thee," he repeated. John Tevis was not so tall and splendid, nor yet so princely when he bowed his head. "Dost thou love me, Francisca?" he asked.

She drew away and hid her face in her hands. "Ay! que si," she said, with a low cry.

He touched her brown hair gently, and took her hands from before her face.

"But I must not love you, Paco," she said, "I am going to marry some one else."

He turned out the palms of his white hands, and smiled easily.

"Ah! but it is not to be disposed of like that. In my country we do not break promises so easily."

"This is your country, and you love me." He was not greatly impressed.

"Yes, I love you," she sighed.

"And you will marry me?"

She shook her head. "I must think," she said.

She went with him to the patio, and unlocked the gates. As he went down the stairs, he turned and looked back to where she stood, holding to the bars of the grille and leaning her head against her arm. Behind her was the flowering order of the court, bright with electric lights, and a scarlet vine hung close above her head. He stopped and smiled at her, and a low "buenas noches," came down to him, with the whispering slash of the water in the fountain.

At sunset the next evening he came again. Many of the idle youths of his class spent what time remained to them after they had arisen toward noon, and had met and talked in the santina, at the house of Senorita Medwin. With two exceptions, she was the only young woman in the city bold enough to receive visits from men. But there was no one at home now. The servant, followed by a big peacock, glided across the red tiles of the patio between the gilt and coloured earthen jars of flowers, and told him, through the bars, that the senorita was out. He turned away disconsolately toward the plaza.

But presently he met her in one of the portales, coming out from a jeweller's shop. He turned and walked with her. "What have you bought at the joyeria?" he asked.

She laughed a little ruefully. "I went to buy a medallito of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe," she told him. "It was one I liked very much, set around with rubies. But they told me that you had bought it only this morning."

"I sent it to a little cousin of mine at Mexico," he said; "a child whose name is Guadalupe. I will try to find another like it for you if I may."

They went on toward her house in silence. The sky was gorgeous with the clouds of a mountain storm, a ragged fleece of gold, burning in the west. A rain wind came cool from the near peaks. The two white towers of the cathedral stood out against a big pink mass of cloud.

"It is a beautiful city—Guadalajara," he said.

Miss Medwin nodded her head. She was less given to futile speech than the women of his own race, and he did not quite understand. It caused him a certain uneasiness.

When they reached the entrance to her house, a tiny doorway in one corner of a wide expanse of window-broken wall, he stopped. "Have you decided yet?" he asked.

She hesitated. "I can not—not until I have seen my novio. I have had a letter from him. He comes this evening by stage from the coast. I think perhaps my father sent for him. But I do not know."

The turn of affairs did not suit Altamirano at all. From what he had observed of the gringos they made a practice of getting what they wanted by sheer force of will. He protested with much vehemence that he could not wait, that he must know then and there. If she loved him, what did anything else matter, after all?

But Miss Medwin was not to be carried away by a passionate storm of words. "I must see John, first," she said.

Paco laughed angrily. "You American women are cold," he sneered.

She shrugged her shoulders indifferently. "Perhaps," she said. But her face was very set as she stood watching him walk quickly away.

The wind blew fresher and the first drops of rain fell from the pink haze of the storm clouds. The thunder reverberated through the narrow streets that gleamed in the lightning flash.

She went on up the stairs and rang at the gate. The criada told her that her mother had gone out. "And the senor also, senorita. I was to tell you that he is gone to meet your novio at the stage-office."

"Very well," said Miss Medwin, taking off her black shawl.

She and her father had quarrelled over the matter of bringing Tevis to the house. She had argued that it was very mal visto to have the man one was to marry in the same house; and her father had scouted the idea.

"And supposing it is," he had said, "the civilised world won't be any the wiser for what these people think about that—or anything else." His contempt for his wife's countrymen was very thoroughgoing. "This is my house," he finished, "and John Tevis is my friend. He may come here if he likes. If you want to break with him on account of that good-looking, good-for-nothing Altamirano, you can. But the other is my concern."

The servant started to cross the court, then turned back. "There are two women waiting for you," she said.

They stood by the kitchen door, across the patio, and Miss Medwin beckoned to them. One was old, and shrivelled, and bent, the other was very young and very pretty. They put out their hands civilly. Dark-brown hands may or may not be clean, and Miss Medwin struggled always with Northern instincts when she took those of the peones and their women. But refusal would have been cruel.

The old woman began straightway, talking with a toothless lisp. "Are you," she said—"are you the senorita who tells fortunes?"

Miss Medwin was puzzled. She shook her head. Was it not she, however, who had told fortunes at the Jamaica—the charity bazaar? Recollection came to her. She was not a little flattered that her reputation had spread so far—to the quarters over beyond the Alameda, she judged. "How did you know?" she asked.

"The cousin of a friend of my sister sews for the mother of a senorita whose fortune you told at the Jamaica. And all was true, every word of it. For that I would like you to tell the fortune of this child." She held out a four-real piece in her withered hand.

Miss Medwin considered. It would help to pass the time until her father should come back, with John Tevis. And the old woman was keenly in earnest. "I will do it—yes," she said; "but not for money. Put it up."

She led the girl to a bench among the azaleas and camellias, and took the little brown hand. The old woman bent close in quivering eagerness. There were very few lines in the hand, and it was not interesting. Miss Medwin predicted health and happiness, marriage, and a green old age. "That is all," she said, and started to rise.

"But, senorita"—it was plain that they both were dissatisfied. The girl hung down her head and cast up undecided glances now and again. And her grandmother began to protest. "But, senorita! You do not tell her of her lover. She has a lover now—a caballero, a rich caballero—and we would like to know if he will marry her."

"Un caballero riquisimo?" said Miss Medwin; "a real caballero, a senor?"

"Si," nodded the old woman importantly, "a real caballero, a senor, and very rich. But we wish to know if he will marry her. She is a good child."

There was no need of a palmito to read that future. Miss Medwin had learned something of the customs of the people and the place. "If he is a real caballero," she said, severely, "he will never marry a woman of your class, even though she is very pretty like this nina." Then she turned and faced the girl. "If you have a pretendiente who is an honest man, child," she looked straight into the great, scared eyes, "you will do well to marry him, even if he is very poor, and never, never to see the senor again. I myself will give you the money to pay the priest to marry you."

The girl hid her face in her rebozo and began to cry.

But Miss Medwin was merciless. "You are an old woman," she went on, "and you know that what I say is true. You know that he does not mean well. What is the name of the senor?"

"You do not believe me? But I will tell his name to you. I have learned it. He said that the child was to call him only Paco, but Altamirano is his surname—he is Francisco Altamirano; and he is rich, and beautiful, and generous. Look—mira!" She went to the girl, and began fumbling in the low-cut neck of her dress, under the rebozo, talking the while. "He saw her in the portal and followed her to her home, not more than a week ago. Here it is, mira senorita. See!" She drew forth a medal that hung by a fine gold chain around the soft neck. "Only this morning he gave it to her."

Miss Medwin went a step nearer. She was very erect, and she had snapped off a white camelia, and was bruising it in her fingers. Her face was nearly as white. It was an enamelled medallito of Our Lady of Guadalupe, set around with ruby chips.

The girl was still sobbing. Miss Medwin laid her hand on her shoulder. "Is what your grandmother tells me true? Did Paco Altamirano give you that?"

The child nodded.

"Then," said Miss Medwin "listen to me. When you see him again tell him that I say—that Francisca Medwin says—that he is a bad, bad, man, and loves no one truly. I know, child. For"—she forced out the words—"for Paco was my pretendiente a mi, and just to-day he wished to marry me. That is all. Now go."

The little Mexican rose to her feet, crying bitterly, and her grandmother, muttering, led her away. They went out of the gate without locking it, and Miss Medwin turned back and stood by the splashing fountain, twirling the bruised camelia in her fingers.

She was thinking of many things. But they found no utterance until suddenly John Tevis stood beside her and spoke her name. Then she forgot all the conventions of the land. "I am so glad you came," she sobbed, upon his dusty shoulder. "I am so glad you came. You can never know quite how glad, John, dear."—Gwendolen Overton, in the "Argonaut."

SOMETHING LIKE ECONOMY.

A good story is related of a theatrical manager who by thrift and hard work has amassed a fortune.

Previous to the production of one play the stage carpenters had to repair a trap, and the head carpenter went to the manager and informed him that it could not be done in the dark.

"Well, lad, thee won't have the gas," answered the manager. "Here, tak' this and buy a candle." And he handed him a halfpenny.

The carpenter pleaded that they wanted two in order to get sufficient light.

"How long will t' job tak' thee?" asked the manager.

"About ten minutes," was the reply.

"Then cut t' candle in two," was the answer. "Thee won't have any more money."

NOT SO EASY.

After dinner he lighted a cigar, and the proprietor of the hotel said—

"Stranger, is that anything we uns kin do fob you at all?"

Thinking to confound his host, the stranger answered—

"Wal, yes, come to think of it, I'd like to have a bath!"

The proprietor let his feet drop from the railing, upon which he had hoisted them, went into the house, and returned in a moment with a huge tin cup full of soft soap, a rough towel, and a pick and shovel, which he offered to his guest.

"What's the pick and shovel for?" asked the travelling man.

"Well, stranger," answered the landlord, "th' watuh's low, and yo'll hev to dig up the creek."

BRIGHT TEN-YEAR-OLD.

The aunt of a bright ten-year-old youngster had a fad of keeping an autograph album. Some appreciative friend wrote upon one page the quotation beginning: "What is so rare as a day in June?"

The youngster in question was looking over the book for a place to put his name, and noticed this. The next page was vacant, and he wrote, in the bold handwriting of youth, the answer as he saw it: "A Chinaman with whiskers," and then signed his name.

NO USE.

Catterson: Look here, old man! Let me tell you how I manage my wife. I always give her money when she doesn't want it, and when she does, I refer to the time when I offered it to her.

Hatterson: That's a fine scheme, but it wouldn't work in my case.

"Why not?"

"Well, I've never yet seen the time when my wife didn't want money."

CAUGHT.

Juliet: Dearie, did you post that letter I gave you?

Jack (fumbling in his pocket): Of course—first thing as soon as I got to town. I remember distinctly.

Juliet (triumphantly): Ha, there, I've caught you. I didn't give you any letter to post.

DIDN'T LIKE HER NOSE.

"Mamma," said little 4-year-old Frances. "I wish I didn't have a turn-up nose."

"I think your nose is pretty, dear," said her mother.

"Oh, no, it isn't," rejoined the little miss, "it gets puggier and pugger every day."

A GREEN HAND.

He was a new freight handler.

"Load those barrels in that car," ordered the freight agent.

"Oi can't load barrels in that cor, sor," responded the new man.

"Whye not?"

"It's a box cor, sor."

HELPING HIM OUT.

Graphter: Hang it! I left my pocket-book home, and I haven't a penny in my clothes. Say, lend me a fiver, will you? I'll return it to-morrow

Phoxy: I'll do better. Here's a nickel; you can go home and get your pocket-book.

A CITY OF REFUGE.

"Loafit is going to move to Rhode Island."

"What for?"

"Oh, he's exhausted his credit here, and he has heard about lots of people trusting in Providence."

UNNOTICED.

"Listen to me!" roared the stump orator.

But his words were in vain.

Without knowing it, he was addressing an audience made up almost entirely of cable-car conductors.

FITTED FOR IT.

Parke: I think, after all, I shall bring my boy up to be an author.

Lane: Has he any leaning that way?

Parke: Oh, yes. He has splendid business ability.

SUPERFLUOUS

Parke: I've just had my telephone taken out.

Lane: What for?

Parke: My next-door neighbour cut one in.

GIVING AWAY FAMILY SECRETS.

Little Tommy: Did you ever hear a steam calliope, Johnny?

Little Johnny: No; but I've heard ma lots of times when pa comes home late.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

Guest: What! Ten shillings a day! You only charged me six when I was here two months ago!

Hotel Manager: I know, but the days are longer now.

A MILLIONAIRE BURGLAR.

REMARKABLE CONFESSION OF A FRENCHMAN.

M. Cochefert, the veteran chief of detectives, pits Auguste Fevrot as one of the strangest criminals ever caught by the Paris Police. If this handsome young burglar had been depicted in a novel readers would surely have declared the hero an improbable product of the writer's imagination. Wealthy, educated, and belonging to respectable society, Auguste Fevrot says he chose crime as his career for love of excitement. He is now about 30. His first burglary was committed before he was 20. For 11 years he not only escaped capture but eluded detection, living in a pretty mansion next door to the police headquarters of his fashionable precinct. Though many of his gang were from time to time sent to the penitentiary or the guillotine, the fear inspired by this young dude in hardened criminals was such that no one ever yielded to the temptation to denounce him. But a few days ago he was caught with three of his followers after a desperate fight that resulted in the death of one detective. And now, smoking cigarettes and dreaming, Fevrot behind prison bars awaits his fate. It was amusing to watch upon the face of the dignified old judge who examined the prisoner the effect of the amazing answers he got. For instance:—"No," said Fevrot, negligently; "according to your lights I had no inducement to follow such a career. Father left me a small fortune, and I inherited a larger one from an uncle. My share of gain in our operations I distributed among my best men to promote intelligent endeavour or employed it in the relief of the women and kids of pals who had been pinched. To make my money was not my aim. But life is monotonous unless there is risk in every moment. I love excitement." The white-haired magistrate began to make

PATERNAL REPRESENTATIONS.

He spoke of the soldier's life, of brave deeds in colonies, where it was glorious to carry civilisation, of the employer's existence. He cited Stanley, Nansen, and Major Marchand, all of whom had satisfied their adventurous temperaments in legitimate enterprises. But Fevrot replied:—"Yes: I might have been a uniformed mercenary, killing savages when they resisted the raping of their wives and the desecration of their temples, or I might have become like Stanley with arson and rifle when whisky failed to accomplish my ends. But there is something repugnant in doing criminal work under the protection of the flag. As for the conquest of the North Pole, I couldn't think of that—the mere idea of condensed food, even with walrus steak and fish oil to lend variety, simply turns my stomach. So that was out of the question. But give me Paris—Paris that hums and teems with life 24 hours in 24! Who knows Paris? I have prowled in its catacombs, and escaped over its pointed roofs and slid down its lightning rods and lain hid in forgotten little courtyards of past centuries. After 20 years in Paris I am

STILL EXPLORING AND DISCOVERING

it. Cartouche, Mandrin, Ravachol, and all the great chieftains famous in the history of civilised brigandage loved Paris as I do. If, despite his cleverness, a man falls into a trap, the artistic thing is to escape without spilling blood by superior skill. Once, in the dark, and after a long scuffle, I had outfoxed a detective with the pair of bracelets he was trying to clasp on me. That's the sort of thing which gives satisfaction. If I had chosen to shoot I could have got away this time. But when I saw the officer killed I cried to my pastners, 'Quit that, fools!' as the other officers will testify. No; I am not in favour of murder. If a customer wakes up while we rob his house, it's our fault—we have bungled. And if he defends his property I respect him for it. Why should we kill him? I would rather kill a coward. Policemen I don't consider as my enemies. They are my opposite partners in a game. Without them our business would be flat. A good burglar and a good detective have many qualities in common—bravery, coolness, shrewdness, self-reliance, wonderful intuition of what will happen next. Only, the detective knows that he has the law with him. I'm afraid that must detract from the interest." Fevrot enjoys special privileges pending his conviction. His cell is the very room where

LIEUTENANT-COL. PICQUART

lived nine months at the time of the Dreyfus agitation. Fevrot's guards like to make him talk of his adventures, and in exchange for his readiness they let him wear his own clothes, provide him with the fastidious toilet that he loves, and with his abundant money they buy him excellent meals. Fevrot's father acquired rapid wealth in the sale of leather, and was known as a merchant prince. Auguste, his only son, and Julie, his only daughter, two years younger, received the best education. The girl, now dead, was a fine vocalist, and Auguste always managed to keep up his practice on the 'cello. One day he fell in with young crooks who mistook him for one of their stamp, and took him upon a night expedition. The plan failed, and two of the gang were caught, Fevrot himself barely escaping. A week later it was he who led the thieves against the same safe, and this time the undertaking was successful. "The business attracted me from the first," he says. "I found that it was

FULL OF VARIETY,

and left no time for ennui or brooding. Besides, I discovered in myself the qualifications of pluck and intelligence, which distinguish famous leaders. A factor added special relish to the burglar's calling. I was the son of a millionaire, and often took tea or dinner in the very mansion I had planned to rob, so that I had the keenest enjoyment of a Hyde-Jekyll existence, discussing the robbery next day with the people I had looted. Naturally I found opposition to my desire of leading men who had had years of experience. But when my time for military service came I was already pretty well recognised in the profession. During my three years as a soldier I read ceaselessly to improve myself. You have no idea what a store of sound knowledge lies available in the detective stories. The writer of 'penny dreadfuls' is often a well-informed fellow, and anybody who rejects the trashy part and retains what's valuable will, with practical experience, of course, find himself pretty well able to take care of himself.

WHILE IN THE ARMY

I retained control of some dozen skilled housebreakers and directed their movements. Twice, under my instructions, they looted the treasury of the regiment. When honourably discharged, I took a trip to London to work under some expert English burglars. Wonderful fellows they are, these Englishmen! They could give cards and spades to the average French colleague any day! In London I first got acquainted with American burglars' tools, so compact, light, ingenious, real jewels of blued steel! And it was I who first imported the American kit into France, where now it's used to the exclusion of all else. From the time I returned from London, where I only worked a year till now," Fevrot went on, "I remained in Paris. I have had under my orders at one time or another almost every French crook who is prominent. But although I have had as many as sixty men working under me, of late the inevitable blunders of large gangs had annoyed me too greatly, so that for the last three years I have retained only about ten men. Yet I know every one who ever pried a window loose in this city, and I may call on any one of them. All are willing to work for me because I am generous, lead them to success, and am always ready to help them out when they are in a scrape. Besides they fear me," added Fevrot, with a smile. "I am not of their class. I live differently, talk differently. They know that I am wealthy and—a gentleman." M Cochefert says that Fevrot will get a sentence of twenty years at hard labour. Fevrot thinks so too. But he adds, with tranquil confidence: "Let them sentence me if they choose. I know all about their penitentiaries and convict colonies. You don't suppose I would confess so freely if I thought they could hold me? With ingenuity to co-ordinate and direct all the heads interested in me and money to corrupt any corruptible official, the Government cannot hold me six months."

"VOTE FOR GRIGGS."

A DIALOGUE OF THE TEA-TABLE.

Sech a fine bloke 'e were, 'Enery, as ever y' seed. Lor, wot it must cost 'im for karks ties an' 'air ile!

Wot bloke? Wot do 'e want 'ere wir 'is 'air ile?

Wy, the electshon covs, o' course. Tell an' 'ansome, wiv a frock coat an' silk 'ems, an' a 'igh 'at, like a bein dook. You shud 'a seen 'is mustnch, 'Enery.

Gaht!

An' a bra-s-audied humbrella 'e 'ad like a hinsurance hinspector, mast gorgis to behold.

Gaht, I tell y'; mike the tea an' toast the bloater. Wot do Hi keer abaht y'r elecshon covoys?

I tell y' the 'ole B'ild'ns was aht ter see. 'E come in a kerridge wiv two 'orses, an' a footmin in 'air powder like a Lord Mare's show, a'elp me. An', "Mrs. 'Awkins," says 'e, "Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins."

'Ow did 'e know y'? I'll punch 'is——

Gaht, 'e got it aht of the Directomy. It's got y'r nime in it, an' you're a voter. See?

Ar, don't burn that 'ere bloater, it wants a frizzle on the 'ead end.

"My nime," s'ys I to 'im. An' 'e bowed like Mister Mon'gom'ry de Vere as sings "I'm a rorty millionaire" at the R'yal Slapbang. That griceful. An' 'e took notice of young Bill most affyble an' harks wot standard he's in an' if 'e's 'ad measles an'——

Orl gammon, ole gal. Wot did 'e want?

Wait till I tell y'. "I'm sure," s'ys 'e, 'as y'r good 'usband 'll vote fer Griggs, wont 'e?" S'ys I, "An' oo is Griggs?"

Ar. A loryer? Or a b'ilder? Or mebbe a comp'ny permotor. Give us annuver cup, an' fill the teapot hup, Ria.

Well, y' shud ha' seen 'ow the swell got hixcited. "Griggs!" s'ys 'e, a-showtin' loud enough f't the 'ole nab'rood to 'ear, as they crahded rahnd the door, "Griggs, o's in for orl theer is wots fer the people's good. Wot do y'r want 'im to hinterdooce inter Parlyment?" An' hin come the B'ildin's. One s'ys, "Give us coal, ninepence a 'underd." An' annuver shahts, "Do aw'y wir the water rates."

I back 'e promised the blessed lot?

'E did. An' sharp, too. "Oor'y!" s'ys the crahd. "Let's hev a row o' trees in ahr B'ildin's" s'ys little Missis Flannigin, "an' in the summer we'll fstch aht the tubs an' do the washin' hunder our hown vine an' fig tree." "So you shall," s'ys 'e. "Oory's!" s'ys the crahd. "Ten bob a week orl rahnd at the hige o' fifty-five," s'ys Benjy Rays. "It's yourn," s'ys 'e. "Oory!" s'ys the crahd, an' 'e mikes 'em give three cheers fer Griggs, an' they've orl got Grigg's photo in their 'ats like young Bill wears Biden-Pow'll. An' Griggs is sure fer ter git in. E'll top the poll, 'o will.

'Ow d'ye know 'e will? 'Ere, young Bill kin finish that 'ere bit of soft roe on a crust o' bread 'n butter. Ow d'ye know

AN ARCH DECEIVER.

"But, Aunt Melita, I do not think it can be the same, He really did seem such a pleasant, kind old gentleman."

"Possibly, Molly. Headstrong young girls wedded to their own opinions," with withering emphasis "are easily deceived My dears," addressing her two daughters, second editions of her prim, rigidly decorous self, "I beg you will let the subject drop. Your cousin has, I trust, been sufficiently punished for her imprudence by having so narrowly escaped being murdered in cold blood."

The reason of this tirade being hurled at my devoted head was as follows. I had been asked on a visit by my father's only sister, Mrs. Price, who lived in one of the northern counties. Much against my inclination I had to accept the invitation—I was only fifteen, so had perforce to obey parental orders—and was seen to the station and safely deposited in a first-class carriage by my mother. She, finding that a lady in the same compartment was travelling nearly as far as my destination, placed me in her charge. We travelled together for some distance, and were then joined by an old gentleman with silvery hair and beard, and a little girl who called him grandpapa. After some time the old lady asked the newcomer, who was carefully studying a railway guide, some question about the station at which she had to change. He told her she had been wrongly informed; that to reach the place she named she must change at a junction we were rapidly approaching, adding that she would have to hurry, as there would be but a few minutes before the arrival of our train and the departure of the one she must catch. When the junction was reached he helped her to get out her numerous packages from the netting, directed her to the right platform, and hurried back to his seat just as the train was about to start. The child had been watching for him with the greatest anxiety. She was a pretty little thing with dark, pathetic eyes, and long curling hair falling nearly to her waist; but although I tried to make friends with her she was too shy to respond. Her grandfather, however, made up for her silence, telling me most amusing anecdotes, and altogether making the time pass so pleasantly that I thoroughly enjoyed myself, and felt quite surprised when he suddenly informed me I was looking so pale he feared I must be ill. Would I allow him to offer me a little wine? He seemed so anxious, that at last I drank the contents of the silver cup he handed to me. I am not used to taking wine, and soon I began to feel drowsy, and was glad to rest my head against the cushioned corner of the carriage and indulge in a nap. Through my sleep I seemed once to hear the child's voice saying: "Papa, you are sure the pretty little lady is not hurt." But it must have been fancy, for I awoke with a start to find the girl and the old gentleman gone, and the only occupants of the carriage besides myself a middle-aged man, deep in a newspaper, and a little boy dressed in sailor costume, judging from what was visible of him as he lay on the seat fast asleep enveloped in a railway rug. Presently the gentleman laid aside his paper with a courteous:

"Can I be of assistance?" for in my agitation I had risen, and was trying to get my bundle of rugs and umbrellas from the netting.

"Oh! thank you," I murmured. "It is only that I have been asleep, and I cannot tell how long it will be before I get to Devenby."

"Another hour quite," he said, after consulting his watch. "Are you sure I cannot assist you in any way? You are, pardon me, evidently unused to travelling alone."

"It is nothing much, thank you," I stammered, confusedly. "It is merely that I was a little startled at first to find the kind old gentleman who was travelling with me had gone, and you were in his place."

"Easily accounted for, I fancy. When my little boy and myself got into this compartment you were so sound asleep that you never roused even when the child stumbled awkwardly against you. Your travelling companion had probably alighted just before we got in." There was no time for him to say more, as at that moment the train went thundering into a big station. The gentleman raised the sleeping child tenderly in his arms, and taking a small brown bag from under the seat, wished me good evening, and was soon lost to view amid the crowd on the platform. I felt repelled on arriving by my aunt's cold, stern demeanour, and my cousin's precise ways, and did not therefore chatter about the events of the journey, as I otherwise should have done. Two days later the curate, a meek-looking, weak-voiced young man, who evidently stood in great awe of my aunt, happened to be calling; and, in a frantic effort to make conversation, plunged into harrowing details of a murder by poisoning, which had recently been committed. The victim was a young married lady: the murderer, her husband, who escaped, disguised as an old man, the very day I left London, travelled by the same train, and from that time had managed to elude all pursuit. How I regretted the involuntary exclamation that broke from my lips. It was in vain I endeavoured to avoid further details. Aunt Melita cross-examined me until she had extracted every scrap of information I had to tell, and finally arrived at the conclusion that my delightful old gentleman and the murderer were one and the same person; also that I had narrowly escaped being poisoned by him myself. Soon after I was sent to school abroad, and hardly saw my native country again until I was turned eighteen; when I returned to accompany my mother to Cheltenham for the winter months. We had friends living near, so were invited out a good deal. One evening at a dinner-party Mr. Connorton, a good looking man of about five-and-thirty, took me in. He was a widower with one little girl, to whom he was devoted, my hostess had previously told me; adding, that his marriage had been a most unhappy one, but that he was a most delightful man, clever, accomplished, and very well off. The following afternoon I was sitting on the promenade idly turning the pages of a book, and speculating as to whether chance would ever throw Mr. Connerton across my path, when I saw him coming towards me.

"I am so glad to have met you, Miss Fortescue," he said, seating himself by my side when the first greetings were over. "I dared not introduce the subject last night in that crowded room, but I have often longed for an opportunity of apologising to you for a great liberty I once took." I gazed at him in astonishment.

"But I never met you until yesterday, Mr. Connerton."

"Pardon me, we did meet before—once. Do you recollect rather over four years ago, going to Devon by train and having for travelling companions a little girl and her grandfather?"

Like a flash it came back to me.

"Yes, I recollect now."

"Well, I was the old gentleman. When I met you thus disguised, I was under suspicion of having poisoned my wife. It was well-known that we had led a most unhappy life; chemistry was my hobby, and when it was found that the cause of death was a certain poison not to be procured as a general rule, but which had lately disappeared from my laboratory, suspicion would fasten itself on me, I felt sure, and several details would come out at the inquest and convert the suspicion into almost certainty. I was perfectly innocent of the crime, but powerless to prove my innocence; so I resolved to at least try and escape. My little daughter Meta was then staying with fiends who—God bless them for their trust—were fully persuaded that I was not guilty. I went to see the child once again. She clung to me so passionately that I could not bear to leave her. There was not an instant to lose before the train started which I must catch, so my friend thrust a suit of her own boy's clothes into the big bag containing a second disguise I had provided for myself, and advised me to dress Meta as a boy the moment I could. My safety depended on getting clear out of England that night, and leaving no trace of our flight. When the lady who was travelling with you asked me about her train, the thought struck me that if I could get rid of her the chances were no one else would get into the carriage as the train was not at all full. I knew, the junction passed, we should not stop again for a considerable time. If, therefore, I could manage to send you off to sleep, whilst I metamorphosed myself and Meta, all might yet be well. When I was so attentive to that unsuspecting lady—who, by the way, I fear did not arrive at her destination as quickly as she might have done—I put some stuff I had with me into my flask of wine, persuaded you to take a little, and once you were sound asleep, transformed myself from the venerable grandfather into a middle-aged man. I was a bit of a ventriloquist, so the change of voice was easy. Then I dressed Meta in the sailor suit, cut off her hair, put all compromising traces into the large bag, and when the train came—as I knew it must—to a bridge crossing the river, flung the bag into the water below. Then I opened the windows to rouse you, for I did not like the idea of leaving you sleeping alone in the carriage. You did not know me in the least, so I felt reassured as to the success of my plan. After a few weeks abroad, I received the welcome news that a paper had come to light in my wife's handwriting, and bearing her signature. In it she stated her intention to commit suicide. So my name was cleared, and I was able to return in safety."

. . . .

I saw Mr. Connerton constantly after this, and gradually the interest I had at first taken in him ripened into a warmer feeling. It was not until we had been married some months that he told me all that he had suffered through the unfortunate woman whose tragical end had brought such danger on himself. He had found out that she was in correspondence with a former lover, and was contemplating eloping with him. Rage and despair at her design being frustrated, induced her to take poison, and, wishing to make her husband suffer for his discovery, she so planned that her confession should not be found until suspscion had fallen upon him, and he would, in all probability have been in prison some weeks awaiting his trial for murder.

(The end.)

NEEDED THE TEETH.

"One of the best reasons I ever heard given for wanting false teeth was that of a coloured boy who came into my rooms one day last week," said a dentist, smiling: "There are some cheerful incidents even in my melancholy occupation. He was a cheerful, good-looking coloured man, and he put his head in the door of my office and said, 'Boss, I've got to have some front teeth.'

"'All right,' I said, 'I'll make you some.'

"'I's bound to have 'em by Sunday, boss,' he said.

"'I suppose you are going to see your girl on Sunday, George,' I remarked.

"'No, sah,' he assured me: 'I ain't got no gal. I ain't so foolish. But I's bound to wear them teeth next Sunday.'

"'Now, George,' I insisted, 'tell the truth; you know you are going to see your girl.'

"'No, boss,' he replied, with a smile full of humour, though bare of teeth, 'I ain't got no gal, an' I declare I don't expect to see her. But if I should see her boss, I want to be fixed to smile.' He got the teeth on Saturday."

AMUSING ERRORS.

Mr. Asquith once referred to the Government's "pique or temper"; the reporter wrote "peacock temper." A speaker at Exeter Hall, replying to an attack, said it was "a double lie in the shape of half the truth," which, by the ingenuity of the reporter, appeared as "a double eye in the shape of half a tooth." Sir James Grant, in a speech in the Canadian House of Commons, once referred to a man's thorax; when in print it read, "a man's pick-axe"; and on another occasion his reference to "food for the gods" appeared "food for the cods." In setting up a speech of Sir Henry Irving the compositor made "many journeys in small boats" read "weary journeys in small boots."

SHAVING WITHOUT A MIRROR.

That a man can become accustomed to pretty much anything is proved by officers in the Army, who, when camped out or placed in a position where they do not have the accessories of the toilet, soon learn to do without articles generally thought to be indispensable. In conversation an Army officer said the other day:—"Why, I never think of using a mirror when I shave. I do not stand up to do it, either, but sit down on a camp stool, or the side of a cot, and whack away at my face. It is more comfortable to be seated, and then I do not have to crane my neck to see the place I am shaving, and thereby expose myself to a gash from the razor. I never cut myself; in fact, I am willing to wager that I can shave in my tent without a mirror as easily or with more ease than many who have every convenience of the tonsorial table, and often leave marks of their awkwardness on their faces. It is all due to habit, formed by necessity."

EX-PREMIER AND PUDDING.

Lord Rosebery has the reputation of being a delightful host, and also of having keen tact. This latter gift was certainly displayed on one occasion when he was entertaining a large number of guests, amongst whom was a farmer, who tasting ice pudding for the first time came to the conclusion that there had been some mistake in the kitchen, and wishing to save the other guests from a like experience, whispered to his host that by some accident the pudding had got frozen. Lord Rosebery listened without a smile, tasted the pudding, and thanked his informant: then, calling an attendant, said something to him and turned with a relieved face to the farmer, saying. "It's all right, they tell me that it is a new kind of pudding, and is frozen on purpose."

Looking forward.—Mrs. Noear: Do you think my daughter will be a musican?

Professor: I gant zay. She may. She dell me she gome of a long-lived family.

**

Mrs. Howes: I dont know what we are going to do. There is not a thing in the house to eat.

Uncle George: You might take boarders.

**

Rural Ragges: Say, Tatts, do you think it's right to raise the price of beer?

Tramping Tatters: I've been trying to raise the price of one for a week.

**

Cholly: Yaas, sevewal years ago I fell deeply in love with a girl, but she wejected me—made a wegular fool of me.

Molly: And you never got over it?

CAUGHT BY THE FLOOD.

"If only it was not quite so near the river, George," Mrs. Roden said, in answer to the husband's inquiries as to how she liked the house they had taken for the first year's outing since their honeymoon.

"Well, it will be a lesson for us for the future not to take a place without seeing it beforehand," he said, sauntering over to where she was sitting by the window. "I must say," with a disconsolate glance at the swift-running waters that swirled and eddied within a few yards of the house, "it is not a cheerful prospect on a wet evening like this. By the way, Eda, where is Letty all this time?"

"Writing to Kenyon, to be sure," replied his wife, with a smile. "Do you imagine it is possible for those two devoted lovers to be separated twenty-four hours without exchanging letters?"

"They have taken a leaf out of our book, eh?" he said, stooping to kiss her. "The important document is finished, then, Letty?" he added to a graceful, fair-haired girl, who came into the room a moment after.

"Finished and posted," returned the newcomer, brightly. "It took me ages to find the post-office, though, for it is perched half-way up the hill, and it's a regular climb to get to it. I wonder what could have induced the eccentric old gentleman who let this house to build it down by the water's edge, right away from the rest of the village. He might well call it 'The Water Hen's Nest.'"

"By Jove! Is that it's name?" interposed her brother. "The letter was simply headed 'The Nest.' I suppose the old man thought the full name would give a clue to its position."

"I should not be surprised," the girl continued, unheeding the interruption, "if the river does not often overflow its banks; it looks so brimful. If so, the water would rise even to the upper windows in no time, and the whole place be regularly flooded. I wonder if anybody would bring a boat in time to save us, for I don't see how we could possibly escape in any other way."

"Upon my word, you, draw a cheerful picture, Miss Letty," cried George, checking her with a warning glance, for Eda's face had turned white, and she held her baby clasped to her as if already she felt the floods washing up to them. "Go off to bed, you silly child, and don't let your imagination run riot over what is not in the least likely to happen."

Nevertheless, he did make careful inquiries amongst the villagers on the morrow as to whether the catastrophe Letty had pictured had ever actually happened, and felt reassured when one and all declared that the river had never been known to misbehave itself to the extent of flooding the Water Hen's Nest. The garden was often under water, but nothing worse than that could be remembered. One weather-beaten old chap did observe that he considered that the river was most uncommonly full, owing to the prolonged wet season; and he had heard tell that the dam higher up was none too safe, and folks had been sent for to see it. But George was bidden not to mind him; old Pete was a croaker, and always looked at the dark side of things.

About a week later Mrs. Roden was much perturbed by the nurse having suddenly to leave through illness. The second night Letty volunteered to take charge of the baby, and leave its fond parents to enjoy the repose which its fractious cries (the first tooth was on the road) had effectually prevented.

"Oh, dear, why are babies born without teeth?" the new nurse thought despairingly, as two o'clock found her sitting up flushed and sleepy, vainly trying to hush the little creature to rest.

"Oh, hush thee, my baby,
Thy sire was a knight,"

she sang over and over. "Fancy, dear, steady going old George a knight in glittering armour, with nodding plumes on his helmet, slashing away at his foes. What a clanking and jingling of swords there would be, and—"

What was that noise? It sounded like a muffled roar of something yet in the distance, but which was coming nearer and nearer. The river, too, seemed rushing past with increased fury, though for the past two days there had been no rain to increase its volume. In an instant there flashed through her mind the words she had overheard old Pete say to her brother.

"I have heerd tell as the dam up yonder ain't over sound."

If that had burst, it would not be safe for them to stop in the house. The rushing sound came nearer and nearer; she even fancied she heard the swishing of water below. Not a moment must be lost.

Holding the now sleeping child tightly to her, she went cautiously downstairs. Her fears were only too true; the hall was already ankle-deep in water. Back to her sister's room she sped, roused her brother, deposited the baby in its mother's bed, and hurrying on her clothes went to see which would be their best plan of escaping, for from what she could make out from the windows, the garden which ran round three sides of the house, was flooded. There was no one else to be roused; the servant who cooked for them only coming in by the day. Eda met her with a white, scared face.

"I can't make out what George is about," she said. "He went out to see by which door we had better get out; but though I have called and called, he does not answer. He told me not to attempt leaving this floor till he did call, because the water was rising so fast he was afraid we might be swept away; but I dare not wait longer—he may be hurt."

She snatched up a candle as she spoke, and went down, holding it high above her head; Letty closely following. Soon they stepped into water and by the dim light saw a chair floating in the hall below.

"George!" he will be drowned!" shrieked Eda, pushing bravely on, though the water was now above the knees. Some dark object came swirling towards them. Letty, from her post two steps higher than Eda, saw that it was her brother.

"Hold me firm," she cried, pushing forward. "There is George; we may save him yet."

Clutching the balusters with one hand, she stretched out and managed to grasp George's arm as he was swept past.

"Hold him," gasped Eda, "while I get brandy. There is some, luckily, in a flask in his bag." But before she could return with it Letty called for help.

"We must get him on the landing," she said. "The flood is so strong I can scarcely hold him."

Again they strained and pulled till once more a dry spot was reached. Then, revived by the brandy George was able to reach his room, and reassure them as to his injuries. His foot had slipped, he said, and in falling he supposed he must have struck his head and been stunned, but there was nothing worse the matter than being badly bruised, one leg strained, and an arm broken. This latter his wife quickly bound up with the scanty materials she had at hand. Hobbling to the window, which was fortunately on the side facing the village, he shouted for help, the girls joining their voices to his; but the houses and cottages forming the straggling little place, and built one above another on the side of the hill, which sloped down to the river, were all some distance off, and there was scant hope of making anyone hear. He would not tell the others that his great fear was of the house being swept bodily away before help from outside could arrive. It was substantially built, but it seemed impossible for it much longer to resist the tossing, foaming flood that every instant was rising higher and higher. Suddenly Letty exclaimed:

"We must get on to the roof; the water is pouring in here."

George shook his head.

"Impossible," he said, "you two girls could never do it from this side, and it would be madness to move from here. Pile things on the bed, and climb on to that. By the time the water reaches as high they may have heard us. If only I was not crippled like this, I would have let myself down, and swum for help."

"I never thought of that; let me go," cried Letty eagerly.

"My dear girl, you would be swept away before you had gone half-a-dozen yards."

His voice was almost drowned by the deafening roar of the oncoming water.

"We must hope and pray," he added, with a glance at his wife, who stood with her child closely clasped in her arms, her face white and set, her lips silently moving.

"But, George," urged Letty, "don't you see that the ceiling is so low that if the bedstead is afloat we shall be crushed to death?"

He turned aside with a groan, realising what she meant.

"Where is your revolver?" she cried, after an interval, during which she had made a sort of throne, on which she had assisted Eda to scramble.

"I did not bring it. But what was your idea?"

"To fire till you had attracted the attention of the neighbours. O God, it's awful to have to die like rats in a trap!" she moaned, as an ominous quiver shook the house, and the water poured in faster and faster. He pointed again to his wife.

"For her sake don't lose heart," he whispered; and, turning to the window, shouted again, with all his might and main. This time there was an answering shout; lights flashed, voices called to them that help was near, and in a few minutes a boat loomed forth against the sky faintly tinged by the first streaks of morning. Letty recognised the voice that called her name.

"Kenyon! Oh! how did you know?" she cried.

"I got away unexpectedly, my darling, and came down by the night train. The moment I heard about the flood, I guessed the danger you might be in, and—— Quick," to the men with him, who had already helped the others to the boat, "there's not an instant to lose."

Barely had they pushed safely off than there was a crashing, rending sound, and in a second the house they had just quitted was swept away in the wild rush of the waters.

(The end).

A WOMAN'S CARRIAGE.

Much of an Englishwoman's beauty lies in her proud carriage, the erectness of her figure and the poise of her head. The aristocratic carriage is within reach of every girl who will take the trouble to have it. It is a question of a few years of vigilance, during which she should never relax the watchfulness over herself. Sitting or standing the erectness and pose must be preserved. The result will be that at the end of that time it has become second nature to her, In this way the figure is also preserved, the muscles are kept firm and well strung, and the sinking down of the flesh round the waist and hips is prevented.

HE SAID TOO MUCH.

"Mr. Wandsley," said the hostess, at a recent Colonial Club function, "I want to introduce you to Miss Brinkstone."

The gentleman bowed very politely, but Miss Brinkstone smiled and said:

"Oh, I fancy Mr. Wandsley and I hardly need to be introduced to each other. He is an old friend of mine."

"Yes," he added, "I shall always regard Miss Brinkstone as one of the dearest friends I have. She once declined to become my wife."

It was several hours later when he succeeded in guessing why Miss Brinkstone's air had suddenly become so cold and distant.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

In the Omeneea country, it is the custom of the Carrier Indians, when one kills another, that the murderer gives his life to the killed man's relatives. The relatives may put the murderer to death or make him their slave. Recently one Carrier lad killed another for teasing him at not being able to win the love of an Indian girl. The dead man's relatives took the murderer for their slave, getting all his belongings. For the first time the law stepped in, and a magistrate sent the police to arrest the boy murderer. The boy was taken by force and brought to gaol to stand his trial.

WHO LAUGHS LAST.

Some students of the Harvard Medical School, who were hostile to women entering the profession, met their match in one lady student upon whom they attempted to play a practical joke. The young lady was summoned to attend a fracture of the leg. Arriving on the spot, she found a patient of about 50 years of age, but the leg to be mended was a wooden one. Recognising that this was the work of her tormentors, the lady sent for a hammer and nails, mended the leg, and then sent in a bill for five pounds, which the jokers had to pay.

A BAD PRECEDENT.

Mrs. Motherhood: "Why is it I have such a time finding a nurse-girl for my children?" Employment Agent: "Well, you see, mum, some time ago, a lady had a baby die, and she thought so much of that baby that after it was dead she kept the baby's nurse right along at the old wages, with nothing to do but walk in the park, pretending she's got the baby with her. Since then I can't get a nurse-girl to go into a family where the baby looks healthy."

THE GERMAN GIRL.

The German middle-class girl avowedly gives herself up to housekeeping, knitting, sewing and cookery. Her sober brown gowns are as much like one another as are so many peas, and the majority are put together by her own hands. She knows and gets the full value of every kreutezer she spends, and her coffee and cakes are unsurpassable. For recreation she goes with her family to the "gardens" on summer evenings, and knits while she listens to the music. Everybody in Germany who lives within reach of concerts and theatres walks to them, and, as they begin early in the evening, late hours and extra suppers are not usual. Dwellers in the country are contented with the daily round and common task, and restlessness seems unknown. The German girl is not, as a rule, ambitious.

TEETH EXTRACTED BY LIGHTNING.

A New York paper says that William B Remick, who was one of Union River's heaviest lumber operators a few years ago, and is now a resident of Mariaville, witnessed a startling natural phenomenon a short time ago while returning from the head of Floods Pond to the settlement. He saw a thunderstorm gather in a clear sky and watched it roll on ahead of him with ever increasing force and destructiveness until it swept nearly all of Hancock County and left a score of fires in its wake.

Some of the freaks of the lightning were marvellous. At Hanscome's, in Mariaville, two families occupied the house. In the front part was an aged gentleman seated in an arm-chair, reading the Bible. A ball of fire rolled lazily in the window, danced along the window-ledge a second or two, and then rolled into the old gentleman's lap and across the open Bible in his hands. He experienced no shock whatever except a blinding sensation, but the metal clasps of the book were melted and ran to the floor, while across the pages of the book was stamped indelibly a miniature photograph of a large apple-tree that stood in the dooryard close by the window. Some minutes after the lightning had passed the old man made an effort to rise, but was firmly held to his chair by some mysterious force. After an hour or more of effort on the part of members of the household, with liberal bathing of vinegar and other remedies, the chair finally loosened its hold and he was able to rise. There was no ill-effect felt by him.

The ball of fire, after dropping from the book, had struck the floor and bounded to the ceiling, passing through the cracks in the top of the partition into the apartments of the Hanscome's, where young Mrs. Hanscome was seated with her baby in her arms. It came toward her, from the ceiling a swaying ball, rocking back and forth until it struck her full in the face and disappeared. Eight of Mrs. Hanscome's front teeth disappeared with it and were never found. Her chair was tipped forward with her in it, and she was found unconscious, her head and feet resting on the floor, still retaining her position in the chair as if it were upright instead of resting upon her. The baby was clasped closely to her bosom, uninjured, and crowing as if greatly delighted by the event. It was several hours before Mrs. Hanscome's arms could be made to unfold and release the baby and before the chair could be removed from her. When she recovered consciousness she vomited a large quantity of black matter like charcoal, which gave out a strong odour of sulphur, and it was a long time before she fully recovered from the shock.

On the wall where the electric mass passed from one apartment to the other were streaks of sooty blackness, as if blown through by a strong blast. The marks could not be washed off, and still work through the coat of white-wash put on to cover it.

SINGULAR EXECUTIONERS.

"Wanted—Public executioner for South American State; compensation 3,000dols. per annum. State qualifications and enclose photograph."

Such an advertisement recently appeared in a New York evening paper. What are the precise qualifications of an executioner for a South American State? In many countries the days when a talent for Moorish and Algerine barbarity was the only requisite have passed away, and the ideal Jack Ketch is now a gentleman of affable temper and delicate sensibilities. Such were the last three of the Sansons of Paris. The last of all, Henri Sansons, fils, who, in 1847, after having cut off more than 100 heads in actuality, was deprived of his own in metaphor, possessed some literary ability as well, and published in six volumes the attractive memoirs of seven generations of executioners. What an exquisite sensitiveness breathes in the chapter "Ma Premiere Execution" (My First Execution), which describes his maiden effort in his profession! The experience would have been easier for him had he been trained up toward it from infancy as was his ancestor, Charles Jean-Baptiste Sanson, who in 1727, being orphaned of his father, and receiving the appointment at seven years of age, though provided with a substitute, was required to be present at the scaffold when in use, for decorum's sake.

The methods of carrying out the sentence in those days were less gratifying to the subject than to the beholder, and the spectacle must have had a more invigorating tonic for the nerves of young Charles Jean-Baptiste than any with which his descendant might by chance have regaled his juvenile curiosity. "Until 1791," says the tender-hearted Henri, fils, "criminal laws have been the code of legal cruelty." At least one of the Sanson family helped to while away the long-drawn out last hours of Damiens, he attempted regicide. To the grandfather of the author fell the task of decapitating Citizen Capet, and the widow Capet was treated in like manner by the author's father. When the office so long and faithfully filled by the Sansons was theirs no longer, eighteen aspirants to the succession appeared in one day.

The methods of selecting the one who is to act as executioner have throughout history been many and curious. In earliest Roman days the sentence was carried into effect by the accuser, and a similar practice was in vogue in the Crimea when that was a kingdom. Formerly in Germany the duty devolved upon the youngest member of the community, in Thuringia upon the latest settler, and in Franconia—upon the newest married. In Spain the office is, or was, hereditary, and in France it became practically so. The dignity of the function was better recognised in ancient times than it is to-day. In old Greece the presentation of the hemlock was an honourable service, and the man who performed it was ranked by Aristotle above ordinary magistrates. In the Code and sacred books of the Parsees no provision is made for capital punishment, but a culprit is to be beaten with thongs a number of blows proportioned to his offence, and if he succumbs no one is to blame.

IT NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH.

She: Do you love me, dearest?
He: I do love you, darling.
She: How much?
He: More than I can tell.
She: But tell me how much?
He: I can't tell you, darling.
She: Please do.
He: I can't.
She: You must.
He: But I can't.
She (moving away): You mean you won't.
He: No, darling, I can't.
She (pouting): Can't and won't mean the same thing.
He: I beg your pardon.
She: You needn't.
He: Very well.
She: You don't love me, and you never did.
He: You may be right.
She: I am right.
He: Possibly.
She: You don't even believe what I tell you.
He: I never doubted you.
She: You did.
He: I beg your pardon.
She (hotly): There you are again, doubting me to my very face. You are a mean, hateful thing, and I'll never speak to you again. I wish you would go away.
He: Certainly, with pleasure.
She: And never come back?
He: Well, hardly.
He departs. She paws the carpet awhile, meanwhile, then goes upstairs and writes a note. He goes home and writes another. Next night everything is lovely.

AN ELECTRIC TREE.

A German authority on forestry announces the discovery in the primeval forests of India of a tree with most curious and inexplicable characteristics. The leaves of this tree are so highly electrical that whoever touches one of them receives a severe electric shock. Even upon the magnetic needle this tree, to which the name of Philotacea electrica has been given, has a strong influence, causing magetic variations at a distance of about seventy feet. The electrical strength of the tree varies according to the time of day. It is strongest at noon, but disappears almost entirely at midnight. Its electricity also disappears in wet weather. Birds never rest or perch upon its branches, nor have insects ever been seen upon it.

PAVEMENT ART.

A phase of London street life is described by C. L. McCluer Stevens, who introduces the reader to the "artists" who gain a precarious living by decorating pavements with drawings in crayon and chalk. He states that one of the oldest pavement artists with whom he has been brought in contact declares that the father of the craft was one Paddy Keogh, who little more than forty years ago kept an unpretentious open-air picture-gallery in the then notorious Ratcliffe Highway. For a long time he had the field practically to himself, but success begat imitators. The newcomers had no canvas, nor money to purchase any, so they chose the sidewalk as their atelier, and inscribed their sketches on the bare flags. The "art" spread westward. The pavement of Belgravia blossomed forth incontinently into blue and red and white replicas of famous works. Landseers and Turners in crayon vied with Claudes in chalk and Canalettis in colours. Then came the era of the cut salmon on the dish and the impossible sunset, as being easier of accomplishment. Lastly, men were found so lost to all sense of honour as to hire their sketches at so much a day, and coax the elusive penny from the pockets of the fickle public by a display of work which was in no sense their own.

The genuine pavement artist, however, considers these latter individuals unworthy even of contempt. The old fellow, for instance, who for nearly a couple of decades has taken up his "pitch" outside Hyde Park, near the Marble Arch, is so anxious not to be identified with these pariahs of the "profession" that he will at once proceed to sketch, for the delectation of any doubter, a duplicate of any one of his "pictures."

An old sailor, whose usual "pitch" is at the new Oxford-street end of Shaftesbury avenue, has recently introduced a novel variation of the familiar stereotyped class of picture. They are picked out with Berlin wool on perforated canvas, the "artist" performing the work as he sits in the sun in full view of passers-by. His average takings, he says, are about two shillings a day, but he occasionally sells a picture or two, his patrons being mostly seafaring men like himself. "The only woman pavement artist in London," as she proudly dubs herself, is usually to be found at the back of St. Martin's Church, immediately opposite the Lowther Arcade. The pictures—such as they are—are all her own work. This young lady places her earnings as high as five shillings a day, "taking one day with another." But this average applies only to the days when she was able to exhibit. Wet weather is the bugbear of the pavement artists, for then they cannot show at all. Even a smart shower is sufficient to undo the work of hours, and the poor "artist" has to begin all over again.

HIS LITTLE GAME.

There were only a few people dining in a Strand restaurant a few days ago when a man suddenly hustled in and approached the white-aproned waiter.

"I say," he eagerly asked, "can you tell me where the Strand is?"

He was a rather shabby man in a costume suggestive of the country, or the vaudeville stage. His trousers were short, his coat had a funny skirt to it, and his big straw hat was guiltless of a band.

"Can't you tell me where the Strand is?" he anxiously repeated.

The waiter smiled broadly, and instead of pointing towards the street, shook his head.

The stranger pushed along after the waiter as he passed down the room.

"Don't you know where the Strand is?" he asked again.

"No, said the grinning waiter, "I don't know where it is. I don't know much about the neighbourhood."

The stranger looked around at the customers.

"Do any of these gentlemen——?" he began.

"No," said the waiter, "they don't know. They're all strangers here."

Then the rural man went out with a cheerful grin in spite of his disappointment.

"You see," said the waiter, "he's just an advertising joker. If I'd said I knew where the Strand was, he'd have shouted out something about bargains that were going at one of the business houses along here. I'm up to all their advertising dodges, and I know how to dish the best of them."

HUNG ON TO LIFE.

Probably the most remarkable example of old age is furnished by Thomas Parr, of England, "The Old, Old, Very Old Man," as John Taylor calls him. When 80 years of age Parr married his first wife, by whom he had one son and one daughter. About this time he was in the prime of his vigour of mind and body. When Parr was 112 years of age his first wife died, and ten years later he married a second wife. For thirty years afterwards he lived the life of a husbandman. At the age of 130 years Parr used to thresh out the corn on the barn floor, and he lived the simple and abstemious life of a small farmer. At length the fame of the wonderful old man reached the ears of the second Earl of Arundel, who brought Parr in a litter by easy stages to London, in September, 1635. The wonderful vitality of the old man was the marvel of the age. He was presented to the King, and afterwards exhibited at the Queen's Head in the Strand.

All these changes, however, had an injurious effect on his health. He missed the invigorating air of his native Shropshire, and the constitution which years seemed powerless to affect, gave way before the noise and excitement of London, and a superabundance of rich diet, of which Parr partook with his characteristic indifference to consequences.

The old man died in November, 1635, aged 152, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where an inscription records the chief circumstances of his remarkable life, and mentions the fact that he lived in the reigns of ten monarchs.

HOW SHE READ IT.

A young officer in India left his regiment on sick-leave, and went to a hill-station, where it happened a lovely girl was staying. They became engaged, and an early date was talked of for the marriage. The colonel however disapproved of sub-lieutenants getting married, and particularly of the "sub." in question. As he happened to be a friend of the young man's father, he thought he might prevent the marriage by sending a peremptory telegram, couched in these words—"Join at once." The lover was in despair. He presented himself before his fiancee with the fatal missive in his hand and anything but a look of pleasure on his countenance; but the lady was equal to the occasion. With a blush of maiden simplicity, she cast her eyes upon the ground, and said, "Dear me—I'm glad your colonel approves of the match! But what a hurry he is in! I don't think I can get ready so soon; but I'll do my best, because, of course, his command must be obeyed." The young warrior was puzzled. "Don't you see," he said, "that this message puts a stopper on our plans? You don't seem to understand the telegram. He says peremptorily, 'Join at once.'" The lady's blushes redoubled; but with a look of simplicity she raised her lovely eyes to his face, and replied, "It is you, my darling, who don't seem to understand it. Your colonel says plainly, 'Join at once!'—by which, of course, he means, get married immediately. What else can he mean?" A look of intelligence replaced the air of bewilderment on the young man's face. He accepted the explanation, and was enabled to answer to the colonel's telegram forty-eight hours afterward in these words, "Your orders were obeyed. We were joined at once!"

One of the greatest cotton-spinning machinery inventors was Samuel Crompton, who was born near Bolton on the 3rd December, 1753. He invented the celebrated machine which was called "Mule." The continual efforts of English weavers of that period to produce fine cotton goods to compete with those then largely imported from India led to a great demand for fine yarns, and these the clumsy fingers of English spinners could not produce in a way at all equal to the delicate filaments produced by the Hindoos. Crompton's machine created quite a revolution in the "cotton" world.

**

Hit Home.—Said the married man, who likes to be sympathised with: My wife is never happy unless she has a grievance.

"How happy she must be!" said the pretty girl, and then the married man grew strangely silent.

AN EKTHPERIMENT.

A good story has been told of a lisping officer having been victimised by a brother-officer—who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves—and of his "getting square" with him in the following manner. The cool joker—Captain Blakeney—was always quizzing the lisping officer—a lieutenant—for his nervousness, and said one day at mess, "Why nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you, no brave man is ever nervous." "Well," inquired his lisping friend, "how would you act thpothing a thell with an inth futhee thould drop itthelf in a walled angle in which you had taken thelter from a company of tharpthooterth, and where it wath thertain if you put out your nothe you'd get peppered?" "How?" said the captain, with a look at his brother-officers. "Why, take it cooly, and spit on the fusee." The party broke up, and all retired. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on parade, when along came the lisping lieutenant. Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked to a cluster of officers, "I want to try an ekthperiment thith morning, and thee how extheedingly cool Tom Blakeney can be." Saying this he walked deliberately into the captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placed in its hottest part a powder canister, and instantly retreated. There was but one door of egress from the quarters, and that opened upon the parade ground; the occupant gave one look at the canister, comprehended the situation, and in a moment made for the door, but it was fastened on the outside. "Charley, let me out, if you love me!" shouted the captain. "Thpit on the canither!" shouted he in return. Not a moment was to be lost; the captain had at first snatched up a blanket to cover himself with; but, soon dropping it, he raised the window, and out he bounded, sans everything but a very short undergarment, and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed on to a full parade ground. The shouts which hailed him brought out the whole of the occupants of the barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a sergeant in front of him to hide himself. "Why didn't you thpit on it?" inquired the lieutenant. "Because there were no sharpshooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the captain. "All I've got to thay, then, ith," said the lieutenant, "that you might thafely have done it; for I'll thware there wathn't a thingle grain of powder in it."

THE OLDEST PEOPLE IN EUROPE

The oldest people in Europe are the Basques, whose country is situated in the north of Spain, along the coast of the Bay of Biscay. They were a remarkable race by reason of their having, centuries before other nations, secured for themselves, by their valour and civic virtues, liberty and constitutional government, blessings they had safeguarded for a thousand years. Unlike other European peoples, they had never been conquered by any other nation during that period. In past ages they had worked out their civilisation by means of representative government, and through laws, framed by themselves and adapted to their needs. The country had two natural advantages; on one side it was protected by mountains, and on the other a rocky coast. It followed that the people were both hardy mountaineers and intrepid sailors. The number of Basques in their own provinces was about 800,000, while the settlers in Spain and elsewhere probably brought the number up to between one and one-half million. Their language was unlike any other European tongue. As regarded structure and vocabulary, it was probably the most ancient form of human speech. It was admirably adapted for poetry. Many reforms, only recently carried or discussed in this country, had been known to the Basques from time immemorial. Examples might be found in free trade, the equal rights of women with regard to property, and the abolition of the game laws.

WHY HE WAS UPSET.

"You look a trifle doleful to-night," said one of a group of gentlemen to another, while all were sitting one Saturday evening before the fire in one of the clubs.

"Well," said the gentleman addressed, "I have as good a right to look doleful to-night as any man I know of."

"What's up?" asked the other members of the group, in a chorus.

"It was this way. You know I am an ardent bicyclist and I have a boy who has the same passion. This evening, just after dark, as I was coming down to the club, walking along, thinking of nothing in particular, I was hit in the back by what seemed to be a locomotive, and knocked sprawling into the gutter. It was muddy there, and when I had collected my scattered senses I was all covered with dirt, and also very mad. I looked around to see what hit me, and found a young man and a safety bicycle on the pavement all tangled up. I was mad, as I said before, and, without stopping to think what I did, I took that young man by the coat collar and kicked him off the pavement. Then I jumped on the bicycle, smashed all the spokes out of the wheels, and generally disfigured it."

Here the gentleman stopped, and one of his audience said:

"Well, why should that make you feel as you do? You did just the right thing."

"I suppose I hadn't ought to feel so," said the speaker; "but, you see, it was my boy and my bicycle!"

THE FIRST SILVER WEDDING

The fashion of silver weddings dates back to the reign of Hugues Capet, King of France, in 987. Once, as Hugues was arranging his uncle's affairs, he found on one of the estates a servant who had grown grey in the service of his relative. On the farm with this old man was also a serving woman, who was as old as he, and also unmarried, who had been the most devoted and hard-working of the women servants of the King's uncle. When the King heard those praises of the two, he ordered them to be brought before him, and said to the woman—

"Your service is greater than this man's, whose services were great enough, for the woman always finds work and obedience harder than a man, and therefore I will give you a reward. At your age I know of none better than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time henceforth belongs to you. If this man who has worked with you five-and-twenty years is willing to marry you, then the husband is ready."

"Your Majesty," stuttered the old peasant confusedly, "how is it possible that we should marry, having already silver hairs."

"Then it shall be a silver wedding," answered the King, "and here I give you a wedding ring," drawing a costly ring from his finger, and placing the hands of the thankful old people together.

This soon became known all over France, and raised such enthusiasm that it became a fashion after a twenty-five years' marriage to celebrate a silver wedding.

A SINGER'S VOICE BY POST.

Of all the uses to which the phonograph has been put the following is probably one of the most practical.

A well-known manager received some time since a letter from Paris, inclosing the photograph of a lady and what appeared to be tinfoil neatly folded up and curiously indented. The letter was to this purport:

"Sir,—I inclose photograph of myself in 'La Traviata' and specimens of my voice. Please state, by wire, terms and the date when I can appear at your theatre. I have the honour to be, sir, yours. "F.B."

The poor manager, whose scientific education had evidently been neglected, was considerably puzzled. The photograph showed a lady of attractive presence, the letter was to the point and evidently American. But how to discover a lady's voice from tinfoil curiously indented passed his comprehension.

He consulted his friends and soon obtained the necessary information. An adjournment to the Crystal Palace was unanimously voted. The foil was at once adjusted to the instrument there, and, after a few revolutions of the machine, the notes of a well-known operatic melody resounded with crystalline clearness.

An immediate engagement of the cantatrice was the result of this novel test of her voice.

Cool Criticism.—"Well," said Mrs. M'Gudley, after her visit to a notable social event, "I have heard about society people showing each other the cold shoulder, but from the way some that I saw were dressed I didn't wonder at their shoulders being chilly."

Beaufort Easter

The movement inaugu
Beaufort Brass Band,
supported by residents of
raise funds by means
gathering in the Park
Monday and a dramatic e
in the Societies' Hall at
purpose of erecting a b
bids fair to be an unqual
The management is in ca
and all the arrangement
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athletic events, including
three scratch men for
ensure a capital day's
woodchopping competition
and trial of hacks over hu
in addition, prove a source
Seldom has so good a prog
placed before the public
and district. No fewer th
are to be got off between t
12 noon and 6.30 p.m.
directed to the fact that e
Pony Trot and Hack o
close at the secretary's
grounds at 1.40 p.m.,
Handicap Miners' Race
Given a fine day, ther
a record attendance in the
At night the Societies' H
to be filled to overflowing.
Beaufort Amateur Dramat
in the past well earned
reputation, and they are
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The cast of characters i
old favorites, Misses M. S
N. Troy, Messrs J. R. W
R. A. D. Sinclair, H. H.
L. A. Jaensch, besides w
A. L. Wotherspoon, W.
and C. W. Jones make the
actors. The entertainme
recommended with the
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to buy their tickets early
their seats. The doors o
p.m., and the overture is
sharp. The performance
with a ball, a two-shilling
ensuring admission.

A general meeting of th
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Carnival was held in the S
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(chairman) presiding, and
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and said that beside the Dr
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Treasurer (Mr E. W. Hughes
credit balance of £18 6s 3d
With cash in hand the
announced by the secretary
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Beaufort Easter Carnival.

The movement inaugurated by the Beaufort Brass Band, and heartily supported by residents of the town, to raise funds by means of a sports gathering in the Park on Easter Monday and a dramatic entertainment in the Societies' Hall at night, for the purpose of erecting a band rotunda, bids fair to be an unqualified success. The management is in capable hands, and all the arrangements have been perfected. The procession from the weighbridge at 10 a.m. promises to far surpass anything of the kind ever attempted in Beaufort before. The prizes for individual and group characters, decorated vehicle and bicycle, will be keenly competed for, and the display should attract an immense crowd of people. There will certainly be no lack of pleasure and amusement. The Beaufort Brass Band and a Melbourne piper will supply music. The running tracks are in capital order, and the exceptionally large acceptances for the bicycle and athletic events, including two out of three scratch men for the former, ensure a capital day's sport. The woodchopping competition, pony trot, and trial of hacks over hurdles should, in addition, prove a source of attraction. Seldom has so good a programme been placed before the public of Beaufort and district. No fewer than 36 events are to be got off between the hours of 12 noon and 6.30 p.m. Attention is directed to the fact that entries for the Pony Trot and Hack over Hurdles close at the secretary's office on the grounds at 1.40 p.m., and for the Handicap Miners' Race at 2.50. Given a fine day, there should be a record attendance in the Park.

At night the Societies' Hall is certain to be filled to overflowing, because the Beaufort Amateur Dramatic Club have in the past well earned their good reputation, and they are sparing no pains to make the production of that popular drama, "Aurora Floyd," an "artistic and popular success." One of the leading characters has assured us that the actors will excel themselves. The cast of characters include those old favorites, Misses M. Sinclair and N. Troy, Messrs J. R. Wotherspoon, R. A. D. Sinclair, H. H. Menzies, and L. A. Jaensch, besides whom Messrs A. L. Wotherspoon, W. H. Halpin, and C. W. Jones make their *debut* as actors. The entertainment can be recommended with the fullest confidence. Patrons are strongly advised to buy their tickets early and reserve their seats. The doors open at 7.15 p.m., and the overture is at 8 o'clock sharp. The performance concludes with a ball, a two-shilling double ticket ensuring admission.

A general meeting of the committee connected with the Beaufort Easter Carnival was held in the Shire Hall on Tuesday evening; Mr J. R. Wotherspoon (chairman) presiding, and about 30 members present. The chairman stated that the meeting was held to report progress and to have a final rally and give a final touch to all appointments and make sure that the positions will be filled. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. The chairman reviewed the arrangements made at some length. He showed that good entries had been received for the principal sports events; that out of 125 nominators for the bicycle races 119 had accepted, which reflected great credit on the handicappers, Messrs W. Gibson and D. F. Troy; that 14 woodcutters were competing for the championship woodcutters' contest, and the two events and final should be a great attraction; that owing to the liberal donations of beer, whisky, cordials and cigars, and the gratuitous help in running the publican's booth, the booth would cost the committee almost nothing, and the takings would be nearly all profit; that it was suggested by someone inclined to be funny that red herrings should be provided for the bar, and he would be happy to supply them; that they had been successful in securing the services of the best men as barmen, and that Messrs T. Thomas and Whitehead would manage the booth; that four or five good men had undertaken to take charge of the "soft" drink booth; that a cocoanut shy and shooting gallery would be provided as side shows; that as regards the dramatic entertainment everything was going on well, and that judging by rehearsals the production of "Aurora Floyd" by the Beaufort Dramatic Club would be superior to anything staged here before by them; that the reserved seats at 4s were going off well, and that the prices had been fixed at 3s and 2s, with a limited number of 1s tickets; that a bumper house was assured; that it had been decided there should be no "deadheads" admitted to the sports, but it was suggested that the bandsmen, gatekeepers, barmen, and officials should be provided with lunch, and he asked the committee to decide this matter. After a short discussion, it was agreed to leave it to the discretion of the chairman, who said in that case there would be very few lunches, but that he thought the barmen and gatekeepers should be provided with lunch, as their work prevented them from enjoying the sports. Dodgers had been printed, notifying that the procession would start at 10 a.m., and the sports at 12 noon. A programme of the sports would be printed and sold. The last event was timed for 6.30 p.m. It was left in Mr Pedder's hands to arrange with his fellow-gatekeepers about selling tickets to those taking part in the procession. Mr Jones reported that the procession promised to be a big success. He enumerated quite a large number of competitors for the prizes, and said that beside the Druids and the Band, who were turning out in large numbers, there was to be a Darktown Fire Brigade and a Coon Band. Mr Cochran was doing his utmost to get a piper. There was some talk also of a Darktown wedding party. Scotchmen will be delighted to hear that Mr Cochran has succeeded in engaging the services of a Melbourne piper. The chairman remarked that a great deal hinges on the weather. If they had a fine day the gathering would be a huge success. The treasurer (Mr E. W. Hughes) reported a credit balance of £18 6s 3d in the bank. With cash in hand the credit was announced by the secretary as £24 6s, and the chairman anticipated getting £30 in nomination and acceptance fees, and for £40 prize money he considered they could not have done better than that. It was decided that only the sports officials wearing badges would be admitted inside the ring. Owing to the absence of Captain D. F. Troy at the Easter encampment, Mr A. Parker was appointed to act with Mr W. Gibson in any matter necessary concerning the cycling. Mr J. Eastwood was also appointed to fill Captain Troy's position as a number steward. The names of a number of those present who had not attended previous meetings were added to the executive committee. It was left to Mr H. M. Stuart to procure a large flag for the procession. The chairman remarked that one thing about the sports was that it had been quite a pleasure to work them up, as everybody connected therewith had worked with a willingness to ensure success. All that they had to do now was to rally round the banner to achieve the object desired. A very enthusiastic meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chair.

Mining News.

A steam pipe having been blown out at the Consols No. 1 tribute party's claim at Poverty Point on Saturday, the men were not able to get below till Monday. A machine will be washed off to-day. The party have not only paid the £140 for the Sons of Freedom Extended lode, but also declared a dividend of £1 per share for the past fortnight. A machine was washed off on Thursday for a yield of 5oz. odd.

Sons of Freedom Central, Raglan.—North and north-east drives extended 30 and 32 feet respectively; wash of fair quality. Blocking in Nos. 1 and 2 west and No. 3 north-east rises, in fair average dirt. Yield for week, 124oz. 17dwt.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sons of Freedom Central, 124oz. 10dwt.; All Nations Consols tribute (No. 1 party), 66oz. 6dwt. 6gr.; Daughters of Freedom, 5oz. 18dwt.; Last Chance, 2oz. 11dwt.; John Bull Co., 4oz.; Brusher's, 3oz.; sundries, 15oz.

Political.

MR. D. S. OMAN, M.L.A., ON SEPARATE REPRESENTATION FOR PUBLIC SERVANTS.

In the Legislative Assembly last week the Premier moved that the recommendations of the Free Conference be agreed with, an amendment to which was moved by Mr Smith to expunge the clauses relating to special representation of the public service.

Mr. Oman said that, although he did not like separate representation for the public servants, and although he voted against it when before the House on a previous occasion, he felt that he and other members on the opposition side of the House were in honour bound to stand by those managers who were sent from the opposition side of the House to carefully guard the interests of the liberal electors. He felt that in the honorable member for Richmond (Mr. Trenwith) the liberal electors had a really good champion. That honorable member had always fought their battles manfully, and had never been afraid to fearlessly express his own opinion. Although he knew it would be more popular to vote for this amendment than against it, he intended to loyally stand by the managers from the opposition side of the House, who had secured as much as they possibly could under very adverse circumstances. Last Wednesday, at Beaufort, speaking before he knew what any one would say, he expressed the opinion that the managers for the Assembly had obtained not all the people had a right to expect, but, under the circumstances, as much as they could get. Having voted for the third reading of the Reform Bill, containing separate representation, he felt that he was not doing any more injustice to the public servants by voting for the compromise that the Conference agreed upon. He intended to-night to vote for that compromise. He felt satisfied that the double dissolution would be a great advantage. They knew that another Chamber in the past had not had to face the electors, and he believed this provision would have a very wholesome effect in the future in preventing any determined opposition to any measure that the people might demand. He felt confident that the managers from this side of the Chamber who had accepted the compromise had acted wisely, and he thought it was only fair to say that some of the managers from the Government side of the House, and particularly the Treasurer, fought very hard for the liberal classes of this country at the Conference. Although he thought we should have single electorates, that every freeholder should have a vote, and that we should have a reduction to at least £25 in the qualification of members, still at the present moment he could not see his way clear to oppose the compromise which would certainly enable them to secure further reforms in the future. With that object in view he intended to vote against the amendment.

The amendment was lost.

The Rev. Chas. Tregear (of Wesley Church, Melbourne,) gave delightful entertainments on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings, at Raglan, Waterloo, and Beaufort respectively, to fairly large and highly appreciative audiences. The reverend gentleman possesses a cultivated voice and is an elocutionist of good ability, and, both in singing and reciting, afforded the audiences a great deal of pleasure. He sang, with marked success, "Anchored," "Star of Bethlehem," and "The Sea is England's Glory." His recitals were—"The Lifeboat," "Billy's Rose," "A Story of Brave Women," and "Balaclava." Every item was beautifully illustrated by means of a magic lantern. Very nice views of mountains, snow scenes, humorous sets, flower studies, and studies from life were also depicted. A very interesting and instructive lecturette on "The Forth Bridge: The World's Marvel," concluded a really excellent entertainment. At the request of the Rev. W. J. Bottoms, the audience showed their appreciation by applauding the talented entertainer, and dispersed after singing "The National Anthem."

Presentation to Cr. Stewart.

A RECOGNITION OF PUBLIC WORTH.

Cr. Stewart, of the west riding of the Shire of Ripon, who has been residing in Skipton during the last three or four years, but has lately had erected on his estate at Wongan a commodious residence, has just removed there. As during his residence here he has been a very active man, taking a leading part in nearly all local affairs, it was decided to give him a social and make him a presentation. This took place in the Mechanics' Institute last Friday night. There was a very large gathering, including several leading representatives from a distance.

Mr J. Gardiner, of Bangeal, presided. He stated that it was first intended to hold a banquet, but as Mr Stewart was a sociable man it would be better to have a social so that all his friends might have an opportunity of being present and of showing their appreciation of his worth. The chairman spoke of Mr Stewart as an honorable, straightforward man, who worked for the good of the people, not their favor.

The following musical items were then very successfully rendered, the accompanists being Misses McQueen and Wilkie:—Duet, Misses Earles and McQueen; solo, "To be loved by you," Miss Earles; solo, "Ever or Never," Mr C. Cairns (encored); solo, "As your hair grows white," Mr H. Jarvis (encored); solo, "Why can't it always be Saturday?" Mr H. Trainor (encored); recitation, "Bingen on the Rhine," Mr S. McBurney; solo, "O steer my Bark," Mr H. Kennedy (encored); duet, "Too late," Misses Slater and A. Earles; solo, "Oh, what an alteration," Mr A. Wilkie (encored).

Cr. Kennedy, of Grenvilleshire, who made the presentation, in the course of a most enthusiastic speech, said that it was the duty of young men of ability to come forward and work for the good of the country. It was also the duty of the people to sympathise with and support their representatives. Skipton was well to the front in this latter respect. He spoke very highly of Mr. Stewart as a councillor and also as a private citizen.

The Rev. T. McQueen also spoke very highly of Mr Stewart, and remarked that, as shown in the address, he was a man of many parts, and so brought into close contact with most of the people in the district, especially the young people, for whom he (Cr. Stewart) was an object lesson.

Mr A. McIntyre, of Borriyalloak, spoke in praise of the guest's courage and honesty.

Mr M. Notman, on behalf of the residents, presented Mrs Stewart with a large and prettily framed photo of Mr Stewart, and in a very appropriate speech alluded to her many good qualities, and how she had endeared herself to the people of the town.

Mr Angus and Mr Cairns each spoke of Mr and Mrs Stewart as useful and popular citizens.

Mr Stewart, amidst loud and prolonged applause, replied on behalf of his wife and himself. He seemed quite overcome, and spoke with much feeling. It was, he said, Mrs Stewart's first wish to be of use to those among whom she had come to live, and she thanked them for their kind appreciation of the little she had done. For himself, if he had been the means of benefiting the people and district, he was very pleased, but had only done his duty. It had been the wish of his father, who was one of the very first residents of the district, that he (Cr. Stewart) should enter public life, and strive to make himself useful to those among whom he had spent the whole of his life. He heartily thanked them for their handsome presents, which they would ever prize.

Refreshments were then handed round, and enjoyed by all present.

Mr E. C. Eries moved, and Mr W. Rowe seconded, a hearty vote of thanks to the ladies and the performers.

The singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and Auld Lang Syne brought to a close one of the most enjoyable socials held here for a long time.

The present consisted of a large picture, the centre of which was beautifully illuminated, and contained the following address:—

"Skipton, 3rd April, 1903. To Donald Stewart, Esq. Dear Sir,—In view of your removal from our midst, we, the residents of Skipton, hereby convey to you our appreciation of your efforts on our behalf while residing in the town. You have taken an active interest in all that concerns the welfare of the whole district, and have shown yourself ready to generously support and advocate every good object. We wish especially to emphasise our indebtedness to your efforts in the direction of the material improvement and beautifying of Skipton and its surroundings. We feel that in this we have what will prove a great boon to us in coming years, and also a pleasing memorial of your energy and interest. Wishing you and your wife a happy and prosperous life, we are, yours, etc."

This address was surrounded by photos. of the leading members of societies and clubs in the town. On the top were the photos. of Messrs McQueen, Funston and Austin, representatives of the church. On the top left corner a view of Skipton in 1864, top right corner, view of Skipton in 1902, bottom, a fine view of Stewart Park, and the photos. of the following representative men:—Football club, A. Wilkie, W. Stoddart, and W. Rowe; turf club, M. Shannon, R. Elder, and A. Slater; Mechanics' Institute, T. Cleveland, C. Cairns, and A. Angus; sheep dog committee, Messrs Waugh, Notman and Gardiner; football club, J. Madden, D. Madden, and A. McIntyre; sparrow club, E. Jones, D. McDonald, and A. Wilkie; cricket club, Messrs McIntyre, Austin, and S. McBurney; magistracy, Messrs E. Austin, E. C. Eries, and R. Kennedy, J.'s.P.—"Star," Tuesday.

NO OPIUM IN CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.—Many cough cures contain opium; the effect of this drug is to diminish secretion of the mucus, and the relief afforded is only temporary. As soon as the effect of the opium passes off, the malady returns in a more severe form. The system is also weakened and rendered more susceptible to cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy does not contain opium in any form. It affords relief and leaves the system in a healthy condition. It always cures and cures quickly. JOHN F. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

A meeting was held in the Mechanics' Hall, Snake Valley, to re-organise the Carngham brass band. Mr Chas. Hyland presided. Mr Harry Walker was appointed bandmaster.

Ancient Order of Druids.

THE BRETHREN are requested to be at Lodge Room, Easter Monday morning, at 10 o'clock sharp, to take part in procession.

(By order of the Arch Druid),
J. JAENSCH, Secy.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO'S.

Great Autumn and Winter Show

IS NOW ON.

OUR NEW SEASON'S GOODS COMPRISE EVERYTHING THAT IS DAINTY AND FASHIONABLE.

Everybody should see our Dress Department and our Mantle and Millinery Show Room.

Our reputation for High-class Goods is fully maintained in our Winter Show.

New Goods arriving weekly. Our Stock is always fresh.
Our traveller waits on our country customers with samples.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS. HIGH-CLASS DRAPERS, &c., &c.,

BEAUFORT and BUANGOR.

Melbourne Hospital.

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly permit me through the medium of your columns to bring before the residents of Beaufort a general appeal that is being made on behalf of the Melbourne Hospital. This institution receives patients from all parts of the State, and the committee venture to hope that its present pressing need of assistance will meet with practical sympathy in every quarter and among all classes of the community. Although every possible economy is exercised in the working of the institution, the demands made upon its resources are so great that the annual expenditure exceeds the income by several thousand pounds—a state of things that has been brought about largely by the gradual reduction of the Government grant from £15,000 to £9,800; and the committee have regretfully come to the conclusion that if additional funds are not forthcoming they will have no other alternative than that of closing some of the large wards and thus depriving hundreds of suffering men and women of the skilful treatment and nursing which mean life to them. The committee feel, however, that to reduce the benefits of the principal general hospital of the State in such a time of stress and suffering as the present would be an act of inhumanity which would reflect upon the whole community, and they have determined, before resorting to such measures, to make a vigorous appeal to the sympathies of those who are blessed with health and strength and means to aid their less fortunate fellow-creatures. In this connection, I venture to appeal to the people of Beaufort to organise some public entertainment in aid of the hospital, similar to that which was recently promoted by Messrs Rowan and Hayes at Leongatha, and by which a sum of £101 14s 3d was raised for the institution. Trusting that this pressing appeal on behalf of a most deserving cause may meet with a generous response from your readers, and thanking you in anticipation for your courtesy in bringing it before them,—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

THOS. R. ANDREWS, Secretary.

E. R.

Application for a Gold Mining Lease.

IT is intended to grant the lease undermentioned, subject to such exclusions, modifications, and reservations as may be necessary.

ARARAT DISTRICT, RAGLAN DIVISION.

No. 1897; J. Carmichael; "Extended Daughters of Freedom G.M. Coy."; 23a. 2r. 8p.; parish of Beaufort.

W. E. ANDERSON,
Secretary for Mines.

Office of Mines,
Melbourne, 2/4/03.

MINING AND FACTORY ENGINE DRIVERS.

EXAMINATIONS will be held in the country districts (Gippsland excepted) during the months of May and June next. Applications should be lodged on or before the 18th April, at the Office of Mines, Melbourne, where forms of application, &c., may be obtained, or from the Inspectors of Mines and Factories.

R. U. BERGELIN,
Secy. to the Board of Examiners.

WANTED, two competent GENERAL SERVANTS (wages 10s. each), for neighbours in the country. Apply, Mrs. EADIE, "Erskine House," Beaufort.

T. B. SANDS,
Cash Grocer,

Begs to inform the public of Beaufort and district that he has removed his business to the Corner of NEILL and LAWRENCE STREETS, BEAUFORT, and by keeping only Best Quality Goods, at Lowest Rates, hopes to secure a fair share of public patronage. Orders called for.

Beaufort Easter Carnival.

Red Letter Day.

200 Entries Received.

A GREAT DAY'S SPORT.

Champion Woodcutters' Contest.

14 Competitors.

MONSTER PROCESSION.

IN THE EVENING THE SPLENDID

Drama,

"AURORA FLOYD."

Everybody Come.

R.A.N.C.O.C.K.'S

GOLDEN AGE HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

C. M. MURISON, Proprietor.

The Appointed House of the United Commercial Travellers' Association, Victoria.
SPLENDID ACCOMMODATION for visitors and commercial gentlemen.
Two first-class BILLIARD TABLES, and three SAMPLE ROOMS.
In close vicinity to the Railway Station.
Hot and Cold Baths.
Liquors of the Best Brands only.
Horses and Traps on Hire.

In thanking customers for patronage already granted, the Proprietor begs to announce that it will be his utmost endeavour to give satisfaction, by studying the wants of his customers.

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.

WM. C. PEDDER,
Wheelwright and Blacksmith,

Begs to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 15 years, and to intimate that he is still carrying on business at the same old address,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

with a staff of skilled mechanics and up-to-date machinery, and is prepared to execute any orders entrusted to him with promptness and despatch. Prices as low as possible, consistent with good workmanship. Horses at moderate carefully shod.

£2500 IN PRIZES £2500

A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. THE

DRUIDS' 34th ANNUAL GALA.

EASTER WEEK.

EASTER WEEK.

Last Days for Sale of Tickets!
Last Days for Sale of Tickets!
Last Days for Sale of Tickets!

EXHIBITION BUILDING, MELB.

£1,000 for 1/- Golden £1,000 for 1/-
£1,000 for 1/- Druid £1,000 for 1/-
£1,000 for 1/- valued at £1,000 for 1/-

Won last year by Mr. William Sweetland, Fitzroy.
125 Golden Prizes in Raffle, value £1,500.
Braidis' Great Wheel Race, £200.
International Band Contest, £197.
FIRST AND SECOND GRAND BALLS.
THE DRUIDS ALWAYS LEAD.

And are this year offering to the Public a Grand and Attractive Three Days' Amusement, unrivalled in the Southern Hemisphere. The monster Art Union will be drawn at St. Patrick's Hall, Bourke Street, Melbourne, positively on Monday, 27th April, 1903, at 9 p.m., in the presence of Press Representatives and Ticket Holders, and the Winning Numbers advertised in the *Argus*, *Age*, and *Herald*, April 28th; Sydney and Adelaide papers, April 30th; Tasmanian, West Australian, and New Zealand papers, as soon as mail arrangements will permit. Printed Result Slips obtainable from all Agents same dates, or sent by post to any address on application. Tickets, 1s. each, have full chance in Raffle whether used or not. May be had with list of Prizes, from your local Agents, or direct from the Secretary, 1/- each, 11 for 10/-, or 23 for 20/- by forwarding address and enclosing Postal Notes, P.O. Order, or Stamps, to

J. J. BRENAN, Hon. Secretary,
Grattan and Drummond Streets, Carlton.

Proceeds to Hospitals and Public Charities.

Local Agent—Mr. J. B. COCHRAN.

JOSEPH GEORGE (late of Warracknabeal), begs to notify that he intends starting a GENERAL BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS in the BEAUFORT BUTTER FACTORY BUILDING, opposite the Golden Age Hotel, on or about the 14th inst., and hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a fair share of public patronage. All Farm Work and Horse Shoeing a specialty.

J. FREEMAN, Sawmiller, wishes to notify to the public that he has started a TIMBER YARD in BEAUFORT, and is prepared to supply all sizes of Hardwood at lowest possible prices for Cash. Buy direct from the sawmiller, and save middlemen's profits.

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.

£1,000 for 1/- £1,000.
(Net Value). (Net Value.)
Melbourne 8 Hours' Art Union
As popular as ever. The great event of the year. 47th Anniversary, Eight Hours' Day.
Grand Fete, Bazaar & Art Union
In aid of the Charities (Town and Country).
Exhibition Buildings, Melbourne,
SATURDAY, 25th, and MONDAY, 27th APRIL (8 Hours' Day).
The EIGHT HOURS' ART UNION.

140 Prizes, value, £1,600. First Prize—£1,000.
This great Prize was won last year by Mr. Chas. Taylor, 279 Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy, Victoria.
Second Prize, £150, and 138 other Prizes, ranging in value from £60.
This great Art Union will be drawn in the presence of Ticketholders and the Press, at 8 p.m., on Wednesday, 6th May, 1903. Winning numbers will be published in the three Melbourne dailies on the 7th May.
Every Ticket Sold, and no other, has a Chance in this Art Union.
Tickets (1s. each) can be obtained, with full list of prizes, from your local agents, or direct from the Secretary, 1s. each, 11 for 10s., or 23 for £1, by forwarding address, and enclosing Postal Notes, P.O. Order, or Stamps (with stamp to reply), to

CHARLES HARRIS,
Secretary Eight Hours' Committee,
Trades' Hall, Carlton, Victoria.

Local Agent—J. B. COCHRAN, Stationer.
Buy your Ticket at once from your Local Agents.

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.

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.

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 will 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.

HOW TO KEEP THE FEET WARM.

Important and Interesting Information for Cold Weather.

A life insurance company, whose advice under the circumstances may be taken as sincere, tells its clients that the golden rule in cold weather is to keep the extremities warm. The first and most important rule for the carrying out of this idea is never to be tightly shod. Boots or shoes that fit closely prevent the free circulation of the blood by pressure; but when, on the contrary, they do not embrace the foot too firmly the space left between the shoe and the stocking has a good supply of warm air. The second rule is never to sit in damp shoes. It is often supposed that unless shoes are positively wet it is unnecessary to change them while the feet are at rest. This is a great fallacy, for when the least dampness is absorbed into the sole in its evaporation it absorbs the heat from the foot, and thus perspiration is dangerously checked. This can be easily proved by trying the experiment of neglecting the rule. The feet will be found cold and damp after a few minutes, although on taking off the shoe and examining it it will appear to be quite dry.

How to Cure Barber's Itch.

Rub the diseased parts with saliva from your own mouth. Then apply thickly the warm ashes from a fine Havana cigar. Let this on. This application must be made three times a day, and the barber's itch will disappear entirely within a week.

How to Build a Corduroy Road.

First lay small poles or brush transversely and across the road; next lay long trees—the smallest end at least ten inches in diameter—lengthwise of the road on the brush in two rows eight feet apart, lapping the ends three feet and breaking joints and placing under the ends large logs extending across the road and projecting two feet beyond the stringers. Cover these stringers with transverse logs ten inches in diameter at the smallest end, fitted close together and alternating the large and small ends, except on curves, where the large ends should be on the outside. Edge off the center ridges to a face of five inches and fill in with gravel.

How to Clean Hairbrushes.

Wash the brush in cold water in which some washing soda has been dissolved. Then shake well and stand it on the handle in a shady place. Never put it near a stove or in the sun, and under no circumstances should soap or hot water be used.

How to Burn Lime.

Place a layer of wood six or eight inches thick on the ground, leaving arches four feet apart formed by laying two pieces of timber a foot apart and then laying a flat piece on top. On this foundation put a layer of coal six inches thick, then a layer of limestone ten inches thick, then another layer of coal alternately until all is on; cover with dirt and keep covered except a hole at the top for ventilation. Use one bushel of coal to two of limestone. After the fire is well started close the arches with clay.

How to Purify Cider Barrels.

Put into them from four to eight quarts of powdered charcoal, according to size, with a large cupful of saleratus. Fill with boiling water, cover and let it remain until cold; then rinse with cold water.

How to Cure Headache and Catarrh.

Take a small phial and put in it some bits of copper wire, a small piece of zinc and one or two pieces of sponge. Then get your druggist to put in the phial a few drops of oil of mustard. Keep this in a dark place. For cold or catarrh remove the cork, keeping the phial closed with the finger, and smell of it (the cork) at a good safe distance. For headache touch the forehead and temples lightly with the cork, and when it ceases smarting the pain will have disappeared.

How to Recognize a Tornado.

Clouds hurrying together in the southwest and west, from which proceed a low, dull roar of wind, oppressive stillness of the air and a sultry heat, are sure signs of a tornado.

How to Carry a Fountain Pen.

A lady having no substitute for the breast pocket in a coat cannot easily carry a fountain pen, which must always be placed point up, unless a little cylindrical pocket nearly as long as the pen be made. It can be knitted or crocheted or fashioned out of black or dark velvet, and must be furnished with a small loop with which to fasten it to the buttonhole.

How to Keep Pastry.

Pastry can be kept a number of days in cold weather by laying a damp cloth over it. Puff paste must be rubbed all over with butter and covered closely.

How to Mend a Rent in a Woolen Garment.

Darn it neatly, using either raveling of the goods or thread to match, but never silk. If a large, bad tear, darn over a piece of the goods laid under the place, to hold all firm. Lastly, trim off all roughness on the right side, dampen and press on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron.

How to Drink Milk.

Most people drink it too quickly, which always curdles it in the stomach. If it is sipped, taking at least three minutes to a glass, it will not curdle.

How to Select Hinges.

Take up the closed hinge and open it from you, holding it in both hands; for right handed ones hold fast with the right hand and let go with the left; if the hinge remains intact it is right handed, but if it falls apart it is left handed.

How to Take Care of a Rolling Pin.

Do not wash it, but scrape off all substances that adhere, and then rub it with a dry towel.

How to Remove Tin from Copper.

Immerse the solution of bin[illegible]tol.

CATARRH IS ALWAYS THE RESULT of a neglected cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will not cure catarrh, but will cure the cold and so prevent that disgraceful malady. This remedy not only relieves the local irritation of the throat and lungs, but removes the causes of the diseased condition. It leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. It always cures and cures quickly. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

EARLY POTATOES.

Best For Seed Potatoes That Are Known to Mature Early.

In selecting seed potatoes for an early crop we do not trust enough to the potatoes that naturally mature early, says a writer in The American Cultivator. He says good preparation of the soil and good after cultivation are not sufficient to produce an early crop. The Early Rose received its name because of its quickness of growing, and a crop should be realized in from 55 to 65 days. This potato still stands well for an early crop, although it does not have the widespread popularity it once had.

The authority quoted says: "For a potato that can be planted in the soil very early in the season, and that will ripen early and yield a good crop, there is none that surpass the Early Ohio. This potato has an abundance of good qualities, and its earliness of maturity is not the least. The potatoes are large and uniform, and a hill pulled up from 45 to 55 days after planting will present a pleasing sight. In selecting these seed, however, it is quite essential that there should be no feeble eyes. When potatoes are planted for an early crop, the soil is generally cold and damp, and the tendency is for the seed to rot before it sprouts. This will generally be the case unless each piece has strong eyes that are vigorous and full of life.

"Do not plant too early, especially when the soil is thick and heavy. No seed can grow much in cold, wet, clammy soil. The seed potato put in such soil will simply remain dormant for a number of days and have the vitality impaired by the uncongenial surroundings. They do not get a good start, and the potatoes are more apt to be small and half developed. There is no set time for planting early crops, for too much depends upon the soil and the season.

"When the potatoes are planted early, they need plenty of barnyard manure in the soil, manure that is well rotted. This is heating to the soil, and it is much better early in the season than any artificial fertilizer."

A Promising New Cabbage.

The Succession cabbage depicted in the cut is regarded as one of the most valuable varieties introduced since the Early Summer made its appearance.

SUCCESSION CABBAGE.

The Succession is about one week later than the Early Summer, but is nearly double its size and true to its type under all conditions. It is regarded as a safe variety for the amateur to plant, as it does well at all seasons. Whether planted for medium early, main crop or late use, one is sure of getting a crop.

Spring Care of Bees.

The bees should be looked after the first warm days that come. Open the hives and see that they have food enough to last until they can gather honey. Bees that have gone so far through the winter are worth some trouble and some expense to carry them through. The American Cultivator says that liquid honey with sugar enough stirred into it to make a stiff candy makes good bee food, but pure sugar and water is better than nothing. While the hives are open look for signs of the bee moth and see if any colonies are so reduced that it would be well to destroy one of the queens and double them up. When they are heard humming inside the hive or when they are seen bringing out dead bees, they should be looked after.

Have the new hives with top boxes and frames all ready before other spring work takes up the time. Whether they are allowed to swarm naturally or are divided artificially, it is well to be ready for them in good season. If there are any old hives that are good, have them well cleaned. If there is empty comb on hand, see that it is in good condition, and if there is not enough get sheets of foundation enough to fill the frames in the new hives and to replace that in the boxes on the old hives.

Onions From Seed.

Onions grown to commercial size in the usual way, if set out the next spring, soon enlarge to size fit for table. The difference between the two is chiefly caused by different cultivation. In the one case the onion, under favorable conditions, matures from the seed, the first season; in the dwarfed condition it requires a second season for full maturity.

Experiment Station Cleanings.

Bulletins issued from the agricultural experiment station at Raleigh will be sent to any address in that state on written application to the director, H. B. Battle.

W. H. Caldwell, assistant agriculturist of the Pennsylvania station, has been selected by the American Guernsey Cattle club to take charge of the Guernsey cows entered for the test of dairy breeds at the World's Columbian exposition.

A number of the leading tobacco growers of the Connecticut river valley have organized as the Valley Tobacco Experiment association. Their object is to experiment in fertilizers and methods of growing tobacco in connection with the government experiment station at the state agricultural college.

At the North Dakota station E. S. Keene has been appointed agricultural engineer with a view to having investigations of farm machinery conducted at the station. The first work will be on a stubble burner for removing all straw from the soil after harvesting, thus doing away with the necessity of annual plowing for wheat.

From the Arkansas station comes the report of successful experiments with wheat, oats, grasses and clover at Newport and Pine Bluff, localities in which cotton is now the chief crop.

Of you dry to do pessnis mitowt advertising, you will find yourself already like a boy drying to shlide a hill down mitowt shnow. Besides dere ish dese differences: ven 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.

Cricket.

BEAUFORT v. MIDDLE CREEK.

The above clubs met at Middle Creek on Saturday last, the game resulting in a draw. Middle Creek batted first, and made a total of 94, M. O'Brien (56), and A. McDonald (14), batting well. M. Tyrrell took 5 wickets for 13 run, V. Hardy 3 for 12, and S. Young 1 for 32. Beaufort lost 3 wickets for 77 runs when time was called, E. Lilley (43), and E. Trompf (14), were the chief scorers. Appended are the scores:—

MIDDLE CREEK.

W. Trompf, b Young	8
M. O'Brien, c Fraser, b Tyrrell	56
A. McDonald, b Tyrrell	14
J. McDonald, l.b.w., b Tyrrell	1
H. Richards, c L. Lilley, b Tyrrell	2
F. Baker, b Hardy	0
G. Mill, run out	0
E. Triplet, b Hardy	1
R. Triplet, b Hardy	5
H. Dunn, junr., c Young, b Tyrrell	1
H. Dunn, not out	0
Sundries	6
Total	94

Bowling.—S. Young, 48 balls, 32 runs, 1 wkt.; N. Davey, 66 balls, 31 runs; M. Tyrrell, 43 balls, 2 mdns., 13 runs, 5 wkts.; V. Hardy, 30 balls, 1 mdn., 12 runs, 3 wkts.

BEAUFORT.

S. Young, b A. McDonald	0
E. Lilley, not out	43
Fraser, c A. McDonald, b W. Trompf	1
E. Trompf, b W. Trompf	14
Sundries	14
Total	77

Bowling.—A. McDonald, 42 balls, 28 runs, 1 wkt.; W. Trompf, 43 balls, 30 runs, 2 wkts.; F. Baker, 6 balls, 5 runs.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases.

Applicants for leases within the district covered by *The Ripon shire Advocate* are invited to peruse the following facts:—

The New Mining Regulations require that when a lease is marked out the applicant "shall insert in a newspaper PUBLISHED IN THE DISTRICT WHERE THE LAND IS SITUATED, or if no such newspaper, then in the one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked A in the schedule prescribed."

Ten days are allowed, after marking out the lease, in which to lodge the application with the Warden or his clerk, and forward a duplicate to the Minister of Mines.

The word "district" in the regulations has been defined by the Crown Solicitor to be read as locality, and not as mining district, and the lease should therefore be advertised in the paper nearest the land for which application is to be made. As TEN days (not seven as formerly) are given in which to complete the application, no valid excuse can now be urged for failure to advertise the lease in the district paper, though it has only a weekly, and not a daily issue.

This is borne out by the following memo. from the Mines Department received by Mr H. A. Adams, *Grenville Standard*, Linton.—"Sir,—Referring to your communication, I have the honor to inform you that the Warden's clerk at Smythesdale has been instructed to advise intending applicants for mining leases, where opportunity offers [i.e., for tendering such advice], that the regulation relating to advertising their applications should be STRICTLY ADHERED TO.—I have the honor to be, etc., P. Cohen, for Sec. of Mines and Water Supply."

"Two Per Cent. off My Life."

It was in a court of justice adjoining the hideously gloomy prison of Newgate, a point at which the misery and crime of London have for centuries been focussed. A young man, scarce past boyhood, stood before the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, charged with embezzlement. He was a bright, intelligent youth, somewhat better educated than the average English clerk, but not clever enough to make one sovereign do the work of five, so he had embezzled his employer's money in order to live according to his taste. The employer objected, hence the scene of which we have a vivid recollection. After reading him a fatherly lecture, the eminent judge sentenced the delinquent to two years' imprisonment. "Two years!" exclaimed the convict, as he was led away. Two per cent. off my life, if I live for a hundred years!"

Yes, two years makes a distinct notch in the life even of a centenarian; and then, you see, very few of us can reasonably hope to become centenarians, which makes the matter worse. Notwithstanding the benefits conferred upon humanity by our marvellously improved sanitary arrangements, modern habits and customs don't on the whole tend towards increased length of life. It is, therefore, imperative that everyone should as vigilantly watch that he loses no time by transgressing the laws of health as it is that he should avoid transgressing the laws of the land; for the first of these transgressions is responsible for a vastly larger amount of lost time than can be ascribed to the second.

"After suffering from indigestion for over two years I was completely cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup in five weeks." Thus writes Miss Helena Easton, of 50, Pacific Street, Newcastle, N.S.W., on October 21, 1902. Miss Easton is a young lady of about twenty-six summers, just at that golden period of life which cannot be appreciated by two years, or even two months, without inspiring infinite regret. Miss Easton continues: "In the summer of 1898, when residing in Auburn Street, Goulburn (of which city I am a native), I first became conscious that my health was giving way. My appetite left me, and I felt languid, weak, and nervous. The little food I ate caused dreadful pains in the chest and stomach, to say nothing of many other distressing symptoms. A doctor whom I consulted informed me that my complaint was acute indigestion; but his treatment did me no good whatever. The efforts of a second doctor being equally futile, I took a great variety of patent medicines, which in turn were recommended to me by various friends. But I did not find that any of them did me the least good. And so for two years I grew paler, thinner, and weaker. I never went out, but moped about the house all day, dull and listless, the slightest effort being painful to me. Noise, or excitement of any kind, would cause my heart to palpitate violently, after which it would almost cease to beat.

"While I was in this miserable condition a lady friend, Mrs W. Cook, came from Sydney to spend with us the Christmas holidays of 1902. This lady persuaded me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, at the same time asserting that she knew several persons who had derived great benefit from it, and that she was sure it was the only thing that would do me good. I accepted her advice, and acting upon it found that in a surprisingly short space of time—before indeed I had finished the second bottle—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had wrought a change in my condition and appearance which nothing else had been able to effect. I could eat, sank sleep; the heart trouble disappeared; and I recovered all my old-time capacity for work and the pleasure of life. At this distance of time, I entertain no doubt whatever that my cure is absolutely permanent."

Skipton Sparrow Club.

The Austin trophy was competed for on Saturday, and "Skipton" at last got a leg-in, though only after a tie with Mr M. Shannon, who shot better than he had ever done previously. The light was so bad owing to the storm that it is safe to say had the birds not been affected by the rain the number of kills would have been far less. As it was the score of 8 birds each put up by the above shooters was creditable. Shannon missed his first bird in shooting off the tie, and "Skipton" killed, and won. Only a few members competed, but there is no doubt the weather conditions affected the attendance. The Skipton Sparrow Club has been doing real good work apart from its shooting records, in putting down the sparrow nuisance. Upwards of 2,500 birds have been destroyed, and the least reflection will show that the systematic destruction of the wholesale grain-robbers must be of great benefit to the farming community, and all who have stacks or are concerned in agricultural operations. Although the sparrows are much too numerous even now, there has been an appreciable diminution of the pest since the club started. The members feel that they have a claim for what they have done, especially as they pursue their hobby at no small individual expense. The club has been very fortunate hitherto in the matter of trophies, and it may be mentioned that each trophy competed for has been the spontaneous voluntary gift of the various donors. The handsome trophy presented by Mr E. G. Austin, however, is the only trophy remaining for competition. It has been suggested that a very welcome and fitting incentive to the club's good work would be the initiation of a substantial "Farmer's trophy," subscribed to by the whole farming community and those similarly interested. The club secretary, Mr A. E. Jones, will be glad to hear from anyone willing to join in with their contribution, however small.—*Grenville Standard*, of 4th inst.

Carngham Turf Club.

The following are the handicaps for the races to be held on Easter Monday:—

TRIAL STAKES.

Miss Maybrick	8	12	Omega	8	9
Venus	8	12	Battleaxe	8	9
Iritum II.	8	9	No Trouble	8	9
M.T.	8	9	Ideal	8	9
Tarangie	8	9	Havetong	8	7

HURDLE RACE.

Swivel	11	6	Vulcan	9	6
Monopolist	10	3	Farewell	9	0
Philena	9	8			

PONY RACE.

Mandana	12	0	Lucy Grey	7	3
Miss Enoch	10	5	Flying Fish	7	3
The Dream	9	0	Queenie	7	3
Butterfly	8	5	Venessa	7	0
Deceiver	8	1	Lady Bay	6	7

HORSE TROT.

Kitty, 170yds. behind scratch.
Billy, 150yds behind.
Greygown, 125yds. behind.
Unknown, 85yds. behind.
Jubilee, 50yds. behind.
Beauty, 20yds. behind.
Mabel, Lucinda, and Too Soon, scratch.
Blarney Stone, 10yds. in front.
Lady Parker and Coffey, 20yds. in front.
Belle, 40yds. in front.

PONY TROT.

Jubilee, 225yds. behind scratch.
Beauty, 175yds. behind.
Jimmy, 100yds. behind.
Dolly, 80yds. behind.
Belle, 50 yds. behind.
Little King, 25yds. behind.
Tommy Dodd, 10yds. behind.
Prince Jimmy, Dickey, M.M., scratch.
Linda, Dumps, Tottie, 10yds. in front.
Tod, 70yds. in front.

CUP.

Vindico	9	8	Pearl	7	11
Miss Fisher	8	10	Valerie	7	9
Maddie	8	4	Panama	7	8
Tarangie	8	0	Mandana	7	7
Betsy Bedlam	8	0	Philena	7	4
Duffot	8	0	Salem Scudder	7	0
Leni	7	13	M.T.	6	12

WELTER.

Miss Fisher	10	6	Panama	9	4
Maddie	10	0	Mandana	9	2
Swivel	9	13	No Trouble	9	0
Betsy Bedlam	9	12	Salem Scudder	8	9
Leni	9	10	Farewell	8	6
Pearl	9	8	Miss Maybrick	8	3
Valeria	9	6	Iritum II.	8	0

FLYING.

Vindico	9	7	Mandana	7	6
Maddie	8	4	No Trouble	7	5
Tarangie	8	1	Bloomer	7	5
Betsy Bedlam	8	1	Salem Scudder	7	1
Fairlight	8	1	Miss Maybrick	6	10
Leni	8	0	Battleaxe	6	10
Pearl	7	12	Venus	6	10
Valerie	7	10	Miss Enoch	6	8
Panama	7	8			

Snake Valley News.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

A meeting of the stewards of the Carngham Turf Club was held in the Mechanics' Hall, Snake Valley, on Thursday, 2nd April; Mr P. J. O'Sullivan in the chair. The tender of Mr J. Williams, at £19 5s, was accepted for the publicans' booth. The entries for the races on Easter Monday totalled 92 for the eight events, which are very satisfactory.

A meeting was held in the Mechanics' Hall, Snake Valley, on Thursday, 2nd inst., for the purpose of forming a brass band. Mr C. Hyland occupied the chair. There was a fair attendance of intending members present. Mr Anderson reported to the meeting that there were seven instruments and two drums which the previous band had used, and which would be handed over for the benefit of the members of the band. The members' subscription was fixed at 2s 6d, and the meeting was adjourned till the 8th inst.

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 "tickling" cough, 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 round each box.—Prepared only by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. European Depot, 36, Farringdon Road, London, England.

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 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 very 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, Farringdon Road, London, England.

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.

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.

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 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 causing with the Blossom 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, 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 bangles 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, albert 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, Bautnes, Birhards, 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 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

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CHARGED.
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New designs in scarf
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ns, gold-mounted hair
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escription. Ladies' gold
ds. Gents' gold watches
uts' silver watches by all
including Walthams,
rds, Rotherhams, Settle
45s upwards. Payne's
ocks, eight-day striking
akers; 200 different kinds
Don't you buy a clock
ing Payne's stock. All
t in stock from 1s pair.
s from 30s to 45s pair.
tacles made to measure.
and field glasses, finest
utter dishes, cruets, hot
biscuit barrels, hot water
in new designs.
poon, in beautiful case,
Children's silver-plated
, 8s 6d, 10s 6d each; salt
2s 6d each; ladies' silver
12s 6d; silver-mounted
each; gents', solid silver
b; gents', cigarette cases,
ver-mounted, 15s each;
pocket book and purse
s 6d; silver tooth picks,
15s; gold spectacles, 35s
rings, 2s to 7s 6d; solid
case, 21s pair; tobacco
ed, 5s 6d and 6s 6d; gold
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at 15s. These are really
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A splendid assortment of
ll the newest designs, at
poons, 10s doz.; dessert
hese are the best quality
ly kind stocked; sterling
d pair; best quality rolled
; Oak trays, silver-plated
Oak liquor stands, three
mounts, 35s each; repeater
alarming at intervals for
ltering an indicator your
20 minutes continuously,
alarm clocks 3s 6d to 5s
s, 22s 6d to 47s 6d each.
NE, JEWELLER,
, Sturt street, Ballarat.
ECT THAT COLD.
rakof
ous Medicine yet known
ughs, Colds, Asthma,
True to its name.
2s., from
HT, BEAUFORT;
ER, SKIPTON.
N & CO.,
HEMISTS,
edral, Swanston-st.
, and St. Kilda.
s for JOB PRINTING to
your district, because it
of reports and notifica-
t receives no payment
lways spending its time
enefit and improve the
place through which it
es you value in return
order.
ished by the Proprietor,
, at the office of The
cate newspaper, Lawrence
Victoria.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1325 — {Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.} — BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1903 — PRICE THREEPENCE

PUBLIC LIBRARY ... 03 ... VICTORIA

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. . . .

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

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 L3 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, 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.

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. 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.—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.
Eaglan ...	... 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, Eaglan, 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 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, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profund.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsought except by men he owes.

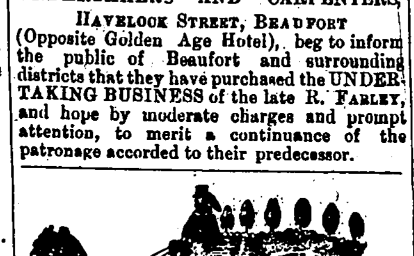
And when he dies, go plant him deep
That naught may break his dreamless sleep,
Where no rude clamor may dispel
The quiet that he loved so well,
And that the world may know its loss
Place on his grave a wreath of moss.
And on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

DON'T COUGH.—Relief can be obtained immediately. Use "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES"—well known as the utterly unrivelled Cough Remedy. Strongly recommended by many eminent physicians. They at once check the cough and remove the cause—without any after effect; the most delicate can therefore take them. One Lozenge alone gives ease—one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold everywhere in tins, 13½d. each.

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.

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
B September, 1896.

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.

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 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 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 each, whilst aiming at the success of 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 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 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 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, 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 n

AUTUMN AND WINTER, 1903.

Just Arrived. NEW GOODS. Just Arrived.

At

G. H. COUGLE'S.

Your Inspection Invited.

AUTUMN AND WINTER MILLINERY, AUTUMN AND WINTER.

The newest, nicest, and best in the world of fashion.

We invite your verdict. Come and visit us.

Just Arrived. New Jackets and Rair-Cloaks.
Latest Shapes and Styles.

We can fit the tallest, the stoutest, the thinnest, the shortest.

NEW DRESS GOODS. Correct Materials and latest Styles. Lace Collarettes, Lace Insertions, and New Dress Strappings, &c.

TAILORING.—If not already amongst our clients for Tailoring, we ask you to favor us with a trial, as we feel convinced that we are able to please you in every way. A perfect fit is guaranteed. Our prices are low. Our work is good.

Study Economy in Price.

Do not be led away by the representations of large firms who travel the district, who do not give any better value, and who have of a necessity to add heavy working expenses and commission.

GENT'S. HATS.

We ask you to have a look at our Clothing Window for Style and Prices.

G. H. COUGLE,
The People's Draper,
Havelock Street, 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 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-STRE BEAUFOR

May be consulted DAILY from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Teeth fitted accurately n vulcanite or gold at lowest prices.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Teet extracted painlessly with cocaine ether, chloride of thyl, laughing gas, &

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

United Ancient Order of Druids.

THE usual FORTNIGHTLY MEETING will be held in the LODGE ROOM, SOCIETIES' HALL, on TUESDAY Evening next, at 7.30 o'clock sharp.

L. A. JAENSCH, Secy.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 19TH APRIL, 1903.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Chute, 7 p.m.—Rev. J. C. Coutie, B.A. Lexton, 11 a.m.; Waterloo, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Mr Geo. Rowe, B.A. Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Main Lead, 3 p.m.; Raglan, 7.30 p.m.—Rev. W. J. Bottoms. Chute, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Mr Grave.

One inch and eight points of rain were registered at Beaufort between Saturday and yesterday evening, and up to 9 a.m. this morning another 38 points had fallen.

The half-yearly meeting of the Beaufort Rifle Club, which lapsed recently for want of a quorum, is now convened for Thursday evening next, at the Mechanics' Institute. The business is to receive balance-sheet and captain's and secretary's report, elect officers, and general.

Messrs W. Hannah, J. Bailey, and other residents of Raglan have formed a Red Rose Minstrel Troupe, with the object of providing entertainments for charitable purposes. Their first appearance will be at a concert in the Raglan Hall, on Monday, 20th inst.

A slight mishap occurred to a goods train from Ballarat to Stawell yesterday morning at the Beaufort station at six o'clock. The road on the No. 2 line was clear and the points looked, but for some cause that the officials do not seem to understand, the two back wheels of the tender left the rails at the points and pulled a truck off. The driver managed to get the wheels of the tender back on the rails by sending the engine forward, and a gang of men lifted the truck back. Little or no damage was done, but the mishap delayed the Adelaide express for 35 minutes.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in the R.C. Church, Beaufort, on Wednesday afternoon, the contracting parties being Miss Elizabeth Jess (fourth daughter of Mr Thomas Jess, of Middle Creek) and Mr Michael Gleeson (second son of Mr P. Gleeson, of Clarendon). The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Cain, of Ararat, and was witnessed by a large number of friends. The bride (who was given away by her father) looked charming in a handsome robe of cream voile, prettily trimmed with broche silk and applique. She wore the usual bridal veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a lovely bouquet. Her maid was her sister, Miss Maggie Jess, who was becomingly attired in white broche satin, trimmed with silk lace. Mr Thomas Gleeson (brother of the bridegroom) acted as best man. After the ceremony the bridal party, numbering between 30 and 40, partook of a sumptuous wedding breakfast at Hill's Camp Hotel. The tables were bountifully provided and handsomely decorated, and the host and hostess were highly praised for their excellent catering. Mr W. L. Fay occupied the chair. The toast of "The Bride and Bridegroom" was proposed by the Rev. Father Cain, and responded to by the Bridegroom. Mr Gargon proposed the toast of "The Bride's Parents," which was suitably responded to. The health of "The Officiating Clergyman" was proposed by Mr Fay, and responded to by the Rev. Father Cain. Mr Thos. Liston proposed the health of "The Bridesmaid"; Mr T. Gleeson responding. The last toast, that of "The Host and Hostess," was proposed by the Chairman, and responded to by Mr Hill. The happy couple, who were the recipients of many valuable presents, left by the evening train, amidst showers of rice and the best wishes of their friends, for Melbourne and Euroa, where the honeymoon was to be spent.

A Chinese named Ah Sam, a vegetable grower, was shot in his garden on Tuesday by James Hancock, a wood-splitter, at Dayleesford. Hancock's explanation is that he was out shooting, and entered the garden for the purpose of obtaining some cabbage plants. The Chinese came out to him armed with a meat-chopper. Hancock turned quickly to leave, and in doing so fell, and the charge in the gun exploding, the shot entered Ah Sam's breast. He was removed to the hospital, where a number of pellets were extracted. His condition is not serious. No charge has yet been laid against Hancock.

Constable McDonald, of Skipton, has (says the *Grenville Standard*), completed his task of collecting and compiling the names for the Commonwealth rolls in the Mt. Emu, St. Enoch, and Lismore divisions of the Ripon and Hampden electorate. The names of 257 females and 360 males were enrolled, making a total of 617.

Mounted-Constable McCormack, who has been in charge of the police station at Buangor for some time past, has been transferred at his own request to the Whittlesea station. Constable Batty, of Warburton, succeeds at Buangor.—*Ararat Chronicle.*

The military way of saluting, by bringing the hand into a horizontal position over the eyebrows, dates back to the tournaments of the Middle Ages, where, after the Queen of Beauty was enthroned, the knights who were to take part in the sports marched past the dais on which she sat, and as they passed shielded their eyes from the rays of her beauty.

It is stated (says the *Star*) that extensive prosecutions of farmers in the Ballarat district by the income tax officers will shortly be instituted. The allegation is that last year the farmers sent in returns which did not indicate the true income that they received during the year, and in consequence the revenue suffered.

An American doctor has lately confirmed the belief accepted in some medical quarters in the value of the banana as a food for typhoid patients. It is now positively asserted that the banana is both safe and beneficial, the stomach practically absorbing the fruit owing to its nature. It contains only 5 per cent. of waste matter, 95 per cent. possessing nutritive properties.

Over £5,000,000 worth of eggs are now annually imported into England, but not one-half of these are used for culinary purposes. The calico print works use over 40,000,000 eggs a year, photographic establishments use millions of dozens, and wine clarifiers 10,000,000 dozen in the year; book-binders, kid glove makers and leather finishers use them in abundance, as well as other trades. The general public appear to have but little knowledge of the magnitude of the numbers wanted for practical commercial uses, apart from those of food, though in the latter respect not a few of the figures are startling; as an instance, one of the London clubs alone contracts for more than 100,000 eggs a year.

THE
Ripon shire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1903.

Tenders are invited in our advertising columns up to 3 p.m. on Wednesday, 22nd inst., for additions and alterations to the Trawalla woolshed. Plans and specifications may be inspected at the Camp Hotel, Beaufort.

Troy's Tribute All Nations Consols G.M. Co. invite tenders for supplying the mine with firewood, laths, and round timber for 12 months. Specifications may be seen at the mine, or at D. Troy & Son's.

A general meeting of the Beaufort Brass Band is announced for Monday evening, at 8 o'clock. As the business is important, a full attendance of members is requested.

A meeting of the executive committee in connection with the brass band rotunda movement is to be held in the Shire Hall, Beaufort, next Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, the business being to receive and adopt the balance-sheet, and general.

The quarterly general meeting of the Raglan branch A.M.A. was held on Monday night, 6th inst.; Mr W. G. Davis in the chair, and 30 members present. The following accounts were passed for payment:—W. Trainor, 10s; A. Suddler, £1; W. Sudweeks, 3s 4d; J. Sargeant, 6s 8d; delegate to executive council, £3 9s 10d; secretary, £1. On the motion of Messrs J. Hoath and E. Cordy, it was decided that the sum of £25 be voted to the Victorian Coal Miners' Association. It was resolved that Eight Hours' Day be observed as a holiday on Monday, 20th inst. The following were appointed a revision committee to revise the by-laws:—Messrs R. Dickson, J. Varty, W. G. Davis, W. D. Smith, and A. Stevenson. The secretary was instructed to write and congratulate the Tasmanian labour party on their splendid victory at last elections.

In the Legislative Council last week, the Hon. S. G. Black drew attention to clause 2 of the Legitimation of Children Bill, providing that registrars of births and deaths should register a legitimatized child. He said that the clause as it now stood was very badly worded in many respects, and he had recast it with the object of improving it. He begged to move—That clause 2 be omitted, and the following new clause substituted:—"A. Any child born before the marriage of his or her parents (whether before or after the passing of this Act) and to the marriage of whose parents no legal impediment existed at the time of birth of such child and whose parents have intermarried or shall hereafter intermarry, and whose parents, or, if the mother be dead then the father alone of any such child, have or has within six calendar months after the marriage or within six calendar months after the passing of this Act registered such child in the manner hereinafter provided, be deemed to have been legitimated by such marriage from birth, and shall, except as in hereinafter provided, be entitled to all the rights of a child born in wedlock, including the right to such real and personal property as might have been claimed by such child if born in wedlock." The only alteration he had made in the meaning of the clause was by the insertion of the words "to the marriage of whose parents no legal impediment existed at the time of the birth of such child." These words were rendered necessary because they formed part of a declaration which the parents of the child were required to make in accordance with the schedule. The motion was agreed to, and the new clause was adopted.

THE ELUSIVE PIGSKIN is the source of much sport and the cause of many injuries. Football players should use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, an antiseptic liniment, especially valuable for sprains and bruises. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Beaufort Easter Sports Carnival.

The movement promoted by the Beaufort Brass Band, and warmly supported by residents, to raise funds to erect a band rotunda in the town, was, despite unfavorable weather, a pronounced success on Easter Monday. Light showers fell early in the morning and during the afternoon, and no doubt affected the attendance, besides somewhat marring the pleasures of the day. Under these disadvantages, the netting of a profit of between £80 and £90 cannot but be considered eminently satisfactory by the management.

At 10.25 a.m. an alarm was tolled on the firebell, and the main street was quickly crowded. While the committee was arranging the order of procession, the Beaufort Brass Band, under the conductorship of Mr W. J. Hill, played several pleasing selections. Considering the bad weather, the procession was undoubtedly the best display of its sort witnessed here for many years past, and afforded a considerable amount of pleasure and amusement. The appearance of Corporal W. Martin, a piper connected with the Victorian Scottish Regiment, with Mr J. B. Cochran (who generously made all arrangements to secure his services, and paid his expenses from Melbourne), dressed in regimental uniform, was the outcome of a round of applause. In connection with the piper's visit, it is worthy of mention that Mr W. J. Hill, of the Camp Hotel, refused to accept payment from Mr Cochran for the piper's board and lodging, and that a few Scotchmen objected to Mr Cochran paying the piper's expenses in a practical manner, viz., by contributing a quota of the cost. The piper was quite a feature of the day, and his very fine music gladdened the hearts of the Scotchmen. Just as the procession moved off, the marshal, Cr. R. A. D. Sinclair, nearly came to grief, the white horse upon which he was mounted taking fright at the music, and backing on to his haunches. Mr H. M. Stuart, who was dressed as a French marshal, officiated as assistant marshal. The procession, of course, was headed by the marshal and the Beaufort Brass Band, Mr W. T. Hill acting as drum-major. Next came Mrs Eadie's representation of a life-boat. It was fixed on a lorry, and was filled by sailor lads and lasses in navy blue costumes. The Druids deserve credit for their display. About 30 of them turned out under Bro. Arch-Druid J. E. Loft, wearing regalia, or the badge of membership. No other Friendly Society put in an appearance. The assistant-marshal came next, and was followed by Misses W. Trompf, J. Pedder, B. Gibson, and Master R. Welsh, wheeling decorated bicycles. The floral embellishments were remarkably imposing. Then came an advertising stand, in the shape of a large calico four-sided screen, notifying the dramatic performance at night, and borne by Mr W. Bennett. This stand had been effectively painted and printed by Mr C. O'Sullivan. Piper Martin and Mr Cochran followed. Mr H. Stuart represented a swell nigger, and Mr J. Bailey (of Raglan) a wandering minstrel. A magnificently decorated dog-cart, drawn by a pair of ponies (tandem), and driven by Mr T. Thomas, attracted considerable notice. Flowers and fruit were interwoven with the woodwork, and the effect was very pretty. An amusing show was made by a number of lads as a Darktown Fire Brigade. This was arranged by Mr W. T. Hill. A decorated hidder carriage (in which the Darktowns were seated) was drawn by an old horse, with his ribs painted white, and a pair of bullock's horns adorning his head. "The old woman in a shoe" (arranged by Mrs Eadie) was represented by Miss E. Andrews and a number of little children on a lorry. Mr J. French and two others represented washing women, and while one did the washing, the others hung unmentionables on a line. Mr T. Alsopp used a clown's costume and a pony as an advertisement for the local paper. Mr F. Harrison represented a drunken woman, and five boys, under Master R. Robinson, followed as a coon band. A great deal of interest was taken in the procession as it paraded the streets. Messrs J. R. Wotherspoon, A. Parker, and J. Eastwood officiated as judges, and made the following awards:—Most original character, for adults. Prize, £1.—Mr J. Bailey. Best combination of characters, of not less than five members. Prize, £1.—Darktown Fire Brigade. Best decorated bicycle. Prize, 10s.—Misses Mackay (represented by Miss Trompf) and J. Pedder, equal. Best decorated vehicle. Trophy, valued at £1 1s.—Mr T. Thomas. There was no entry for Mr J. R. Hughes' prize of 5s for most original character, for children under 16 years of age.

Mr J. R. Wotherspoon announced the awards in the Park.

Mrs Thomas and Miss Mackay have signified their intention of refunding their prizes.

The attendance at the sports grounds was estimated at 900, the gate receipts amounting to £53 19s 3d. The running tracks were in splendid order, and there was no accident to mar the pleasures of the day. The officials worked with a will, and are to be congratulated upon the excellent manner in which the sports were got off. Special credit is due to Mr J. R. Wotherspoon, the president of the Beaufort Brass Band, and chairman of the sports committee, for the enthusiasm which he infused into the work generally. Upon Mr C. W. Jones, the secretary, the brunt of the work fell, and he, too, deserves credit for the willing and energetic manner in which he worked. From the initiation of the movement, Messrs Wotherspoon and Jones have left no stone unturned to ensure success, and it is largely due to their well-organised efforts that the undertaking has proved such an unqualified success. Mr A. J. McDougall acted as a joint secretary in connection with Mr Jones, and did his share of the toil well. The duties of handicapping—a most invidious task—were performed by Messrs W. Gibson and D. F. Troy (cyclists), R. G. Kirkpatrick and H. Parker (pedestrians), and A. Parker and R. A. D. Sinclair (horses). Mr T. Buchanan was in his old position as starter. The judging was done by Messrs J. R. Wotherspoon, H. M. Stuart, T. Kenny, A. Parker, J. E. Loft, and Dr. Eadie. Cr. R. A. D. Sinclair was the referee, and Mr G. H. Congle the lap scorer. Mr D. Stevenson officiated as timekeeper of heats, and Mr Stokeld at timekeeper. The number stewards were Messrs W. Gibson, J. Eastwood, H. Parker, and C. M. Murison; while Messrs W. T. Hill, W. G. Stevens, H. H. Menzies, W. C. Pedder, and Dr. Jackson acted as stewards. The gates were attended to by Messrs W. C. Pedder, D. D. Cameron, A. H. Sands, and W. J. Stevenson. The services of Messrs J. French, G. Hellyer, W. Baker, and T. Wilson were also freely given as barmen. The publican's booth was managed by Messrs Whitehead and Thomas, and as liberal donations of ale, whisky, cordials, cigars, etc., were received, a profit of about £21 was made, despite the unfavorable weather. Lunch was provided by Mr J. R. Hughes. There was sufficient variety about the sports to please everybody, the events including cycling, foot-racing, pony trot, trial of hacks over hurdles, and wood-chopping contests. During the afternoon the proceedings were considerably enlivened by Piper Martin providing music for a small band of Scotch and Irish dancers, the dancing being done on flooring placed on the ground. The Beaufort Brass Band also played stirring airs, the music being greatly appreciated. The ubiquitous photographer was present in the person of Mr A. L. Wotherspoon, and photos. of Mr Thomas's decorated vehicle, the Beaufort Brass Band, Piper Martin and Mr Cochran, and the sports committee were taken. The sports results were painted on large sheets of paper in red by Messrs Wotherspoon and C. O'Sullivan; the arrangements generally being very complete, and admirably carried out. Many of the finishes were close and exciting. The programme was an attractive one. It opened with a One-mile District Bicycle Race, which was won by M. Tyrrell, with J. McErvale second. A Boys' Race followed; W. Morris, N. Dunn, and A. Kewley being placed in the order named. A Fireman's Alarm and Rush proved a gift for L. Haines; A. Baker getting second honors. The Sheffield Handicap was appropriated by B. White, with H. Briody second, and J. F. Boyle third. The Half-mile Bicycle Race provided some good heats, and was eventually won by T. A. Brudenall, with A. G. Boanas second. Boanas, however, was disqualified for the day for opening out and allowing Brudenall to pass him and win; E. P. T. Doyle then being placed second. The Handicap Pony Trot fell to McIntosh's Biddy, with Lynch's Bobs second. E. P. T. Doyle gained the Two-mile Bicycle Race; J. F. Vondix coming second, and W. W. Chivers third. H. Briody won the Handicap Miners' Race, but as he was not a *bona fide* miner, he was disqualified, and the race awarded to W. E. Adams, with T. Emerson second. The Friendly Societies' Race was annexed by S. Martin, J. F. Boyle securing second honors. E. P. T. Doyle was again successful in the One-mile Bicycle Race; T. A. Brudenall getting second place, and M. Tyrrell third. W. Lynch's Dolly was the best hack over hurdles, this event not coming up to expectations. The Championship Woodcutters' Contest provided three exciting events, the final resulting in the two prizes being divided between W. J. Jackson and J. Egan. Appended are details of the various events:—

One-mile District Bicycle Race—£2 10s and £1.—M. Tyrrell, 110yds, 1; J. McErvale, 80yds, 2; W. V. Anderson, 70yds, 3. A splendid finish; won by about six inches. Time, 2min. 16 4-5secs. Ten starters.

Boys' Race, 100yds.—5s, 1s 6d, and 1s.—W. Morris, 1; N. Dunn, 2; A. Kewley, 3. Time, 11 1-5secs. Sixteen competitors.

Fireman's Alarm and Rush, 130yds.—£5s and 5s.—L. Haine, 1; A. Baker, 2. Eight start rs. Won easily. Time, 30 3-5secs.

Sheffield Handicap, 130yds.—£3 10s, £1, and 10s. First heat—J. F. Boyle, 15yds, 1; B. White, 14yds, 2. A walk-over. Time, 13 1-5secs. Second heat—H. Briody, 15yds, 1; W. H. Wilson, 11yds, 2. Won by 2yds. Four starters. Time, 11 4-5secs. Final—White, 1; Briody, 2; Boyle, 3. Time, 12 3-5secs. Won by about a yard, about the same distance separating second and third.

Half-mile Bicycle Race—£4 and £1.—First heat—S. D. Straton, 70yds, 1; F. Wheeler, 15yds, 2. Time, 1 min. 6secs. Seven starters. Won by a wheel; Wheeler just securing second place. Second heat—J. Simon, 65yds, 1; T. A. Brudenall, 60yds, 2. Time, 1min. 3 2-5secs. Won by half a wheel. Nine starters. Third heat—A. G. Boanas, 60yds, 1; A. T. Kent, 55yds, 2. Time, 1min. 4 3-5secs. Won easily. Five starters. Fourth heat—E. P. T. Doyle, 50 yds, 1; J. T. Gibbons, 40yds, 2. Time, 1 min. 4 2-5secs. Won by about six inches. Six starters. Final—Brudenall, 1; Boanas, 2; Doyle, 3. Won by two lengths. Time, 1min. 3 2-5secs. Boanas was disqualified for the day for opening out near the finish and allowing Brudenall to pass him and win; Doyle being awarded second prize.

Handicap Pony Trot, under 14 hands; catch weights; one mile—£2 and 10s.—McIntosh's Biddy, scr., 1; Lynch's Bobs, 40yds in front, 2. Won by about four lengths. Time not taken. Five competitors.

Two-mile Bicycle Race—£6, 30s, and 10s. First heat—E. P. T. Doyle, 200yds, 1; W. W. Chivers, 60yds, 2; J. Simon, 260yds, 3. Time, 5min. 48 2-5secs. Won by a length and a half; half a wheel separating second and third. Time, 5min. 48 2-5secs. Simon, who was previously warned, was fined 5s by the referee for looking round and using bad language. Eight starters. Second heat—J. F. Vondix, 280yds, 1; A. Acton, 260yds, 2; W. V. Anderson, 200yds, 3. Won easily. Time, 5min. 38 2-5secs. Twelve starters. Third heat—A. G. Boanas, 240yds, 1; G. Stokes, 220yds, 2; A. Lang, 160yds, 3. Won by a street; a close finish for second place. Time, 5min. 3 3-5secs. Seven starters. Final—Doyle, 1; Vondix, 2; Chivers, 3. A good finish; won by a wheel. Time, 5min. 38 2-5secs.

Handicap Miners' Race, 100yds.—£1 and 5s.—H. Briody, 2yds, 1; W. E. Adams, 8 yds, 2; T. Emerson, 7yds, 3. A close finish. Won by about six inches. Time, 11 2-5secs. Four starters. Briody was disqualified, as he was not a bona fide miner, and the race was awarded to Adams, with Emerson 2nd.

Friendly Societies' Race, 100yds.—£1 and 10s.—First heat—S. Martin, 14yds, 1; T. W. Schlicht, scr., 2; J. F. Boyle, 9yds, 3. Won by about 3yds. Time, 10½secs. Six competitors. Second heat—W. H. Wilson, 6yds, 1; A. Wright, 12yds, 2; J. Lilley, 10 yds, 3. Time, 10 4-5secs. Won by about a yard. Six starters. Final—Martin, 1; Boyle, 2. Time, 10 3-5secs. Won easily.

One-mile Bicycle Race—£5, 30s, and 10s.—First heat—E. P. T. Doyle, 100yds, 1; W. J. Burtalli, 80yds, 2. Time, 2min. 18secs. Won by two lengths. Four starters. Second heat—J. McDougall, 110yds, 1; J. McErvale, 110yds, 2. Time, 2min. 20 4-5 secs. Won by about 60yds. Four starters. W. Anderson fell soon after the start, but fortunately escaped injury. Third heat—T. A. Brudenal, 120yds, 1; M. Tyrrell, 140 yds, 2. Time, 2min. 18 3-5secs. Won by a wheel. Ten starters. Fourth heat—W. W. Chivers, 30yds, 1; T. Suhan, scr., 2. Time, 2min. 18 1-5secs. Won by a length. Nine starters. Final—Doyle, 1; Brudenall, 2; Tyrrell, 3. Won by two lengths. No time taken.

Best Hack over Hurdles—30s and 10s.—Lynch's Dolly, 1. Four competitors.

Championship Woodcutters' Contest—Gold medal, valued at £3 3s (or cash at option), and £1 1s. Open to axemen residing within 30 miles of Beaufort post-office. First heat—J. Egan, 1; J. Kinleyside, 2. Time, 1min. 31secs. Seven competitors. Second heat—W. J. Jackson, 1; D. Patterson, 2. Time, 1min. 17secs. Seven competitors. Final—Jackson and Egan, dead heat, divided 1st and 2nd. This was a very exciting contest. The 14-inch log was cut in 56 2-5secs. In connection with the judging of this event, a knotty point was raised. Messrs Kenny and Wetherspoon were appointed to pick first and second man respectively, and as Mr Kenny decided in favor of Jackson, while Mr Wotherspoon declared it a tie between Jackson and Egan, Mr Kenny contended that as he had been chosen to pick the winner, only he had the right to award the prize. Against this opinion, however, Mr Wotherspoon maintained that as there was not a second for him to place, he was equally right to declare it a dead heat. As both judges had been checked, and there were no logs left to cut it off, the referee (Mr Sinclair) declared it a tie, and the prizes were accordingly divided between Jackson and Egan.

"AURORA FLOYD."

Although it is some few years since the Beaufort Amateur Dramatic Club has appeared before the public, they had deservedly earned a first-class reputation, and accordingly it was not surprising to find that notwithstanding the pretty stiff prices (for these times), of 4s, 3s, 2s, and only a limited number of the more popular 1s seats, the Societies' Hall was crowded to its fullest holding capacity on Easter Monday night, when the Club produced, for the third time, Mr C. H. Hazlewood's popular drama, "Aurora Floyd." The passage of time has altered the *personnel* of the Club somewhat, but not to its disadvantage, and the characters continue to be admirably sustained. The high standard of histrionic ability attained by the members was, on the occasion under notice, the theme of the most flattering comment, and the enthusiastic reception accorded the performers throughout the play could not have been otherwise than extremely gratifying to them. The general opinion is that every one of the actors did splendidly, and that the entertainment was a source of real pleasure to those fortunate enough to be present. It has been suggested to us that as numbers of people were precluded by the high tariff from attending, the Club ought to repeat the performance at as early a date as possible for the benefit of such people, charging the popular prices of 2s and 1s for admission. The members individually are put to no small expense in making their preparations, and they might very fairly and reasonably give a second performance to recoup themselves for their outlay. It would be safe to predict a full house. Whether they agree with this suggestion or not, let us hope, now that the Club has been re-formed, that the public will not have to wait so long again before they are treated to such another fine performance.

The front of the stage was prettily decorated with pot plants, flowers, and evergreens. The overture was played by Miss Nickols in fine style, and the incidental music throughout the evening was also rendered by this young lady with good effect. When the curtain rose a view of Mellish Park was well depicted, and the plot was unfolded. John Mellish, the young squire of Felden Park, keeps a racing stable, and, losing the St. Leger, determines to engage a new trainer. James Conyers secures the position, and the domestic happiness of the squire at once becomes blighted, for Aurora Floyd had married the squire in the belief that her first husband, Conyers, had been killed by a fall from a horse, and had kept the secret of her first marriage, on the advice of her father, from John Mellish. Conyers makes an appointment by letter with Aurora for a meeting at the lodge, and is to receive £3,000 as the price of his silence, promising to leave the country immediately. But Steeve Hargrave (who is looked upon as a half-witted, harmless rustic, but is in reality crafty, cunning, and revengeful—he had felt the sting of her ladyship's whip across his shoulders—) steals the marriage lines, and, having also purloined the squire's pistol, when delivering the new trainer's letter at the hall, murders Conyers and secures the £2000 that had been paid over. Mrs Powell (a lady's companion) acquaints the squire of the meeting at the lodge, and Hargrave throws suspicion upon Aurora by handing over the marriage lines and pistol. A clue to the murderer is obtained in the shape of a brass button which had been used in place of shot on ball, and while the squire is searching the grounds for Aurora, who is fleeing from justice, he is overtaken by a thunderstorm, and takes refuge in a hut, in which Hargrave had planted the spoil. The squire, hearing footsteps in an inner room, waits his opportunity, and seeing Hargrave tuck a bundle in his vest, charges him with the theft of game. Hargrave hands over the waistcoat from which the button had been taken, and the squire observes that the remaining buttons on it correspond with the one used in the pistol. Then the squire finds the bank notes given by Aurora to Conyers and stolen by Hargrave, and on charging him with the murder a desperate struggle ensues. The "softy" overpowers the squire, and is about to plunge a knife in his breast, when Aurora throws his hand back, and two keepers secure the murderer. Aurora is then forgiven, and reconciliation follows before the curtain falls. The following was the cast of characters:—

Mr Floyd ... ... Mr A. L. Wotherspoon
(A rich retired Banker—Father of Aurora).
James Conyers ... ... Mr W. H. Halpin
(A Newmarket Trainer).
John Mellish ... ... Mr R. A. D. Sinclair
(The young 'Squire of Felden Park—married to Aurora).
Mat Harrison ... ... Mr J. R. Wotherspoon
(A Dog Fancier and Stealer).
Talbot Bulstrode ... ... Mr C. W. Jones
(A friend of John Mellish, and formerly a lover of Aurora).
Steeve Hargrave ... ... Mr L. A. Jaensch
(The softy, supposed to be half-witted, but in reality crafty, cunning, and revengeful).
William Wilson ... Mr R. H. Menzies
(Footman to Squire Mellish, and rather skilful in matters of the turf, at least in his opinion).
Aurora Floyd ... ... Miss N. Troy
(The Rich Heiress of the Banker, and recently married to John Mellish, and the victim of a terrible secret).
Mrs Powell ... ... Miss M. Sinclair
(A Lady's Companion, and such a nice woman, too).

Miss N. Troy had, perhaps, the most difficult part to play, but she was quite equal to the occasion, and acquitted herself admirably, her acting in the emotional scenes being especially good. Miss Sinclair had a perfect conception of her part, her delineation of malice, satire, and scorn being really grand. The Club is particularly fortunate in being able to secure the services of two such talented ladies. Mr Sinclair's acting was very realistic, his fine voice being heard to much advantage. Mr L. Jaensch proved a huge success, and the splendid manner in which he acted his villainous part won for him well-merited appreciation. Mr J. R. Wotherspoon was also a general favorite, his characteristic acting, wit, mimicry, and general get-up affording the audience the greatest delight. Messrs Jones, Menzies, Halpin, and A. L. Wotherspoon adapted themselves to their various characters in first-rate style, and though taking the minor parts, acquitted themselves in a highly meritorious manner. The scenery was much admired. During a short interval, when the scenes were being changed, Mr Sinclair (who acted as stage manager) thanked the audience for their attendance and for the patient hearing given to the performers. He also tendered the committee's thanks for the patronage bestowed on the sports, and remarked that the whole affair had been a huge success. The Dramatic Club hoped to have the pleasure of again appearing before the public before long. The furniture was kindly lent by Messrs Hawkes Bros. The gross receipts from the entertainment amounted to £37.

The prizes were paid over to the successful sports competitors, in the back room, at the conclusion of the entertainment.

A ball was subsequently held under the management of Messrs Hains and Boanas, and proved an additional source of pleasure.

Mining News.

All Nations Consols, Beaufort, No. 1 party are driving south in good payable wash. From 10 sets 55½oz. obtained. No. 2 party driving south and west, in wash, with irregular prospects. No. 3 party have completed the puddling machine, and are driving west, with fair prospects.

Sons of Freedom Central, Raglan.—North-east intermediate, No. 5 rise—North drive extended 32ft. East off same extended 30ft.; wash payable. West main level, No. 3 rise—South drive extended 30ft., in payable wash. Blocking in Nos. 1 and 2 west, and No. 3 north-east rises, in wash of fair quality. Yield for five days, 104oz. 10dwt.

Sons of Freedom South, Raglan.—Main west wash drive extended 27ft., in fair quality wash. Crosscut north off west 8ft.; fair prospects. No. 1 shoot west—North-west crosscut off south drive 39ft., in wash; prospects irregular; full length, 200ft., and stoped. No. 3 shoot—East drive driven 26ft.; better looking wash coming in face; fair prospects at times. Opened crosscut north and south off the above; the former reached 32ft.; prospects poor, and stoped; the latter 33ft.; prospects irregular. Two parties panneling in fair quality dirt.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sons of Freedom Central, 124oz. 17dwt.; Sons of Freedom South, 124oz. (fortnight); All Nations Consols tribute (No. 1 party), 5oz.; All Nations Consols (No. 2 party), 4oz. 19dwt.; Daughters of Freedom, 4oz. 10dwt.; White and party, 1oz. 15dwt.; Last Chance, 1oz. 16dwt.; Brusher's, 4oz. 18dwt.; John Bull Co., 1oz. 5dwt.; sundries, 10oz.

NO OPIUM IN CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.—Many cough cures contain opium. The effect of this drug is to diminish secretion of the mucus, and the relief afforded is only temporary. As soon as the effect of the opium passes off, the malady returns in a more severe form. The system is also weakened and rendered more susceptible to cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy does not contain opium in any form. It affords relief and leaves the system in a healthy condition. It always cures and cures quickly. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

The new goldfields at Arltunga in Central Australia are still attracting the attention of investors in England. Five companies have already been registered, with a gross capital of L8500, for carrying on prospecting operations on the new fields.

A fatal accident occurred on Monday night at the shooting saloon at the corner of Main road, Ballarat, where Richard Rutter, who assists his father to manage the place, was shot in the left breast by a boy, while he was erasing the marks from the target. Dr. Champion and Constable Hayes conveyed the injured man to the hospital, but he died almost at once. No description of the boy could be obtained, and he left hurriedly when he saw what he had done, but subsequently gave himself up; the lad (William Frederick Millard) stating that the pea rifle went off without his pulling the trigger. Mr W. Leader, P.M., held an inquest at the Hospital, and the jury found no difficulty in returning a verdict of accidental death, adding that they believed the boy's story that he did not pull the trigger.

The trouble between the Government in France and the Roman Catholic priesthood has reached an acute stage. The priests are making an active propaganda from the pulpits, one of them having compared the President, Premier and ex-Premier to Herod, Judas and Pontius Pilate. It is feared that the concordat may be revoked in consequence.

Of the total sum of £100,000 set apart by the Government for seed wheat advances, £82,000 has been apportioned. The remainder, it is expected, will be practically absorbed within a few weeks, as a result of appeals against decesions by the boards and deferred advances.

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STEPHEN CULLIVER'S WILL.

"I am perfectly convinced that grand-dad would never give his consent; for the sole reason that you have no fortune. Being a business-man he cannot get the notion out of his head that marriage is a commercial enterprise. If I were to ask him, I am certain that he would not only refuse to allow me to marry you, but would insert a clause in his will to the effect that I was only to inherit his fortune on the condition that I did not become your husband. And as you know, Lena, that I have large expectations from him, and earnestly desire to marry you besides, it would, under the circumstances, be madness to prefer my request. At present, he does not even suspect that I care for you: indeed rather believes that I entertain the same dislike for you that he did for your father, when he changed his political opinions. Grandfather is very old, so, if for no other reason, why vex him by urging a match he would—I think most unreasonably—oppose tooth-and-nail? Lena, darling, if we could only marry to-morrow, nothing would please me better, but, as it is, we must let matters rest a little, hard as it is to do so."

Lena bowed her head in token of assent, and replied: "Yes, Arthur. I am sure that would be the wisest course."

Presently, the conversation changed to other topics, and Arthur asked:

"Who is coming to dine here to-night, do you know?"

"Only Mr. Meredyth, I think."

"That's about the will, I shouldn't wonder. He's always coming up now. Granddad has asked him to act as his executor, I believe; he has the greatest confidence in him; and he couldn't have reposed his confidence in a better or more straightforward man."

"He is certainly one of the kindest men I ever met," the girl replied. "Only last week he heard me say that I have never read Coventry Patmore's 'Angel in the House:' and the next day he brought it up for me. He seems never tired of doing little kindnesses when they are least expected; and those are the kindnesses one values most. I assure you, I feel a sincere, almost daughterly, regard for him."

"He's as good a fellow as ever breathed," Arthur answered, warmly; adding after a momentary pause: "I wonder why he is so often here of late. Surely grandfather can't be contemplating a fresh will—or is that only a morbid apprehension on my part. After all, perhaps Meredyth's visits have nothing whatever to do with the will. Hark," he broke off suddenly: "isn't that the dressing gong?"

"Yes," Lena answered, "and as your grandfather is dreadfully particular on the point of punctuality, I had better be off at once."

"Till dinner-time, then, dear," and blowing each other a kiss the young lovers separated till the gong once more summoned them to the dining-room.

Arthur Culliver was the only son of one Captain Culliver who was killed in one of our "little wars" whilst the former was quite a child. At his father's death the boy was adopted by his grandfather, old Stephen Culliver: a member of the Stock Exchange, through the medium of which institution he had already amassed a large fortune. To this fortune it was understood that Arthur—at present a newly "called" briefless barrister—was the heir.

The young girl whom we have seen Arthur addressing was the sole daughter of a relative (now dead) of Stephen Culliver. Her father at one time represented his native borough in Parliament, till altered political convictions at last forced him to a change of front, an operation which unfortunately lost him his seat. Although the old gentleman never forgot his relation for "turning his coat," as he called it, still he bore no ill-will to the "turncoat's" daughter, and would sometimes invite her to stay with him during a few weeks of the London season. Needless to say that in process of time the two young cousins fell in love with each other: fell down, down, into a pit of love out of which there was no extrication, even had they desired it—which was very far from being the case. Strange to say, Culliver senior never once suspected these tendresses. Whether it was that he considered his wish to be law, and having by signs and dropped hints shown that a marriage between the two would be distasteful to him, or, whether it was that he was led to a false conclusion by the young man himself, who, seeing which way the land lay, thought it best in the presence of others to "dissemble his love," who shall say? Certain it is that no one at Lancaster Gate—that was where Mr. Culliver lived—so much as entertained a thought that anything more ardent than mere cousinly regard existed between the young couple.

So things went on, till one evening—only a week after our first introduction to Arthur and his pretty kinswoman—a most grave event came to pass.

Although upwards of 70 years of age, of large stature and plethoric habit, it was Mr. Stephen Culliver's invariable custom to daily visit "the House." After transacting his business there, he would later on spend an hour or two at his club, and finally return to Lancaster Gate in time for half-past seven dinner. On the particular occasion of which we are about to speak, having yielded to the temptation of joining in a discussion which was taking place in the smoking-room of "The Senior Bullionist," Culliver did not come back till close upon twenty minutes past seven. In order to make up for lost time he had hurried from his club, jumped into a hansom, and on reaching home had ascended the stairs with much greater rapidity than was usual with him. His door was heard to close shortly after twenty minutes past seven. But when at forty minutes past seven Arthur went to see what was detaining his grandfather, he was deeply shocked and grieved, on opening the door, to find the old gentleman had breathed his last. It was surmised that in quickly stooping to unfasten his walking boots, a sudden rush of blood to the head had occurred and had resulted fatally.

In two or three days the funeral took place, and after the sad ceremony was over, Arthur, Mr. Meredyth, and one or two distant relatives, accompanied by Mr. Staples, the family solicitor, returned to the house to hear the will read.

"I shall not need to detain you long, gentlemen," Mr. Staples began, as soon as he had spread out the document before him. "The will is of praiseworthy brevity—direct and to the purpose."

The lawyer then proceeded to read the testament. With the exception of a few small legacies, it was found that he had bequeathed the whole of his fortune to his grandson, to be held in trust for him by his sole executor, Martin Meredyth.

With, however, this special proviso:—

That Arthur Culliver was not to marry without the consent of the above-named executor, until he had attained the age of 30, by which time, in the testator's words: "he will have arrived at years of sober discretion, and not be likely to contract an imprudent marriage." Should he marry before that time without Meredyth's sanction, the fortune would revert to a distant male relative.

"And a very proper and wise condition," the solicitor remarked, as he folded up the will and replaced it in its envelope. "My late client was a very shrewd man, and believed in framing safe preventatives against hasty and improper marriages. 'Not that,'' he added, hastily remembering that he was addressing himself to a probable heir, "anything of—of that kind is likely to take place in your case, Mr. Arthur. Still, the principle is a good one—I speak of the principle."

By this time the other occupants of the room had risen, and were already busy—the discussion of the weather, the crops, stocks and shares. Presently one by one the guests took their leave, and Arthur and Martin Meredyth were left together.

"Well, my boy," the latter said, when they were once more alone; "I don't think that will is likely to cause us much trouble. The clause as to my consent to your marriage, I may tell you, was entirely an idea of your grandfather's. He told me he intended inserting something of the kind, and I did not dissuade him, for I saw no objection, nor any difficulty that was at all likely to come from its introduction. My advice to him extended only to the investment of the trust funds; some of which I see he has adopted, and some disregarded."

"I agree with you in the main," Arthur replied. "It seems a very fair and just will as it stands, but——"

"Yes?"

"I'm not quite certain that this particular proviso would be a very wise one in all cases."

"Why?"

"I think in some instances it might be placing too much power in the hands of an executor."

"How so, my boy?"

"Let me suppose a case——"

"What fellows you young barristers are for supposing impossible cases;" Meredyth said, laughing; "but go on."

"Suppose—I only say suppose," Arthur went on, with the air of counsel, propounding an argument, "a case in which the legatee and the executor happened both to be in love with the same person. Would it be fair to either of them that such a condition should exist as that we find in grandfather's will?"

"Well, I grant that such a state of things might by possibility exist," the other replied, with a dubious smile; "one can certainly just conceive such a case. But why bother our heads about it, since the conditions most certainly do not obtain in the presence instance. I still say, as I said before, that your grandfather's will won't cause us much trouble. You are only twenty-four, Arthur, and are not likely to want to marry for another two or three years at the earliest. But when you are thinking of such a step," Meredyth continued, smiling good-humouredly, "you have only to come to me, and if the young person is not an absolutely undesirable acquisition, you may be perfectly certain I shall not forbid the banns. By Jove," he exclaimed, hastily looking at his watch, "ten minutes past one! I've scarcely left myself time enough to catch the half-past one train for Haslemere. I've got a little business to transact there, and——"

"When shall you be back?"

"In a couple of days' time."

"May I speak with you then on a subject that——"

"Oh, I know what that's about. I'll do my best to get you the case—I'm a friend of the plaintiff's solicitor, so I've no doubt it can be managed. Tell you all about it when I come back."

So saying, and before Arthur could edge in another word, Meredyth had taken up his already packed Gladstone travelling bag, and, whistling for a hansom, was soon on his way to the station.

Since the death of Stephen Culliver, Lena had stayed with an aunt in one of the streets off Portman-square, and thither Arthur hastened to acquaint her with the contents of his grandfather's will.

"I had secret misgivings all through" he said directly he had seated himself as near as might be to the girl he loved "that granddad might have made it a condition to my inheriting his fortune that I should not marry you; but fortunately he has done nothing of the kind."

Then he told her the nature of the proviso under which the money would become his, adding in conclusion:—

"Of course, I'm independent of anyone's permission if I chose to wait. Grand-dad was so advanced in years himself that he considered a young man had not cut his wisdom teeth till then—but fancy waiting another six years! Why, the prospect is too horrible even to contemplate for one moment. But there will be no need to wait," he went on more cheerfully; "I have only to tell Meredyth that I love you with all my heart, for him to give his consent with pleasure."

"Do you think he will, Arthur?"

"'Think he will'? Why, of course he will—without a moment's consideration;" then, as he noticed a curious expression steal over Lena's countenance, he asked her in some surprise:

"Why, do you not think he will?"

"I do not know. He may—and he may not. You see he—he may not perhaps consider that I am a desirable wife for you."

"My dear Lena," Arthur broke in, "forgive me if I tell you that you are talking nonsense."

"Or—or—" Lena went on, only stopping to smile in her lover's face at the interruption, and choosing her next words with some care, as though fearful of saying more than she intended, "he may be of opinion that you are too young to marry; or, in short, there may be other reasons, of which you at present know nothing. I do not, of course say there are—only there might be."

The tone in which Lena spoke rather alarmed poor Arthur. "I wish I had settled the matter definitely this morning," he said regretfully; "I thought it would be out of place to put forward the question of marriage on the very day we had but just laid dear old grandfather in his last resting-place. Besides, Meredyth gave me no time, even had I wished to talk to him on the matter; he was in such a hurry to catch a train into the country. However, the weighty question will be decided for good and all before the end of the week; he returns in a couple of days, and I will ask him the very moment he comes back. Lena, I shall count the hours till then. Tell me you will do the same, darling," he added, taking her hands in both of his; "tell me you will."

Lena lowered her head, and scarcely above her breath answered:

"I will, Arthur, I will, indeed. I'll count the very minutes."

Martin Meredyth had that about him which made him a most popular man. His manners were pleasant, his personality winning, and although—perhaps rather, because—he was of retiring disposition and a man of few words, he was a person whom everyone instinctively trusted and confided in. But besides the attribute of good nature, Meredyth was, what Stephen Culliver had been, a shrewd and discriminating stockbroker, and if not, in this his 40th year, already a rich man, he was usually looked upon as on the road that way. Although so considerably the junior of Arthur's grandfather, he had been much trusted by the old man, and for this reason had been requested to act as executor under his last will and testament: an instrument, oddly enough, drawn up only a few months before Stephen Culliver's death.

Such was the man who, punctually at half-past eleven on the day of his return from the country, entered the study at one hundred and five Lancaster Gate, to find Arthur already impatiently awaiting him.

Martin seemed in good spirits, so much so that the young man prefaced his conversation by asking him if his business in the country had turned out satisfactorily.

"Yes, I think so," Meredyth replied pleasantly, removing his gloves and settling himself comfortably down in the arm-chair. "I will explain matters presently; that is, I hope I shall soon be able to, but just now it doesn't depend altogether on me."

"O, I see—partnership?"

"Just so; and now, Arthur my boy, what can I do for you?" the stockbroker added. "Is it about Wilcox v. Simpkins?—if so, I think that'll be all right, for I——"

"It's not about law business I wanted to speak to you;" Arthur said, leaning against the mantelpiece, and rather nervously fidgeting with a bronze ornament that stood there.

"No? Then I think I know what's on your mind. You don't approve of those Brazilian four per cents.; well, perhaps it might have been wiser——"

"Nor about that either," Arthur again interrupted. "It was about matrimonial business I wanted to speak to you."

Meredyth looked at the young man, leant back in his chair, and laughed gently.

"Why, you young rascal," he said, "you don't mean to tell me that you are contemplating anything of that kind already? Time enough for that years hence."

"But I can't wait, Mr. Meredyth."

"Oho—so impatient as that!"

"You see, we have loved each other for a long time. And when one loves a girl so deeply as I do, each day seems long to wait. Perhaps," Arthur continued, with the diffidence of a young man speaking to one so much his senior, "perhaps you can't understand this. You have been so long engrossed in business matters that you have not had time to think of women. Financial questions have so engaged your attention that I expect they have excluded all others. But I can assure you," young Culliver added, a trifle sententiously, "that when two young people love each other it is a very serious matter to keep them waiting."

"I think you misjudge me, Arthur," Meredyth said, with an assumed gravity befitting the occasion. "Because I am a stockbroker and take an interest in the rise and fall of shares, you must not run away with the idea that I have no heart. It is true that I have lived till forty without ever once looking at a girl to care for her; but lately," and now he lowered his voice a little, and spoke entirely seriously, "it has been different with me. I, too, have seen a woman I could love better than all the world; so you must allow that at least I am able to enter into your feelings and share your emotions."

Arthur at once became interested, and drew up his chair nearer to his fellow-lover's.

"Oh, it's that that took you to Haslemere. Is that where she lives?"

"No; though my visit there was not altogether unconnected with her. But come, let me hear of your young lady," Meredyth went on in a more sprightly tone, "don't let me talk only of mine. Tell me, do I know her?"

"Yes; you have met her."

"She is pretty, I'm sure; your taste is always good."

"She is as pretty as—Spring-time."

"A lady, of course."

"Indeed she is!"

"And, pray, does she love you as much as you do her?" Meredyth continued, still placidly smoking.

"I am conceited enough to think that she does."

"And you want my consent to your marriage, eh?"

"If you please."

"Stay, you say I've met her! Let me guess first who she is, then."

"By all means."

"I think I can name her first time," Martin said, with a twinkle in his eye; "Miss Lucy Campbell; the young lady who astonished everyone at tennis at the Dartons."

"No."

"Then it's Miss Grace Knowles;—why, of course, you were staying there last year."

"Wrong again."

"I know," Meredyth was very confident this time: "stupid of me not to have thought of her before! Miss Rose Duncan—that's the girl. I remember you saved her from a bull, or something of the kind, at Uxmiaster, didn't you! Well, my boy, you have chosen well, for a nicer or more—"

"I'm afraid guessing is not your strong point, Mr. Meredyth," Arthur replied, smiling. "You have not named her yet."

"Bless me, haven't I? Well, that stumps me. You must tell me. Who is she? What is her name?"

Culliver paused for an instant, then said;

"What do you say to my cousin—Lena Penhurst?"

Meredyth dropped his cigar; and stared mutely before him, seeming to see nothing except the pictures his own thoughts raised up before him. His jaws were set, his lips compressed, and a look of deep pain came into his face: as into the face of a man who winces under a crushing blow.

Seeing this, Arthur sprang forward in alarm. "This stifling heat is affecting you," he said, "your journey in the sun has been too much for you—I see it has—let me open the window wider—you are as pale as a dead man. Let me ring for—"

Still Martin did not speak, he only motioned Culliver to resume his seat. The young man did as desired. At last his companion spoke, but the voice Arthur heard did not seem like Meredyth's own.

"Yes—the heat is suffocating," he said, "it always tells upon me. Ever since I was in India—these vertigos—" With a great effort he tried to resume his former manner, and after a moment or so almost succeeded.

"Well, Arthur," he said, with but ever so little tremble in his voice, "about—about this matter; what do you wish me to say?"

"I wish you to say 'Yes,' Mr. Meredyth, if you will—to consent to our marriage."

"I could say 'No' if I chose," he replied, more to himself than to Arthur.

"I know it; but you would not be so cruel."

"Why should I not be?"

"Because you have told me you love someone yourself, and so can enter into my feelings."

Martin did not reply directly to this. Instead, he rose, placed his hand on Arthur's shoulder, and said most earnestly:

"You are sure you love her—deeply—truly—unutterably?"

"Sure as death."

"And she loves you—as deeply?"

"I think so. I am sure so, for she does not lie."

"And she has told you that?"

"Yes."

"And you will swear to me to be steadfast and good to her—if I give my consent? Never to cause her a moment's uneasiness; but to guard her as the most precious possession on earth?"

"I swear it."

A short pause.

"May I have your consent?"

A moment before this Meredyth had turned away his head, so that Arthur should not see the pain he was enduring. But now that the question was put to him for final answer, he turned again towards the young man. And at that moment his face wore an altogether glorified aspect, as though an angel stood beside him, and the glory of his presence had reflected itself in his countenance. "My consent?" he said, as though answering a far-off echo. Then he spoke the next words in a very low, fervent tone:

"Yes, my boy, you shall have it—with all my heart," adding under his breath "for all my heart goes with it."

Arthur thanked his friend; and without even inquiring further after his health, with that selfishness peculiar to young lovers, ran out of the house, and soon found himself by Lena's side.

In the meantime the girl had received a letter by that morning's post. It bore the Haslemere post-mark, and ran as follows:

"My dear Miss Penhurst,

"It is perhaps possible you may have remarked that of late I have often sought your company, though I dared not—such is my shyness before ladies—address many words to you, and none, I think, that would show you the true state of my feelings.

"I have never loved anyone before, but the first time I saw you—that evening two months ago—must have marked the beginning of my love, though I doubt that then even I myself was aware of its presence.

"After that I used to make excuses to come again and again to see Mr. Culliver; but it was to see you I came. And if I spoke little to you, it was a great happiness to me to listen to every word you uttered.

"At last I made up my mind to speak, even if only through the cold medium of pen and paper. But before I did so, I felt impelled to visit what I have often thought was a little green paradise, right away in the heart of Surrey, that I ventured to hope would please you if I bought; and where, I think, I could make you happy; that is, if any effort of mine could do so.

"Lena, I tell you I love you, as only a man can love who has passed his first youth, and never cared for a woman before. Dare I hope for some little return—even though for ever so little? If 'Yes,' then write just half a dozen words. It is all I ask you for.

"If 'no,' then destroy this letter. Do not answer it, never allude to it again, and tell no one (I trust to your honour in this, as I well know I can) that you have ever received it.

"Yearning for an answer, yet scarcely knowing what I have done to deserve one,

"Yours always, whether an answer comes or not,

"MARTIN MEREDYTH."

As Lena heard Arthur's footsteps ascending the stairs, two steps at a time, she thrust the letter she had been reading far away out of sight. The next instant her lover stood before her.

"Well?" she asked. "He has not given his consent."

"But he has, though."

"He has?"

"Yes."

"Then, Arthur," and Lena spoke with all her soul in the words, "he is the best man in all the world!"

Arthur acquiesced. But he never guessed her true meaning; for love had blinded him.

DOGS TO ORDER.

Fair Customer: I live in the suburbs, and I want a good house-dog.

Dealer: Yes, mum.

"But of course, I don't want one that will keep us awake all night barking at nothing."

"No, mum."

"He must be big, and strong and fierce, you know."

"Yes, mum."

"Yet as gentle as a lamb with us, you know."

"Yes, mum."

"And he must pounce on every tramp that comes along and drive him off."

"Yes, mum."

"But he mustn't interfere with any poor but honest man looking for work."

"No, mum."

"If a burglar comes prowling about at night the dog should make mincemeat of him in an instant."

"Yes, mum."

"But he mustn't attack a neighbour who drops in for an evening call."

"No, mum."

"And, of course, he mustn't molest people who come hurrying in at all hours of the night to call my husband. He's a doctor, you know."

"No, mum. I see what you want. You want a thought-reader dog."

"Yes, I suppose so. Can you send me one?"

"Very sorry, mum, but I'm just out of that kind."

PROSPEROUS RED MEN.

The Indians had a big blow out at the residence of Louis Antelope, in Tekoa, one day this week, the occasion being the celebration of the anniversary of the death of Augustus, a Coeur d'Alene Indian, who died last year. A magnificent feast was given by the host, a son of the deceased, to all who attended. The entire tribe was invited, and fully 600, including the children, accepted the invitation. Chief Saltese made a characteristic speech and was followed by Peter Wildshoe, who praised the virtues of the deceased. The chief of the Spokane tribe, whose name was not learned, was also present, and addressed the assembly. Festivities began at 9 o'clock and lasted until evening. The feast was given by the host, Augustus, and must have cost a "pretty penny," as excellent food was served to the vast throng present.

These Indians are rapidly becoming civilised and are assuming the customs and dress of the whites more each year. They have excellent farms, good houses and machinery and one passing over the reservation would not believe that it was occupied by Indians did he not see them. Their houses are generally well built and painted and look neat and clean, while many have excellent barns and farms well tilled. They raise a large amount of grain each year and sell it in Tekoa. A large portion of it is loaded at a side track on the reservation, but the grain is sold to Tekoa dealers and the money is largely spent there. Many of them dress entirely like white people and come to town in fine carriages and hacks. They are quite industrious and are excellent citizens and always peaceful except when under the influence of liquor, sold to them by unscrupulous white persons. The Indian trade is one of Tekoa's main resources.

WHAT TO TRY.

Try snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrh in the head.

Try taking your cod liver oil in tomato catsup if you want to make it palatable.

Try a cloth, wrung out in cold water, put about the neck at night for a sore throat.

Try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward.

Try a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) in diarrheal troubles; give freely.

Try a newspaper over your chest, beneath your coat, as a chest protector in extremely cold weather.

DO NOT SAY.

Do not say two first, etc., but say first two, as only one can be first.

It is better to say last two weeks, etc., rather than past two weeks.

In using the words farther and further remember that farther should be used in the sense of away from, while further in the sense of on toward: "As he advanced further on his way he realized that he was getting farther away from home."

Do not say it was a week ago to-morrow, but it will be a week ago to-morrow.

Do not say a coat sets well, but a coat sits well; and as a hen sits on eggs we should say a "sitting hen," not "a setting hen."

A New Novel.—She: "Have you read 'In Luck's Way?' He: "Yes; but I've never got far into it yet."

FAMOUS DECORATIONS.

MEDALS AND CROSSES GIVEN FOR BRAVERY IN ACTION.

One of the most famous of the few great orders for valour which make no distinction of class is the Victoria Cross of Great Britain. It was instituted at the close of the Crimean campaign in 1856, the Queen deeming it desirable to have some suitable reward of the kind for her brave soldiers and sailors. The Victoria Cross is given only to those who perform in the enemy's presence some signal act of valour or devotion to country. It may be granted to volunteers as well as to the regular forces, if the volunteers are serving against an enemy to Great Britain. The decoration consists of a plain Maltese cross, in bronze, having in the centre the royal crown, surmounted by the lion, and beneath the crown a scroll, with the words, "For valour."

On the reverse are inscribed the name of the recipient and the date of the deed of gallantry for which the cross was conferred. The ribbon which goes with the cross is blue for the Navy and red for the Army. On the clasp which attaches cross and ribbon are two branches of laurel. Bronze bars are added to the ribbon for further brave deeds on the part of the holder, and these bars are inscribed with the names of the actions in which the services were rendered. A pension of £10 a year accompanies the decoration. A curious and interesting fact in regard to the bronze of which the Victoria Cross is made is that it is the metal of guns which have been taken from the enemy.

The manner in which a soldier in the field is recommended for the Cross is as follows: His action, having been observed by his own commanding officer, is reported to the general commanding the army or division. He, in turn, transmits the news to the British Secretary of State for War, who informs the Queen. The awarding of the Victoria Cross is always announced in "The Gazette," and full description is published of the act of conspicuous bravery which won the honour. The recipient is entitled thereafter to sign after his name the letters "V. C."

THE IRON CROSS.

The most coveted military decoration of Germany is the famous Iron Cross, founded by Frederick William III. of Prussia on March 10th, 1813, for patriotic bravery in the wars against Napoleon. It was revived in a slightly modified form by William I. in the Franco-Prussian war, and was awarded by him to his son, the late Emperor Frederick, for the victory of Wissembourg, on August 4th, 1870. About 40,000 persons were decorated in 1870-71, or during the war. The cross, as its name indicates, is of iron, set off by a silver rim. It is of the Maltese shape, like the Victoria Cross. In the upper limb are the letters "F. W." (Frederick William), surmounted by a crown. At the base of the lower limb is the date 1813 or 1815, and in the centre of the cross is a cluster of three oak leaves. The ribbon from which the cross hangs is black, with a white border. From among his many Orders and decorations the Iron Cross was Prince Bismarck's favourite, and was usually the only one he wore.

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

The badge of the great French order, the Legion of Honour, is termed a cross, but is in reality a star with five double rays or points. The order was established by Napoleon in May, 1802, at the time of the Consulate. During his campaign many brave acts were recognised by the granting of the Cross of the Legion. On December 2nd, 1805, the day of his great victory at Austerlitz, "the battle of the three Emperors," Napoleon gave the cross from his own breast to a grenadier of the Imperial Guard who had saved the Emperor's life from an attack by a Russian soldier.

The star or cross which is the emblem of the order has undergone many modifications since it was first designed, owing to the succession of changes in the politics and government of France. In its present form, the star is of white enamel, mounted upon gold or silver, according to the grade in which it is conferred. It rests upon a wreath, half oak and half laurel. In its centre is an effigy of the republic, with the words "Republique Francaise." On the reverse side are two tricolor standards, with the device "Honneur et Patrie."

The Cross of the Legion of Honor is conferred for political and scientific distinction as well as for military and naval valour. In the Army or Navy a private soldier or sailor wins the decoration only by special bravery, though it may be conferred upon an officer after twenty years of good and faithful service.

U.S.A. MEDAL OF HONOUR.

The medal of honour of the United States is less widely known than the decorations just described, but it belongs to the same class, being granted for bravery to the men of the Army and Navy. It was established by acts of Congress on July 12, 1862, and March 3, 1863, to be given to non-commissioned officers and privates for gallantry in action and soldier-like qualities. Two thousand medals were ordered to be issued. An instance in the course of the war when an entire regiment received the decoration took place at the battle of Gettysburg on July 1, 1865. The Twenty-seventh regiment of Maine volunteered in a body to remain for the battle, although its term of enlistment had expired. All the members received medals. Since the Civil war the medal has been bestowed for services in the various campaigns against the Indians. The first act for which the medal was conferred was that of Assistant Surgeon Bernard Irwan, who, in February, 1861, just before the war, volunteered to command a body of soldiers against the Apaches in Arizona, and succeeded in defeating them. Whether the medal will be granted for services in the present war remains to be seen, but it is probable that there have been many instances of heroism to deserve it.

In shape the medal is a five-pointed star, each point being tipped with a trefoil. In the points are clusters of oak and laurel. The medal is of bronze, thus maintaining the simplicity and lack of intrinsic value which characterise the Victoria and Iron Crosses, and which is suitable for an order of valour. In its centre, surrounded by a circle of stars, is the figure of America. Holding in her right hand a shield blazoned with the arms of the United States, she is repulsing discord, represented by a figure holding snakes in each hand. Above the star are two cannon, crossed, and surmounted by the American eagle. The clasp is composed of the American arms, and the medal is attached to it by a ribbon of the stars and stripes.

FANNING THE FLAME OF GENIUS.

Fond mother—"Well, my pet, did the great dramatic manager say you would quickly become a star if you adopted the stage as a profession?"

Ambitious daughter—"Well, not exactly, but I think he intends to engage me for a new domestic drama of some kind. He told me to go home and learn to cook."

The skilful watchmaker is the man for the hour.

"What are you going to buy your wife for a birthday present?" asked Colonel Jones of Squire Johnson.

"I'm thinking of getting her a piano."

"Can she play?"

"No, of course not. Do you think I'd be such a fool as to buy her a piano if she could play?"

Mrs. Globetrot—"What has become of Dr. Cureall, the great scientist, author of 'How to Live For Ever'?" "Oh, he died some time ago."

ORIGIN OF ENGLISH SURNAMES.

In considering the origin of surnames it must be remembered, says the "Genealogical Magazine," that to all intents and purposes in those days—at the Conquest—there were but two classes—patricians and plebeians. The latter were chiefly of a status little, if anything, better than slavery, though there was also a small, but a decidedly small, class who were the merchants and traders—the freemen of the towns. The patricians were the law-makers; they made the laws to suit their own ways and ideas, to safeguard their own interests; and though it is now the case that the provisions of Magna Charta are the inherent birthright of every Englishman, it should be born in mind that there was a large class then in existence who would have found it hard indeed to claim the rights extorted by the barons from the king, theoretically for the benefit of all men; but, even as far as the barons were concerned, Magna Charta was merely a declaration of rights, and neither confirmed nor created machinery for enforcing those rights.

The point it is desirable to emphasise is the wide distinction between the landholders—who were the upper class—and the remainder. The upper class were few in number—there was land enough for all. In those days it needed no great quantity of land to sustain a gentleman. Therefore, to all intents and purposes, every gentleman was a landholder. The overlords held direct from the Crown, rendering in return the military service, which, according to their holdings could be demanded from them. They sublet their lands, and the under tenants were liable to them for military and other services. The whole being and existence of the Norman upper class was inseparably bound up in and interwoven with the land and the feudal tenure of it. The Saxon landholders who would not accept the new order of things simply "went under."

When a man's Christian name was not a sufficiently distinctive description, it followed of course, that he was described as "of," his land—i.e., "de" such and such a place. Now, that practice dates back as an assured and settled custom at least as far as the Conquest. But it should be remembered that at first such additions were not names—they were merely descriptions—and they were not hereditary. If a man changed his lands he changed his description (which now we should call his name) with his lands as a matter of course. If a man divided his estate amongst his sons, each son had a different description, which he took from the particular lands he held.

A man might give his lands away, he might sell them, he might settle them; he could not dispose of them by will until at a much later date. In those days there was no "estate" duty to avoid; the Plantagenets had not yet begotten that scion of their race who initiated that impost. Therefore, unless circumstances compelled a man to part with his property, he usually held tight to his lands until he died, and at his death his heir succeeded. As a rule, therefore, a man was succeeded by his son, and he, in his turn, by his son. As each in his turn succeeded, he, as a matter of course, also succeeded, along with the lands, to the same description, as being "of," or "de" those same particular lands. This particular description recurring unaltered, generation after generation, the form became stereotyped, colloquially the "de" would be dropped, and, the same description being universally applied to the same family, it came to be regarded as a constituent part of a man's name. Younger sons who were not provided with lands of their own did one of two things, they married an heiress, and then became described as of her lands (they did not take her surname, for surname she had none); or else they stayed in the old homestead in readiness to render the military service for which the land holder was liable to the King. As they remained at the old home, it was only natural that they also were described and referred to as "of" the place, even though they personally had no actual possession therein. And it is difficult—in fact, practically impossible—to say when such a description came to be a name and ceased to be a description.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

"What I want," said the young wife who is bravely starting to do her own work, "is a saw for general use about the house. Here I am chopping away with a dull hatchet at this ham bone," and the vigour with which she hacked expressed her feelings better than words could have done.

"I can get you just what you want," volunteered the man who was attaching weights to the kitchen windows so they could be the more easily manipulated, "and it won't cost over 30 cents."

He received the commission, and the result was a bucksaw with a particularly large frame, cost 75 cents.

"There's a saw," said the purchaser, "as is a saw. When your trees blow down you can cut them up into stove lengths or you can cut an old broomstick in two with it to make a clothes stick, or you can use it in cutting a bone when it has to be done. That's a great all round saw, mum."

There was another ham bone to be cut, and she called her husband to hold the ham while she did the sawing. He laughed outrageously at her purchase, but she stuck up for it and made plain the opinion that his judgment in practical matters was very undesirable. Of course, the long sharp teeth of the saw struck too deep into the bone, and made it impossible for him to hold the ham steadily.

"Give me that saw," he exclaimed testily. "There are some things besides throwing a stone that a woman can't do."

He tried and she tried, but results were no different.

"If you'd just go away and leave the whole thing to me," she said, "I could get along nicely."

He went as far as the door and stood there laughing while she held the ham with her left hand and made frantic efforts to saw with her right. When the ham made a dash from the table and slid clear across the floor and down the cellar way he leaned across the door-sill and she began making arrangements to go home to her mother. When they seriously talked the matter over half an hour later the bucksaw was relegated to the barn and he went down town to buy a meat saw.

THE BISHOP AND THE THIEF.

"I'll be after asking yer riv'rince for the loan of yer purse," said a highwayman to a bishop whom he met taking a lonely walk when he was on a visit to his diocese.

His lordship meekly complied with the request.

"An' this is a gowld watch yer riv'rince is wearing? Sure, an' I'd loike that too."

The prelate would rather have given—even to this impertinent thief—his blessing, but he complied with his wish, parting with his possessions with a heavy sigh.

"It will be long since I had a decent coat to me back," said the thief, "an' I'd loike that foine one of yours, and ye kin take mine in place of it. Sure, yer riv'rince, exchange is no robbery."

The bishop thought it hard that the robber, after taking purse, watch, and coat, should have a joke at his expense also; but he did as he was bidden, and the thief strutted away in high glee, mightily pleased with the figure he cut in the prelate's garment.

The bishop returned home in melancholy mood, plunging his hands dejectedly into the pockets of his absurdly ragged frieze, when, to his joy, what should they light upon but his watch and purse.

The thief, being a truly Irish bull, had put them in his pockets ere he effected an exchange of garments.

EVADING THE LAW.

Moslems are forbidden to drink wines or spirits, but in Tunis they contrive to reach the same ends by smoking preparations of hemp flowers. The milder kind is called "kif," and, if used in moderation, has no more effect than wine; but the concentrated essence, known as "chira," produces intoxication as quickly as raw spirits, and leads to delirium tremens.

A quarrelsome woman is always ready to come to the scratch.

Jessie: "Mamma, what does pro and con mean?" Flossie: "Why, I'm s'prised at your ign'ance. It means man and wife; doesn't it, mamma."

THE PRINCE AND THE ORPHAN BOY.

The Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., having served well and faithfully through a long and active apprenticeship in the British navy, was, in 1786, from the recommendation of absolute personal merit, raised to the rank of post-captain, and appointed to the command of the frigate Pegasus.

It was on a bright morning in April when the prince, having received his commission and his ship, was on his way to his tailor's in Plymouth to get the new uniform which he had ordered. At a street corner he saw a boy crying, and stopped to inquire the cause. The lad looked up through his tears revealing a handsome, winning, and intelligent face, and replied that his mother had died only a few days before, and that he had been cast homeless into the streets. "Where is your father?" asked the prince. "He was lost in the Sussex on the Cornwall coast, two years ago." "And you have no friends?" "Not a friend in the world, sir." "Then I must find one for you. How old are you?" "I am twelve—almost thirteen." "How would you like to go to sea in a first-rate man-of-war?" The boy's face brightened as he answered that he should like it very well.

The prince took out his pocket-book and wrote something upon a slip of paper, which he gave to the boy, with a shilling. "Go down to the dock," he said, "and with this shilling you will hire a boatman to carry you off to the Pegasus. When you get on board the ship, you will give this paper to the officer whom you find in charge of the deck, and he will take care of you. Cheer up, my lad! Show me that you have a true heart, and you shall surely find a true friend."

Murmuring his thanks as best he could, the lad took the shilling and the paper and went his way.

Arrived on board the Pegasus, the officer of the deck received him kindly, and sent him to sit upon a gun-carriage under the break of the poop. In less than an hour the Prince came off in his new uniform; and the boy was strangely moved upon discovering that the man who had promised to be his friend was none other than William, Duke of Clarence, and captain of the frigate.

The boy, whose name proved to be Albert Doyer, was taken into the cabin, where his highness questioned him until satisfied of his worthiness, and forthwith he ordered the lad to be rated as a midshipman, and from his own purse he procured an outfit.

During the voyage to the American coast the prince became strongly attached to his youthful protege, keeping him about his person continually, and instructing him in general branches of education, as well as in the principles of seamanship.

Time passed on, and the boy grew to be a man. His heart had been true. In the after years, when William was King, the sovereign signed with his own hand the commission which made Albert Doyer a rear-admiral; and he exclaimed, as he put his signature to the document:

"There! If I have done a good deed for England, it was when I saved to her service that true and worthy man!"

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE THIMBLE.

"To the Dutch the ladies of all nations are indebted for the invention of the thimble. The Dutch achieved this great invention about the year 1690."

How could this stupid error have arisen? The thimble is probably prehistoic. Thimbles in some form must have been used by the women who executed the rich embroideries of the mediæval time. The late Professor J. E. Thorold Rogers, in his "History of Agriculture and Prices in England," mentions, under the year 1494, one dozen thimbles, which cost 4s. What is, however, more to the purpose, they are frequently alluded to by our old dramatists. Here are two examples from the greatest of them:

In the "Taming of the Shrew," Grumio says:—

"I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee though thy little finger be armed in a thimble."—IV. iii. 149.

In "The Life and Death of King John," the Bastard says:—

For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums.
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.
V, ii. 156.

In the early days of the Civil War between Charles I. and the Parliament, when the citizens of London were called on to sell their plate to be coined into money, the royalist jesters made fun of the Puritan dames, who were said to have given even their silver thimbles to the cause.

INSTINCT AND REASON.

Entering the parlour of a friend the other day my attention was instantly attracted to a Florida mocking bird. He was flying about in an eager manner, with something like a long black straw in his bill. My friend entering, I asked—

"What is your bird doing?"

"Building a nest," she answered.

"Has he a mate?"

"No, he has never had one," she replied, "nor has he ever seen a nest. The black straw is a shaving of whalebone, which lasts him better than anything else."

At this moment it flew into a corner of the cage, and, stooping, dropped the whalebone, waited a moment as if for some response, and then flew away to repeat the manœuvre.

"Does he not want something soft?' I asked.

"I sometimes give him yarn or wool; he tears it all up, and then carries it to that corner. He evidently thinks it his duty to provide material, but he does not undertake to use it.'

"And what will he do next?" I asked.

"He will after a day or two brood over that corner, sitting close, and spreading his wings out as broadly as possible. He does this two or three times a day."

"And after that?"

"Later the paternal instinct seems to be aroused in a different way. He goes to his food cup, takes some food in his mouth, and drops it into his corner. He repeats this several times as if he were feeding his young. I do not know how many young birds he ought to expect, but I should like to know to see if he counts right."

I have sometimes known a male canary to build a nest in the spring, carrying the process nearer to completion, but I have never heard of an instance like this, and think it may interest others than myself.

VERY ROMANTIC.

She was romantic. Her father was a millionaire, whose life had been devoted to sausage making. He was practical naturally, but all the poetry of the family was centred in her. She was beloved by another millionaire's son, but she had been reading romance and stuff, and when he proposed to her she declared he must do something poetical for her.

"Dearest, what can I do?"

"Become a poor artist."

"I couldn't be any other kind of an artist."

"I mean you must pretend to become a poor artist. Pa does not know you. You must come and make love to me, and I will fall in love with you. Pa will object and make a row. We will elope and get married, and when it is all over we'll tell him, and it will be delightful."

And so he became a poor artist, and took a poor studio, and daubed on canvas, and pretended to paint pictures. And there was another millionaire's daughter got to coming to his studio and sitting for her picture. In those delightful little tete-a-tetes he forgot all about the romantic maiden, and when the romantic maiden came one night in peasant costume as a sweet surprise to run away with him, she found he was married to the other girl, and had gone off on his honeymoon. She thinks that romances are all lies now, and that nothing happens in real life as it happens in books. She's about right.

The Maryland oyster pirates are reported to be well-equipped with rifle and cannon. Out here in Indiana the oyster pirates battery consists of a pair of lovely eyes, to which the young man immediately surrenders.

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HIS LOVE AND MINE.

CHAPTER I.

The unpleasant truth was brought home to me one day—sugared like an unsavoury powder—that I was getting quite an old fellow.

It was at the Murray's yearly garden-party that this whisper was wafted to my outraged ears:

"Who is that very striking-looking man with the pretty daughter?"

"Do you hear that, Molly?" I queried, with a would-be careless laugh, of the dainty white-robed figure at my side. "Those old lowngers take me to be your father."

"Stupid old snails!" was my ward's scathing comment. "Their eyes must either be glued up, I should say, or their wits very much astray. Don't mind them, Piers; idle people always talk a lot of nonsense without believing it to be one scrap true."

"I don't care a hang!" I declared disingenuously. "One should be proud to be mistaken for the papa of such a well-dressed and moderately comely young lady."

"Don't you think me awfully pretty, Piers?" she asked.

"I should imagine you were passable," I replied; "but having known you since you were a child, I am scarcely a fair judge. What do other fellows tell you?"

"Claude says I am just perfect," dreamily; "but then I wonder if Claude really knows, or whether he only says that to please me."

"Claude!" I repeated sharply, with a searching glance down at her unconscious face; "you should have more sense than to listen to the twaddle of a young ass like Claude. The fellow always was a fool—and talked like one!"

"Piers, I could never have believed you; and it in you to be so horrid and unjust," said Molly reproachfully, as she seated herself upon a garden bench and unceremoniously pulled me down beside her. "I always fancied you were so fond of Claude. Do you know," coaxingly, slipping a friendly little hand into mine, "I really think you might be nicer to the poor boy; he just worships you, and if you were gentle with him I am sure he would do anything to please you."

I felt myself colouring. Perhaps it was too true what this winsome child was telling me. I may have been too hard on my wild young half-brother, but—Heaven only knows how I loved that lad, and what an unendurable amount of pain and shame he had brought into my life.

Then I fell thinking of my pretty young stepmother who died eighteen years ago—when I was a lad myself—and who had trusted her little child so implicitly into my keeping. They had been happy days for me when Claude's baby fingers instinctively clung to me, and when his loving baby heart had shot forth tendrils to wrap me round about and to make him the dearest treasure of my life.

Molly had been nothing to me in the olden days compared to my little brother. She too, was motherless and fatherless when I took her under the shelter of my roof, and all the time I chafed inwardly at having been left the guardianship of a second child when I was rather at sea over the problem of how to bring up one.

However, my aunt Celia came to the rescue, put herself at the head of my home, became a poor weak slave to Molly, interfered with me greatly, and made herself generally inconvenient.

I alone was the one person in the house who did not bend to Molly's sway, for my mind was too full of Claude, and Molly stood in much awe of me.

I was a wiser man in those days, perhaps.

"You are thinking," whispered a soft voice close to my shoulder, "and you have the most enormous great wrinkles scrooging up your forehead. You are not—surely you are not going to scold me?"

"What if I did?" I demanded, conscious of a mad feeling of dangerous enjoyment at the close proximity of her fair, sweet face. "You would only shrug your rebellious shoulders and desert me for a more compliant companion. Besides, I don't believe I ever said a sharp word to you in my life."

"I don't believe you ever did," meditatively; "but when I was a little girl—you have much nicer manners now, Mr. Vivien—you used to tighten up your lips and look so grim and severe that I used to shiver in my shoes before you. I have never quite recovered the repeated shocks you used to administer to my nervous system. Piers," sweetly, drawing closer to me, "when our boy comes home to-night, you will promise to be very, very extra nice to him, won't you?"

"How can I answer such a question until I have seen him?" I made answer gruffly enough; then it pleased me to add bitterly, "I don't think you need fear, though; I suppose directly I see him and listen to his humbugging excuses, I shall be as great a fool as I have been a thousand times before."

"You never were a fool," flatteringly; "and never will be, I am very sure. Shall we go back to all those stupid people now?"

"No, certainly not. We are far more comfortable as we are."

I drew her hand through my arm, and tried to cast all thoughts of Claude out of my mind. I should have quite enough of Claude later on. But I determined to make the best of my time with Molly while I had her all to myself.

"We very seldom see much of each other now, do we, child?" I asked, after a few moments of silence. "Why is that, I wonder? Are you too busy, or am I too old and disagreeable a fellow for a girl to care to talk to?"

"Why are you always harping on being old?" wonderingly. "You won't be even middle-aged for ever so long, and when you are we shall all care for you just as much as we do now."

"Molly, do you care for me now?"

She laughed up at me, her face dimpling bewitchingly, and her glorious eyes dancing with amusement at some irresistibly funny idea which had evidently just occurred to her.

I could have shaken her for her merriment. I had not dared to expect her to really like me much, but yet—well, I had certainly degenerated into a promising specimen of an idiot during the last few months.

"You need not answer," I interrupted stiffly, just as she opened her pretty lips to reply; "there is no need to try any soft polite little speeches on me. I can easily detect insincerity."

"You needn't stand in any fear of hearing anything misleadingly polite from me," she assured me with fine scorn, pulling away her hand, and rising in wrath to leave me. "My candid opinion is that you are quite the most disagreeable person I ever met. I Claude is a 'scapegrace' and a 'black sheep'"—two terms greatly in vogue with my aunt Celia just then—"I can only mention that I sincerely wish you were one, too; they are, at least, far more pleasant company than immaculate guardians!"

At that moment I almost felt it in me to hate Claude for standing between me and the girl I had learnt to love.

CHAPTER II.

Claude and I were alone together in my study. There was a pile of his unpaid bills before me on the table, but it was not the bills that troubled me most—the boy was welcome to my last shilling, and knew it well—it was not even the unpleasant rumours which had followed him from Cambridge; it was Claude's manner which vexed me more than all. He lolled in a great armchair with his favourite dog upon his knee; his handsome, well-cut face and fair head showing up well against the dark crimson velvet.

What wonder that Molly should love him! Would to heaven—for her sake—the inner man could match in comliness with the outer!

"I know I'm going to the dogs!" laughed Claude in a low, mocking voice. "I quite agree with you and my estimable aunt Celia that I'm a confounded scamp, and to tell you the frozen truth, my dear chap, I don't care a little hang! There's only one thing that could pull me up with a short rein, and that—I'm not going to get!"

He blew a cloud of cigar smoke into Blister's face, and whistled softly to himself, and from the garden outside came the sound of Molly's clear, ringing laughter.

"There's Molly!" exclaimed Claude, and looked across at me lazily through his long, dark lashes. "Now, she's a girl who could keep my fellow straight if she only cared to. Do you care to contemplate such a tragedy, Piers—Molly undertaking the reformation of such a double-dyed blackguard as I am?"

I filled in and signed a cheque before I made him any reply.

"I should say that Molly would make a decidedly unsuitable wife for a drunkard."

I had chosen my words coldly and deliberately, and had the poor satisfaction of seeing Claude wince and turn pale beneath them—poor lad! under all his careless manner he was bearing a heavy enough load of shame.

"Piers!" he gasped, with a queer hoarseness in his voice. "Piers, old man, you needn't have hit quite so hard. It isn't quite so bad as that yet, and—what am I saying! There's no need to lie to you. All right, Piers, it's as true as the Gospel, and you are the first who has ever had the pluck to call me by—by the right name."

His slim, sunburnt hand trembled as he knocked the ash off his cigar, and his blue eyes met mine with an expression of dumb pain and reproach in their depths, which hurt me even more than his words.

"Look here, Claude," I said firmly, setting aside all squeamish feeling of pity, and forcing myself to my duty, "we had much better face this honestly; it won't do either of us any good if I keep beating about the bush. I can't let you marry Molly as you are; you must prove yourself to be a man first, and what is more—a gentleman. Would you be willing to go away for a while and try to break through this cursed habit which is making a hell of your future life, and which"—I paused here for a moment to meet his questioning glance unflinchingly—"will effectually keep you and Molly apart? Old Meredith is going cruising in his yacht in a week or so, and you know what a rabid teetotaler the man is. What do you say to going with him? You'd be safe enough there."

Claude always took all I said in good part. I like to think now that he was always sweet-tempered with me from the time he was a child to the time we parted.

"I'm not so far gone that I couldn't break through it myself." His voice sounded strangely hopeless, and something suspiciously like a sigh escaped him. "I was talking rot, Piers, when I said I couldn't keep straight alone. I could if I wanted to, but it doesn't seem to matter much what becomes of me with all the luck against me."

Then he rose and came across to me, laying his hand on my shoulder and looking down with a softened light in his eyes.

"I'll go, Piers, all the same," he continued stoutly; "I think it is about time I tried to please somebody but myself—the feeling will be rather unique! I'll clear out of this for a while, and either come back to you a reformed character or else"—with a light laugh—"go to feed the fishes under the sea. Hullo!" suddenly turning as Molly passed by the open French windows, and cast a longing look in at us, "there goes Madame Moll! Wait for me, little woman, and we'll go blackberrying together for the last time of asking."

He was quite himself again as he passed his arm through hers and smiled down at her.

"Do you think I shall make a fairly dismal specimen of an exile, my dear?" I heard him say in the half-tender, half-bantering voice he always used when speaking to her.

"An exile, Claude!" Her startled grey eyes were raised quickly to his face. "Why, are you going away?"

"Yes," briefly stooping to catch up Blister, who had been noisily worrying the end of her dress.

"Farther than to Cambridge? Oh, Claude!"

"Yes," affirmed Claude again, a false ring in his ever-ready laugh, "farther than to Cambridge even."

CHAPTER III.

So Claude went away from us all in the soft, mellow light of a summer evening, and though my heart went out to him to bid him stay, I glanced from his face to Molly's, and judged that he must bear the pain he had brought upon himself rather than bring unhappiness into the girl's cloudless life.

She kissed him good-bye before us all, and to my jealous eyes there seemed to be a new shyness about her manner and a conscious flush on her face.

Perhaps Claude noticed it too. With unusual gravity he raised her pretty hands and held them about his neck, while a shadow fell across his perfect face.

"I shall come back in time for your wedding," he said, "so don't get anxious about me, Molly. I have to be here to give you away, you know."

"Oh Piers will do that!" declared Molly with a tremulous laugh.

I turned away to stare blindly at the dog-cart which was waiting to take him to the station, and to mechanically pat Mahogany's smooth, satin neck.

"Piers will be a jolly sight too busy to do everything himself," said Claude quietly.

The cruel sound of Molly's sobs fell upon my ears, and something even more bitter than these—my brother's voice, hoarse with the agony of pent-up love and sorrow, which for a moment had defied and broken all bonds and stood revealed before us in all its hopeless strength.

"Good-bye, my darling, my dear, dear heart's love!" he murmured brokenly, then wrung my hand with his blue eyes lowered, his fair head ashamed and down-bent as though with the knowledge that he had permitted words to escape him which should, under the circumstances, have been honourably suppressed.

My brother, my brother! I judged you in this wise while you stood before me like a culprit—and yet, Heaven knows, you were at that moment a braver, more unselfish man than I can ever hope to be.

This is the letter he wrote me a few days afterwards:—

"Dear old Piers,—

"I can see now how it is with you, though I have been blind nearly long enough to do you an irreparable injury.

"I shall keep away until you and the child are married; she will learn to care for you, of course, and to make this more certain I decided to fall in with your temperance plan and take myself off. Don't think, old chap, that you are bound to give her up from any sense of honour towards me; you are the man to make her a good husband, and I trust to you to see to her life's happiness.

"You needn't worry over the drink—I mean to have a fair shot at pulling myself up, and as the old man knows my story, he has promised to show all ports a clean pair of heels till I can trust myself. My love to the neat and Molly.

"Your affectionate brother,

"CLAUDE VIVIAN."

CHAPTER IV.

Before six months had passed my life became a curse to me, for the words in Claude's letter had come only too true, and I knew that Molly loved me.

She tried to deceive me—my sweet, proud darling!—sometimes I believe she well-nigh deceived herself; but Love's eyes are ever keen, and I read her heart as a book from the very first hour in which I became all in all to her.

It was a few hours after I had received the news of my boy's death.

I bore up well under the first shock—my aunt has since told me—so well, indeed, that Molly stood forth as my accuser to blame me for having driven him from his home and to lay his death at my door.

I scarcely heeded her at the time; my mind was far away with Claude, striving to picture him lying beneath the waves of a far-off sea, with his fair head laid to rest, and his laughing blue eyes closed in the last long sleep, which would never be broken until the judgment day.

Then came my hour of temptation when Molly came to me—his love and mine—to kneel at my feet, to comfort me in my weakness and misery, and to plead for the forgiveness of her past cruelty.

I knew her secret then—a secret which made my pulses beat more quickly, and the hot blood go throbbing wildly through heart and brain.

She loved me! Surely, thought, I, Heaven is merciful, for when mad and desperate with the pain of my new-born sorrow, my darling had come to me to lighten my burden.

I held her in my arms and kissed her sweet, tremulous lips. I saw her soft, gray eyes droop shyly before the fire in mine, and then—

Claude's face rose up before me. A pale, piteous face all bound about with sea-weeds and disfigured by the beating of the waves; his poor, glazed eyes kindling with woe unutterable, and his livid lips questioning me whether I would be a traitor to him while yet the tidings of his death were ringing in my ears!

I put her from me and turned away. It was hard to seem false to the living, but how could I steel my heart to the pleading of the dead?

There seemed but one honourable course open to me—to leave Molly to forget; so I set my face from home and happiness and went from her for many a long, weary month.

I was a very different man when at last I returned; I had aged considerably, and my hair was turning very grey on the temples. My aunt Celia called my attention to this latter fact before I had been in the house an hour.

"You will be as white as snow in a few months, Piers," she observed complainingly, after she had critically examined me from head to foot. "I never saw a man so altered in such a short time, did you, Molly? Why, my dear boy, you are positively becoming wrinkled!"

"Well, what of that?" I enquired impatiently; my months of solitude had not improved my temper. "I am old enough to be bald and toothless both. Do you know how old I am, Molly?"

The colour rose vividly in my ward's cheeks, and she bent her head lower over her needlework.

"Not quite so old as aunt tries to make out from your appearance, I should hope," she replied, with a low, soft laugh. "But really, Piers, you are not looking well. You must let auntie coddle you for a while with soups and her mysterious herbal compounds. I have endured a perfect martyrdom from her while you were away, so now you must take your fair share of playing victim."

"Have you been ill?" I queried, in what I knew was a hatefully curt voice.

"She has been looking very pale," burst out Aunt Celia; "and, really, Piers——"

"Piers has no tea in his cup, aunt," interrupted Molly softly; and, rising, she laid aside her work, and passed out into the garden.

"You really, Piers," continued my aunt placidly, "must induce her to go away for a nice little change. She has been dreadfully low-spirited of late—indeed, I scarcely know her for the same merry girl who used to make this dark old house so gay and bright."

She shook her head sadly at the red stocking she was knitting, and I took an uncertain step or two towards the open windows, through which the girl had disappeared.

"I fear she frets after that poor lad," Aunt Celia added.

Then I remembered what I owed to Claude; so I came back into the room, sat down determinedly in a chair, and put an end to all further conversation by partially concealing myself behind a newspaper. I knew well it needed a braver woman than my aunt to disturb me when I was reading.

I watched Molly closely in the days that followed, and noticed that, when unconscious of my presence, she seemed as light-hearted as ever—running races with Blister, teasing my Aunt Celia till that estimable lady sank to a state bordering on hysteria, and awakening the echoes of the house with her ringing laughter. But, before me a change came over her—a certain gravity, and nervousness, which cut me to the heart, and yet, at times, had the power to cause me a savage feeling of satisfaction.

But when the longing came over me to take her to my heart and tell her how my life was worth nothing to me if I had not her, to share it, to hear her whisper out her sweet confession of love upon my breast—then, when this temptation assailed me, I called to remembrance my dead brother's sacrifice, and, shutting my eyes to the paradise which lay without my reach, with every fresh effort of renunciation I added yet another weight to the burden I was bearing.

CHAPTER V.

"You make a perfect fool of that dog!" my Aunt Celia cried wrathfully, and an exuberant yelp from Blister followed by the sounds of wild pursuit, fell upon my ears as I sat alone in my study.

"Don't hurt him," commanded Molly, her voice raised ominously; "if you dare to hurt him, aunt, I shall—I'll never be able to forgive you." Then seductively: "Come out, Blister—come out, my darling! Come to your mistress like a good dog, and bring your aunt's cap with you. Oh, Aunt Celia what if there are hairpins in it and he should swallow them!"

I chuckled grimly. My ward's sympathies were certainly not with Aunt Celia's fated headgear.

"I trust he will," was the vindictive rejoinder. "I would welcome the day that saw the mischievous creature dead. Molly, you must poke him out, somehow, or crawl behind the press and catch him."

"Crawl yourself, Aunt Celia, if you please," haughtily—I could picture how Molly shrugged her shoulders and elevated her pretty eyebrows—"I won't put myself in the power of a lot of fusty old beetles and things just for the sake of a cap. It wasn't even a pretty cap, you know it wasn't; Piers told you himself he would give you everyone if you'd buy it, and Piers very seldom notices anything."

"He must be an uncommonly brilliant chap, from what I hear of him," I reflected, smiling faintly to the vanquisher of whatever might remain of Blister on the cap. "Where's that brute of a dog?"

"Behind things!" smiled Aunt Celia, vehemently dusting a carved oak piece. Molly had drawn aside at my approach. "I desire, Piers, that you will make him come out somehow."

"This way!" I quietly, working a long arm into a very cobwebby and unclean region, and forcibly producing the howling Blister by the tail. "Hullo! my fine dog; you seem to have conceived a powerful affection for that draggled piece of millinery."

Blister winked, and held on to his treasure with a tooth disregard for being swung head downwards.

"Give him to me," Molly begged mildly enough; "don't toss the poor fellow, Piers."

She held him in her arms—Aunt Celia complaining volubly the while—while I forced open his reluctant jaws and triumphantly extracted his moist prey.

"You should punish him when he does things of this sort, Molly," I declared, spurred on to severity by beholding Aunt Celia disarmed, in tears; "I've a good mind to give him a thorough thrashing myself."

Molly's eyes flashed.

"You won't!" rebelliously; "nobody shall lay a finger on him!"

"Molly!" I laid my hand on her shoulder and made her defiant eyes sink before mine. I had never any difficulty in managing my ward, or keeping her rather quick temper under control.

"I didn't mean to—to be hateful to you, or rude," she explained nervously; "but, indeed, I'd far rather you hit me than Blister. I love him better than anything or any one, I believe."

I overlooked the obvious untruthfulness of this last remark—well knowing the poor child had intended it to blind me—and turned to re-enter my study.

"Aunt Celia is quite right," I said over my shoulder, "you spoil him utterly."

Her lips quivered sensitively, and her eyes regarded me with pained reproach from over Blister's white head.

"How could I be hard on him?" she asked. "He was the last thing Claude ever gave me. Do you think I could ever bear to be unkind to anything Claude cared for?"

I turned suddenly, and if I looked as excited as I felt it was little wonder she seemed startled, and drew back a step or two. But heedless of her manner, heedless of Aunt Celia's presence, I took one of the hands that were unworthily occupied with caressing lucky Blister, and drew her to me.

"You think it would be wronging Claude if you neglected the happiness of a creature he had cared for—even a dog."

"Of course, I do," uneasily; "don't Piers—you are hurting my hand."

I muttered some incoherent apology and released her.

A new light had broken in upon me by reason of her words. I paced up and down my study torturing myself by trying to set aside the new sweet hope which had suddenly sprung up in my heart.

Claude—Claude, how I envied you in that bitter hour of agony and doubt! You had done with all the fretting care and trouble of this world for ever and aye, and no vexed questions of honour, love, or duty would disturb your rest. Your peace was eternal. My life was an ordeal of fire.

"I trust you to see to her life's happiness."

These words stood out before me, clearly and distinctly, each bearing a new reproach.

He had trusted me and I had failed him.

He had made a sacrifice for my sake, which I, in my false pride, had churlishly refused to accept.

I had wronged Claude's nature in forcing myself to believe he would grudge me the sweet delight of calling our darling by the name of wife. Even in his lifetime he would have set aside his own pain—my brave, unselfish lad!—and been the first to wish me joy. Now that he had gone from me should I judge him to be less generous?

How had I repaid the debt I felt that I owed him?

I had brought sorrow into Molly's life. She had loved me. I had betrayed to her that I loved her in return, and then, just when the sweetness of life seemed dawning for her, I had stealed my heart and left her alone in uncertainty and grief.

Could I ever atone to her for the pain of the past two years? Those wasted years which had been so cruelly long to both of us—nay, would she accept any atonement coming so late?

What if she had learnt to think me false, to doubt my honour, and to believe that I had merely trifled with her heart?

Molly was standing all alone in the sunny garden when I went to put my fate into her hands.

The sound of my footsteps must have reached her as I went swiftly, eagerly towards her, but she bent her head over a bunch of freshly-picked flowers, and would not turn to meet me.

The shy smile she always greeted me with was now for the first time missing, and hope almost died out of my heart.

"Molly!" I cried unsteadily.

"You want me, Piers?" she asked, a sudden flush stealing over her half-averted face.

"Yes," I said, and held out my arms to her; "I want you, child, now and for ever! Will you come to me?"

There was a moment's hesitation, in which all the misery and doubt of the past two years rose up between us as a well-nigh impassable barrier; a moment's agony, while she remembered my long, cruel silence, and then—her soft grey eyes looking up into mine with the unquestioning love and trust as of a little child—my darling came.

A Simple Arrangement.—Bride-elect: Now, look shall we months about church? We belong to different denominations, you know. Shall I go with you, or will you go with me?

Bridegroom-elect: I tell you what. You tell your minister that you're going to my church, and I'll tell my minister that I'm going to yours. Then we won't be missed, and we needn't go anywhere.

A Step too Far.—"It is true," she said, "that our club has been disbanded."

"What was the difficulty?"

"Why the president tried to enforce a rule to the effect that only one member could talk at a time."

Hic. Do you remember when first we met? The dew was on the roses, the air was full of summer scents, and——

"Not yet; and now there's no summer, no dew, no roses, and no dense. By the way, have you heard of my engagement?

Not Surprised.—"No!" said the rich old bachelor, "I never could find time to marry."

"Well," replied the young woman with the sharp tongue, "I am not surprised to hear you say so. If anybody would have taken a good while to persuade any girl to have you."

With Reason.—"Don't say good-bye for ever," she pleaded.

There was reason in her request. He had her nearly half an hour as it already, so he suggested that the parting might project into the boundless regions of eternity were well founded.

A LAWFUL EXPEDIENT.

"Say, old man, I made the most absurd mistake yesterday. A police patrol waggon passed me, and, I could have sworn I caught a glimpse of you in it."

"What time was it?"

"About five in the afternoon, perhaps a little later."

"Well, it wasn't a mistake. It was I."

"What? You arrested? What for?"

"To save my life."

"Why, how?"

"Well, the trouble began when my wife asked me, just as I started down town after breakfast, to drop into Wholeblock's department store and get her a spool of thread. So as to be sure I didn't forget it I went there before going to the office, and after some little trouble, I found the right counter and bought the thread all right. Then I started out, at peace with the world, but when I got where the door ought to have been, it wasn't there. I smiled a little at getting twisted like that, and started back for the other end of the store, but the door wasn't there either. Well, sir, I tonned around for a couple of hours, laughing at myself all the time for being fool enough to get lost in a store, looking for that elusive door, and never getting an inch nearer to it, apparently. Then I quit laughing, and settled down to a systematic search for the way out. After another hour of fruitless effort I found myself just as far from my object as ever, and maybe got a little rattled and excited; at any rate, I remembered dartingup one aisle and rushing down another, pushing my way desperately through throngs of women, and rioting around counter after counter, until I was completely tired out, but never catching even a glimpse of the door. Then at last the awful seriousness of my position burst upon me. There I was, virtually, I feared irreparably, lost in a tuckless, illimitable waste of dress goods; at the least, it might be days before I could work my way out. I tried to think what it was best to do, but the horror of my situation seemed to benumb my brain. Next I have a confused recollection of plunging here, there, and everywhere, in frantic efforts to escape. I have a dim idea that in my despair I even offered the elevator-boy fabulous sums to cut the elevator loose and shoot me out through the roof. All the rest is a hideous, phantasmagoria of reeling counters, wheeling floors, whirling crowds of women, seemingly dancing diabolical jigs at the sight of my misery, until, late in the afternoon, I staggered, panting, starving, desperate, up against one of the counters in that vast impenetrable jungle. The very violence of my exertions had by this time worn out the crisis rioting of my fears, and to some extent cleared my brain; and as my bloodshot eyes fell upon that gloves scattered over the counter upon which I supported myself, I had an inspiration—a heaven-sent plan of escape suggested itself. With elaborate cunning, calculated to attract attention, I slipped a pair of the gloves into my pocket, and pretended to make off. For one dreadful moment my heart stopped beating, as no one seemed to notice my theft, but the next instant a hand was clapped heavily upon my shoulder, and, eureka! I was led to the door and given in charge to a policeman as a shoplifter. I could have hugged the store-detective as I once more felt the glorious free air of heaven upon my fevered face."

"But how did you fix the matter up?"

"Oh, easily enough. The judge happened to be a married man himself, so when I explained and offered to either return or pay for the gloves—which, by the way, were a pair of coal-heaver's mitts—he discharged me at once, ruling that mine was a justifiable expedient, since 'necessity knows no law.'"

THE MEALS OF MERRIE ENGLAND.

In olden times the English had three meals a day, of which the chief meal was taken when the work of the day was finished. The first meal was at nine, dinner was about three o'clock, and supper was taken just before bedtime. The Normans dined at the old English breakfast time, or a little later, and supped at seven p.m. In Tudor times the higher classes dined at eleven and supped at five, but the merchants seldom took their meals before twelve and six o'clock. The chief meals, dinner and supper, were taken in the hall both by the old English and the Normans, for the parlour did not come into use until the reign of Elizabeth.

Breakfast did not become a regular meal until quite lately, and Dr. Murray, in the Oxford Dictionary, gave 1463 as the date of earliest quotation in which the word occurred. The meal did not become recognised until late in the seventeenth century, for Pepys habitually took his draught of half a pint of Rhenish wine or a dram of strong waters in the place of a morning meal. Dinner was always the great meal of the day, and from the accession of Henry IV. to the death of Queen Elizabeth, the dinners were as sumptuous and extravagant as any of those now served.

"Carving was then a fine art. Each guest brought his own knife and spoon, for the small fork was not introduced into England until Thomas Coryate, of Odcome, published his Crudities in 1611. Pepys took his spoon and fork with him to the Lord Mayor's feast in 1663. The absence of forks led to much mess-messing had upon the act of washing the hands, both before and after meals, and to the rule that the left hand alone should be dipped into the common dish, the right hand being occupied with the knife. The perfect dinner at the best time of English cookery consisted of three courses, each complete in itself, and terminated by a subtlety or device, the whole being rounded off with Ypocras, after which the guests retired into another room, where pastry, sweetmeats, and fruit were served with the choicest wines.

MISSED HIS OPINION.

Five or six villagers were sitting around in the corner grocery at Kickyhanest, swapping opinions, theories, and reminiscences, and slyly helping themselves to the storekeeper's crackers and dried prunes, when the talk drifted to the subject of the propriety of American heiresses wedding foreign noblemen.

"Wa-al," spoke up Hi Stubbings, "let um if they want to. The kind of American girl that would marry the kind of a furriner for his title that would marry the kind of girl for her money that would marry him for his title, knowin' all the time that he was marryin' her for her money, well knowin' that she is marrying him for his title, an' knowin' that he knows she's knows he's marryin' her for her money, an' knows she knows he knows she knows he knows she's marryin' him for his title, while everybody else knows it an' knows she knows——"

"Fire—fire!" interrupted old Uncle Eben Lamentbury, who was almost asleep on the pickle barrel, "I smelling of noses reminds me of something that happened in eighteen hundred an——"

And by the time Uncle Eben had got his nonsense out of his system, and had been followed by Job Tuck, and by by Gabe Hake, the talk had drifted so far from the original subject, that no one remembered to wonder where Hi Stebbings would have finally come out if he had been left undisturbed.

SCARCITY OF TIN.

That the goldfields of the world are much more extensive than the tinfields is a fact which might strike the unscientific person with a curious feeling of surprise. The tinfields which are known to exist, cover an area of less than 15,000 square miles, while the goldfields are something over 1,500,000 square miles. Therefore there are 158 square miles of gold-bearing regions for every single mile of ground where tin is known to exist. The importance of the tin industry is scarcely appreciated by those who have never made the subject a study. North America has no tin mines, South America but one, Asia has two, Peru and Bolivia contribute 4,000 tons a year, and Australia mines about 6,000 tons a year. While we are all practically familiar with what is called tinware, very few of us appreciate the fact that pure tin plays a very small part in the manufacture of these articles. The quality of tinware has, within the past few years, deteriorated with amazing rapidity, all of which is attributed to the limited supply and great value of tin.

IT WASN'T A MURDER.

Everybody was hard at work in Newspaper row, in Camp Wikoff when the sound of an altercation made itself heard near the end of the row. Those concerned were, by the tones of their voices, coloured men.

"Whad yo' tryin' to do wif dat razzer?" cried the first voice, in earnest remonstrance.

"Keep yo' mouf shet. I'll show yo' what," retorted the second.

"Look out, now, cain' yo'? Yo' done gettin' too careless.

"I'll fix yo' all right."

"Ow-w-w! Yo' gush me den!"

"Shet yo' mouf, yo'!——"

There was a strangled cry, followed by a hideous gurgling, and the newspaper men, dropping their pens and pencils, rushed out of their abodes in horrified expectancy of finding a murder in progress. Instead they beheld, in an improvised barber chair made of two boxes, one of the signal corps teamsters being shaved by an amateur barber. There was a fleck of blood on the face of the subject, and his mouth was full of lather, which he gurglingly sputtered and spat forth.

"Tol' yo' to keep yo' mouf shet," said the barber.

Then he went on shaving and Newspaper row returned to its work.

WORLD'S KISSING RECORD.

St. Louis boasts a woman who holds the kissing record of the world. The lady bears the unromantic patronymic of Rainwater, and she is married. In the piping times of peace, Mrs. Rainwater had a particular fondness for Company E of the 1st Missouri Volunteers and Company B for Mrs. Rainwater. She was leading patroness of every company hall and theatrical entertainment. When war broke out, as Mrs. Rainwater ever after boasted, the company volunteered "solid" but, to her infinite grief, marched away before she could give the men her blessing. Determined, however, that they should not go into the perils of war without her greeting, Mrs. Rainwater made a special journey from St. Louis to Chicamanga to greet her beloved company. There was a great stir in the camp of Company E that day. The men turned out from their washing or other occupation, but there was a great reunion in the off-duty hours, and before she came away Mrs. Rainwater had kissed every man of the 100 forming the company. The time was 100 minutes sharp, which constitutes the "record."

A PECULIAR CHERRY TREE.

A peculiar botanical phenomenon is reported from Linden. In the yard of the Rev. W. J. Dudley, stands a large cherry tree, which several days ago bloomed for the second time this season. This fact in itself was not so remarkable, as that ever since the tree has been in bloom it has been giving off a continual mist—a mist of sufficient quantity to keep the ground under the tree soaking wet. The boughs and leaves of the tree drip with moisture and everything adjacent to it is saturated. A person may stand beneath the limbs and almost at once will become conscious of the fine mist, which is constantly given off. Should a person stand under the tree for fifteen minutes his clothes would be fairly soaked. Several small limbs have been cut off in the effort to solve the mystery attaching to the tree, but their structure and condition present no unusual appearance. The mist at times is stronger than at others, and is most apparent on dry days. The tree this year bore a large crop of cherries and seems to be a remarkably healthy and vigorous plant.

A FEARSOME MACHINE.

The most astounding invention of recent years is "Tesla's system of electric transmission through natural media." All other discoveries in the realms of science pale before this wonderful machine, details of which are just to hand.

It would perhaps be easier to say what Nicola Tesla's invention cannot do than what it can do. One of the things claimed for it is that it could demolish a fleet of battleships without coming within sight of it. The actions of a torpedo boat on the coast of France could be regulated from New York by invisible means.

How are these marvellous feats accomplished? They are done by electric discharges of many milion volts' power generated in Tesla's apparatus. These terribly powerful electric currents are projected into space and sweep across miles to finally strike against and wreck the object whose destruction is intended.

"ONE MAN ONE DRINK."

A correspondent has made the discovery that near Liverpool-street Station, London, there exists a public-house where any customer who enters with a pipe or cigar in his mouth is politely ignored. The waiters fail to see him till he ceases smoking. Should he ask for a pint of beer he is informed that he may not have more than half a pint, and should he after drinking his half-pint ask for one more, he is invited to take a walk and return in half-an-hour. The principle of "one man one drink" is a fundamental rule of the establishment, subject to slight modifications. The house is not managed in accordance with any particular philanthropic theory. Its civilisation is merely a matter of business and from that point of view they are said to be a success. The customers are mainly working-class people.

HOMELY AND HUMOROUS.

Many years ago, there were two brothers named Joel and Jonathan, who were famous throughout Wayne County, Ind., because they were both such frights. One day they were on their way to Cincinnati by waggon, in the days of the old canal. The waggon was of the covered variety, and only Joel was visible to the natural eye as the vehicle plunged into and out of the chuckholes that infested the way. Joel was said to be the ugliest man in all the country round, and his brother took precedence.

The two brothers met a stranger, who attracted by the supremely homely face of Joel stopped his horse and said—

"Kerose mee, my friend, but would you mind tellin' me your name?"

In a sepulchral tone Joel replied—

"Well, I guess I hain't done nothin' that would make me ashamed to tell my name. My name is Joel——"

"Where do you live, if it is a fair question?"

"I live in Wayne County, Indianny."

"Well, stranger, I have not seen much of Indianny, but I bet you 10 dols. that you're the ugliest man in the State."

"Well, I hain't no gamblin' man," replied Joel, "but I laint seen nuthin' in the Scriptures age to bettin' on a sure thing, an' I'll jest take that bet."

Turning to the waggon cover and peering into its depths, he called—

"Jonathan stick yer head out hyer."

Jonathan did as requested.

The stranger paid the money without a word of complaint.

Wife (tingily): If I had only listened to my parents' advice I never would have married you.

Husband (sharply): That was just my case precisely.

Works both Ways.—Mrs. Walker: I don't see why the doctors recommend bicycle riding. It makes people healthy, it is a boon to the doctors.

Mr. Walker: I know, but they calculate that one round healthy rider will disable at

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

LOVE'S QUESTIONINGS.

Maiden, tell, and tell me truly,
Can you make a pigeon pie?
Can you deal with bacon duly,
Slice it thin, and watch it fry?

Can you, filled with plaintive sadness,
Make a dainty mayonnaise,
Compassing its ordered gladness
Still by new and subtle ways?

Can you, with ambitious fingers,
Salads tenderly contrive,
Such that while their memory lingers
It is good to be alive?

Sweet, I would not seem to doubt you;
More than all for you I care;
But I still must live without you
If you cannot jug a hare.

Do you e'er with rapture quiver
Crimping salmon newly caught?
Can you deal with fried pig's liver
As a skilful artist ought?

Gentle maiden, blue-eyed maiden,
If such deeds your hands can do,
Lo! my heart with love is laden
And I'm fain to marry you.

•*•

STILL SHE ACCEPTED HIM.

"One word," she said, "before we part," and her bright eyes glowed in the mellow light of the turned-down lamp. "Are you sincere?"

"I am sincere," he replied, in tones whose truthfulness could not be doubted by anyone, save the most confirmed pessimist.

"Then you cannot give me a palace by Lake Como?" and she looked into his eyes as if she would read his inmost soul.

"I cannot," he answered.

"Not even a stone front?"

"No. There was a wonderful firmness, a don't-you-forget-it-ness in the tones which this momentous monosyllable was spoken.

"Not even a villa in the suburbs?"

"Not even that, darling." There was an anguish in his accents that indicated a mind wholly given up to the gnawing inroads of a sharp toothed affair.

"What can you offer me, then?" she asked; "what can you offer me as an incentive to induce me to become your bride?"

"A share in 30s. a week, with a prospect of a rise next spring. He said this with all the deep conviction of a man who knows just how he stands.

"It is sufficient," she said with a smile; "I am yours, Algernon. Half a loaf is better than no bread."

•*•

THAT SAME OLD PACE.

There are things that can be hastened
In this droll old world we know;
You can hurry up a dinner,
You can make a motor go.

You can speed a train or vessel,
Horse and wheel you may control;
But no plan has been invented
Which will rush a lovers' stroll.

•*•

An Irish lover remarks that it is a great comfort to be alone, "especially when yer sweetheart is wid ye."

•*•

Love's complaint.—"My eyes with tears is red and dim, 'cause he loves she and I love him; but they'll be better by-and-by, when she cuts him and he loves I."

•*•

Margaret: Mr. Pentameter poetically describes Edna and Tom Swallow as two souls with but a single thought.

Jack Blunt: Yes, and Edna has the thought.

•*•

The deliberations of the bachelors' club were brought to a sudden and ignominious conclusion, in consequence of the discovery of a hairpin clinging to the coat-collar of the president.

•*•

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me or you'll set me on fire."

"No danger of that," replied the girl, "you are too green to burn."

•*•

Jack: I called on Miss Fitz, last night, but didn't stay long, as she was complaining that her teeth ached.

Jess: Isn't it a shame! And it was such an expensive set, too!

•*•

The Old Man (to daughter's lover): Young man, do you smoke cigarettes?

The Lover (apologetically): Yes, sir; but——

The Old Man: Well, give me one.

•*•

Fillmore: Wonder what has come over Nell Hondel? A week ago she wouldn't look at Neat Tyres, and now she is always with him.

Hilton: Yes; he swapped his wheel for one the same make as hers.

•*•

An old bachelor upon reading that "two lovers will sit up half the night with only one chair in the room," said it couldn't be done unless one of them stands or sits upon the floor. Such painful ignorance pretty plainly indicates that he has never been there.

•*•

Irate Papa: Did you tell that young man of yours that I'm going to have the gas turned off at ten?

Trix: Yes.

Irate Papa: Well?

Trix: He's coming at a quarter past in future.

•*•

Perfectly fearless.—Miss Buchanan (archly): And do you really mean to tell me, Captain Shrap

FARM DRAINAGE.

The Only Practical Method of Permanently Improving Wet Lands.

Where water after rains stands for a long time in the furrows and slight depressions in the ground, and on lands where the shoes of the farmer, except in periods of drought, are habitually clogged with sticky mud, and the hoofs of animals as they sink into the yielding soil make cavities that maintain their shape for days, oftentimes holding water, the necessity for drainage of some kind is too clearly indicated to admit of any doubt. For changing such unfavorable conditions, wherever the lay of the land will permit, open surface drainage is often resorted to at first.

While such drains are useful in some cases in the matter of a permanent improvement of the soil they amount to but little and are liable to be the cause of impoverishment in the soil itself by carrying off fertilizing matter into the gullies and streams. Where the surplus rain that falls upon the ground can be led off from the surface in the same clear state in which it descended from the clouds, the soil receives no injury from its escape, but it is only under occasional peculiar conditions that this will occur.

This is so well understood by most cultivators that other methods have come into use. One, formerly more common than at present, was to throw the wet land into high and wide ridges in the fall and leave it in that condition until spring. When cultivation is about to begin these ridges are further widened and flattened out, affording a series of rather wide spaces, much better fitted for cultivation, but with very undesirable ditches between them, often holding stagnant water throughout the entire season. While such a practice will not draw fertility away from the soil, it consigns a considerable portion of it to nonusage and is otherwise objectionable in many respects.

The only real and practicable method of improving wet farm lands by which their condition is permanently changed for the better, says the agricultural editor of the New York World, is by the use of underground drains, for which tile is the most common and best material. Where these are placed at proper depths, say from three to four feet, and at suitable distances apart, varying greatly according to the compactness of the soil to be drained, and with a slight fall toward their outlets, whatever elements of fertility the surface water may contain will be strained out within reach of the roots of plants in its descent toward the drains. Furthermore, the upper line of the ground water sinks below the level of the drains, and the benefit of this form of drainage is realized by the soil above them becoming favorably changed in its general character and earlier and better fitted for crops.

Protecting Silos Against Frost and Rats.

The general verdict, according to testimony received at the Wisconsin agricultural experiment station, is that freezing, so far as the silage is concerned, is more an inconvenience than a serious loss. When the frozen silage is mixed with the rest it quickly thaws, and is apparently relished as well as if it had not been frozen. It is advised, however, that all types of cemented silos be made frost proof, to prevent the cement from cleaving off, but with wood silos the construction required to preserve the silage and to protect the frame from weather appears to be sufficient to prevent any serious freezing during all except protracted and extreme cold weather.

The surest safeguard against rats, according to the authority quoted, appears to be covering the bottom of the silo with a layer of small stones or grout before the cement is applied. When the cement is applied directly upon the ground the action of the acids soon softens it to such an extent as to permit the rats to penetrate it without difficulty. The rats usually enter by burrowing under the foundation walls. Their destructive effects result from the admission of air to the silo.

Petroleum and Coal Tar.

Petroleum and coal tar are frequently recommended and used to render posts durable, but their value varies with conditions. Coal tar applied hot may be made to form an impervious casing, shutting out air and moisture, but, of course, not preventing it from entering above. Bottled up in this manner it may promote decay. With different conditions it may prove a useful application, says Country Gentleman. With creosote it acts differently, being wholly exposed to the rain and air. Apply the petroleum by dipping the shingles in it in a tub of the oil, and allow a few hours for it to soak thoroughly into the pores of the wood, and then lay them in the usual way. It may be applied less perfectly to the shingles after they are laid, using a coarse brush for the purpose, and it should be renewed once in seven or eight years. It affects the rainwater only for a few weeks. In applying it to the roof crowd the points of the brush into the crevices between the shingles.

Things Told by Beekeepers.

President Secor, of Iowa, in an address before the North American Beekeepers' Association, emphasized the importance of the honey bee in its relations to agriculture.

At a recent beekeepers' meeting the old query, "How far do bees fly for honey?" was also agitated. The general impression favored apiaries at least three miles apart, though bees do not usually fly more than two miles in their pursuit of honey and oftener only 1½ miles.

James Heddon expressed the opinion at the Michigan beekeepers' convention that "it is possible to breed a nonswarming strain of bees." He thinks that bees swarm less than in days past. To be able to have bees stop swarming would be one of the greatest advances that beekeeping has ever made.

At the Missouri state beekeepers' convention the question, "Shall grades of honey be established by law?" was discussed. The majority present did not think the plan practicable.

CATARRH IS ALWAYS THE RESULT of a neglected cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will not cure catarrh, but will cure the cold and so prevent that disagreeable malady. This remedy not only relieves the local irritation of the throat and lungs, but removes the causes of the diseased condition. It leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. It always cures and cures quickly. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

IMPROVING WORNOUT SOILS.

How This May Be Done With Commercial Fertilizers and Green Crops.

A Missourian, in a letter to Prairie Farmer, says that one way to help run down land so that profitable crops can be grown is by using commercial fertilizers. These, if properly applied, will often materially increase the growth and yield of the crops, but it is questionable if they add any appreciable permanent fertility to the soil. There is one way, however, by which the use of this class of fertilizers can be made an advantage, and that is by increasing the yield of the crops, a larger amount of feed is secured and this affords an opportunity of making more manure, and the more animal manure that can be secured the better the chance for building up the soil.

Clover is one of the best materials that can be used to build up the soil, and wherever clover can be grown the land is not past redemption. But some soils will not grow clover. It is so devoid of vegetable matter that the clover plant will starve out, and in this case either of two plans can be followed. One is to use commercial fertilizers, and the other is to seed to rye and as soon as a reasonably good growth is secured plow under and sow buckwheat. It is not to be expected that land so poor that it will not grow clover will have sufficient available plant food to grow even a fair crop of rye, but the plowing in of even a light growth will supply some vegetable matter and generally sufficient to make a crop of buckwheat secure a fair growth.

One advantage in sowing buckwheat in summer is that it makes a quick growth and it soon shades the soil, and shade in summer aids materially in the process of nitrification. The buckwheat can be plowed under early in the fall and rye sown again, and in the latter part of February or the first part of March clover can be sown over this and usually will stand, and if plowed under will afford a sufficient amount of plant food to grow a crop. Vegetable matter is necessary in the soil, and this growing and plowing under of green crops is one of the surest ways of securing it. Land that is not so badly run down but that it will grow good crops of clover can be built up with less cost, as clover can be sown with small grain and the first crop be cut for hay and the second be plowed under as a fertilizer. In this way the cost of building up may be greatly reduced.

The Best Breed.

No question is asked any oftener than "Which is the best breed?" The average poultry keeper—especially the beginner—has an ambitious yearning for a general purpose fowl. Long as its advent has been expected, and frequently as it has been announced, the perfect combination breed remains an unknown quantity. There are some breeds whose business it is to lay eggs, and they do it. There are others that at almost any age make a toothsome delicacy, but to find a fowl that will at one and the same time suit the broiler, the roaster and the egg specialists is a little outside of nature. There are, however, breeds which, when properly handled, come near enough to the all around ideal fowl to meet the requirements of a large class. For the benefit of this class will be given the opinion of several authorities on this vexed question of best breed. The editor of Farm Poultry says:

The best breed and the best cross is difficult to answer. Among the best breeds we rank the Langshans, Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes, but the Langshans are black feathered and dark skinned, hence less desirable for table use (to sell in market.) Probably the White Wyandottes come nearest to a perfect all purpose fowl, as they are the very best of poultry and are very great layers. For crosses Brown Leghorn male on Plymouth Rock females gives very great layers, but Leghorn male (brown or white) on Light Brahma females gives better poultry, combined with great laying qualities.

J. K. Felch, after 80 years' experience with the various breeds, advises the selection of "Light Brahmas, Leghorns, Wyandottes and Plymouth Rocks as paying the best for extra care, for all practical purposes." A correspondent in The Country Home says, "The nearest general purpose fowls are the Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes." American Cultivator says, "Our American breeds, the Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes, are much alike in qualities and perhaps come nearer a general purpose fowl than any others."

The well known English authority, Tegetmeier, writes in a London exchange: "If both eggs and fowls are desired, Minorca hens may be kept, that will in their first and second laying seasons lay abundantly. If with these a good short legged Indian game is run, the chickens will be half bred, and thus good eggs in abundance and good chickens for the table could be produced out of the same yard."

Relative Merits of Long and Short Oats.

It has been shown conclusively that the short, plump oats like Welcome, Clydesdale, etc., are less digestible than the long, thinner oats with thinner husks or paleæ. It is also a fact that the long oats, which weigh less than the others per bushel, have heavier kernels and are more nutritious than the short oats. The market, however, demands heavy oats. If, then, we raise oats for market, the Welcome class should be selected. If for our own stock, then the long, slender oats should be preferred, says The Rural New Yorker.

Bee Buzzings.

Beekeeper Doolittle favors comb honey in the house apiary and extracted in out apiaries, leaving the honey all on at the out apiaries till the season is over.

Crimson clover, or scarlet clover, has been highly praised as a forage and honey plant. J. Fremont Hickman of the Ohio experiment station says that it does not succeed as far north as Ohio.

Beekeepers have generally settled down to the use of the 4¼ by 4¼ section.

Dr. C. C. Miller, Marengo, Ills., is president of the North American Bee Keepers' association for 1893; Frank Benton, Washington, is secretary.

Some idea of the immense amount of labor involved in compiling the federal electoral rolls may be obtained from the fact that it is anticipated that fully 1,700,000 names will be registered in all the States.

Carngham Turf Club.

ANNUAL RACES.

The annual meeting of the Carngham Turf Club was held under very favorable circumstances on Easter Monday, although the weather during the afternoon was showery and inclined to be cold. The attendance was very good, the gate receipts amounting to £33. The racing on the whole was very interesting, and the finishes in several of the races were close and exciting. Splendid entries had been received, and although the scratching pen was used, there were, for the most part, large fields to face the starter. Several slight accidents occurred. The rider of Venus, in the Trial Stakes, received a bad fall through the horse stumbling, and was a good deal shaken about. An amateur rider was trying his equestrian abilities previous to the Cup being run, when the horse he was riding suddenly took off with him, and being unable to control his mount, the rider threw himself off and escaped with a few slight bruises. The principal race of the day, the Carngham Cup, was annexed by the Buangor mare, Miss Fisher, two lengths separating Panama, who fought out a well contested race. There were several bookmakers in attendance, but the prices laid were either short or odds against, which were not at all tempting to the gentle public. Throughout the day the Berringa Brass Band discoursed sweet strains of music under the baton of Bandmaster Coot, and afforded considerable pleasure to lovers of music. Mounted-Constable Stephen and Constable Rodgers were in attendance, but the crowd was most orderly and well behaved. The publican's booth was in charge of Mr Jenkin Williams, who also had charge of the refreshment and fruit booths. The whole of the stewards worked hard to ensure the success of the meeting. Cr. J. S. Douglas faithfully discharged his duties as judge. Mr A. Roddis acted in his old capacity as starter. Mr W. Martin rendered good service as clerk of course. Mr V. Wendt had charge of the scales, and carried out his duties with his usual promptness. Messrs Murray, Mark and McIrvale had charge of the gates. The majority of the stewards were present, and rendered valuable assistance in getting the events run off up to time. The following are the details of the racing:—

Trial Stakes, of £5, for horses that have never won a prize exceeding £7. W.F.A. About 6 furlongs.—W. Singleton's Trangie (W. Love), 1; C. Grist's No Trouble (D. Corbett), 2; J. Gardiner's Irritun (A. Gardiner), 3. Other starters—Venus, Havelong, W.T., and Ideal. Time, 1min. 22sec.

Hurdle Race (Handicap), of £10; second horse to receive £1 from stake. Two miles.—J. Bird's Swivel (J. Bird), 1; A. Kirkpatrick's Farewell (W. Bailey), 2; R. Orr's Vulcan (C. Shannon), 3. Time, 4min. 2sec.

Handicap Pony Trot, 14 hands and under, of £4; second horse to receive £1 from stake. Weight, 8st. 7lb. or over. About 2 miles.—R. Knight's Jubilee, 225yds. behind (owner), 1; A. Clisholm's Belle, 50yds. behind (owner), 2; W. Stokes's Tommy Dodd, 10yds. behind (owner), 3.

Carngham Cup (Handicap), of £10; second horse to receive £1 from stake. About 1 mile.—W. Jones's Miss Fisher (R. Evans), 1; A. T. Murphy's Panama, 2; J. Christie's Valerie, 3. Other starters—Dufloat and Leni. Time, 1min. 50sec.

Handicap Trot (Horses), of £6; second horse to receive £1 from stake. Saddle or harness. Weight, 11st. or over. Three times round, about 2½ miles.—T. Jones's Billy, 150yds. behind scratch (Reitze), 1; L. Williams's Unknown, 85yds. behind (owner), 2; R. Knight's Jubilee, 50yds. behind (owner), 3. Other starters—Belle, Cossee, Blarneystone, Lucinda, and Kitty. Time, 8min. 12sec.

Welter Handicap, of £6; second horse to receive £1 from stake. About 6 furlongs.—A. T. Murphy's Panama (C. Shannon), 1; J. Christie's Valerie (J. Brain), 2; C. Grist's No Trouble (D. Corbett), 3. Other starters—Farewell and Miss Fisher. Time, 1min. 28sec.

Pony Race (Handicap), of £4, 14 hands 1in. and under. Height to be specified at time of entry. About 4 furlongs.—W. Bradshaw's Miss Enoch (Corbett), 1; J. Christie's Butterfly (J. Brain), 2; W. McCarthy's Deceiver (Griffiths), 3. Other starters—The Dream, Venessa, Queenie, Lady Bay, and Lucy Grey. Time, 54sec.

Flying Handicap, of £6; second horse to receive £1 from stake. About 5 furlongs.—W. Anderson's Bloomer (Gordon), 1; J. R. Dwyer's Maddie (Corbett), 2; R. Wright's Battleaxe (Brain), 3. Other starters—Leni, Trangie, Panama, and Miss Enoch. Time, 1min. 13sec.

In the evening the usual race ball was held and largely attended. The music was supplied by Messrs McMenamin (piano), Broadwood (violin), and McMahon (cornet). The ceremonial duties were carried out by Mr W. Martin.

BABY'S COUGH MUST NEVER LINGER.—Nothing is more distressing than to see a helpless little infant suffering with a cough, and to be fearful of using a remedy which may contain some harmful ingredient. The makers of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy positively guarantee that this preparation does not contain opium in any form, or any other harmful substance. Mothers may confidently give this remedy to their little ones. It gives prompt relief and is perfectly safe. It always cures and cures quickly. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

A curious feature of the break up of the protracted and devastating drought in Australia, according to the *London Daily Chronicle*, was the number of miniature volcanic explosions in various parts of the Commonwealth. The ground had become so parched and dry that it cracked, and the fissures thus formed became the receptacles of heated air. When the long preyed for downpour of rain came at last the water met the hot air in these fissures, and little geysers and volcanoes were manufactured in a moment. Many farmers, hearing explosions and seeing columns of steamy stuff arising from the earth, wondered what new plague had come to afflict them, and whether they were out of the frying-pan into the fire. Is this meant for a joke?

The Irish Department of Agriculture, in an official circular, strongly advises breeders of cattle to dishorn their calves, when not over nine days old, by means of caustic potash. The directions of the department are to clip the hair from over the budding horn when the calf is from two to five days old, slightly moisten the end of the stick of potash, and rub the tip of each horn firmly for about a quarter of a minute. This should be done from two to four times, at intervals of five minutes. If a little blood shows on the centre of the horn, only a very slight further rubbing will be necessary. It is advised that care should be taken to rub on the centre of the horn, and not round the sides of it. The potash should be rolled in stout paper, to prevent contact with the operator's fingers. From which it will be gathered that the Irish Department of Agriculture is more intelligent than the legal authorities in Victoria.

ARTISTIC EFFECTS

Are what we strive for. We can supply you with the BEST and NEWEST.

If you want High-Class Goods, we can give you the advantage of selecting from our large and splendidly assorted Stock.

Our WINTER SHOW is unsurpassed by any country firm in the State.

We are keen on giving you the best value, and thereby securing your trade.

It will save you money and trouble to make your purchases right here.

We work on the system of

Giving our Customers Something Good for their Money.

STYLISH MANTLES and MILLINERY.

Charming DRESS GOODS and TRIMMINGS.

The NEWEST in CLOTHING, etc.

WATERPROOF BOOTS and SHOES, etc., etc.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

BEAUFORT and BUANGOR.

Snake Valley News.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT).

Whilst Mr W. Wise, blacksmith, of Skipton, was removing the shoes from a horse on the Carngham Racecourse on Easter Monday, the animal reared up and caught a projecting nail from the shoe in the calf of his leg, the result being that Mr Wise received a very nasty cut, which was several inches in length. Mr J. W. Harris, chemist, of Beaufort, bandaged the wound and advised the sufferer to seek medical aid and have the wound stitched.

Constable Stephen, of Snake Valley, arrested four men at Carngham on Tuesday afternoon on the charge of assault and robbery. From particulars to hand it appears that whilst Mr Jacob Elstob, of Carngham, was coming into Snake Valley at a late hour on Monday night he was accosted on the road by four men who asked him for a match. Whilst feeling in his pockets for one, he was seized from behind by two of the number, while the others busied themselves in turning out his pockets. After being relieved of their contents he was allowed to proceed on his journey. He at once proceeded to the local police station and reported the matter to Constable Stephen, who, in company with Constable Rodgers, at once went in search of the men. They journeyed as far as Carngham Station, but were unsuccessful in their search that night. Constable Stephen again went after them on Tuesday morning, but did come upon them until that evening, when he arrested them at Carngham. They were brought before Mr J. S. Douglas, J.P., and remanded to Ballarat.

Electoral Returns.

From the returns of electoral lists for the Commonwealth, published in yesterday's *Argus*, we extract the following for Ripon and Hampden:—

	Total electors.	Commonwealth total.		
		Males.	Females.	Total.
Ballangeich	74	100	101	201
Beaufort	711	177	114	321

SORE AND SWOLLEN JOINTS, sharp, shooting pains, torturing pains, no rest, no sleep—that means rheumatism. It is a stubborn disease to fight, but Chamberlain's Pain Balm has conquered it thousands of times. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Two members of the Victorian Parliament waited upon Mr Taverner a few days ago (writes "Woomera," in the *Australasian*), and while the one stood twirling his hat modestly near the door, the other approached, and whispered, "I desire to urge the claims of Mr Blank, M.L.A., here. He is an exemplary person, has occupied most important posts in municipal life, and is now in the zenith of his popularity. He would fill the vacancy admirably." "What vacancy?" queried Mr Taverner, with an assumed look of astonishment. "The chairmanship of the Ballarat Water Commission," replied the member. "But there is no vacancy," protested Mr Taverner. "But there is," insisted the member. "I attended Mr Noble Wilson's funeral last Saturday." Mr Taverner smiled. "There is no vacancy" he repeated. "And let me introduce you to the chairman," he added, as at this moment Mr Kirton entered the room.

Disobedience in the army is looked upon as one of the gravest crimes a soldier can be guilty of, and in the past it has often been punished with death. The fate of a battle and the lives of thousands of men, let alone our national honour, have often been dependent upon the prompt carrying out of what may have seemed a trivial order. Discipline without good health, however, would be like a house without a foundation, therefore great pains are taken to keep our fighting men free from disease. Holloway's Pills have always been found an excellent medicine for this purpose, as in addition to cleansing the blood they invigorate and give tone to the constitution.

WANTED, YOUTH, as Groom and Useful. Apply, DR. JACKSON, Beaufort.

FOR SALE, a PONY (saddle or harness); gentle. Apply to T. KENNY, Beaufort.

SONS OF FREEDOM SOUTH GOLD MINING COMPANY, No Liability, Raglan.—A DIVIDEND (the 1st) of threepence per share has been declared, payable on Monday, 27th April, 1903, at the company's office. Transfer books close Saturday, 18th instant, until after payment of dividend.

C. H. KING, Manager.

32 Lydiard street south, Ballarat.

LOST from Skipton, 1 bay Filly, 3 years branded 36 near shoulder, draught; 1 bay Gelding, 3 yrs., no visible brands, draught; 1 bay Filly, 2 yrs., branded 36 near shoulder, medium draught; 1 brown Filly, 2 yrs., branded 36 near shoulder, medium draught; 1 chestnut Colt, 2 yrs., branded 36 near shoulder, medium draught. Reward of 10s. per head to anyone securing same. Address—E. C. EARLES, Skipton; or R. CRAIG, Warracknabeal. All expenses paid.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received up to 3 p.m. on Wednesday, the 22nd April, 1903, for ADDITIONS and ALTERATIONS to the WOOLSHED, Trawalla. Plans and specifications may be inspected at the Camp Hotel, Beaufort.

Deposit of 5 per cent. in cash to accompany each tender. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

H. M. TURNER, Trawalla.

TROY'S TRIBUTE ALL NATIONS CONSOLS G M. CO., No Liability, Beaufort.—TENDERS called for supplying the above mine with Firewood, Laths, and Round Timber, for a period of 12 months. Specifications can be seen at the mine, or at D. Troy & Son's. Tenders close 23rd April, 1903.

D. F. TROY, Secy.

Brass Band Rotunda.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE in connection with the above movement will meet on the SHIRE HALL, BEAUFORT, next WEDNESDAY Evening, 22nd inst., at 8 o'clock. Business—To receive and adopt balance-sheet; general.

C. W. JONES, Secy.

Beaufort Brass Band.

A GENERAL MEETING of the above will be held in the BAND ROOM on MONDAY, 20th inst., at 8 p.m. Business—Important. A full attendance requested.

C. W. JONES, Secy.

Beaufort Rifle Club.

THE HALF-YEARLY MEETING of the above Club will be held in MECHANICS' INSTITUTE on THURSDAY Evening, APRIL 23rd, 1903, at 8 o'clock.

Business—To receive Balance-Sheet, Captain's and Secretary's Report; Election of Officers, and general.

W. T. HILL, Secretary.

T. E. SANDS,

Cash Grocer,

Begs to inform the public of Beaufort and district that he has removed his business to the Corner of NEILL and LAWRENCE STREETS, BEAUFORT, and by keeping only Best Quality Goods, at Lowest Rates, hopes to secure a fair share of public patronage. Orders called for.

HANCOCK'S

GOLDEN AGE HOTEL,

BEAUFORT.

C. M. MURISON, Proprietor.

The Appointed House of the United Commercial Travellers' Association, Victoria.

SPLENDID ACCOMMODATION for visitors and commercial gentlemen.

Two first-class BILLIARD TABLES, and three SAMPLE ROOMS.

In close vicinity to the Railway Station.

Hot and Cold Baths.

Liquors of the Best Brands only.

Horses and Traps on Hire.

In thanking customers for patronage already granted, the Proprietor begs to announce that it will be his utmost endeavour to give satisfaction by studying the wants of his customers.

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.

WM. C. PEDDER,

Wheelwright and Blacksmith,

Begs to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 15 years, and to intimate that he is still carrying on business at the same old address,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

with a staff of skilled mechanics and up-to-date machinery, and is prepared to execute any orders entrusted to him with promptness and despatch. Prices as low as possible, consistent with good workmanship. Horses as usual carefully shod.

JOSEPH GEORGE (late of Warracknabeal), begs to notify that he intends starting a GENERAL BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS in the BEAUFORT BUTTER FACTORY BUILDING, opposite the Golden Age Hotel, on or about the 14th inst., and hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a fair share of public patronage. All Farm Work and Horse Shoeing a specialty.

J. FREEMAN, Sawmiller, wishes to notify to the public that he has started a TIMBER YARD in BEAUFORT, and is prepared to supply all sizes of Hardwood at lowest possible prices for Cash. Buy direct from the sawmiller, and save middlemen's profits.

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.

£1,000 for 1/- £1,000.

(Net Value). (Net Value.)

Melbourne 8 Hours' Art Union

As popular as ever. The great event of the year. 47th Anniversary, Eight Hours' Day.

Grand Fete, Bazaar & Art Union

In aid of the Charities (Town and Country).

Exhibition Buildings, Melbourne,

SATURDAY, 25th, and MONDAY, 27th APRIL (8 Hours' Day).

The EIGHT HOURS' ART UNION.

140 Prizes, value, £1,600. First Prize—£1,000.

This great Prize was won last year by Mr. Chas. Taylor, 279 Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy, Victoria.

Second Prize, £150, and 138 other Prizes, ranging in value from £60.

This great Art Union will be drawn in the presence of Ticketholders and the Press, at 8 p.m., on Wednesday, 6th May, 1903. Winning numbers will be published in the three Melbourne dailies on the 7th May.

Every Ticket Sold, and no other, has a Chance in this Art Union.

Tickets (1s. each) can be obtained, with full list of prizes, from your local agents, or direct from the Secretary, 1s. each, 11 for 10s., or 23 for £1, by forwarding address, and enclosing Postal Notes, P.O. Order, or Stamps (with stamp to reply), to

CHARLES HARRIS,

Secretary Eight Hours' Committee,

Trades' Hall, Carlton, Victoria.

Local Agent—J. B. COCHRAN, Stationer.

Buy your Ticket at once from your Local Agents.

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.

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.

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.

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?

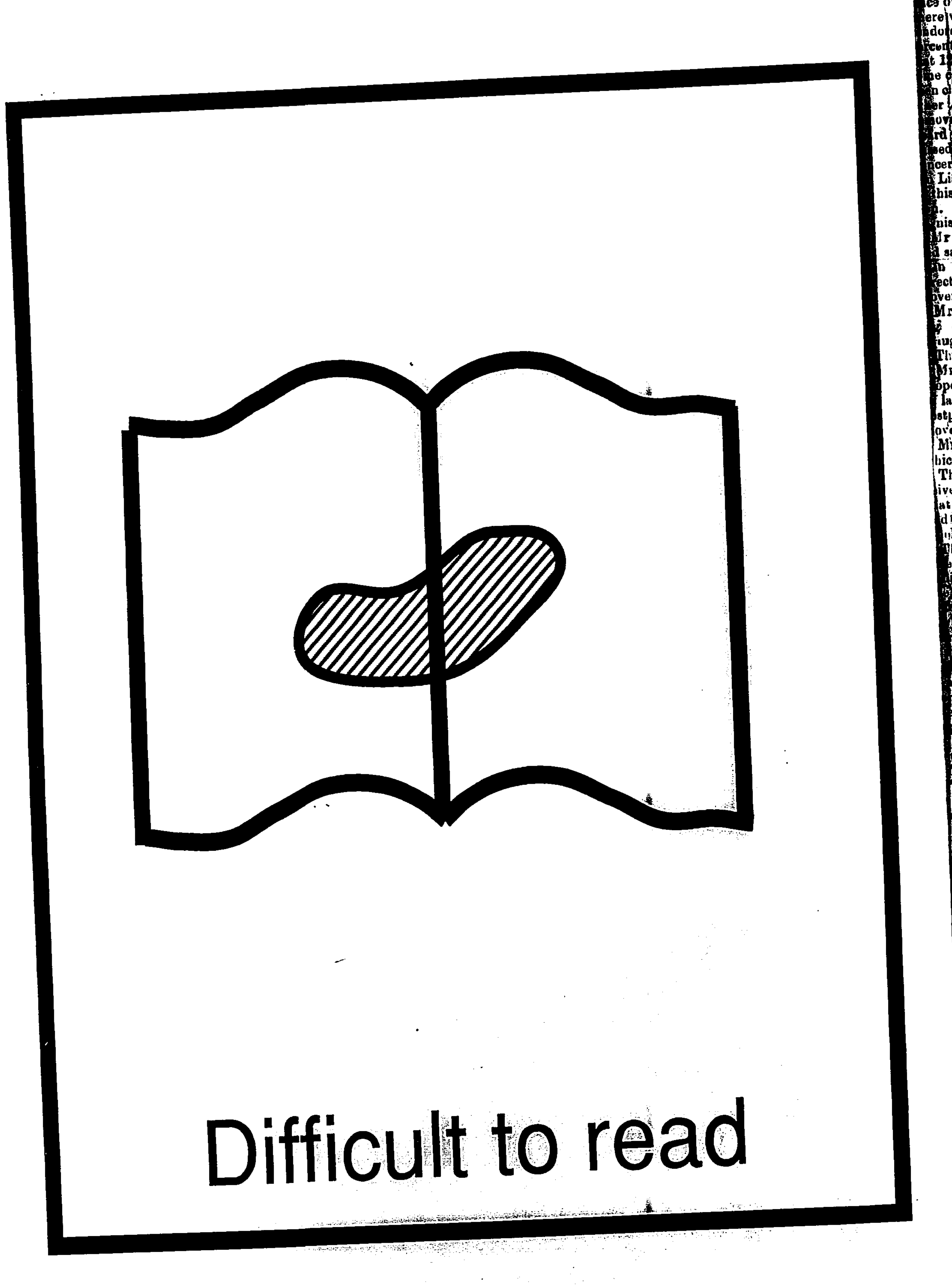
Can she conceive of no higher ideals, no grander incentive, and no more beautiful fulfilment?

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



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.

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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.

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... 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.

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.

Ararat and Stawell Mining Board.

A special meeting of the above Board was held at the board room, Ararat, on Tuesday. There were present—Messrs J. Holly (chairman), Williamson, Bath, Earle, N. McDonald, Curnick, Hodgetts, Humphreys and Browne.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From W. H. Jones, intimating that he had sent in his resignation as a member of the board, and thanking the members for their kindness and co-operation for the past ten years.

The chairman said they must regret Mr Jones's loss, for he had been a very valuable member of the board. His place would be hard to fill, and he wished Mr Jones luck and prosperity wherever he may be. He moved—"That the resignation be accepted with regret, and that a letter be sent to him thanking him for past labors." Seconded by Mr Curnick and carried.

From the Secretary of Lands, asking for reports on the following applications for land:—No objection—W. McFarlane, 59a. 3r. 12p., Buangor; A. Ross, 2a., Langi-Kal-Kal; Henry S. Stewart, 3a., Langi-kal-kal. Objected to—J. McNish, 20a., Beaufort. Recommended—Jas. Eastwood, for three months' suspension, on lease 1741, Sons of Freedom No. 2 Gold Mining Company, Raglan.

ALIENATION OF AURIFEROUS AREAS.

...

to suggest their abolition. It was only by the boards that the individual miner could be safeguarded.

On standing orders being resumed, Mr McDonald asked if the deliberations arrived at at the conference to be held would be binding on the board.

The chairman said he thought they would be binding on all parties. On the motion of Mr Williamson it was decided that a delegate be sent.

Mr Humphreys moved—"That Mr Hodgetts be appointed delegate."

Mr McDonald seconded the nomination.

Mr Hodgetts stated that much as he would like to represent the board business relations would prevent him.

On the motion of Messrs McDonald and Humphreys, Mr Williamson was then appointed delegate, and suitably expressed his thanks.

Mr Browne—Do you feel pledged to support the codification?

Mr Williamson—No, I do not.

Mr Earle considered a draft copy of the codification should have been sent to the mine-owners and the miners' association.

From the Ballarat Mining Board, inviting the delegate from the Ararat Board to meet the representatives of the Ballarat, Castlemaine, and Maryborough Boards in Ballarat on the day previous to the conference of mining boards to discuss the business.

Mr Curnick moved—"That the board's delegate meet the others at Ballarat." Seconded by Mr McDonald, and carried.

Mr Browne said he would test the meeting, and would move—"That a majority of the members of this board are not in favor of codification of the by-laws."

...

... from A. R. Outtrim for his letter to the Maryborough Board, suggesting that the several mining boards of the State convene meetings of mining and legal managers to protest against the destruction of our timber reserves.

CODIFICATION OF THE BY-LAWS.

From the Department of Mines and Water Supply, forwarding draft copy of the proposed codification of the mining bye-laws of the various districts, and stating that the board was invited to send a delegate to the conference of mining board representatives.

The letter was dealt with in committee, and Mr Toutcher, who was present, was invited to say a few words. He advised great caution in dealing with the codification of the bye-laws, and said the ulterior motive of the Chamber of Mines in petitioning for the codification—if ulterior motive there be—was to lead the way to the abolition of the boards. When they got the complete codification they would perhaps say, there is not much necessity for the boards. While they might have a general codification on a large, broad and general scale, the details could not be dealt with in a uniform way, and local knowledge would be required to grapple with the varying conditions. The board might send a delegate to the conference, but he would advise caution. He was not in favor of abolishing the boards, and could not see how they could be displaced. No Minister of Mines ever had the temerity

TAKEN ILL IN CHURCH.

A LONG & DANGEROUS ILLNESS

Clements Tonic Again.

The Case of Mrs. A. J. CAMPBELL

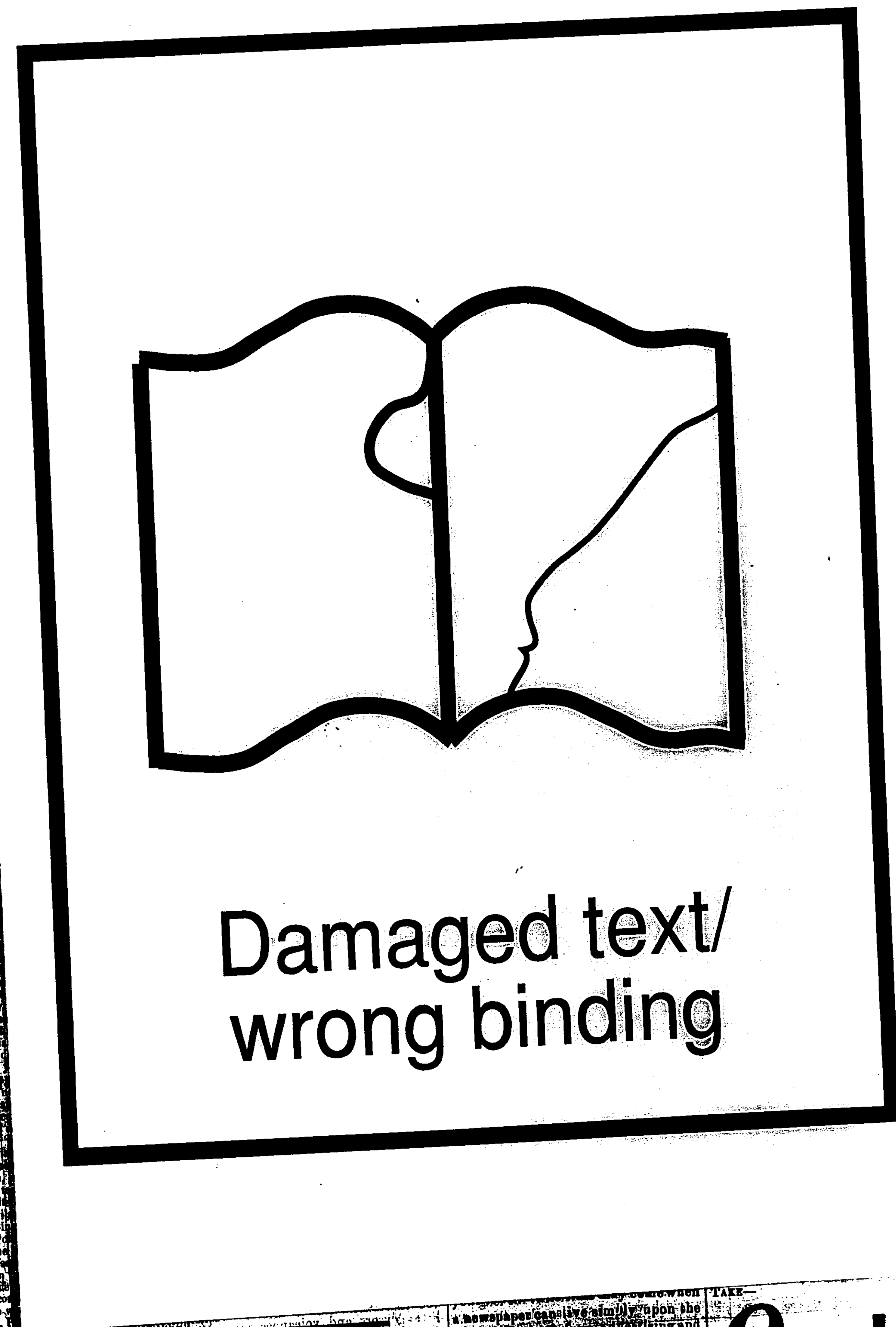
(By a Special Reporter.)

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



... Miss Easton is a young ... twenty-six summers just at that ... of life which cannot be abbreviated ... years, or even two months, without inspiring infinite regret. Miss Easton continues: "In the summer of 1898, when residing in Auburn Street, Goulburn (of which city I am a native), I first became conscious that my health was giving way. My appetite fell off, and I felt languid, weak, and nervous. The little food I ate caused dreadful pains in the chest and stomach, to say nothing of many other distressing symptoms. A doctor whom I consulted informed me that my complaint was acute indigestion; but his treatment did me no good whatever. The efforts of a second doctor being equally futile, I took a great variety of patent medicines, which in turn were recommended to me by various friends. But I did not find that any of them did me the least good. And so for two years I grew paler, thinner, and feebler. I never went out, but moped about the house all day, dull and listless, the slightest effort being painful to me. Noise, or excitement of any kind, would cause my heart to palpitate violently, after which it would almost cease to beat.

"While I was in this miserable condition a lady friend, Mrs W. Cock, came from Sydney to spend with us the Christmas holidays of 1900. This lady persuaded me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, at the same time asserting that she knew several persons who had derived great benefit from it, and that she was sure it was the only thing that would do me good. I accepted her advice, and acting upon it found that in a surprisingly short space of time—before indeed I had finished the second bottle—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had wrought a change in my condition and appearance which nothing else had been able to effect. I could eat and sleep; the heart trouble disappeared; and I recovered all my old-time capacity for work and the pleasure of life. At this distance of time, I entertain no doubt whatever that my cure is absolutely permanent."

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 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.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases.

Applicants for leases within the district covered by *The Riponshire Advocate* are invited to peruse the following facts:—

The New Mining Regulations require that when a lease is marked out the applicant "shall insert in a newspaper PUBLISHED IN THE DISTRICT WHERE THE LAND IS SITUATED, or if no such newspaper, then in the one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked A in the schedule prescribed."

Ten days are allowed, after marking out the lease, in which to lodge the application with the Warden or his clerk, and forward a duplicate to the Minister of Mines.

The word "district" in the regulations has been defined by the Crown Solicitor to be read as locality, and not as mining district, and the lease should therefore be advertised in the paper nearest the land for which application is to be made. As TEN days (not seven as formerly) are given in which to complete the application, no valid excuse can now be urged for failure to advertise the lease in the district paper, though it has only a weekly, and not a daily issue.

This is borne out by the following memo. from the Mines Department...

... 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.

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.
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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 ...

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. 1326

Police Magistrate's ...

The following are the p... trates permanent engagem... Ballarat district, with the... proviso, added by Mr Dicks... otherwise engaged":—

Ballarat—10 a.m., daily.
Ballarat East—10 a.m., 3... day and fourth Thursday.
Beaufort—1.30 p.m., 1... and fourth Tuesday.
Bungaree—9 a.m., 4th M...
Buninyong—3.15 p.m., 3...
Carngham—2 p.m., 2nd ...
Gordon—9 a.m., 2nd Mo...
Linton—2 p.m., 1st Satu...
Learmonth—12.30 p.m., ...
Kuleno—11 a.m., 2nd Tu...
Scarsdale—Noon, 3rd Th...
Sebastopol—3.30 p.m., 2...
Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd ...
Smythesdale—Noon, 3rd ...

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LU... other Acid Diseases have bee... and Thoroughly Cured by—

DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC ...

As the following Cases can test... Rheumatism Cure... (EVERYONE A HELPLESS C...)

ALFRED ADAMS, Master Tailo... 6a Highbury Grove, East Prahran... Rheumatism for fifteen years, all jo... tracted and very painful, had lost... and for TWO YEARS HAD NOT W... knee joints being contracted. Ha... and various remedies with no effe... up all hopes. After use of Dr. ... RHEUMATIC REMEDY can walk ab... contractions have come down, a... from pain for over twelve months.

MISS MARY DAVIDSON, da... Constable Davidson (retired), wel... in the Bendigo District, residing ... nell-street, Brunswick. Had Rhe... joint for ten years, years on crut... YEARS HAD NOT WALKED AT... stiffened, contracted, distorted and... life made miserable, helpless. ... hopeless by leading Melbourne D... 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, and... Miss Davidson is known by ma... case is considered marvellous.

NOTE.—Miss Davidson was a... invalid cripple in bed for years, w... 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 ... 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 testim... having cured me of a very painfu... tism. I suffered great pain, havi... After a short while under your tr... ly recovered. It is now over thr... was cured, and I have kept well... of age. I consider your antido... age for suffering humanity.—Yo...

PROFESSOR ... Ventrilo...

DR. PARKER'S GREAT IN... is perfectly HARMLESS, and is ... all acid diseases, the causati... Sciatica, Lumbago, &c. It has... many hundreds of others in t... lieve the pain in a short period... will cure the most obstinate ca... in use for seventeen years, an... demand is now on sale at the p... throughout the Commonwealth... ments are true to facts, and c... well-known people residing in ... Be sure and ask the local ag... GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC R... which contains a sufficient sup... thirty days, according to case.

Further particulars can ... Agencies.

AGENT FOR BE...
D. Troy & Son, ...
Ararat—J. J. Pawsey & ...
Creswick—J. Tait & S...
Maryborough—Mr. S. ...
Daylesford—Hamilton ... etc.
Kyneton—Mr S. P. H... High-street.

ARNOLD'S ...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM For ...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM For ...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM Bes... In ...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM For ...

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

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

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

J. B. COCHRAN, N... SELLER, and STAT... to the inhabitants of B... that he is Sole Agent... *Herald, Star, Couri... Sydney Bulletin, ... Leader, Weekly T... Australian Journal, S...* Periodicals. All Sch... stock. Advertisements... above-named papers. ... numerous customers fo... by strict attention to th... to merit a fair share of... tisements received f... Ballarat papers. By ... arent advertisers s... address—Next door to...

... LINS... TRADE MARK CON... KAYS C... ESSEN... LINSE... PROVEN ... COUGHS ... OF ALL ...

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 the ations of life and its finalities in regions far beyoed 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?

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 ... 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 witoout 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 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.

Of you dry to do pessnis 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.

Ararat and Stawell Mining Board.

A special meeting of the above Board was held at the board room, Ararat, on Tuesday. There were present—Messrs J. Holly (chairman), Williamson, Bath, Earle, N. McDonald, Curnick, Hodgetts, Humphreys and Browne.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From W. H. Jones, intimating that he had sent in his resignation as a member of the board, and thanking the members for their kindness and co-operation for the past ten years.

The chairman said they must regret Mr Jones's loss, for he had been a very valuable member of the board. His place would be hard to fill, and he wished Mr Jones luck and prosperity wherever he may be. He moved—"That the resignation be accepted with regret, and that a letter be sent to him thanking him for past labors." Seconded by Mr Curnick and carried.

From the Secretary of Lands, asking for reports on the following applications for land:—No objection—W. McFarlane, 59a. 3r. 12p., Buangor; A. Ross, 2a., Langi-Kal-Kal; Henry S. Stewart, 3a., Langi-kal-kal. Objected to—J. McNish, 20a., Beaufort. Recommended—Jas. Eastwood, for three months' suspension, on lease 1741, Sons of Freedom No. 2 Gold Mining Company, Raglan.

ALIENATION OF AURIFEROUS AREAS.

DESTRUCTION OF TIMBER RESERVES.

From Maryborough Mining Board, inviting co-operation in protesting against the alienation of auriferous areas, and the occupation and destruction of timber reserves. Their board had convened a conference of legal and mine managers, investors, and others interested in mining, and it has been suggested that other boards should take similar action. A copy of an article that appeared in the Maryborough "Advertiser," and a letter sent by Mr A. R. Outtrim to the Maryborough Board was also forwarded.

The chairman said he believed in protecting the timber reserves for mining purposes, but as regards the auriferous areas he did not think any further protection was necessary.

Mr McDonald thought the communication a very important one, and that some action should be taken by the board. He noticed that this matter had been brought under the notice of the Minister of Mines in the Legislative Assembly recently by Sir Alex. Peacock. The Minister of Lands had said that he would do what he could, but he doubted if it went far enough, and was afraid that the land would go all the same. The Minister's answer read as follows:—"I can assure my honorable friend, the leader of the opposition, and also the mining members generally, that I would be the last one in any way to try to interfere with the mining industry. I have had consultation with my colleague, the Minister of Mines, and I am satisfied that a large amount of auriferous country that is now lying idle can be made available for settlement without injuring the mining industry in any possible way. That policy, however, could only be carried out by the Minister of Lands acting on the best advice, and not allowing the mining boards of this State to run the Lands Department." The reply indicated that they would have to be very careful in future in dealing with these cases, and it also indicated that they would have to be careful not to part with timbered land in future. (Hear, hear.)

Mr Bath considered that they should get their mining and legal managers, and mine owners together and get their opinion on the matter. The decision they arrived at could be forwarded to the Minister of Lands.

Mr Curnick—And where there are no owners?

Mr Bath—Call the meeting amongst miners.

Mr Hodgetts considered Mr Outtrim's suggestion a really good one, and one that should be acted on. In fact he considered Mr Outtrim deserving of thanks. If the suggestions were acted on it would strengthen the hands of the boards. Mr Outtrim's letter suggested that the several boards be requested to call meetings of mining and legal managers in their respective districts to protest against the alienation of our auriferous areas, and the destruction of our timber reserves. If meetings were called at Stawell or Beaufort it would do a large amount of good, and as it would be representative of experienced miners notice would be taken of their deliberations by Parliament and the Minister. Therefore it would also strengthen the board's hands. He hoped the divisional members would take some action, for he thought it would do an immense amount of good.

After further discussion Mr Hodgetts moved—"That the divisional members be asked at an early date to convene a meeting of legal and mining managers, and mining people generally for the purpose of discussing this matter." These meetings could pass resolutions which could be forwarded on to the Minister of Mines.

Mr Bath, in seconding the motion, urged the necessity of preserving the timber and all other interests appertaining to mining.

The motion was carried unanimously.

On the motion of Messrs Hodgetts and Curnick a vote of thanks was passed to the Hon. A. R. Outtrim for his letter to the Maryborough Board, suggesting that the several mining boards of the State convene meetings of mining and legal managers to protest against the destruction of our timber reserves.

CODIFICATION OF THE BY-LAWS.

From the Department of Mines and Water Supply, forwarding draft copy of the proposed codification of the mining bye-laws of the various districts, and stating that the board was invited to send a delegate to the conference of mining board representatives.

The letter was dealt with in committee, and Mr Toutcher, who was present, was invited to say a few words. He advised great caution in dealing with the codification of the bye-laws, and said the ulterior motive of the Chamber of Mines in petitioning for the codification—if ulterior motive there be—was to lead the way to the abolition of the boards. When they got the compl. to codification they would perhaps say there is not much necessity for the boards. While they might have a general codification on a large, broad and general scale, the details could not be dealt with in a uniform way, and local knowledge would be required to grapple with the varying conditions. The board might send a delegate to the conference, but he would advise caution. He was not in favor of abolishing the boards, and could not see how they could be displaced. No Minister of Mines ever had the temerity to suggest their abolition. It was only by the boards that the individual miner could be safeguarded.

On standing orders being resumed, Mr McDonald asked if the deliberations arrived at at the conference to be held would be binding on the board.

The chairman said he thought they would be binding on all parties. On the motion of Mr Williamson it was decided that a delegate be sent.

Mr Humphreys moved—"That Mr Hodgetts be appointed delegate."

Mr McDonald seconded the nomination.

Mr Hodgetts stated that much as he would like to represent the board business relations would prevent him.

On the motion of Messrs McDonald and Humphreys, Mr Williamson was then appointed delegate, and suitably expressed his thanks.

Mr Browne—Do you feel pledged to support the codification?

Mr Williamson—No, I do not.

Mr Earle considered a draft copy of the codification should have been sent to the mine owners and the miners association.

From the Ballarat Mining Board, inviting the delegate from the Ararat Board to meet the representatives of the Ballarat, Castlemaine, and Maryborough Boards in Ballarat on the day previous to the conference of mining boards to discuss the business.

Mr Curnick moved—"That the board's delegate meet the others at Ballarat."

Seconded by Mr McDonald, and carried.

Mr Browne said he would test the meeting, and would move—"That a majority of the members of this board are not in favor of codification of the by-laws."

Mr Bath said the motion was not necessary.

The motion not being seconded, lapsed.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

Mr McDonald said he had a motion to submit in regard to the No Liability Act. There was no end of corruption taking place owing to the elasticity of the Act. There was nothing in the Act to restrict vendors in floating companies to a fair percentage. It was generally recognised that 12 per cent. was the charge, whilst in some companies up to 20 per cent. had been charged by the vendors. There were other anomalies also that should be removed. He would move—"That the board heartily concurs in the resolution passed by the Gippsland Mining Board concerning the disastrous influence of the No Liability Act on the mining industry of this State, and respectfully requests the hon. the Minister of Mines to take cognisance of same."

Mr Bath seconded the motion *pro forma*, and said that the remedy would be worse than the ill, and a step in the wrong direction. He would suggest to the mover not to persevere with the motion.

Mr Williamson—Mr McDonald is thinking of the Golden Gate Company. (Laughter.)

The motion was withdrawn.

Mr McDonald said in regard to the proposed by-laws, notice of which he gave at last meeting, it would be better to postpone it to next meeting. He would move to this effect.

Mr Williamson seconded the motion, which was carried.

The chairman stated that he had received several complaints from miners that the holders of 65 h sections blocks had been filling up newly sunk shafts in a wholesale manner. He would move—"That a caution be sent to these people." The board possessed the power of cancelling their license, and it is well that the practice should be checked.

Mr Curnick said he would not be in favor of any such caution unless there were miners on the ground, or there were miners who wanted to go on.

Mr McDonald—It would be very hard if a man had about 20 holes on his property, and had to turn his cattle out on to the common to depasture. It would appear curious that if the miner had removed his plant that the owner could not fill in the holes to protect his cattle.

The motion lapsed for want of a seconder.

The next meeting will be held at Stawell on 25th May.—Abridged from "Advertiser."

"Two Per Cent. off My Life."

It was in a court of justice adjoining the hideously gloomy prison of Newgate, a point at which the misery and crime of London have for centuries been focussed. A young man, scarce past boyhood, stood before the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, charged with embezzlement. He was a bright, intelligent youth, somewhat better educated than the average English clerk, but not clever enough to make one sovereign do the work of five, so he had embezzled his employer's money in order to live according to his taste. The employer objected, hence the scene of which we have a vivid recollection. After reading him a fatherly lecture, the eminent judge sentenced the delinquent to two years' imprisonment. "Two years!" exclaimed the convict, as he was led away. "Two per cent. off my life, if I live for a hundred years!"

Yes, two years makes a distinct notch in the life even of a centenarian; and then, you see, very few of us can reasonably hope to become centenarians, which makes the matter worse. Notwithstanding the benefits conferred upon humanity by our marvellously improved sanitary arrangements, modern habits and customs don't on the whole tend towards increased length of life. It is, therefore, imperative that everyone should as vigilantly watch that he loses no time by transgressing the laws of health as it is that he should avoid transgressing the laws of the land; for the first of these transgressions is responsible for a vastly larger amount of lost time than can be ascribed to the second.

"After suffering from indigestion for over two years I was completely cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup in five weeks." Thus writes Miss Helena Easton, of 50, Pacific Street, Newcastle, N.S.W., on October 21, 1902. Miss Easton is a young lady of about twenty-six summers, just at that golden period of life which cannot be abbreviated by two years, or even two months, without inspiring infinite regret. Miss Easton continues: "In the summer of 1898, when residing in Auburn Street, Goulburn (of which city I am a native), I first became conscious that my health was giving way. My appetite left me, and I felt languid, weak, and nervous. The little food I ate caused dreadful pains in the chest and stomach, to say nothing of many other distressing symptoms. A doctor whom I consulted informed me that my complaint was acute indigestion; but his treatment did me no good whatever. The efforts of a second doctor being equally futile, I took a great variety of patent medicines, which in turn were recommended to me by various friends. But I did not find that any of them did me the least good. And so for two years I grew paler, thinner, and feebler. I never went out, but moped about the house all day, dull and listless, the slightest effort being painful to me. Noise, or excitement of any kind, would cause my heart to palpitate violently, after which it would almost cease to beat.

"While I was in this miserable condition a lady friend, Mrs W. Cock, came from Sydney to spend with us the Christmas holidays of 1900. This lady persuaded me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, at the same time asserting that she knew several persons who had derived great benefit from it, and that she was sure it was the only thing that would do me good. I accepted her advice, and acting upon it found that in a surprisingly short space of time—before indeed I had finished the second bottle—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had wrought a change in my condition and appearance which nothing else had been able to effect. I could eat and sleep; the heart trouble disappeared; and I recovered all my old-time capacity for work and the pleasure of life. At this distance of time, I entertain no doubt whatever that my cure is absolutely permanent."

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.

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.

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 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.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases.

Applicants for leases within the district covered by *The Riponshire Advocate* are invited to peruse the following facts:—

The New Mining Regulations require that when a lease is marked out the applicant "shall insert in a newspaper PUBLISHED IN THE DISTRICT WHERE THE LAND IS SITUATED, or if no such newspaper, then in the one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked A in the schedule prescribed."

Ten days are allowed, after marking out the lease, in which to lodge the application with the Warden or his clerk, and forward a duplicate to the Minister of Mines.

The word "district" in the regulations has been defined by the Crown Solicitor to be read as locality, and not as mining district, and the lease should therefore be advertised in the paper nearest the land for which application is to be made. As TEN days (not seven as formerly) are given in which to complete the application, no valid excuse can now be urged for failure to advertise the lease in the district paper, though it has only a weekly, and not a daily issue.

This is borne out by the following memo. from the Mines Department received by Mr H. A. Adams, *Grenville Standard*, Linton.—"Sir,—Referring to your communication, I have the honor to inform you that the Warden's clerk at Smythesdale has been instructed to advise intending applicants for mining leases, where opportunity offers [i.e., for tendering such advice], that the regulation relating to advertising their applications should be STRICTLY ADHERED TO.—I have the honor to be, etc., P. Cohen, for Sec. of Mines and Water Supply."

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.

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, Farringdon Road, London, England.

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.

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 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.

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, 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 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
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. 1326

Police Magistrate's ...

The following are the p... trates permanent engagem... Ballarat district, with the ... proviso, added by Mr Dicks... otherwise engaged":—
Ballarat—10 a.m., daily.
Ballarat East—10 a.m., ... day and fourth Thursday.
Beaufort—1.30 p.m., 1... and fourth Tuesday.
Bungaree—9 a.m., 4th M...
Buninyong—3.15 p.m., 3...
Carngham—2 p.m., 2nd ...
Gordon—9 a.m., 2nd Mo...
Linton—2 p.m., 1st Satu...
Learmonth—12.30 p.m., ...
Kaleno—11 a.m., 2nd Tu...
Scarsdale—Noon, 3rd Th...
Sebastopol—3.30 p.m., 2...
Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd ...
Smythesdale—Noon, 3rd ...

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LU... other Acid Diseases have be... and Thoroughly Cured by—
DR. PARKER'S
GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC ...
As the following Cases can test...
Rheumatism Cure...
(EVERYONE A HELPLESS C...
ALFRED ADAMS, Master Tailo... 6s Highbury Grove, East Prahran... Rheumatism for fifteen years, all jo... tracted and very painful, had lost ... and for TWO YEARS HAD NOT W... knee joints being contracted. Ha... and various remedies with no effe... up all hopes. After use of Dr. ... RHEUMATIC REMEDY can walk ab... contractions have come down, a... from pain for over twelve months.
MISS MARY DAVIDSON, da... Constable Davidson (retired), wel... in the Bendigo District, residing ... bell-street, Brunswick. Had Rhe... joint for ten years, years on crut... YEARS HAD NOT WALKED A... stiffened, contracted, distorted an... life, made miserable, helpless. ... hopeless by leading Melbourne D... 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 a... invalid cripple in bed for years, w... the body contracted, stiffened a... leading doctors of Melbourne h... case incurable.
JOSEPH BROOKS, Market G... berwell-road, Camberwell, comp... muscular Rheumatism, could ... joints and had intense pain ... given up hopes of ever getting ... taking Dr. Parker's GREAT I... REMEDY is free from pain, a... usual occupation.
174 Gore-street, Fitzroy, ...
Mr. C. F. Parker, Fitzroy.
DEAR SIR,—In grateful testim... having cured me of a very painfu... tism. I suffered great pain, havi... After a short while under your tr... ly recovered. It is now over thr... was cured, and I have kept well... of age. I consider your antido... age for suffering humanity.—Yo...
PROFESSOR ...
Ventri...
DR. PARKER'S GREAT I... is perfectly HARMLESS, and is ... all acid diseases, the caustic ... Sciatica, Lumbago, &c. It has ... many hundreds of others in th... lieve the pain in a short period ... will cure the most obstinate ca... it use for seventeen years, an... demand is now on sale at the p... throughout the Commonwealt... ments are true to facts, and c... well-known people residing in ... Be sure and ask the local ag... GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC ... which contains a sufficient sup... thirty days, according to case.
Further particulars can ... Agencies.
AGENT FOR B...
D. Troy & Son, ...
Ararat—J. J. Pawsey & ...
Creswick—J. Tait & S...
Maryborough—Mr. S. ...
Daylesford—Hamilton ... etc.
Kyneton—Mr S. P. H... High-street.

ARNOLD'S ...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM For...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM For...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM Be... In...
ARNOLD'S BALSAM For...
STOUTNESS—abominal or... duced by PYROLENE P... safe and also tasteless. Ful... bottle. Small, 3s. 6d.; large ... by post, 3s. 9d. and 13s. ... ARNOLD'S BALSAM CO., S...
THE ROMAN HAIR RESTORER. Produces Brown and Black Hair. Price, 1s. 6d., by post 2s. 3d. ... Largely used by the Rom... their magnificent tresses. ... removes dandruff; increases ... it glossy and supple; does n... the linen. If your hair is fal... use this. ARNOLD'S BALS... (late Brinsmead & Co.) All ...
SOLD BY ALL STOR...
Agent for Beaufort...
J. B. COCHRAN, ... SELLER, and STATI... to the inhabitants of B... that he is Sole Agent... *Herald*, *Star*, *Couri*... Sydney *Bulletin*, ... *Leader*, *Weekly* ... *Australian Journal*, *S*... Periodicals. All Sch... stock. Advertisements... above-named papers. ... numerous customers fo... by strict attention to th... to merit a fair share o... tisements received f... Ballarat papers. By ... arent advertisers sa... address—Next door to...
... LINS... TRADE MARK CON... KAYS C... ESSEN... LINSE... PROVEN... COUGHS ... OF ALL ...

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The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1326 | {Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.} | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1903 | PRICE THREEPENCE

nstein & Co.,
Limited,
et, MELBOURNE,
Buying
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Cash,
ting highest market
ts without delay.
signed to Footscray
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rected.

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WARD,
ger, and Glazier
, BEAUFORT.
Colors, Paperhangings
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Re-painted. Estimates
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ABOUT WATCH
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A special line of gents.'
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Wide heavy band rings
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ladies' gipsy set 18-ct. dia-
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; match boxes, sovereign cases,
chains, gold-mounted hair
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very description. Ladies' gold
pwards. Gents' gold watches
Gents' silver watches by all
kers, including Waltham,
Elfin rands, Rotherhams, Settle
from 45s upwards. Payne's
ney clocks, eight-day striking
best makers; 200 different kinds
t from. Don't you buy a clock
specting Payne's stock. All
es kept in stock from 1s pair.
pectacles from 30s to 45s pair.
d spectacles made to measure.
opera and field glasses, finest
ots, butter dishes, cruets, hot
ickles, biscuit barrels, hot water
, &c., in new designs.
and spoon, in beautiful case,
25s; Children's silver-plated
graved, 8s 6d, 10s 6d each; salt
ounted, 2s 6d each; ladies' silver-
s 6d to 12s 6d; silver-mounted
22s 6d each; gents'. solid silver
35s each; gents'. cigarette cases,
her, silver-mounted, 15s each;
ounted pocket book and purse
6d to 17s 6d; silver tooth picks,
; gold, 15s; gold spectacles, 35s
napkin rings, 2s to 7s 6d; solid
rings, in case, 21s pair; tobacco
-mounted, 5s 6d and 6s 6d; gold-
We just received a new assort-
s', genuine gold-filled albertas,
at 17s 6d; ladies' gold-filled chain
racelets, at 15s. These are really
ember are not what are usually
gold. A splendid assortment of
ns, in all the newest designs, at
h; teaspoons, 10s doz.; dessert
oz. These are the best quality
the only kind stocked; sterling
ons, 3s 6d pair; best quality rolled
, 5s pair; Oak trays, silver-plated
each; Oak liquor stands, three
plated mounts, 35s each; repeater
keep on alarming at intervals for
or by altering an indicator you
ng for 20 minutes continuously,
ordinary alarm clocks, 3s 6d to 5s
r teapots, 22s 6d to 47s 6d each.
PAYNE, JEWELLER,
st Office, Sturt street, Ballarat.

NEGLECT THAT COLD.

Furakoff
efficacious Medicine yet known
e of Coughs, Colds, Asthma,
etc. True to its name.
rice 2S., from
CHLICHT, BEAUFORT;
ELDER, SKIPTON.
OR—
AIN & CO.,
CHEMISTS,
te Cathedral, Swanston-st.
lbourne, and St. Kilda.

or orders for JOB PRINTING to
aper in your district, because it
usands of reports and notices
which it receives no payment
It is always spending its time
y to benefit and improve the
of the place through which it
It gives you value in return
printing order.

nd published by the Proprietor,
PARKER, at the office of The
ire Advocate newspaper, Lawrence
Beaufort, Victoria.

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.
Burnyong—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. Had the best advice knee joints being contracted. 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 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 taking Dr. Parker's GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY is free from pain, and can carry out his usual occupation.

171 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 in 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.
ARNOLD'S BALSAM } 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, 2s. 6d.; large (for a course), 12s. 6d.; or by post, 3s. 8d. 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 gray, 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. 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.

USE "LINSEED COMPOUND" TRADE MARK OF KAY'S COMPOUND ESSENCE OF LINSEED ETC. OF 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 L3 worth of goods, and the grocer's man or draper will not throw in gratis L1 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, 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.

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 get 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 MIDLAND 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 Venders.

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
Ensrambeen	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 Euramboen 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 2 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 sigh 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.

DON'T COUGH.—Relief can be obtained immediately. Use "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES"—well known as the utterly unrivelled Cough Remedy. Strongly recommended by many eminent physicians. They at once check the cough and remove the cause—without any after effect; the most delicate can therefore take them. One Lozenge alone gives ease—one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold everywhere in tins, 13½d. each.

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.

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

B September, 1896.

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, 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.

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 toilet discovery of the age. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depot 33 Farring-don Road, London, England.

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."

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 those whose support is necessary to achieve such 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 of paper money 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 Acts, 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, 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 Farmin
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.

AUTUMN AND WINTER, 1903.

Just Arrived. NEW GOODS. Just Arrived.

At

G. H. COUGLE'S.

Your Inspection Invited.

AUTUMN AND WINTER MILLINERY, AUTUMN AND WINTER.

The newest, nicest, and best in the world of fashion.

We invite your verdict. Come and visit us.

Just Arrived. New Jackets and Rain-Cloaks.

Latest Shapes and Styles.

We can fit the tallest, the stoutest, the thinnest, the shortest.

NEW DRESS GOODS. Correct Materials and latest Styles. Lace Collarettes, Lace Insertions, and New Dress Strappings, &c.

TAILORING.—If not already amongst our clients for Tailoring, we ask you to favor us with a trial, as we feel convinced that we are able to please you in every way. A perfect fit is guaranteed. Our prices are low. Our work is good.

Study Economy in Price.

Do not be led away by the representations of large firms who travel the district, who do not give any better value, and who have of a necessity to add heavy working expenses and commission.

GENT'S. HATS.

We ask you to have a look at our Clothing Window for Style and Prices.

G. H. COUGLE,
The People's Draper,
Havelock Street, BEAUFORT.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT LIVE STOCK MARKET.
Tuesday.

Fat cattle,—339 head came to hand for today's sale, a fair proportion consisting of quality ranging from good to prime, remainder comprising middling and useful descriptions. There was an average attendance of the trade, and competition ruled fairly brisk. Prices obtained for best descriptions rule about equal to those of our previous sale, but towards the close the demand was hardly so firm, a slightly easier tone being noticeable. Quotations—Prime pens bullocks, L14 10s to L15 10s; extra, to L18; good, L13 to L14; useful, L10 10s to L11 10s; cows, to L11 15s. Fat calves—A full yarding, numbering 115 head, forward, best sorts meeting a good demand at late rates, selling to 85s. Sheep—8679 was the number penned for to-day's sale, fully 5000 of which were only in store condition, a fair proportion of the balance consisting of useful to good quality, with a scarcity of really prime lots. There was a large attendance of both the trade and graziers, and for the few choice pens competition was active at about late rates, whilst useful trade descriptions, though meeting a good demand, were scarcely so firm. Altogether little alteration from previous market can be quoted. Quotations—Prime crossbred wethers, 20s to 22s; extra do., to 24s 9d; good do., 16s to 18s; useful do., 14s to 15s; prime merino wethers, 15s 6d to 16s 7d; good do., 14s to 15s; merino ewes, to 12s 1d. Lambs—1921 to hand, only a small proportion of which were good and prime. The demand was fairly active, though late rates were hardly maintained. Prime, 13s to 14s; good, 11s to 12s; useful, 9s to 10s.

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 Tackles, 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.

A. N. A.,

WATERLOO BRANCH,

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

Item on Syllabus,—Paper, "The ethics of betting and gambling," Rev. J. B. Johnstone.

All meetings open to the public.

W. T. HILL, Secretary.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 26TH APRIL, 1903.

Presbyterian Church.—Middle Creek, 11 a.m.; Trawalla, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A. Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Main Lead, 7 p.m.—Mr Geo. Rowe, B.A.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.—Mr Davey; Shirley, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. W. J. Bottoms. Raglan, 7 p.m.—Messrs Collins and Hoad; Chute, 3 p.m.—Mr Cunnington.

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, B.D.S.,
Surgical & Mechanical Dentist,
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 ethyl, laughing gas, &

☞NOTE THE ADDRESS—
HAVELOCK-STREET
(Next Mechanics Instit
BEAUFORT

Marriage.

MAHER—EDWARD.—On 26th March, at the residence of the bride's sister (Mrs. A. A. Trompf, Kalgoorlie), by the Rev. J. Haynes, John Henry Maher, of W.A., to Agnes Long, daughter of Mr W. Edward, Beaufort, Victoria.

THE
Riponshire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1903.

A harvest thanksgiving service was held in the Church of England, Beaufort, on Wednesday evening. The attendance was very good, the Church being well filled. The sacred edifice was beautifully decorated with apples, quinces, grapes, turnips, flowers, sheaves of hay, &c. The Rev. Mr Colebrook, of Ballarat, and secretary of the Home Mission Executive, conducted the service and gave a very interesting and eloquent address on the results of the home mission work, choosing for his text the 4th chapter of St. Mark, 38, 39, and 40th verses. Hymns appropriate to the occasion were pleasingly rendered by the choir. The lessons were read by the incumbent, Rev. J. B. Johnstone.

Friday, 1st May, is the last day on which electors' rights can be obtained for enrolment on the supplementary lists of non-ratepaying electors for the Legislative Assembly. The rights may be obtained from registrars or their deputies. Residential rights may be applied for either in person or through the post; written applications must be posted not later than 29th April. The necessary forms are obtained at the offices of registrars and deputies, and at all courts of petty sessions, post offices, and police stations.

SORE AND SWOLLEN JOINTS, sharp, shooting pains, torturing pains, no rest, no sleep—that means rheumatism. It is a stubborn disease to fight, but Chamberlain's Pain Balm has conquered it thousands of times. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

The annual meeting of the Beaufort Football Club is announced for Tuesday evening next, at the Mechanics' Institute.

We regret having to record the death of Mr Patrick Lennon, an old and respected resident of Main Lead, the sad event occurring on Monday. The cause of death was senile decay. Deceased was 84 years of age, and had resided at Main Lead for 48 years. He had been ailing for a long time. For many years deceased, who was a native of Londonderry, had followed the avocation of a miner. He leaves a widow and a grown-up family of two sons and four daughters to mourn their loss. The remains of deceased were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery on Wednesday afternoon, the funeral being attended by a large number of sympathising friends. Messrs M. Flynn, G. Halpin, S. Lyttle, W. H. Williams, and Thos. Broadbent acted as coffin-bearers. The Rev. Father Welsh conducted the obsequies at the grave. Mr A. H. Sands, undertaker, Beaufort, carried out the mortuary arrangements.

The polling for the vacancy in the Stawell division of the Ararat and Stawell Mining Board, caused by the resignation of Mr W. H. Jones, took place on Saturday, and resulted in the election of Mr J. B. Burton, ex-Minister of Mines, who was defeated by Mr Menzies at the last election. The polling was, Burton, 154; Saunders, 56; Oliver, 55; Ord, 15.

A bicycle collision occurred on the Main Lead road, in the vicinity of the water trough near the Chinese Camp, on Saturday night. Two young men named Edward Wills and Henry Collins were both riding without lights in opposite directions—the one going to and the other coming from Raglan—when they ran into each other. Both men were thrown violently to the ground, and had their heads badly cut, besides getting their bicycles considerably damaged. Collins sustained an ugly cut over the left eye, laying bare the bone, and partly cutting through the eyelid, necessitating the putting in of several stitches by Dr. A. G. Jackson. Wills also had to get a bad cut on his head stitched up.

For the eight and a half months up to 14th April the total revenue of the State, as compared with the same period last year, shows a shortage of £264,478. The figures for last year were £6,312,053, and those for the period which has just lapsed £6,142,619, this being revenue from all sources, Commonwealth included. The railway shortage so far has been £211,449, but it is only fair to point out that, although the figures are up to 14th April, all the payments for the Easter traffic are not yet in. It seems likely, from the returns already available, that the year's deficit will not fall very far short of the £312,000 estimated by the Treasurer.

Messrs McTaggart (district traffic superintendent), Spencer (superintendent permanent way), and Upton (district line inspector), held a departmental inquiry on Wednesday, at the local railway station, into the mishap that occurred at Beaufort on Friday week, when the back wheels of the tender of a goods engine jumped the points and pulled a truck off the line, causing a delay of 35 minutes to the Adelaide express. The evidence of the driver, guard, signalman, and assistant S.M. was taken, and the report will be submitted to the Commissioner in due course. The board tested the points by running a goods train over them several times, and found them in perfect order. The result of the inquiry has not yet been made public.

The marriage of Miss Sarah Louisa Boyd (eldest daughter of Mr George Boyd, of Chute) and Mr John James Dunn (eldest son of Mr James Dunn, of Trawalla) was celebrated in the Chute Church on Wednesday, 15th inst. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion by lady friends of the bride. The bride (who looked charming, and was given away by her father) was handsomely dressed in white silk, trimmed with silk lace and orange blossoms. She also wore the customary bridal veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a lovely bouquet of mock oranges and cosmos. The bridesmaids were Misses H. Boyd (sister of bride), Amelia Dunn (sister of bridegroom), Alice Dunn (cousin of bridegroom), L. Fox, and P. Thompson. They were prettily attired in cream cashmere, trimmed with cream satin and lace, and also carried nice bouquets of white cosmos. Misses Laurie and Stella Fox (cousins of the bridegroom) were train-bearers, and were dressed in cream muslin, and carried white hollyhocks. The bridegroom was attended by his brothers, Messrs Chas. and Jas. Dunn, his cousin, Mr John Dunn, and Messrs Alfred and Albert Boyd (brothers of the bride). Miss A. Jackson (of Beaufort) played the wedding march. A sumptuous wedding breakfast was partaken of by the bridal party, numbering between 30 and 40, in the schoolroom. The catering was done by Mr J. Callister (of Chute) in excellent style. The Rev. J. A. Barber proposed the toast of "The Bride and Bridegroom", the Bridegroom responding. Other toasts honored were—"The Bridesmaids" (proposed by Mr Sinclair, and responded to by Mr Chas. Dunn), "The Parents of the Bride" (proposed by Mr Sinclair, and responded to by Messrs J. Dunn and Geo. Boyd.) The happy couple were the recipients of numerous beautiful and costly presents, a fine lamp being presented to the bride by the teachers and scholars of the Chute State school, of which she had been sewing mistress for three years. At night a most enjoyable dance was held in the schoolroom, over 100 being present, and a very pleasant time was spent.

A very sad death occurred in Melbourne on Wednesday night, the victim being Mrs J. Kinleyside, of Chute. The deceased had been suffering for about 12 months from cancer in the breast, and recently a concert was held at Chute and funds raised to send her to Melbourne for special treatment. She was only 27 years of age, and leaves a husband and three young children to mourn their loss. The remains of deceased were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery yesterday; the funeral being attended by a large number of sympathising friends. Messrs D. Kavanagh, J. Fox, Crick, and C. Dunn acted as coffin-bearers. The Rev. W. J. Bottoms conducted the Methodist service at the grave. The mortuary arrangements were carried out by Messrs Stevenson Bros., undertakers, Beaufort.

Beaufort Brass Band.

A general meeting of the Beaufort Brass Band was held in the Band room (Golden Age Hall) on Monday night; Mr J. R. Wotherspoon (president) in the chair, and about 20 members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Some formal correspondence having been received, the President expressed pleasure at seeing Bandmaster Prout present, and congratulated him on his recovery from a recent illness. Accounts amounting to £2 3s 10d were passed for payment; the secretary to pay an account for music when it come to hand. The secretary reported a credit balance of £29 15s 6d.

The President said that the main business of the evening was to report the progress made in connection with the movement to build a band rotunda in Beaufort. As they well knew, it had been a gigantic success. A statement prepared for the executive committee showed that fully £85 had been realised, and the Band could congratulate themselves and the townspeople who had rolled up and supported it so well on the success achieved. The townpeople had taken a great interest in it, and the Band could flatter themselves that this was shown on their account; in fact, he was sure there was not an institution in the town that the townspeople would have helped so willingly. The idea of a rotunda was an excellent one. With the money in hand, even if it cost £100, they could erect a very handsome structure. Several members thought the Band might like to contribute something before the rotunda was erected, and it was for this meeting to say whether they were willing to give a donation or make up an amount if the funds were short. It was a matter that should be discussed fully, and whatever was decided upon he hoped they would be unanimous about it. He asked for an expression of opinion as to whether they should vote any money from their funds now or at any future time. Personally he thought it would come with very good grace from the Band to vote a sum, because they had started the movement and would get the benefit of the rotunda in every way, besides which it would show the public that the Band appreciated their efforts.

Mr W. J. Hill thought that as the public had done so much for them and they had a good credit balance, it would come with good grace from them, as the President had said, to give something. The bulk of the members had not done much beyond merely playing at the sports; while the members of the Dramatic Club had been rehearsing for three months, and prize-takers in the procession had gone to as much expense as 25s, and given back the prize. His idea was to build a rotunda at a cost of £100, and the Band to give the balance (£15).

Mr W. T. Hill was rather opposed at present to voting any money from the Band funds, and while agreeing with the remarks of Mr W. J. Hill, he thought it was rather premature to vote any money before they knew what the rotunda was going to cost. His idea was to call the tenders, get the rotunda built, and when they knew the cost that would be time for the Band to make up anything that might be required. They might vote £15 now and the rotunda would not cost £100. If contractors knew they only had £85 they could get it built cheaper than if it was known they had £100. His idea was to let the Band come to the rescue if needed, and not to make any promise.

Mr C. W. Jones endorsed the remarks of the last speaker, and pointed out after tenders were called for, a special meeting of the Band could be held and any sum wanted to make up the deficiency voted. Each and every one had shown that their hearts were in the object, and while some had done more than others, all had done their little bit, and it had been a great pleasure to him while acting in conjunction with Mr A. McDougall as secretary to find that all the members of the Band were willing to help.

Mr W. Pedder, to test the feeling of the meeting, moved that the matter stand over till a tender was accepted. Seconded by Mr Goode.

Mr W. J. Hill reminded members that a rotunda could be built for any sum from £50 to £1000. He advised them to get one costing £100 and have the plans and specifications prepared accordingly. The rotunda at Portland cost £67, but they wanted a better one, and as they had the money it was of no use keeping it. By voting a sum towards it the Band would let the people see on Wednesday night that they were with them.

The President said the rotunda was wanted for a wet as well as a hot night. It was suggested that shutters be put on it, but he thought that would make the rotunda look like a joss-house. Another proposal was to put glass windows in, but that would make it look heavy. He thought it should be made high enough for the Band to play underneath in the basement. He urged them to build a good rotunda while they were about it. In answer to Mr W. T. Hill, he said he thought a committee from the Band and the public would be formed in connection with the choosing of the rotunda.

Mr L. Hains said that the Stawell rotunda only cost £85, and a similar one should suit Beaufort.

The President could hardly believe it cost £85, as it was a magnificent affair. They had a practice room as well at Stawell.

Mr Jones—Let us have a good one while we're about it. Don't let it be like the uniforms. Don't let us puncture the rotunda like the pants. (Laughter).

Mr Hains remarked that in the case of the uniforms they thought they were getting the best.

The President suggested a motion showing the public that they were willing to contribute when they saw what the rotunda would cost.

Mr Prout pointed out that most rotundas had what was called a well underneath to let the sound escape. The foundation wanted to be about 5ft. They wanted to be very careful in getting the specifications drawn up.

Mr Pedder adopted the President's suggestion by altering his motion thus—"That owing to the uncertainty as to the cost of a rotunda, the Band undertakes to render financial assistance if same should be required." This was seconded by Mr W. T. Hill, and carried unanimously.

The President suggested the adoption of a comprehensive vote of thanks to all who had assisted in making the movement such a success.

Mr A. L. Wotherspoon moved that the best thanks of the Band be tendered to all helpers and the public for the able and generous manner in which they had assisted. Seconded by Mr W. J. Hill, and carried.

As the Golden Age Hall was wanted as a sample room for commercial travellers, it was decided to accept Mr Wotherspoon's offer to allow his brick store to be used as a practice room from Monday night next.

A hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr Murison for the use of the Golden Age Hall.

The President considered the time opportune for members to make a special effort to roll up to practices. He understood they had been somewhat half-hearted about it lately, owing to so many of them being engaged in the dramatic rehearsals, and he would like to see them once more rally round the flag. When the rotunda was opened a moonlight concert or something would be held to make a splash, and if the Band practised assiduously it would do them good. All round the town the Band was well spoken of, and surprise was expressed at the wonderful progress they had made in so short a time, and it would be a national calamity if anything happened to them. He urged them to lay this matter to heart, and suggested a roll call at every practice, the poorest attendant to get a leather medal. They were a credit to the bandmaster and to the town, but should not stop at that, but rather go on progressing and go in for competitions.

It was decided to procure a roll book; Mr McDougall being appointed to keep the record of attendances, roll to be called at 8.15 p.m.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Messrs Jones and McDougall for the creditable work performed by them as joint secretaries of the sports gathering.

Mr Prout mentioned that he had met two bandsmen in Melbourne who had congratulated him on the way in which the Band had played and the sports were conducted, and considered it must be very gratifying to him to have so good a lieutenant. They also expressed their intention of being present at the opening of the rotunda, and giving a donation towards it.

Messrs Jones and McDougall suitably returned thanks, both stating the work was a pleasure to them, and Mr Jones remarking that it was a labor of love.

Band Rotunda.

An executive committee meeting in connection with the Beaufort Band rotunda movement was held in the Shire Hall on Wednesday evening; Mr J. R. Wotherspoon (chairman) presiding, and about 30 members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

A letter was received from Albert Greenwood, protesting against the prizes for woodchopping contest being awarded to Egan and Jackson, on the grounds of his (Greenwood's) nomination not being accepted.—No action taken.

The secretary (Mr C. W. Jones) submitted a statement of receipts and expenditure (duly audited by Mr John Humphreys and certified to as correct), showing the income to have amounted to £163 10s 2d, and the expenses to £71 5s 9d, thus leaving a credit balance of £32 4s 5d.

The chairman thought all would agree that the result was a very handsome one. They started with nothing, and in the short time of two months they obtained £32 4s 5d. They could congratulate themselves on the result, and thank the public for their support.

Mr Menzies, secretary to dramatic entertainment, read a balance-sheet in connection with the production of "Aurora Floyd," showing that £37 0s 6d was received and £9 0s 4d expended, leaving a profit of £28 0s 2d.

Mr E. W. Hughes, the treasurer, certified to the bank balance, and Mr J. Humphreys to the correctness of the accounts, the latter congratulating all who had taken part on the favorable result attained.

The balance-sheet having been received, the chairman, in answer to Mr Sinclair, intimated that roughly speaking a profit of £21 was made on the publican's booth. He had worked it out and found that if any publican had taken the booth at the reserve price (£10) he would have lost £2.

Mr Sinclair was rather surprised at the way in which some of the publicans took the matter of the committee keeping the booth, but now it had been explained he thought they might subscribe £1 each.

The chairman thought that on the whole the publicans had taken it very well, having helped to subscribe a purse of sovereigns, while two of them (Messrs Hellyer and Broadbent) got the logs, and Mr Broadbent also gave a cruet.

The balance-sheet was adopted, on the motion of Messrs Hughes and Pedder.

The chairman suggested the fixing of a site for the rotunda, pointing out that the placing of it in the street and on a building site had been spoken of.

Mr H. M. Stuart moved, and Mr J. Eastwood seconded, that the rotunda be placed on Crown lands, subject to the consent of the Shire Council. Carried.

Mr E. W. Hughes moved that the consent of the council be asked for the rotunda to be placed where the weighbridge now is. Seconded by Mr H. Watkin.

Mr Stuart advocated the placing of it opposite the Mechanics' Institute, where a reserve could be made and trees and flowers planted.

Mr Sinclair supported the weighbridge site as the most central place.

The chairman broached the idea of so building the rotunda as to leave room for a town clock, the money for which could be raised by another effort.

Mr J. E. Loft contended that the railway reserve was the better site, both for the weighbridge and the rotunda.

Mr Menzies eloquently supported the weighbridge site, instancing what had been done in Ballarat in the way of gardens to beautify the main street, and prophesying that when the large estates were cut up and Beaufort became a thriving town, the removal of the weighbridge to the railway reserve would become a necessity. He urged the citizens to take steps to begin beautifying their town, and regarded the main street as the proper place for a commencement, pointing out that the whole triangle from Martin's butcher shop to the Mechanics' Institute could be made available for gardens.

Mr J. Eastwood endorsed Mr Menzies' remarks, advocating the removal of the weighbridge now.

The chairman advised the meeting not to ask the Shire Council to do too much. They were in hopes of getting a donation from them towards the rotunda, but if they asked them to shift the weighbridge they might get a flat refusal. He thought they would get a flat refusal.

After further discussion, the motion was put and unanimously carried.

Mr McRae moved, and Mr J. Humphreys seconded, that the chairman, Messrs Eastwood, Hughes, W. J. Hill, Jones, Loft, Pedder, and Drs. Eadie and Jackson be appointed as a deputation to wait on the Shire Council and ask for permission to erect the rotunda on the site chosen.

The chairman explained that the object of the deputation was to inform the council of what had been done, to ask them to take over the erection of the rotunda, and also to ask them if they could see their way clear to give a donation or build the basement. The Beaufort Brass Band had shown their sympathy by carrying a motion to the effect that in the event of further funds being wanted they were prepared to make up the deficiency. No sum was mentioned, but as the Band had a good credit balance he thought they would give a good sum. If they asked the council to erect it and handed over the £82, it was only right that this committee should have a say in the matter of selecting designs. He suggested the appointment of three gentlemen to act with the council's representatives. Then when they were satisfied with the design the council could go on with the erection of the rotunda. If more funds were wanted he thought there would be no difficulty in raising them.

It was decided, on the motion of Messrs Stuart and Pedder, that the deputation have the power of selecting from their number three to act in conjunction with the council's representatives in the matter of choosing a design.

Mr Jones inquired whether it would be possible, when the specifications of the rotunda were prepared, to get the price of a clock and have all the work done together.

The chairman thought the matter might be considered by the committee appointed to select a design.

Mr McRae added that perhaps some wealthy gentleman would donate a clock, as had been done in Camperdown and other places.

It was considered that competitive designs should be invited, and a prize of £3 3s or £5 5s offered, so as to get a wider range of choice, but the matter was left in the hands of the committee appointed.

The secretary mentioned that Mr Crowle had kindly offered to draw the plans and specifications gratis.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded by acclamation to Mr W. J. Hill for boarding the piper free of cost, on the motion of Messrs Loft and Kenny; the chairman alluding to the competent manner in which Mr Hill led the Band in the absence of the bandmaster.

Mr Menzies eulogised the work done by Mr Jones as secretary, and proposed that a bonus of £3 3s be voted to him, as well as a hearty vote of thanks for his services. Seconded by Mr Sinclair, and carried; £2 4s 5d being taken from the funds, so as to leave a clear £80, with 6s that had come in that night for tickets for the dramatic entertainment, and the balance of 12s 7d being collected in the room.

Mr Jones having retired from the room, the Chairman informed him of the action taken to recognise his services, remarking that no doubt he was deserving of a higher bonus for the close attention paid to his work, and although he knew Mr Jones did not expect anything, he felt sure he would appreciate their action.

Mr Jones said he scarcely knew how to thank them for their kindness. He never anticipated anything of the kind. When he first took the secretaryship of the Band, it was done through his love of music, and he was pleased to see them progressing so well. When he suggested the idea of building a band rotunda to Messrs Wotherspoon and Hill they thought it a good thing, and it was decided to call a public meeting to start the movement to raise funds for the purpose. He was very pleased, upon being elected as secretary, to see that they had so much confidence in him to carry out the object. He could assure them that he never anticipated getting a bonus. He scarcely knew how to thank them for their goodness. But for the assistance given him by the worthy chairman and Mr A. McDougall he would not have been able to carry out the work. Mr Wotherspoon had put his shoulders to the wheel and spared neither expense, time or trouble, and the success achieved was largely due to him.

It was decided, on the motion of Messrs Kenny and McRae, to give the deputation authority to instruct the treasurer and secretary to pay the £80 over to the council upon their being satisfied as to the arrangements entered into for the erection of the rotunda.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded the chairman, on the motion of Messrs Hughes and Eastwood, for the energetic and effective manner in which he had discharged his duties.

Mr Wotherspoon, in returning thanks, remarked that he was pleased to learn that any small effort he had made was so much appreciated. Without the co-operation of the gentlemen present and the public it would have been impossible to work it up. Thanks were due to the Band in the first place for starting it, and to the committee and public for supporting the movement so heartily. It had been quite a pleasure to him to preside over the meetings. He hoped that this would be a starting point in the interest shown by townspeople in the place, and that they would not stop till they made Beaufort as pretty a town in the matter of street ornamentation as was to be seen in the State.

Beaufort United Common.

The managers of the above Common met at the secretary's office on 13th inst. Present—Messrs Humphreys, Flynn, and Browne (secretary.)

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

REPORTS.

From the Secretary, reporting financially as follows:—Owing to the bank being closed for Easter holidays I have no pass book showing balance at bank. The cash book, however, shows a credit balance of £33 4s 9d; fees received to date for current half-year, £16 2s; unpaid fees due on stock registered, £28 4s; making the total assessment to date, £44 6s; arrears for half-year ending January, 1903, amount to £11 8s, which, with the unpaid fees for July, makes the total amount owing £39 12s.

From the herdsman, reporting that 3000 sheep and 35 head of cattle passed through the common since last meeting. Poisoned wheat and toxa has been laid on the common near Mr G. Halpin's land, and trappers have also been working there with good results before the toxa was laid. One bull has been placed in Mrs Conway's paddock, and one at Mr O'Brien's, Eurambeen.

The following accounts were passed for payment:—Herdsman, £5 2s 6d; Secretary, £2; rabbit extermination, 10s.

NO OPIUM IN CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.—Many cough cures contain opium. The effect of this drug is to diminish secretion of the mucus, and the relief afforded is only temporary. As soon as the effect of the opium passes off, the malady returns in a more severe form. The system is also weakened and rendered more susceptible to cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy does not contain opium in any form. It affords relief and leaves the system in a healthy condition. It always cures and cures quickly. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Beaufort Rifle Club.

The half-yearly meeting of the above club was held in the Mechanics' Institute on Thursday evening; Mr G. Perry (president) in the chair, and 13 members present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Circular re sending a team to compete for Kalapore Cup at Bisley, and asking club to appoint one or more members to collect a 1s subscription from the members.—Received; Mr McDougall being appointed collector.

The secretary submitted a statement of receipts and expenditure for the half-year, showing the former to have amounted to £35 14s 8d, and the latter to £21, thus leaving a credit balance of £14 14s 8d. The assets were estimated at £70 3s 11d, and the liabilities at 15s.

The auditors (Messrs McDonald and Menzies) certified to the correctness of the accounts, and drew attention to the large amount of outstanding subscriptions, viz., £4 16s at Raglan, and £3 at Beaufort, and suggested that they be struck off in cases where the subscriptions were 12 months overdue, as the inclusion of these amounts does not allow of a correct state of the finances being placed before them.

The secretary reported having sold 6000 rounds of M.H. ammunition for £5, reducing their stock considerably.

The balance-sheet was received and adopted; the secretary stating that the amount now owing by the Beaufort section was £2 4s. He mentioned that he had not included the Raglan range in the assets, and had received an offer of £1 for the lot. The range cost about £15, of which the Government paid £10.

The captain's and secretary's reports and averages (already published) were received and adopted.

The election of office-bearers was then proceeded with, and resulted as under:—Captain, Mr A. McDougall; president, Mr J. A. Hogg; vice-presidents, Messrs W. J. Hill and C. Grant; vice-captain, Mr E. Buchanan; secretary, Mr W. T. Hill; committee, Messrs Brooks, Dunham, T. Sands, A. Wotherspoon, and G. Perry; handicappers, Messrs Troy, Brooks, and W. T. Hill; auditors, Messrs Menzies and McDonald; treasurer, Mr D. F. Troy.

Most of the officers returned thanks.

The following accounts were passed for payment:—J. Johnston, 3s 6d; A. Parker, 5s; Mechanics' Institute, 10s; petty cash, 10s.

The same bonus as last year, viz., £4 4s, was voted to the secretary, on the motion of the President, seconded by Mr Perry.

The secretary drew attention to the fact of several members having to re-swear in.

The secretary asked what they intended doing with the Raglan section. The thing had proved a farce from the first. They had received every consideration. Notices had been forwarded for every match, but not one member had shot, bar Mr Sands, whom they looked upon as a Beaufort man. He thought the proper step to take was to ask the authorities to disband them. He moved accordingly.

Mr Sands advised the club to wipe the unfinancial members off the books, but not to wipe the range out.

The secretary mentioned that Mr W. Johnston had offered £1 for the target.

The president said that £15 had been spent on the range, of which amount the Government gave £10.

Mr McDonald thought the proper course was to instruct the secretary to inform the Defence Department that the Raglan section was defunct.

Mr Sands said the Raglan members never got on with the Beaufort club, but they should deal with the men, and not with the range.

Captain Troy endorsed Mr Sands' opinion.

Mr Sands said the Raglan members never understood the limit business, and were dissatisfied because they thought everything was cut and dried for Beaufort.

The secretary remarked that when it started more prize money went to Raglan than to Beaufort.

Mr Sands agreed that Raglan members had won a good bit of money at first, and said they had also done a lot of work in preparing the range.

It was decided, on the motion of Captain Troy and Mr McDonald, that the Raglan unfinancial members be struck off the roll, and that the range be left as it is.

Captain Troy suggested that better prizes be given to induce members to shoot more. They gave £6 8s during the last half-year, and if that were given in two prizes, or a magazine rifle, it would cause more interest to be taken in the club.

The president thought he could get a trophy from one of the warehouses this year.

Mr A. Wotherspoon suggested a ladies' day, with a match for both ladies and members, to open the half-year. Several ladies had promised to provide afternoon tea and take part in the shooting, and he would find a trophy for the ladies.

The president and secretary urged that the musketry should first be done.

It was decided, on the motion of Mr A. Wotherspoon, seconded by Captain Troy, that the musketry be put in on the next two Wednesdays, and that the club have a ladies' day on Wednesday, 20th May.

Captain Troy's suggestion to have pool firing after the musketry, and M.H. ammunition to be supplied free, was adopted.

The captain was authorized to take entries (1s. each) beforehand for the club match on 20th May.

Secretary Hill moved that the club match on 20th May be fired at 200yds. (10 shots), for a gold medal, valued at 30s. Seconded by Mr McDougall.

Captain Troy advised the members to go in for practice and take part in the V.R.A. matches.

The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the chair.

For the week ending yesterday at 6 p.m., 62 points of rain fell at Beaufort. Another 48 points fell up to 9 o'clock this morning.

BABY'S COUGH MUST NEVER LINGER.—Nothing is more distressing than to see a helpless little infant suffering with a cough, and to be fearful of using a remedy which may contain some harmful ingredient. The makers of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy positively guarantee that this preparation does not contain opium in any form, or any other harmful substance. Mothers may confidently give this remedy to their little ones. It gives prompt relief and is perfectly safe. It always cures and cures quickly. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

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28 APR 03 ... OF VICTORIA

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THE BRIDE'S WELL.

On what is locally called a Ramp, that is to say the refuse thrown out of a quarry, and left to decay or become covered with mould, was, in a certain parish, a long white washed thatched cottage. It occupied a peculiar position; its back was against a dense oak wood, out of which shot up Scotch firs, and the portion of ramp it occupied was of very old standing, and was a good way from that portion of the quarry on which workmen were engaged.

In front of the cottage was a garden, always well kept, and on the further side of the garden, the inevitable pig-stye. But then—what would the garden have produced without the pig?

When I said that the cottage was on the ramp, I was not quite exact, it was on the slope of the hill, but the ramp had been thrown up before it even to a level above the garden, so that the dwellers in the cottage were almost as much shut in as was Noah in his ark.

The ramp was not hideous, as new ramps are. It was so ancient that is was overgrown with trees and moss, and fern. The crane's bill loved to ramble about it, and the wild strawberry covered it in June with a network of rubies.

The cottage was so closed about that every wind was shut out, but the sun flowed over it, frost rarely smote and killed the vegetables in the garden, and flowers came there earlier than anywhere else.

A great monthly rose was trained over the front of the house, and I believe that there were flowers on it all the year round.

Near the cottage stood a very ancient and wide-spreding oak, stunted and contorted, because growing in a minimum of soil and a maximum of slate rock. But in spite of disadvantages, the oak was very aged, and bore innumerable acorns. Under the shade of the tree, rained over with fallen acorns at fall of the year, was a slab of rock, and it went by the name of the Conjuring Table. There was a certain Lady who was fondly believed, though dead for over a century, to haunt the parish. The story went that Seven Parsons met at this natural table to lay the Lady's ghost. They would have succeeded but that one of the party was so tipsy that he said the wrong word and forgot the right.

But that which haunted the Ramp was not a ghost, it was vipers, locally called "Long Cripples." These creatures loved to lie in the sun on the hot slates, and they became so comatose in the heat, or perhaps with repletion from the number of flies and beetles they ate, that they were easily killed there by the village lads.

Now, although the cottage was in a lonely place, and was shut in from the sight of men, unless these latter came there purposely to see it, yet there was that in it which precluded its being out of mind, however much out of sight, and that was—an uncommonly pretty girl who lived in it with her father and mother.

Their name was Worden, and her Christian name was Prue, that is to say, Prudence.

Not only was she vastly pretty, but she was one of the happiest, brightest dispositioned girls in the place. The sun that loved the cottage seems to have been drunk in by her heart and to brim at her eyes.

Prue managed the beehives, of which there was a row in the garden, and she moved among the winged creatures without their attempting to sting her. "Talk to them, sing to them, and they become your friends," she said.

They buzzed round her, as though she were a flower, as though they would light on her laughing lips, and she scolded them and away they flew—it was their fun, that was all, she explained. But it was not bees only that came about Prue. Village youths are not blind to female beauty, and hearts open at once to a bright spirit, as celandines open to the sun.

Prue had plenty of admirers, but her head was not turned, she laughingly kept them at a distance—that is to say, all but one, George Kennaway, and it soon became an understood thing that George also would not allow other young men to buzz about Prue. That flower was for his own sipping, not for another's.

How this came about was as follows:—

The plank on which stood the beehives had become so rotten that Prue's father, Roger Worden, purchased a good new Dantzic pine plank to replace that which was decayed.

The substitution must be made at night. So the plank was laid near the Conjuring Stone till the occasion came for its use. There were also two or three short lengths of firbole, wherof to make props for the plank; as not only was Worden about to renew the old stand, but also to extend it, to sustain additional hives; until wanted, the plank was at Prue's disposal and she thus disposed it. She placed it across one of the logs and endeavoured to play at sea-saw on it. This could only be affected by reducing the length of plank on her side to a couple of feet, and giving the other side a considerable extent. But this did not answer satisfactorily; it gave very little sway to the end on which Prue sat. She therefore tried another xperiment. She rolled a big stone on to the further end of the board, but here again the success was not great, as the stone tumbled off.

So engaged was Prue in endeavouring to obtain a ride by circumventing the difficulties that stood in her way, that she did not observe George Kennaway as he approached; and he startled her into dropping from the board when he said close to her, "You are silly child. It takes two to play at see-saw."

"Then you sit at the other end," said Prue, picking herself up. She was flushed and looked prettier than ever, under the white cotton field bonnet.

"Certainly," said the lad, "but b'aint it rather child's play?"

"I never had brothers and sisters to play see-saw with me," explained she.

"And are you so terrible fond of it?"

"I don't know. I haven't tried proper yet."

"Come—you shall have a ride."

So the young man sat at one end astride, and the girl at the other as on a chair, and up and down they went. When he was aloft, she was down, and when she soared he was on the ground. She laughed for joy of heart—then, suddenly jumped off, and down in an ignominious, precipitate, and ungraceful manner fell George, sprawling on the ground.

"I had forgot," said Prue.

"I should think you had—to give me such a fall."

"I don't mean that—I mean the water."

"What water?"

"Mother wanted the pitchers filling."

"Immediately?"

"N—n—o, but I just remembered it, so sprang off."

"And sent me down."

"I am sorry—did I hurt you?"

"You might have hurt me badly."

"Let me go and fetch the water and then we'll sea-saw again."

"But understand there must be two together—always for that."

The cottage was supplied from a well that was some sixty to eighty feet below its level. From the oak and the conjuring stone, a path descended to an old excavation, very deep, and so over-hung with trees, and so limited in extent, that the sun never fell into it. At the bottom was deep bottle-green water—how deep none knew, and in it lived—so it was said—one enormous trout, too wary and well fed to allow himself to be caught. The slate sides of this abyss were hung with moss and fern and tendrils of creeping plants. A little way from this tremendous chasm, but only a few feet higher than the water's edge was a well that is to say a spring with the sides built up and a slab of slate covering it, in which was the coolest, most crystalline water. This spring never failed in the hottest summer, and its overflow trickled into the tarn that occupied the ancient, deserted quarry. It was a long way to go to get water, for all requirements, but the water when got was most refreshing and delicious.

At least twice a day Prue had to descend to the well with empty pitchers, and toil up the ascent with them laden.

"And mind this, Prue," said her mother, repeatedly, "never you go no further than the well, for the slate rock beyond by the water is that slippy you might fall in, and none ever hear you cry out."

The whole way down was so thick with crane's bill that the air was strong with its geranium savour.

"No," said George. "For once, Prue, I will fetch the water, and you bide here."

Then the young man caught up the brown pitchers and descended the path. In ten minutes he was back with them brimming over.

"Now," said Prue, "we will have another swing, only I will sit nearer the middle. I do not want to have a bad fall."

"Why should you have a bad fall?"

"You might punish me for giving you one."

"I am not like to do that."

"I had rather not trust you."

So they swayed up and down.

Then said Prue—"Why do you sit nearer the middle than I?"

"Because I am twice as heavy as you and must make the balance right."

"It is still rather too much."

"Then draw nearer."

"But you will draw nearer still!"

"I must. I cannot help it. Now then—try how it feels in the middle" He put out his arm and drew her to the midst above the fulcrum, and there they sat, side by side, gently rocking. The least displacement of balance set them swaying.

"Lovely, isn't it?" asked George.

"Beautiful," answered Prue.

"And I don't see," said George, "why we shouldn't see-saw for always like this. I mean you and me together. It takes two, it does."

"I don't know."

"I do. I have fifteen shillings a week, we might see-saw on that. And I've got strong arms, and a good cottage, and a large garden. We might see-saw on that. And—I love you with all my heart."

"But is there see-saw in that?"

"None—fast as a nail. Will you?"

"Well, if it must be, it must."

That is how it came about.

The banns had been called and the marriage day had arrived. The parson was to be at the church at ten o'clock.

"Mother," said Prue, the evening before, "There is my white confirmation gown and the veil the young ladies at the hall gave me—I will wear that."

"And you must have flowers."

"Yes—white."

"Now it so fell out, that just before the time came for going to church, Mrs. Worden exclaimed:—

"Lor a mussy! The water be forgot. There ain't a drop in the house, and there'll be folk coming, and there must be tea for some and, I reckon, gin and water for others, and there is all the washing up after, and, dear life, one can get along without bread but never without water. Whatever shall I do?"

"I'll run to the well with the pitcher."

"But, Prue, you'm in your white dress."

"I shall not stain it. It will not take me ten minutes."

"I'd go myself but for my leg as is so bad," said Mrs. Worden.

Then Prue caught up the pitchers and tripped away, past the old gnarled oak and the Conjuring Rock, down the path to the old quarry pit.

Never shall I forget what ensued.

There was a cluster of people about the Church gate. There were friends ready to pelt with rice. The parson was in waiting. The bridegroom and his best man were arrived. Prue had been a favourite at the Hall, and the Squire's daughters were there all smiles, and they had brought with them a present which was to be put into Prue's hand as she went blushing like a June hedge-rose down the church avenue. And the ringers were all there, without their coats in the tower, waiting and not oblivious of the fact that after a merry peal they would be called to the cottage to refresh themselves.

The party waited, then became impatient. Some ran along the road to see whether the bride were coming in sight. But all they saw was a child running. Presently the child came up breathless. "Please—Mrs. Worden says you're all to come—something has happened. She's in that state, she couldn't say all." Still no suspicion of real evil occurred. Some little misfortune perhaps.

"It's Prue. It's something to Prue," gasped the child. Then the tidings ran like lightning through all assembled. The last to hear it was George Kennaway who was in the church; but when he did hear he ran and outstripped them all.

He first reached the cottage. Mrs. Worden was then in a condition of terror and distress that almost bereft her of her senses.

"Prue—" she said, "went to the well,—after water—my poor legs—I couldn't get down—but she went for the water—two pitchers. I—have—I—."

George Kennaway waited to hear no more. He ran down the steep descent, calling Prue. The answer came from the rocks, in a lower note, "Prue! Prue!" A jackdaw rushed out from the ivy.

Then he came to the well. She was not there, but he also saw at a glance why she was not there. During the preceding night a portion of the overhanging slate rock had fallen, not much, but just sufficient to crush in the top of the well, and render access to the water impossible without assistance from a crowbar.

The girl had consequently not been able to draw water where accustomed, and she had gone forward to the quarry pit. Here, as already said, the rock was slaty, inclined at a steep angle, and it was moist and slippery. She had stepped on to this, and had stooped, careful not to stain her white gown, with both pitchers in her hands, to dip for the water in the tarn, cold and crystal clear.

She had over-balanced, her feet had slipped on the smooth sloping slate, and she had fallen in. And there—floating in the bottle green water she was seen—like a dead white swan.

I feel that it is beyond my power with pen to describe what followed, the despair of the poor young man, the distraction of the mother, the sorrow of the whole parish. And never was there such a funeral in the memory of man as that of the Bride, her white pall borne by six girls all in white, and wearing white posies—and a whole parish—everyone, from the richest to the poorest, from the red-faced fox hunting squire to the old stone-breaker with a crippled leg—in floods of tears.

. . . .

The other day I went over the ramp to look at the ruined cottage. Years had passed since this took place, which I have described. After the death of their only child, the Wordens had left the cottage and it had fallen into ruin. None else would take it, owing to the difficulty about the water, the distance it had to be drawn, and the tragedy connected with the well.

As I stood musing, looking at the crumbling walls—no flowers, no bees there now—I notice a man of middle age come up the steep path from the well.

The quarry had of late been again in activity, and the rubbish was being shot to fill up the old workings, but as yet the very oldest pit, that where the well was, had not been invaded.

I turned to speak to the man. He seemed a stranger. At least I did not know him.

"A picturesque spot," said I, "to an artist quite a study."

"I am not a artist," he replied. "This spot is dear to me, inexpressibly dear through sad remembrances."

I looked closer at him.

"Yes," said he, "my name is George Kennaway. I—you know me now I see—well—well after that event I could not bear to be here, I went to Australia, and have done well there. I have come back now, after all these years—and— Well, sir I have been to see the captain of the slate quarry and I said to him—I will pay you almost what you like to ask, if you will spare the well and the old pit. Do not choke and bury them up—not whilst I live—for God's sake—I could not bear it. I saw—that white girl floating there—no—let it remain as it was. Ask what you will."

AMELIA'S CHESTNUT BANG.

Amelia's chestnut bang fell modestly from the brim of her sailor hat. The men admired its crispness silently, or included it tacitly in their compliments. The other women envied it or openly expressed their admiration of its unusual curl and stiffness while they nursed limp curls or courageously brushed back their hair from their foreheads. For Amelia's bang never varied. The heaviest fogs did not impair its beauty, and she stepped from her bath after the morning plunge with its most attractive qualities unimpaired. If it were ever open to criticism, it was during the evening hours. By gaslight it had a suspicious look at its juncture with her beautiful head, but those who made remarks about it then were either hypercritical or jealous.

When the party started to ride to a neighbouring village one day, Amelia's bang had never looked more charming. There was a September chill in the air. The bicycle path lay through the woods, and the narrow strip of smooth sand was between low scrub oak trees with branches that frequently overlapped. Amelia came along in the middle of the line of riders, who had straightened themselves out into single file when the bicycle path was reached. The exertion, combined with sun, made the riders warm. Even Amelia's face took on a deeper hue than the customary rose, tarnished with the brown of a summer tan; but her chestnut bang had never looked more attractive. The beauty of it was heightened by the contrast, as the other girls' hair already looked somewhat disturbed. At a turn in the road Amelia's progress became slower, and she dropped to the rear of the line. For a while the riders wheeled along in silence.

Suddenly there came a shriek from the last member of the party. "My hat! My hat!" was heard in tones that was recognisable as Amelia's in spite of the desperation in them. "My hat is knocked off! The trees did it!" The members of the party were on familiar terms and were in a hurry. "Well, get off and get it," said a woman's voice, and the distance between the others and the desperate Amelia quickly increased. "My hat! My hat!" was all that came from her. "My hat is lost!"

There was so much feeling in the words that the riders stopped simultaneously and turned back. Amelia had been left some distance behind. She was standing beneath a small oak, her hands clasped over her forehead. Her wheel lay where it fell when she dismounted. On a branch of the tree, a little above her, hung her hat. It had been thrown there by the rebound of the branch which knocked it off. Amelia pressed her hands on her head and stared at the rest of the returning party, but she said nothing. "I'll get it," offered one of the men of the party. "It's easy enough." "Oh, don't, please don't," answered Amelia to the astonishment of the party. "Leave it alone." That aroused the women. "But we've got to go on," one of them said sharply. "We've lost ten minutes already. Do you want to go without it?"

Amelia did not reply, and the girl shook the little tree. Down fell the hat, landing on its crown. Everybody turned to look at it, and Amelia stared with anxiety. Securely attached to the front of the band was Amelia's chestnut bang. There was silence for a second. Then the laughter was unanimous. Amelia alone was tardy in joining it. She looked at first as if she would rather weep; but thinking better of it, she laughed with the others. Then she reached down for the hat before anybody could hand it to her, and turning her back, carefully adjusted it on her head. When she faced the group again, her chestnut bang was as becoming as ever. "Come along, girls," she said, mounting her wheel. "There's one thing about it. If another tree knocks off my hat, it won't make a bit of difference."

A DESERTED CITY

In Nevada county, Cal., repose the remains of one of the strangest towns on the Continent. Meadow Lake is the American Pompeii, whose entombing lava is the summit snow storms which sometimes bury it 25 feet deep on a level, and whose annual exhuming is brought about by the summer sun.

It was in the summer of 1865 that the name Meadow Lake was formally given to the town, previously called Excelsior and Summit City. Until 1858 nothing had been done in the way of prospecting that particular locality.

Henry Hartley, an Englishman, who visited the vicinity in June, 1865, in search of game and chanced to discover fragments of gold, imparted his discovery to his friends. A company was formed, and soon after other companies and the building of a city was started.

With the close of the fall of 1865 the new city contained about 150 houses completed and a number of others in course of construction. Then all hopes were blasted. The adventurers awoke to the sad reality that, though there was plenty of gold in Meadow Lake, it was so combined with some substance unknown to the metallurgists that it was effectually locked from the hand of man.

All dreams, the black art, science and metallurgy were set at naught. One after another, as they abandoned hope, the disappointed gold seekers turned their backs on Meadow Lake and went down the mountain.

More than 2,000,000 dollars had been poured into that bottomless abyss of California known as "dead work," to pay for mills, road, buildings, and mining.

For years the solitary inhabitant of Meadow Lake was Hartley, the Englishman, who was mainly responsible for the existence of the town.

HOFMANN AND THE EMPRESS.

Josef Hofmann, the famous young pianist, is fond of all sorts of sports, especially of skating, in which, as a boy, he excelled. When visiting St. Petersburg a year or two ago Josef was summoned to play before the ex-Empress, the hour named being from three to four in the afternoon. It was a perfect day. The Neva was frozen over, of course, and the skating was at its height. Immediately after luncheon Josef's father found his son dressing as if to go to the Palace.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"To play for the Empress."

"But you are not to go until three o'clock!"

"Three o'clock! If I wait until then it will be too late to go skating. I'm going now!"

He went. And it is not a surprise to any one who knows Hofmann to learn that he played for the ex-Empress as soon as he reached the Palace, and that he then went off and skated the rest of the afternoon.

In most tropical countries sudden darkness after sundown is one of the peculiarities. In Egypt, at certain seasons of the year, the sun goes down and darkness comes on very suddenly, continuing for a space of twenty minutes or half an hour. Then, all of a sudden, the hills and sands take on a ghastly paleness, and in another moment everything begins to brighten, and it appears as if the sun is about to rise out of the west.

VICARS AND THEIR CURATES.

According to Martin West, who writes in the "Church Gazette," the friendship between vicars and their curates is often very beautiful. "I have known more than one case in which men have been together for more than thirty years without a shadow of disagreement, so far as anyone could see. At least half a dozen cases have I met with in which curates have refused good benefices sooner than leave their beloved vicars and parishes, and one in which a curate declined the offer of a bishopric (not English of course; English bishoprics are not offered to curates, however suitable) sooner than leave a vicar whom he loved, and who depended on him.

One man I knew I specially honoured. For reasons sadly too common the income of the parish failed. The senior curate had some private means — not overmuch but sufficient. Without listening to his friends he chucked over his prospects, matrimonial and otherwise; and suggested that he and his fellow curates should live with the vicar who happened to be a bachelor; and placed his whole fortune in the common fund. He is punctillious that his salary as curate is not below the average, and that he should duly receive it on the proper day twice yearly. 'Its a beastly bad thing,' he explains, 'for it to get about that a chap is paid less than the market rate'; nevertheless, he always pays the amount into the common fund the next day, minus half-a-crown. This considerable sum he appropriates to his personal use, because, he says, if anyone calls him an unpaid curate he can tell him he is a liar.

One case has always seemed very touching to me. Many years ago two men formed a friendship at Oxford, and it was agreed that if one got a town living the other should help him. One got a rich country living, and after many years of toil, the other a very poor one in a poverty-stricken town. Without hesitation the country living was vacated, and its late vicar became his friend's curate. Better friends never lived; there was no superior or inferior. The vicar would do nothing without consulting the curate, though by the way, he had inherited a fortune that would have enable him to keep a dozen curates without inconvenience. Still, this harmony had one drawback. Subsequent to his Oxford days the vicar developed views of the broadest, while the curate remained an ardent follower of Pusey, and in matters of dogma neither would yield an inch. Frequently both would choose the same text, and one give one interpretation in the morning and the other a quite different at night. They seemed to delight in this, but the congregation were puzzled what to believe. After evensong there was a supper, at which I often assisted, and the discussions were amusing, if not edifying. They abused each other's views with emphasis, but nothing could break them of going about arm-in-arm, or of holding each other up as the one man in the world worthy of admiration."

AS NANSEN SAW THE AURORA BOREALIS.

The aurora of the Yukon is intensely beautiful and brilliant during the long winter nights in the Arctic regions. It commences early in the fall, and greatly helps to drive darkness from that frozen land. As soon as the sun sets, it begins and flashes its unwarming light along the frozen rivers and great banks of snow. The huge mountains of glistening ice, with their black lines of fir trees, stand out in beautiful relief; their tints, of the purest Arctic cast, cause the inhabitant to shiver, and button his coat closer, and gladly seek a light of less brilliancy but of life-giving warmth.

During midwinter, when the sun shines but four hours out of twenty-four, the aurora is very intense, and helps wonderfully to light and beautify the long Arctic nights. Nansen in his book, Farthest North, beautifully describes the aurora borealis of the farthest northern region. He describes it as dreamy colour music; a far-away, long-drawn-out melody on muted strings. One shade melts into another, so that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins, yet they are all there. It is dreamland painted in the imagination's most delicate tints; it is colour etherealized.

The sky is like an enormous cupola—blue at the zenith, shading down into green, and then into violet and lilac at the edges. Over the ice fields there are cold violet-blue shadows, with lighter pink tints where a ridge here and there catches the last reflection of the vanished day. Up in the blue of the cupola shine the stars, those unchanging friends, speaking peace, as they always do.

In the South stands a large and red-yellow moon, encircled by a yellow ring, and light golden clouds floating on the blue background. Presently the aurora shakes over the vault of heaven its veil of glittering silver—changing now to yellow, now to green, now to red. It spreads, it contracts again in restless change; next it breaks into waving, many-folded bands of shining silver, over which shoot billows of glittering rays, and then the glory vanishes.

Presently it shimmers in tongues of flame over the very zenith, and then again it shoots a bright ray right up from the horizon, until the whole melts away into moonlight, and it is as though one heard the sigh of a departing spirit. Here and there are left a few waving streamers of light—they are the dust from the aurora's glittering cloak. Now it grows again, new lightnings shoot up, and the matchless pyrotechnics begin afresh. And all the time an utter stillness reigns, impressive as the symphony of infinitude.

THE CHAMELEON'S COLOURS.

These little creatures were about five inches in length, of a general dark green hue shading to grey, assimilating the various objects upon which they rested slowly but very decidedly. I arranged several little corrals (says a naturalist), one with a white base, another with a grey another with a green, and changed the occupants about. In ten or fifteen minutes they very materially would adapt themselves to the new tint, though they never became white, the change then, being merely a fading out of all lines, leaving the body a faint grey. At night they became a beautiful green, which may be considered their normal colour. The changes made in confinement I am confident were not so rapid as those when the lizards were in their native Florida, where moisture and hot days and nights gave them the exact temperature necessary for their best display.

There is something mysterious and even uncanny in watching the change of colour. When placed upon a green twig the little creature would immediately draw itself out, extend its front and hind legs at full length, and become to all intents a part of a twig or branch, so that it was difficult to distinguish it. Meanwhile the mysterious blush of green was deepening and stealing over its back and sides, making the resemblance still more striking. The natural assumption of one who had given the subject no especial attention might be that the anolis had glanced around and, perceiving that it was presenting a contrast not favourable to its personal safety, had assumed a colour more prospective. In other words, that there was some intelligent act associated with the change. When the little creature was blindfolded it assumed the same tint as at night, and did not change when placed upon the most striking colours, shewing that the eye was the involuntary medium by which the different tints were obtained. The act of adaptation is perfectly involuntary, or made without the knowledge of the animal, being the effect which certain colours have upon the pigment cells of the animal. At least that is the generally accepted explanation, and the experiments which have been made with blind animals seem to show that the eye is the medium.

Client (to lawyer): Good morning, sir. I've just received your bill for getting me off in that assault and battery case the other day.

Clever Lawyer: Ah, yes, to be sure. Any further information I can give you about it?

Client: Yes, I'd like to know if I can change my mind and go to gaol instead?

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"Now, said the man who was soliciting testimonials for a patent medicine, "I want the name of a man of prominence like yourself to give an endorsement of our wonderful cure."

"Well," replied the truthful citizen, "I don't mind saying that one bottle of your medicine put my youngest boy on his feet in a marvellously short time. You see he broke the bottle and then accidentally sat down on it."

SOME GOOD STORIES OF GUILDHALL BANQUETS.

The ninth day of the eleventh month is a red-letter day in English towns whose chief inhabitant is entitled to be addressed for a brief twelvemonth as "your worship." On this notable date the mayor is the cynosure of all eyes, and it is the proudest moment of his existence. Of course, in the larger cities, where "your worship" is swallowed up in the more high-sounding phrase of "your lordship," the glory is immensified.

After all, however, the greatest interest centres in the show which inaugurates the year's reign of London's Lord Mayor. Incidentally, this procession also affords a rich harvest to the light-fingered gentry, whose delight it is to have their hands in pockets of other than their own.

In 1354 Edward III. granted to London the privilege of having gold or silver maces carried before the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, and corporation. The mace was the instrument employed by Walworth, the then Chief Magistrate of the Metropolis, when he knocked Wat Tyler off his horse, the coup de grace being given the fallen man by the aid of a courtier's dagger, all the trouble having arisen through the rebel chief's desire to rudely approach the king.

In "The Nine Worthies of London" we are told that the mayor received from the king the cup and sword, so well-known in civic life, and a splendid hat, as a reward for ridding London of one of its terrors. A poet of the time thus sings:

A costly hat his Highness likewise gave,
That London's maintenance might ever be,
A sword also he did ordain to have,
That should be carried still before the mayor,
Whose worth deserved succession to the chair.

Prior to the year 1214 London elected its Lord Mayor for life. Now, as all the world knows, it is an annual event. Before one can reach the city's highest position he must have been an alderman and put in his time as sheriff. Then he has to be selected by the livery members of the seventy-six livery companies, who on each recurrent September 29 submit two names to the Court of Aldermen.

Generally the first of these two names is chosen by the aldermen, but the election is not confirmed until the Royal assent is given. To obtain this desirable favour the Lord Mayor elect and the aldermen, liverymen and officials go in procession on November 9 to the High Court of Justice to receive from the Lord Chancellor or his deputy the Crown's approval. This procession is known as the Lord Mayor's Show.

The show is followed in the evening by a magnificent banquet held in that famous home of Gog and Magog, the Guildhall, on which occasion it is customary for her Majesty's Minister's to attend.

Two good true stories are told concerning this historic banquet. When the Shah was here he lunched with the Lord Mayor, in the presence of a brilliant company, including the Prince and Princess of Wales. His Majesty's health was proposed and the Shah rose, as it was thought, to respond, but that was left to his Minister, whose Royal master merely bowed his acknowledgments.

But at this point a disaster nearly occurred,—the footman, when he saw the Shah rise to his feet, had removed the Royal chair, and it being beneath the dignity of the Shah to ascertain whether the seat was still there when he wished to resume it, the guests noted with horror that there was every possibility of his Highness collapsing on the floor. But at that moment, with agility worthy of an acrobat, the footman with remarkable presence of mind, sharply thrust the chair forward just in time to catch the Shah.

An amusing thing happened when the Queen first visited the City on Lord Mayor's Day in 1837. There was no menu at the banquet, it being supposed that every conceivable delicacy had been provided; the guests merely asked for what they desired.

However, one thing at last had been omitted, for it is said on excellent authority that her Majesty asked for red currant tart, and there was none!

It may give a faint idea of the amount of work which the Lord Mayor puts into his year of office when it is stated that he delivers at least a couple of thousand speeches in the 365 days of his reign. Seven speeches a day is no unusual record some of them of considerable length and covering the whole range of learning, all branches of literature, science and art coming in for fair and honourable treatment.

An excellent story is related of Lord Mayor Owden. The worthy gentleman's classical attainments did not extend to a knowledge of Greek, and so it came to pass that on Speech Day at the Bluecoat School the Greek oration to which he listened was not understood by him, although he put on an expression as though he knew. All would have gone well had not the Greek expression for the word "nothing" been used.

This in the Greek tongue is pronounced "Owden," and occurred several times in the course of the speech. On each occasion Lord Mayor Owden rose and bowed, taking it as a personal compliment to himself!

THE WIT OF THE CHILDREN.

Why Punish the Innocent? — Mother (severely): Robert, you did very wrong to do what I told you not to do. As a punishment for your disobedience, I forbid you to play with Willie again this afternoon." Bobbie and Willie twist nervously in their chairs for half an hour, when Willie observes, "Ma, do you think it's fair to punish both of us for what Bobbie done?"

Teaching the Minister.—In Stamford, Connecticut, two children attended service at the church of which Rev. Mr. Vail is pastor. Mr. Vail repeated the words: "There is nowhere, no place, that God is not." In an audible whisper Pauline said to her brother: "He don't know about it, does he? But I'll tell him after church." Just as the preacher descended the pulpit steps a breathless little figure caught hold of him and said mutinly: "You don't know about God, Mr. Vail. He isn't everywhere, like you think He is, 'cause the Bible says, 'God is not in the thoughts of the wicked.' That's why he doesn't always get into me, but I'm going to try to be very good this week, so He'll come." And as Mr. Vail took the bright-eyed little one tenderly in his arms she added naively: "You don't know everything, do you, Mr. Vail?"

Recognising the Fitness of Things.—Mary wrote a composition on The Cow. It was brief. "The cow is a very useful animal." Her mother requested her to read it to the minister, which she did, amending it to suit the occasion: "The cow is the most useful animal except religion."

His Bright Idea.—A literary man in Boston has a son who is to him as the apple of his eye. The other day he noticed a square hole in the trousers of his well beloved—a shrieking hole just above the knee. "How is this?" asked the sire. And the boy replied: "You know I have two pairs—my best and the other. I couldn't tell them apart, so I cut a hole in the best, and now I can tell 'em and know which to put on."

Prepared for the Worst.—The other day a couple of little girls came to a physician's office to be vaccinated. One of them undertook to speak for the other, and explained: "Doctor, this is my sister. She is too young to know her left arm from her right, so mamma washed both of them."

Appreciating Our Blessings.—Willie, a 5-year-old youngster, was in the habit of complaining of his dinner, and one day his father said: "Willie, you should not find fault with what is set before you. When I was your age I was thankful to get enough dry bread to eat." Willie finished his dinner in silence, but as he climbed down from his chair he said: "Pa, ain't you awful glad you come to board with us?"

THAT AWFUL THERMOMETER.

Two Irish labourers, old-time friends, met in the street in San Francisco recently, and after a cordial hand-shake, one of them inquired:

"An' where have yees be'n, Mike?"

"Workin' on the farrums in Southern California," was the reply, "and O'im moighty glad ter git back."

"What happened yez there?" was the next inquiry.

"Th' weather. It was too confounded hot. Why, when Oi was a-workin' near Frisco th' t'ermom'ter marked wan hundred an' sixteen degrais in th' shade."

"Is that so? Will, be Heavens, they didn't make you worruk in th' shade, did they?"

The Muristan, the site of the new German church at Jerusalem, was granted to Germany by the Sultan in 1869.

ARAB HUMOUR.

The old Arabs had a fine sense of humour, and many of the stories told in ancient times of witty sheikh and caliph have not yet lost their point.

An Arab poetaster sent his work to a famous author of the day, who praised it warmly.

"If I had only written it sooner," replied the poet, "my book would have already been known."

"Dost thou want fame?" inquired the author. "Why, hang up thy book in the market-place, and all will see it."

"But how will they know the author?"

"Just hang thyself close to the book."

The Oriental Joe Miller is parent to many jests which are still current among us. For instance, a preacher in a mosque began the history of Noah with this citation from the Koran: "I have called Noah." Unluckily he forgot the rest of the verse and said the same words over again. At last an Arab exclaimed, "If Noah will not come, call somebody else."

One day, in a coffee-house, a singer sang a melody whose refrain was, "Let a lover do what he may, he is to be excused." His voice was execrable, and yet he persisted in repeating the song. At last, a wag, who could endure it no longer, threw a cup of sherbet in his face; when the singer angrily inquired the reason he rejoined, "Why, I'm in love, and am to be excused."

Matrimony, always a theme for the jester, was not passed over by Arab wit. It happened once that a faithful Moslem married, but when he saw his wife she proved to be very unprepossessing. Some days after the marriage his wife said to him:

"My dove, as you have many relatives, I wish you would let me know before whom I may unveil."

"My gazelle," he replied, "if thou wilt only hide they face from me, I care not to whom thou showest it."

In battle a soldier was wounded in the head by a javelin. The surgeon examined the wound and told the man that as the weapon had not touched the brain there was every prospect of his recovery.

"Had I possessed any brain," said the soldier, "I should not have been in this battle."

When an astrologer was condemned to the gibbet, his friends asked him why he did not see his fate and thus avoid it.

"I saw very clearly," said he, "that I was to be exalted, but did not ask the stars how it was to be."

"What is that," said a ruler at his banquet, "which did not come last year, has not come this year, and will not come next year?" An officer, unabashed, replied, "It must surely be our back pay." Instead of being punished for his humour, the man received what was due to him, and was promoted to a higher position."

EMIN PASHA'S ROMANCE.

The story of Emin Pashas' life is a sad one. Some of its aspects have been known, but romance underlies the appearance of the prosaic spectacled German. Emin's real name was Edward Schnitzer. He was born, 58 years ago, of Jewish parents, in Silesia. He went to school in Hungary, and there he fell in love with a Magyar girl of his own age.

On leaving school he went to Berlin, studied medicine and took high honours. He did not feel any impulse to settle down in life, and while still a young man set out for the East, meaning to study Oriental languages.

After he had resided in Turkey some years, he made the acquaintance of Ismail Pasha, not the ex-Khedive, but a famous Turkish soldier who held the governorship of Scutari. He became the Pasha's intimate friend and family physician.

One day Ismail, overcoming in the extremity of the hour the prejudice of Turks, admitted the young German doctor into the harem to attend his wife, who seemed sick unto death.

Schnitzer discovered in the patient the Hungarian girl to whom in boyhood he had given his heart, and whom he still fondly loved.

In course of time, by one of those bouleversements common enough in the career of Turkish officials, Ismail Pasha was deposed of his governorship and carried off to Trebizonde, where he was lodged in a dungeon.

Schnitzer, then in his thirtieth year, took charge of the young wife, and the two proceeded to Constantinople, where Schnitzer devoted himself to the task of obtaining the pardon and release of his old patron.

This was brought about after a long delay, Ismail Pasha being taken into favour again, and made governor of Janini, in Albania. He did not long survive the horrors of his imprisonment, and on his death, Schnitzer, for the first time, confessed his love to the Hungarian, and in 1875 married her at Constantinople.

That nothing should be needed to the completeness of the domestic tragedy, she died in childbirth, and Schnitzer who had now assumed the name of Emin, closed his account with the civilised world.

THE BIGGEST WEDDING EVER KNOWN.

On the day that Alexander the Great was married no fewer than 20,202 persons in one ceremony were made husbands and wives. This seems impossible, but the event really took place, as historical records tell us. This monster wedding occurred upon the conquest by Alexander the Great of Persia, which was then ruled over by King Darius. Alexander married Statira, the daughter of the conquered king, and decreed that 100 of his chief officers should be united to 100 ladies from the noblest Persian and Median families. In addition to this, he stipulated that 10,000 of his Greek soldiers should marry 10,000 Asiatic women. When everything was settled a vast pavilion was erected, the pillars of which were sixty feet high. One hundred gorgeous chambers adjoined this for the 100 noble bridegrooms, while for the remaining 10,000 an outer court was enclosed, outside of which tables were spread for the multitude. Each pair had seats, and ranged themselves in a semi circle round the Royal throne. Of course, the priests could not marry this vast number of couples, so Alexander the Great devised a very simple ceremony. He gave his hand to Statira and kissed her—an example that all the bridegrooms followed. Thus ended the ceremony, and that vast number were married. Then followed, the festival, which lasted five days, the gandeur of which has never been equalled since.

Sprocket: Had my tyre punctured this morning.

Crocket: Don't say! How did it happen?

Sprocket: Riding in a strange country and ran against the forks of a road.

***

Just as the physicians who had been in consultation seemed about to reach an agreement the patient died.

"Fine subject," said one of the physicians as they gathered about the bed.

"Splendid!" echoed another. "Seems too bad to waste it by burial."

"Why should we?" asked the third. "All we have to do is to get up a violent dispute as to the real cause of death in order to get a chance to dissect it."

And so they worked the old scheme again.

The Cape of Good Hope was discovered in 1486 by the Portuguese navigator, Dias, who called it the "Cape of Storms." But the King of Portugal changed it to its present name to indicate that there was good hope of reaching India by sea.

BETWEEN KISSES.

A LOVER'S RACE.

Over the hills and dales she wheels,
Her lover following fast.
Oh, 'tis a race—
A rare love chase—
And though he's ever at her heels,
She leads him first to last.

Yes, just by half a length she keeps
The lead with calmest ease;
Ah, don't they go
Like lightning, though.
Over the plain and sun-kissed steeps,
As merrily as you please.

And will he catch her? Faith, I doubt.
They might speed thus all day,
And in the rear
He'd stay, I fear;
You see, to let the secret out,
A tandem's built that way.

HOW SHE WON HIM.

It was at dinner. She sat opposite him, and looked ever so charming in a wine-coloured silk with a square neck, and otherwise arrayed as never were the lilies in any valley of this poor earth. Well, the idiot of a waiter, in handing the soup, upset the entire contents of a plate right in her lap. Just think of it! The whole front breadth utterly ruined, and for the world it could not be matched. Well, what did she do? Did she faint? Did she say, "You horrid man?" Did she scream? Not at all. She passed the thing off in some witty remark about baptism, and calmly resumed her dinner. He, of course, was delighted, thought her a most attractive woman—and, indeed, she was—became attentive to her, and finally married her. One evening, long after the event, they were sitting before the fire (the children having gone to bed), and were talking about old times, when he said:—

"My dear, I never told you, I think, how I first thought I would like to marry you—did I?"

"Why, gracious goodness, no, never."

"Well," he said, "do you remember that dinner at Mrs. Simpkins's, where your dress was spoiled by the soup?"

"Indeed I do," she replied; "I shall never forget it as long as I live."

"Well," he continued, "you behaved so well about it that I thought you a perfect jewel."

"Yes," she answered, "I remember behaving very well about it at the time, but you should have seen the marks of my teeth on the bed post that night."

A writer describes a lover as a man who, in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, loses possession of himself.

The Difference.—"They say a man is always nervous when he proposes."

"And a girl is always nervous when he doesn't."

One of the strangest things about the female character is the tendency which the prettiest girls always have to fall in love with our inferiors.

A Chinese gentleman always sends a pair of geese to the lady of his choice. Among enlightened nations the man goes himself. It is a matter of number, it will be observed.

Experience Teaches.—"No, sir," said a weary-looking man in a train to an individual by his side; "I wouldn't marry the best woman alive! I've been a draper too long for that."

In Her Eyes.—Madge: I really think Jack would ask you to marry him if his prospects were better.

Dorothy: Indeed, if he only knew it his prospects are very good. You don't know how fond I am of him.

One of the funniest things in life is a man who thinks there is a bare chance that the girl whom he adores may like him eventually, when the girl in question has been carefully drawing in the line for a week, and is all ready to land him.

A Coming Terror.—Strong-minded Woman (pointing to article in paper): Sir, did you write that?

Terror-stricken Editor: Y—yes madam. I —I wrote it.

Strong-minded Woman: It meets with my approval exactly. It is seldom one meets a person of your sex capable of such just discrimination. Will you marry me, sir?

Bringing it Home.—"Woman," he hissed, "woman, do you thus spurn my heart after leading me on."

"When did I lead you on, as you call it?" asked the girl.

"Did you not tell me that that fortune-teller had told you that you were to wed a handsome, blonde young man, with the grace of a Greek god and the voice of an Æolian harp?"

So Clever.—"That's a very clever idea of yours, Miss Nellie."

"What is a very clever idea, Mr. Dolley?"

"Wearing a big hat at the theatre and exasperating everybody in your rear until the curtain rises, and then relieving their anxiety by taking it off and placing it in your lap."

"Yes, I know; it is a good plan. It attracts attention both to my hat and to my hair."

THE DEVIL'S EASTER PSALM.

Mr. Baring-Gould has much that is entertaining to say about the village orchestra, which preceded the choir as we know it now: "The first stage in getting rid of the village orchestra was taken by the introduction of the barrel organ, I can well recall that stage. Now, the barrel-organ had but a limited range of tunes. Our organ had a vein of lightness and wantonness in it. How this came about I do not know. But one of the tunes ground out on it was 'The Devil's Hop.' This would never do. There were two elements of difficulty in it. In the first place, if this tune were not turned on we would be one tune the poorer in divine service. But it was intolerable that any psalm should be sung to 'The Devil's Hop.' After much consideration the difficulty was solved in this way. On the organ the title 'The Devil's Hop' was altered into 'De Ville's Hope,' and instructions were issued to the grinder to grind slowly and solemnly. By this means the air served for an Easter psalm."

STILL IN DOUBT.

She: You will love me always?
He: Passionately, my darling.
She: And you will never cease to love me?
He: Never, my darling.
She: And you'll save your money?
He: Every penny.
She: And you will never speak harshly to me?
He: Never.
She: And you will give up all your bad habits?
He: Everyone of them.
She: And you will get along with mamma?
He: Yes.
She: And papa?
He: Yes.
She: And you will always do just what mamma wants you to do?
He: Yes.
She: And just what papa wants you to do?
He: Yes.
She: And just what I want you to do?
He: Of course.
She: Well, I will be yours; but I fear I am making an awful mistake.

Milly Edwards, the smallest woman that ever lived, weighed only 7lb. on her 13th birthday.

A diamond in constant use for cutting cold glass lasts about three months, but if used to cut hot glass it would only last for one day.

Switzerland's greatest industry, the entertainment of tourists, has been officially computed to bring in 115,000,000 francs a year—35,000,000 more than the whole revenue of the confederacy.

Another Splendid Serial Tale will commence in our columns next week.

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AVENGED BY A SNAKE.

Buried in the depths of the great Thorakadu jungle lay the little village of Pandiyan. Half a dozen low, round mud-huts, with conical roofs, thatched with rice straw, each with its pandal, or work shed, granary, and cooking-pot stand, composed the village. A strong stake fence surrounded each hut, intended as much to keep off the village cattle, as a protection from the wild beasts which infested the surrounding jungle. On two sides of the village the jungle rose like a wall, on the third side lay the village tank. Along the bund, or dam, grew a number of giant marutha trees, with their spreading twisted roots in the water, and their long branches hanging gracefully over it. The placid surface of the tank, with its dark background of jungle, looked a plate of burnished silver, and lay clear and unruffled, save by the splash of some water-bird fishing, or the movement of a slow swimming crocodile.

On the top of the dam, under a gigantic tree, and overlooking the village, stood a little temple. It was a small mud hut, painted in vertical stripes of red and white. A rudely-hewn stone idol, smeared with oil and coarse paint, and representing Puliya, the jungle god, stood on a niche at the further end. A rough slab of stone, on which lay withered offerings of flowers; an iron trident stuck in the ground before the door, a dirty brass lamp, and a bell, comprised the sacred furniture and utensils.

Through a gap in the wall of jungle on the other side of the village could be discerned the rice fields irrigated by the tank—an expanse of emerald green. Picturesque watch-huts and stacks of last season's straw stood here and there in the fields.

It was late in the afternoon and the heat intense, and to the shade of a group of huge dense-foliaged tamarind trees that stood in the centre of the village, all the animal population of Pandiyan appeared to have made their way. Black, mud-covered buffaloes, all standing and staring stupidly; dwarf village cattle wandering restlessly about, pestered by swarms of flies; mangy, gaunt pariah dogs, and long-legged skinny fowls—all had sought protection from the burning rays of the sun, under the shady trees.

At one end of the village, nearest to the little temple, stood a hut, round the door of which a crowd of some two dozen men, women and children had gathered, all talking and gesticulating excitedly, one to the other.

Lying on the ground before the motley crowd was a poor beast—a buffalo—sorely wounded in the side, and evidently dying.

"He is doomed. He'll plough no more," muttered an old man, as he bent over the suffering animal.

"Ap-pah! What will my father say when he comes home?" exclaimed a young girl, whose light colour and rich clothing, with a profusion of jewellery, showed her to be of superior caste to the others standing round.

"Ah! there will be breaking of pots then, Vallea," cried the old man. "And see, here comes the pusari (village priest), your father! Now we shall see."

Emerging from the jungle a moment before, a man now made his way at once towards the crowd. This pedestrian was Raman Ummiyan, the priest. He was a tall, spare man, clad in a single yellow garment. Several strings of sacred beads encircled his neck, and his forehead, breast, and shoulders were smeared with consecrated ashes. His face indicated a man of strong passions. His keen, close-set eyes, deeply-lined forehead, thin sensitive nostrils, hard, straight mouth, and strongly-marked features, showed him to be of irritable, quarrelsome disposition. As he presently drew near, all made way for him.

"See! father," cried the young girl, pointing to the buffalo, "the poor beast only just had strength, a few minutes ago, to crawl into the village."

For a moment the pusari bent down and looked at the wounded animal, then, bursting into dire rage, exclaimed:

"It is Iyan Eluvan who has done this. He is a demon, a wild beast, as cruel as any that haunt the jungle. He hates me, and will stand at nothing to gratify that hate; he has robbed me, and slandered me, and now see all how the brutal demon has done to death this poor dumb brute of mine. He will try to destroy me next, but I will have vengeance and will at once to the headman."

"Not much use in that iya" (a term of respect) remarked the old man, who had before spoken to the pusari's daughter.

"Ah!" exclaimed the priest, passionately; "he will bribe the headman as usual, no doubt, but I will out-bid him. The mudliya shall have my last rice got ere I'll be baulked of my vengeance I will neither eat nor drink till I have seen to this matter. I shall go at once to Mankulam and see the mudliya."

"But, father," said the girl Vallea, hesitatingly "perhaps Iyzan did not do this."

"You're a fool, child," returned the pusari, sharply; "who but he could have done the deed?"

"Valan told me," began the girl, timidly.

Her father, interrupting her with an angry exclamation, cried, "Did I not order you never to speak to that young fellow? He, the brother of my bitterest foe? If you confer with him again, look to it, I'll thrash you as I would a dog." With a threatening look the pusari now stalked away for the adjacent village of Mankulam, leaving his young daughter sobbing bitterly, as she thought of her lover, the brother of her parent's enemy, a young man, as good, brave, and generous as his relative was the reverse.

Walking along hastily for an hour or more, the enraged Raman Ummiyan presently came to a halt, as entering a path in the jungle he caught sight of his detested foe approaching.

Iyan Eluvan was a broad-shouldered, big-headed man, with a round face, out of which looked two little pig-like beady, cunning eyes. A slight contraction of one side of the face, causing him to show his teeth, gave the man's features a peculiar, sinister, sneering expression. Grasping his heavy, iron-shod stick the pusari appeared as though he would spring upon his hated enemy, the latter clutching viciously at his jungle knife, smiling derisively at the priest, who, with a muttered exclamation of fury, then passed on, pausing not in his swift pace until he had gained his destination.

On the outskirts of the village of Mankulam stood the most pretentious habitation in the place. This was the residence of the mudliya, or headman of the district.

Making his way to the door of the tenement, the pusari knocked loudly.

"Who's there? What do you want?" cried a wheezy, unpleasant voice from within.

"I am a Raman Ummiyan. I've come to lodge a complaint against Iyan Eluvan."

"I thought so!" wheezed the headman, as he opened the door. "Look you! I'll have nothing, churlish priest, to do with your quarrels."

"You'll listen readily enough to that demon, Iyan, when he comes with a handful of rupees," cried the pusari furiously.

"You mean to insinuate that I accept bribes? Away with you!—get off! I say, or I'll not be answerable for myself!" yelled the now infuriated headman.

"You deny accepting hush money, when I know your granary is bursting with rice given you by Iyan? I am a poor man and cannot bribe you, but I swear by Puliyadeva that I will have justice. It shall be an evil day this, that you have refused me," shouted the enraged pusari, as he hastened away.

Ten minutes after his departure Iyan Eluvan, his beady eyes flashing hardly like a tiger cat's, rose up from behind a mass of shrubbery, an exclamation of delight escaping his lips, as there, in the pathway, he caught sight of a knife, the blade of which glistened and flashed in the sun's rays.

"His knife, dropped as he hurried away in his blind fury. Ha! Here's a chance! and I'll do it; the old headman is alone; there is much gold in the house, and, carrying out my project with this weapon, suspicion will inevitably fall upon the accursed pusari. A glorious revenge, and gold, both at a blow!" Glancing stealthily round, with murder in his flaming eyes, and contorted features, Iyan Eluvian pushed open the door of the headman's dwelling, left ajar upon the departure of the recent visitor.

There was great consternation the next day at the village of Mankulam, for in the early morning the headman had been discovered dead on the floor, the knife with which he had been done to death being found buried up to the haft in his bosom.

Upon the news reaching Thorakadu, the astounded, horror-stricken pusari, in spite of his protestations of innocence was arrested. The poor girl, his daughter Vallea, wild with grief, avoiding even her lover, for Iyan was well known by all?

The knife found in the body of the headman, recognised as belonging to Raman Ummiyan, and the evidence of a little boy, who had passed by during the quarrel between the two the day before, were circumstantial evidences of guilt that no protestations from the mouth of the wretched pusari could clear him of.

It was believed by all that in a dire rage, at a refusal to redress his wrongs, the priest, in a burst of fury, had stabbed the headman to the heart. Long and earnestly the poor girl Vallea, on her knees without the temple, prayed for her sire, the whole day and part of the succeeding night, remaining entranced, as it were, in a dazed stupefied horror, only persuaded at last to return to her humble tenement by the earnest adjuration of her lover.

It was the day following the arrest of the unhappy priest, that Valan, wandering distracted through the jungle, started and came to a halt, as by the foot of the huge hollow tree, scathed by lightning, he discerned the body of his brother. With leaden footsteps, and a strange tightening about the breast, the youth, making his way forward, sank down upon his knees, a startled exclamation of surprise and horror combined escaping his lips.

Quite dead, rigid, and soddened with dew, it was apparent the wretched man had perished many hours before, the shed skin of a cobra lying near, proclaiming by what means he had met his death.

With a wild thrill Valan now beheld, clutched in his brother's right hand, a little leathern bag, which, half-open, revealed within a store of jewellery and rupees.

Upon a further examination the youth found a greasy soiled pocket-book containing a few papers and trinkets that had belonged to the murdered headman, and upon the dead man's vest Valan discerned a dark red stain—a broad red patch of blood that had soaked through to his linen shirt beneath.

A punctured swollen wound in the wrist of the hand that gripped the jewel bag revealed where the cobra had darted his fangs. The stain of blood upon Iyan's breast was not his own.

There was a half wild look upon the features of Valan, as he presently rose up on his feet, and darting away back to the village, an hour afterwards had returned with nearly the whole population of Thorokadu in his company, among whom was the wrongly accused pusari.

Amidst the wildest excitement a thorough examination of the dead man's clothing revealed further evidence of his guilt, and a bundle of articles, recognised as the property of the murdered headman, drawn up out of the hollow of the tree was a last and convincing proof that by the hand of Iyan alone had the judge of the district perished.

It was conjectured by all that, slaying his victim with the lost knife of the pusari, he had placed for security his ill-gotten blood-stained wealth in the hollow of the tree, being bitten as he did so by the deadly reptile concealed therein.

Before many days Valan and Valea were married, and went to live in an adjoining village.

Relieved, by the death of his enemy, from constant worry and irritation, the pusari's temper greatly improved, and in course of time he became so much respected and so popular that he was elected headman of the district.

LIMIT OF BIG TELESCOPES.

Professor E. E. Barnard, of the Yerkes observatory, has recently published an article in the Astronomical Journal giving a series of measures of the position, angle, and distance of the satellite of Neptune. Incidentally Professor Barnard gives interesting information concerning the work thus far done with the great 40-inch telescope.

The monster instrument seems to be working admirably, and the "seeing" at Williams Bay proves to be much better than was feared might be the case.

The eye-pieces for the 40-inch were made by Steinheil, of Munich. There are eleven of them, ranging in power from 230 to 3,750 diameters. The "field" of the lowest-power eye-piece has a diameter of 6.6 minutes. That is to say, it is a circle whose diameter is but a little more than one-fifth of the apparent diameter of the moon. A circular section of the heavens of this size is the most that can be scanned through the great telescope at one time. The field of the highest power is even more contracted, being less than one-tenth as large in diameter. Persons who are unfamiliar with a telescope—whose experience in this direction has been restricted to the use of an opera glass—will be surprised to learn how small in the area which can be viewed through a great telescope at one time. Paradoxical as it is, it is true in a certain sense that the more powerful a telescope is the less can be seen through it.

A power of 230 diameters "brings" the moon to a distance from us of about 1,000 miles. Could the highest power of this telescope be used with advantage on the moon, our satellite could be examined from a distance of but a little over a hundred miles. The whole of it could not be seen at one time, however, but only a circular section of it about 30 miles across.

A PUFF FROM THE FAR EAST.

Here is a literal translation of a Chinese inkmaker's advertisement in a Canton paper: "At the shop Shung Wang, very good ink, very fine; ancient shop, grandfather, father and self made this ink, fine and hard, very hard picked out very fine and black, before now. Sell very good ink, prime, cost very high. The ink is very heavy, so is gold. No one makes like it. Others who make ink, make it for money and to cheat. I only make it for a name. Plenty of gentlemen know my ink. My family never cheats. I made ink for the Son of Heaven (meaning the Emperor) and all the mandarins near. All gentlemen must come to my shop and know my name."

"You are an awful fool, John Smith," she said to her husband with emphasis.

"I know I am," he humbly acknowledged, "and have been ever since the day I married you."

"Longer than that, my dear—longer than that."

"Quite likely. Yes," he went on sadly, "I have been an awful fool ever since the day I asked you to marry me."

AN INNOCENT BURGLAR.

On the North Side, within less than a pistol shot of Cass-street, there is a family mansion which until within a week was untenanted. The mother of the family died, the daughter married and moved to New York, and the father and son locked up the old home with its furniture standing as it was, stored the silver, and went to live at a hotel. Ten days ago the daughter telegraphed her father that she would come to Chicago and open up the old home for the summer.

The day before her expected arrival the old gentleman went to the safety deposit vault where the family plate was kept and carried it over the house and put it in the sideboard. Then a telegram was handed him calling him out of town. He sent for his son, and in the gloom of the still, close-curtained house he told the youngster, aged 15, that he did not like to leave the silver in the place overnight unless there was someone to watch it, and he asked the boy if he was afraid to sleep there.

"Not a whit," said Ned, "but for company's sake I'll get Aleck to sleep with me."

Aleck agreed readily enough, but said he had something to do until ten o'clock, when he would meet Ned at the house. At the hour named the boy with silver to guard went to Aleck's house, rang the bell, and asked for his chum. The servant's reply was that Aleck had come in an hour before and had gone to bed. Ned was a bit nettled at this breach of faith and went away. The shuttered windows and the dark porch of his own home looked forbidding. Though his conscience pricked him, he thought he would wait awhile. He went away and watched a game of billiards for a couple of hours. Finally Ned screwed up his courage, passed the gloomy gateway, and, taking out the only latchkey there was to the house, he entered and felt his way upstairs to his room. There he lighted a candle—the gas was not on—and began to undress.

His collar was barely loosened from its button when a footfall fell on his ear. It sounded from below. Again he heard the noise. Then a chair was shoved across the floor of the dining-room. There was no mistaking the source of the noise; and in the dining-room was stored the silver. Ned's heart was clipping like a dentist's "devil." What little thought he had was that the burglars believing the house vacant, did not care how much noise they made. The footsteps were on the stairs. Ned had locked his door. To his horror the knob slowly turned and an attempt was made to open it.

The silver guardian waited no more. He dashed open the shutters, threw up the window, and dropped. The fall on the sod did not hurt him, and over the fence he went. The immediate neighbours were roused and surrounded the house. Suddenly from an upper front window a head popped out and a voice inquired what the row was about.

It was Aleck's voice.

UNNATURAL PARENTS.

The curtains were not tightly drawn, and it was with no great difficulty that the crowd collected outside was enabled to perceive the family group in the front parlour. The husband and father was observed to be standing on the table and gesticulating wildly. The wife and mother might be seen dancing with a marked degree of abandon on the sofa. The baby reclined in a big chair and blinked apathetically.

"Such people sin't fit to have the care of a child," authoritatively declared a lady with glasses, who stood very near the house and could see plainly.

"It's a shame!" indignantly insisted a stout woman with an armful of groceries.

The husband and father suddenly seized a chair and waved it frantically above his head.

"Oh!"

The lady with glasses shuddered. The woman with the groceries averted her face, as if to save herself the shock of witnessing a revolting tragedy.

"The child ought to be rescued!"

The wife and mother upon the instant laid violent hands upon a feather duster, and leaping into the air, shook it ostentatiously.

"This must be stopped. They're intoxicated, and are going to kill that young one."

The lady with glasses was addressing the crowd. The stout woman had just time to express a firm belief that the people inside were crazy, when some determined men stepped forward and knocked at the door. The husband and father responded to the summons.

"We must insist that you cease your murderous demonstrations towards your child."

The husband and father stood speechless and aghast.

"We have seen enough to convince us that you either intend to kill the babe or scare it out of its wits. In either event we demand that you stop at once or surrender the little one."

"But, gentlemen——"

The husband and father was getting agitated.

"Nothing was further from our minds than murder or injury of any sort."

The three determined men looked sceptical.

"What then were you doing?"

"We were seeing if we could teach the baby to keep still long enough to get his photograph taken."

Whereat the stout woman and the lady with glasses, who had been looking over the shoulders of the determined men, suddenly recalled their dear ones at home and departed swiftly into the darkness.

A LECTURER'S TROUBLES.

Under the title of "Some Reminiscences of a Lecturer," Dr. Andrew Wilson, the popular science lecturer, has published a little volume of amusing anecdotes, chiefly recording personal experiences. Some of them relate to the little annoyances which public lecturers suffer from the thoughtlessness of audiences. Coughing and creaking boots are responsible for much; but still more irritating is a provincial habit of turning heads en masse when a door creaks, to ascertain who is coming in. You are, (says the lecturer) in the midst of an important explanation when a door opens, somebody walks in, and instantly every head is turned round. Then when the new comer is seated the faces are again turned towards the platform in a way which seems to say, "Oh, it's all right. Just go on please: we don't mind having missed that little bit." Dr. Wilson has tried the gentle sarcasm of assuring these head-turning assemblages that if anything more extraordinary than an ordinary human being came through the door he would let them know, and he has found this efficacious.

Mild irony, however, appears to be wasted on some disturbers. Dr. Wilson tells a story of a lecturer who, when anyone happened to come in late in the usual clumsy fashion, was in the habit of stopping short and watching the intruder to his seat, genially with the effect of making him look sheepish and disconcerted. It happened, however, one day while he was lecturing in a provincial town, that he was interrupted by a gentleman coming in late with a particularly irritating pair of creaking boots. The lecturer stopped according to his custom and stared at the intruder, who seemed to be not in the least conscious that all eyes were upon him. At length, getting out of patience, the lecturer in an icy tone said, "I am waiting for you, sir." Apparently quite unmoved, the offender spent a few seconds in arranging his coat on his chair. Then, sitting down, he turned to the lecturer with a charming smile, and said; "Now, sir——I am ready if you are. Please proceed."

TURKISH BATHS FOR HORSES.

One of the best known trainers is said to be giving his horses Turkish baths. And they like it. The horse is led into a roomy, but, as far as possible, air-tight stall. A waterproof blanket swung on a cross-pole, tent fashion, is placed over the horse, the sides reaching the ground but not touching him, and under this, well out of the way of his feet, are a number of small charcoal stoves. On top of these are vessels of water from which steam arises, and as the flaps close the space at either end, allowing only the neck and the head of the horse to remain outside, the body is soon saturated.

Judge: You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?

Intelligent Witness: The dog.

* * *

May: The horrid wretch kissed her.

Florry: Well, what matter?

May: Why, you see, he was a soldier hero and she wanted to kiss him.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION.

I suppose you all know Tom Scrooloose. And if you don't, you know others like him. He is always on the brink of making a fortune. In fact, he can balance himself upon a brink longer than anybody I know. Nice fellow is Scrooloose. Everybody likes him; amiable and obliging, but—well, he's Scrooloose. I never meet him but he has some new scheme.

Yesterday he invited me out to lunch. Nothing mean about Scrooloose.

The luncheon ordered, he broke out:

"Old man, I've hit it at last. Biggest idea of the age. No more hand-to-mouth existence for me after I get my invention patented. Can't possibly slip up this time, and the initial expenses will be small."

"What's the scheme?" I asked, with some of his enthusiasm.

"You know how the East Indian fakirs show you a seed and cause it to develop into a plant, and to bud, blossom, and bear fruit while you wait?"

"I have read of such things," said I cautiously.

"Well, I will show a mans life while you wait. From birth to old age. You may watch the development of character from day to day by means of my invention, and all in the space of a minute. You see, I have a nephew a week old. I also know a photographer very well. Every day since its birth I have had the baby's picture taken. Only the head and face, mind you."

"I see," said I.

"Well, sir, I have made arrangements with that photographer to take a picture of my nephew every day at noon until he is 70 years old. Catch on? The change from day to day will be very gradual, but by the time he has filled out the allotted span I shall have upwards of 26,000 pictures. These films will be all joined in chronological order, and then by running them through a vitascope in the usual way I'll have a whole life thrown upon the screen. Sublime idea! I'll hire a suitable theatre and fill it full of capitalists, promoters, and newspaper men. I'll hold the initial picture of my cunning little nephew upon the screen for a minute that they may study his features, and then I'll say: 'Here's what you might call a fast life,' start the thing a-going, and the boy will run through the seven ages in a couple of minutes. Very interesting to you of course. Imagine the sensation! Why, I'll sell my rights to every country on the globe before I leave the place, and I'll be rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice. Perfectly feasible, too isn't it? You're always picking flaws in my inventions, but you can't find anything the matter with this. I expect to show the thing next winter, and after that I'll live like a prince. Have something else, won't you?"

I declined with thanks and with real regret I said, "It's all right old man, but for one thing. The idea is great, and there's money in it, but have you considered that it will take just seventy years to complete your collection of human documents? Where do you expect to be seventy years from now?"

His monosyllabic response may have been an answer to my question or it may have been an expletive merely.

UNEXPECTED RESULTS.

Edison's phonograph is now magnificently appointed, and you can investigate and enjoy this fascinating instrument to your heart's content. Beautiful young ladies obligingly explain the wonderful instrument to your perfect understanding, and treat you as nicely as if they thought you were going to buy one of them—one of the machines I mean.

"Perhaps you would like to talk into it yourself?" the pretty girl asked, in the sweetest tones, after she had treated me to a cylinder after cylinder of songs and brass bands and exercises in the German language.

"I said I thought it would be nice. So she put a brand new wax in the cylinder of the machine, nicely adjusted the mechanism, and bade me speak into the mouthpiece. I never felt so bashful in my life.

"I don't know what to say," I stammered, after looking vacantly into the mouthpiece and then round the building and then into the bright eyes of the attendant. "Suppose you begin."

So she uttered a few remarks, and one or two other people took hold of the thing and said something, looking foolish all the while. Then I likewise took hold again.

"Say what you think of the phonograph," suggested the young woman, seeing that I felt my position keenly.

"The phonograph is—the—the phonograph is a——" I began in a frightened tone.

"You must speak louder," she explained.

So I spoke louder, but I didn't know what I said, and I even sang a feeble little verse, till people who had been listening began to move away with a wearied look on their faces, and the young lady shut off the power.

"Now, if you will listen through the tubes," she continued, "you will hear repeated all that has been spoken into it."

So I hearkened. The little machine burred and whizzed and then began talking.

I recognised the young lady's remarks, and what the other people had said, every note and syllable exactly reproduced, and then the thing began to stammer and halt and give forth what seemed to be the remarks of a young man with red hair and a blue necktie who, never having been in public life, is unexpectedly elected to preside at a parish meeting and has to return thanks for the honour conferred upon him.

There were some hemmings and hawings, and a number of whistling noises, interspersed with eloquent pauses, and I could hear the instrument break forth into a cold perspiration as it finished the remarks. Then I put the tubes carefully down.

"I am to understand, am I, that those concluding stanzas represent what I spoke into the machine?" I asked in a mild and inoffensive tone.

"Just the same," the young lady replied, with a far-way look in her eyes.

"My tones, my words—everything?"

"Everything," she said.

So that explains it. I know now why people do not ask me to sing oftener, I understand why they do not ask me to sing "Oh, promise me," and "Daddy won't buy me a bow-wow," and such things at concerts, and why nobody ever comes to me when the regular tenor is away, and asks me to take his place for a Sunday in the choir. I have felt hurt about these things, and thought I was kept down by jealousy; but now my mind is cleared of a misunderstanding that might have lain upon it for ever, and not Mr. Edison intended his phonograph to be grateful I am to him!

"And do I understand," I said to the young lady, "that this cylinder upon which I have imprinted these remarks can be preserved?"

"For centuries," she answered.

"And my voice, with the information it fails to convey, reproduced indefinitely?"

"While the world lasts," she said.

"But," I pursued, getting anxious, "I understand you can pare off that wax cylinder, destroying the evidence, and use it for other purposes. Am I right?"

"Quite right," she observed.

"Miss Edison," I said, in a trembling voice, "I am not rich, as men count riches, but here is a dollar and a half——"

"Give yourself no uneasiness," the young lady rejoined. "I shall destroy the cylinder. We always do."

And so I came away. You will never know what a weird, unsanny thing is your own voice until it comes out of a phonograph. You think you know its sound, but the sound you hear when you speak is not what you bore other people with.

I shall try not to talk so much hereafter.

COOKING BY THE SUN'S HEAT.

An inventor in Italy has constructed an apparatus for cooking by the heat of the sun. It consists of a box made of wood and lined with reflecting mirrors, at the bottom of the box being a small copper boiler, covered with glass to retain the heat of the rays concentrated by mirrors upon the boiler. In this contrivance any sort of food may be quickly cooked, the result being a stew or boil if the steam is retained, or if allowed to escape it is a bake. The heat with this device may be augmented indefinitely by increasing the diameter of the box. If the inventor will send along the Italian sun, we may find employment for his device here in England; we cannot depend upon our own hot weather.

THE ISLANDS OF SEAWEED.

Only a bit of floating seaweed that the restless surf washed upon the beach, and yet the mere sight of it carried my thoughts back to one of the most important events in the history of the world, for its far-away ancestors well-nigh prevented the discovery of America. You know the story—how the ignorant sailors of Columbus became alarmed and almost mutinied when their ships sailed into what appeared to be a perfect network of impenetrable weeds. They believed that the thickening sea was a warning of Providence to turn back from their audacious undertaking, and it required all the firmness and authority of Columbus to bring them back to duty and obedience.

That wonderful mass of seaweed was something new and mysterious, and therefore to be feared. Later, when the Spaniards became familiar with its constant presence in that triangular space midway in the Atlantic between the Azores, the Canaries, and the Cape de Verde Islands; they called it a "marine meadow." The sailors, however, christened it the Sargasso Sea, from the Spanish word sargazo, which means seaweed. Still, though satisfied that it was not of supernatural origin, they could not account for its existence.

Science, however, long ago solved the mystery, not only of this, but of other Sargasso seas. For there are several others, and they are always found, each, in almost the same spot. The diurnal motion of the earth, the never-ceasing rush of the tides and the steady force of the winds create, under the tropics, a surface current in the seas, which advances from coast to west at the rate of about ten marine miles an hour. This current, which is called the equatorial current, or current of rotation, is only superficial, and extends in one vast mobile sheet which moves between the tropics. It forms the genial waters of the Caribbean Sea and feeds the mighty Gulf Stream. At Cape San Roque it divides, one part flowing south to meet and be transformed into a submarine current by the North Polar current; on the other side it bathes the shores of Guiana and Brazil. And then there is the "gulf stream of the east," which issues from the Bay of Bengal. Its waters, like those of our own Gulf Stream, may be distinguished from the bordering waters of the great ocean by their indigo tint. The Japanese call it the Black River.

Leaving the Bay of Bengal, this great warm current passes through the Strait of Malacca, sweeps the coast of Asia, and then, north of the Philippine Islands, rushes out into the ocean, describing the arc of a great circle as far as the Alentian Islands. Like the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, it moderates the rigor of the climates that it traverses.

The analogy between these two great oceanic arteries is wonderful, but it is enough for our present purpose to know that to their circuitous currents the Sargasso seas owe their existence. How? Well, this is easily explained. Drop some pieces of light moss or bits of cork or wood, into a tub of water; then with your hand near its edge give the water a circular motion. In a moment you will see that all the floating substances will have collected in the centre. Continue the circular motion, and at the same time blow sharply against the floating objects, and they will change their position, but will not leave the vicinity of the centre so long as the rotary motion of the water continues.

Observe, too, that this centre is comparatively calm. This is the explanation of the Sargasso seas. In the centre of the several circuits of the great oceanic arteries vast basins of comparatively still water are formed. The currents by which they are surrounded constantly throw toward these centre all floating substances, especially marine plants, and these, owing to the quiet waters, multiply with great rapidity, those that have lived their appointed time sinking out of sight, while new ones take their place. Even the action of the winds serves only to shift this position slightly.

The "marine meadow," with which we are most familiar, that of the mid-Atlantic, spreads over an extent of surface five or six times as large as the territory occupied by France. What a wonderful meadow on land that would be for cattle! And yet it is scarcely less so where it is for the creatures of the sea. This sargassum, or gulf weed, is rather odd looking. Its frond is very long and furnished with distinct, stalked, nerving leaves and berry-like air vessels on simple auxiliary stalks. It is found floating or cast on the shores, but its true home is at the bottom of the sea, whence, becoming detached, it rises to the surface, buoyed up by its curious little air vessels. The sargassum hardly looks "good enough to eat," but that it is both palatable and nutritious is abundantly proved by the many dishes that are prepared from it in many parts of the East.

WHERE MONEY DON'T COUNT.

A lawyer had come all the way from California to pay a 10,000 dollars legacy over to Uncle Jerry Hopefield, who had lived all his life in a little town in Ohio, and after breakfast two or three of us were invited to go along and witness the transfer. When we reached the house Uncle Jerry was tightening up the hoops on the rain barrel, while his wife had gone to see a sick neighbour. They had been fully identified the day before as the proper parties, and now the lawyer said—

"Well, Uncle Jerry, I want to hand you that money, and get a receipt and be off this morning."

"I'm kinder busy just now," said the old man, as he stopped hammering for a moment.

"Yes, but I have 10,000 dollars here for you. I don't believe there's a man in the world who wouldn't stop work long enough to sign a receipt for such a fortune."

"Mebbe not, but it looks like rain, and I want to get this bar'l fixed right away. Can't you come over in about an hour?"

"Look here, man, but did you ever see 10,000 dollars in all your life?" asked the lawyer, as he opened the satchel and displayed a big package of new greenbacks.

"No, I never did," replied Uncle Jerry, as he pounded away.

"Did you ever have a thousand dollars of your own?"

"Lands, no."

"Never had a hundred all at once, did you?"

"Never. Durn that hoop, but it don't want to go on."

"I must ask you to get this business over as soon as possible," continued the lawyer, as the old man kept at his work.

"But it's going to rain."

"Yes, but here's your money."

"And I've got to get this bar'l fixed."

"It won't take over ten minutes to fix up our business. Run along and fetch your wife."

"See here," said Uncle Jerry, as he laid down his hammer and wiped the back of his neck; "Mariar has gone over to Blodgett's to be gone an hour. Before she went she said I must tinker up this rain bar'l."

"But can't you stop your tinkering to handle 10,000 dollars in cold cash?" exclaimed the lawyer in indignant tones.

"Yes, yes. I kin stop work; but what about Mariar?"

"Well, what about her?"

"Why, she'd come home expectin' this bar'l to be all tinkered up, and if she found it wasn't them 10,000 dollars wouldn't hold her no more'n a tow string would hold a hoss. She'd jest shove me clean down among the cabbages and jump on the bar'l with both feet and squash it all to squash, and for the next week I'd hev to walk around on tiptue and eat my meals in the woodshed."

"I never can be more than a sister to you," said a buxom widow, tenderly, to an old bachelor who had proposed. "Ah, madam, yes, you can," he responded gallantly; "I am not a man to lose hope." "Yes, but I cannot," she persisted. "But, he said, you have daughters; you may yet be my mother-in-law."

A French officer had received a bullet in his thigh; he was conveyed to the hospital. For eight days the doctors were probing and torturing him, until, losing all patience, he asked them what they were doing. "Searching for the bullet," was the reply.—"Why hadn't you said so before?" the victim exclaimed. "I've got it in my pocket!"

"It is a great pity," said a judge to an embezzler, "that you should have lost your character."—"Yes judge, so it is, especially as it was the only character in this town worth saving," answered the culprit.

"A thousand dollars for that little picture!" "Yes'm, but it is in oil, you know, and——" "I didn't think of that. What an awful monopoly that Oil Company is!"

THE BURGLAR.

Mr. Brasser, who lives on Ninth-avenue, has a son about 12 years old, named Claudius; and one evening this boy received permission to allow a neighbour's son to stay all night with him. The old people sleep downstairs in the sitting-room, and the boys were put into a room directly above. When they went to bed Claudius had the clothes-line under his coat, and the neighbour's boy had a mask in his pocket. As soon as the door was locked, the Brasser boy remarked, "You'll see more fun around here to-night than would lie on a ten-acre lot!" From a closet they brought out a cast-off suit of Brasser's clothes, stuffed them with whatever came handy, tied the mask and an old straw hat on for head, and while one boy was carefully raising the window, the other was tying the clothes-line around the "man." The image was lowered down in front of the sitting-room window, and lifted up and down once or twice. Old Brasser was just beginning to doze, when he heard sounds under his window, and his wife suggested that it was a cow in the yard. He got up, pulled the curtain away, and, as he beheld a man standing there, he shouted out: "Great bottles, but it's a robber!" and he jumped into bed.

"Theodorius Brasser, are you a fool?" screamed the wife, as he motionless all the bedclothes to cover up his head.

"Be quiet, you old jade, you!" he whispered. "Perhaps he'll go away."

"Don't you call me a jade!" she replied. "Git up, and git the gun and blow his head off."

"Oh, you do it."

"Git up, you old coward," she snapped.

Brasser turned up the lamp, sat up in bed, and cried out, "Is that you, boys?"

"Mercy on me! git up!" yelled the wife, as the straw man was knocked against the window.

"I'll blow his head off as clean as milk!" said Brasser, in a loud voice as he got up.

He struck the stove three or four times, upset a chair, and reached behind the foot of the bed and drew out an old army musket.

"Now then for blood!" he continued, as he advanced to the window and lifted the curtain.

"Kill him! shoot him down, you old noodlehead!" screamed the wife.

"I will, by thunder I will!" replied Brasser; and he blazed away, and tore out nearly all the lower sash. The boys upstairs uttered a yell and a groan, and Brasser jumped to the window to see if the man was down. He wasn't. He stood right there, and he made a leap at Brasser.

"He's coming in! Perlice! Boys! Ho, perlice!" roared the old man.

"Po-leece! Po-leece!" now came from the boys upstairs, and, while one continued to shout, the other drew the "man" up, tore him limb from limb, and secreted the pieces. Several neighbours were aroused, and an officer came up from the station, and a search of the premises was made. Not so much as a track in the snow was found, and the officer put on an injured look, and said to Mr. Brasser, "A guilty conscience needs no accuser."

"That's so!" chorused the indignant neighbours, as they departed. As Mr. Brasser hung a quilt before the window, he remarked to his wife, "Now see what an old condurango you made of yourself!"

Upstairs the boys tricked around on the bed, dug each other under the ribs, and cried, "It is better to be a boy than be President."

A SERMON TO THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION.

A well-known preacher was invited by the Doctor Pigou to occupy the pulpit at Doncaster. The Mayor and the Corporation came, and the church was crowded:—

"The preacher took for his text—rather a doubtful one in a mixed congregation—Song of Solomon ii., 10—14. At the close of a period, or division of his subject, he dropped his voice, and, leaning over the pulpit, said, in soft, luring tones, 'Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.' There was an audible giggle in the church, of which he was quite unconscious. I dreaded these pauses, at each of which he quoted tenderly this invitation. I saw people putting their handkerchiefs to their mouths to suppress the giggles. He proceeded to explain the spiritual meaning of 'Flowers appearing on the earth, and the time of singing birds to come.' The Mayor and Corporation were evidently not interested. I think I discerned indications of 'nodding' on the part of the Mayor, and some of the Aldermen followed suit. The preacher, leaning over the pulpit, and looking straight at the drowsy occupants of the Mayor's pew, said 'I have explained the meaning of 'the flowers appearing on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come.' Now we come to "And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.' I ask you, What is meant by turtle?' At the sound of 'turtle' the Mayor and Corporation almost started to their feet. Every eye was riveted on the preacher. He thoroughly commanded their attention. The effect was surpassingly ludicrous. Laughter was audible, and yet the preacher was utterly unconscious of the humorous aspect of this question, which he insisted on repeating, 'Again I ask you, What is turtle?' Next day the Mayor said to me, 'I say, Vicar, that was a curious question the preacher put to us last night, wasn't it?'"

Not less interesting are Dr. Pigou's recollections of Yorkshire. The organist at Doncaster was Jeremiah Rogers. He had not quite agreed with the previous Vicar. "What have you heard against me?" he asked Dr. Pigou.

"I felt I had been prejudiced, so I replied that it was only necessary to see him to have that prejudice removed. 'Oh, sir, that won't do in Yorkshire. Do you mind telling me what you have heard?' I thought I would tell him what could only amuse him, but he took it much to heart; we rarely met without his pressing me, but in vain, to name my informant. 'I have heard that when you want to produce a really sublime effect on the organ, you turn round and sit on the manuals. Poor Rogers! I shall never forget his indignant remonstrance!' In vain I tried to console him by saying it was at any rate not so bad as the organist who sat on the keys and played on the music-stool."

A GREAT SCHEME.

Mr. Moneybags was sitting at his desk in Wall-street, reading a card which bore the following inscription and postscript in lead pencil:

"I, McCorker,

"P.S.—Can you spare me two minutes to which to show you a great scheme?"

"Two minutes," mused Mr. Moneybags. "Show him in, Tommy."

A moment later the office-boy ushered in a bald-headed, bright eyed, but withal frowsy looking individual, who pulled up a chair.

"You will of course admit," he began, as a bit off the end of the cigar and looked around for a match, "that the world owes every man a living."

The bloated bondholder grudgingly nodded assent.

"Well, I have just been calculating about the kind of living I'd like to have. In the United States there are at least sixty million people, any one of whom, if properly approached, would contribute one cent to the support of a deserving man. That would make sixty million pennies, or 600,000 dols. Now my scheme is to send out agents, to whom I shall pay a commission of twenty-five per cent, to collect these pennies for me, which will leave me 450,000 dols. to dispose of as I please. Now if you will just put up for me the money necessary to advertise, in all the papers for these agents, I will give you one-half interest in the scheme, by which you can see in an instant that you would clear 225,000 dols."

Strange though it may seem, the plutocrat at this moment touched a private bell, and thirty seconds later Mr. McCorker was sitting on the carpetone, wondering what had happened to him.

And yet less promising schemes have been successfully promoted on Wall Street.

A paper bicycle has now invaded the field. Paper fibre similar to that sometimes used in the manufacture of railway carriage wheels is employed for tubing, and is as strong as any in use. A factory is said to be contemplated for the production of bicycles of this sort.

Mollie Corwin, of Shelbyville, Indiana, has just married her ninth husband, called Cusack; six of her former ones are still alive. It takes nine tailors to make a man, but now this woman requires nine husbands before she is suit-ed.

BIDDY AT THE BANK.

"Is this the Bank of England?"

"It is, ma'

The Arltunga Goldfield.

Mr J. Green, of Beaufort; Mr R. Cummings, discoverer of the Reef Hill Company's ground at Wombat, near Dayleaford, and Lieutenant T. J. Gilpin, of the Ballarat Stock Exchange, who some weeks ago proceeded to Arltunga in the hope of "making their fortunes" left the field on Tuesday on the return journey to Ballarat, being greatly disappointed with the prospects of the country. Mr Green, it should be mentioned, was despatched to Arltunga by Messrs Mitchell and Bell, mining agents, of Bath-street, Ballarat, to report on the field. Writing on 30th ult. from Winniche's Depot, to Mr E. H. Welsh, of Beaufort, he says:—

We arrived here safely on the 22nd after our long journey. I wish that I could remove the Barton here for a speculation; I could make a bit quickly. This field is much overrated, and is nothing like what it is represented to be by any means. The Reward is the big mine here, and we had an order to inspect it from Mr Chewing. We met him at a place called Alice Springs, and he gave us a letter to the man in charge. We prospected the show, but to our surprise could get nothing of what we call a good prospect. We dollied several pieces of stone from the best looking parts, but the stuff they give £4 per oz. for was not there. The men working showed us the stone that carried the best gold, but the best was not much in our opinion. We had many trials, but the mine failed to give us a satisfactory trial. The big hill consists chiefly of ironstone, quartz, schist, and country rock. The ironstone carries the best gold. The main body of quartz is as free from gold as a frog is from feathers. The iron ore running alongside the big quartz body will undoubtedly cut clean out, by the surface appearance and small cuts they have across it in places. There are immense outcrops on the surface here, but they have gone down a few feet and are gradually becoming smaller. They will find, in my opinion, when they tunnel into the hill they will have the best of it overhead. I have seen nothing here with a sign of a good headwall or footwall. If the best, that would be the Reward, placed before the Ballarat investors at £10 per share in 100 shares. They would have nothing to do with it. We wired back to Ballarat the second day we were here, advising our friends to get out at once. Some of the smaller shares are valueless. The shoots of gold being very short, take ten tons out, and you have the mine worked out. There is a possible chance for a few men here if they had a battery close at hand. There is a Government battery at Arltunga, 30 miles from here. The Government geologist arrived here last Thursday, but you will see his report before we hear of it; I am sure it won't be a favorable one. We don't like our chance here. If the Northern Territory does not give us a better goldfield than this, we shall all have to return. The South Australian Government do not encourage the prospector, when you have to pay 10s for a miner's right. I condemn them, and their field, too. There are great possibilities in this country. They have some nice little copper shows up here working, and silver shows; also coal has been discovered. The country is yet in its wild state. The blacks are bad out a bit. One party of six went out from this quarter and four were killed, with their horses. There is no chance here unless your party is strong. You have to mind your horses day and night; if you don't, the chances are they will be all speared by the blacks. The water and the blacks are the great difficulties here. The water here on the field will give out in a few weeks, unless rain falls. Living is from £1 to 25s a week; wages, £3 10s for miners. The alluvial is not what it is represented to be. There are only two claims on payable gold, but I have a better opinion of the alluvial deposit than the quartz. The shoots of gold in the lodes are in most cases very short, and not fit for companies. We have made our expenses to the field by speculating the shares. The flies are very bad here.

Snake Valley News.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT).

A meeting of the State school concert committee was held in the Mechanics' Hall on Wednesday, 22nd inst.; Mr P. J. O'Sullivan in the chair. The secretary (Mr C. Hyland) submitted a balance-sheet of the recent concert, which showed receipts to the amount of £13 8s, and a total expenditure of £6 17s, leaving a credit balance of £6 11s, which amount will go to purchase new apparatus for the school.

An old and respected resident of the Canico district, in the person of Mr Thomas Birkett, passed away at his residence on Friday, 17th inst., at the age of 59 years. The deceased, who had been ailing for a number of years from a lung affection, had followed the occupation of mining for a considerable number of years. The remains were interred in the Carngham Cemetery on Sunday afternoon, the coffin-bearers being Messrs A. Miller, W. Curry, G. and R. Howlett. The service at the grave was conducted by the Rev. J. O. Allen Clarke.

The local Board of Advice mysteriously disappeared in November last. Mr J. Douglas has made efforts to discover or resurrect the body; but the powers that be will give him no assistance.

The Carngham Race Club held a meeting on Wednesday, 23rd inst., Mr P. O'Sullivan in the chair. Mr W. F. Wookey reports that the club is in a highly satisfactory state financially. The Easter Monday meeting was a decided success, the receipts being about £110. The advisability of holding a spring meeting is to be considered by the committee.

The Carngham branch of the A.N.A. is to engage the Scarsdale branch in debate on Wednesday, 29th inst. The subject, "Should capital punishment be abolished," is a very "live" one, and as the local champions have decided to contend that capital punishment should become a thing of the past, no doubt those in authority will take note of the result of this tryst, and immediately withdraw the offending statute.—*Star.*

On Monday next, 27th inst. (Eight Hours' Day) all post offices will be closed at noon. Only the first delivery by letter carrier will be effected. Money order business will be transacted from 9.30 a.m. to noon. Mails will be received and despatched as usual. Telegraph offices will be open from 9 a.m. to noon, and from 6 to 8 p.m. Offices which usually close at 6 p.m. will not re-open for the latter hours.

We regret to hear that Mr and Mrs C. W. Wales suffered a bereavement by the death of their infant daughter Olive Lucy, aged 5 months, the sad event happening at Mr G. Halpin's farm, Earambeen, on Thursday. The deceased was Mr Halpin's grandchild. The mother and child were on a visit from Traralgon. The remains were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery yesterday.

Cricket.

ARARAT V. MIDDLE CREEK.

The above clubs met at the Recreation Reserve on Saturday afternoon for the fourth time during the season, the visitors being decisively beaten. Middle Creek arrived short handed and found three substitutes in Megaw, Hargreaves and Migro. They batted first and succeeded in just passing the century, Trompf playing a fine innings for 46. Ararat passed the score with three wickets down, and therefore had an easy win. Scores:

MIDDLE CREEK.

Hardy, b Thurgood	8
Trompf, c Cannon, b Daish	46
O'Brien, b Thurgood	30
J. McDonald, run out	2
A. McDonald, b Thurgood	1
Baker, c Wilkinson, b Thurgood ...	2
Richards, c Hooper, b Daish ...	2
Hargreaves, c Cannon, b Thurgood...	1
Migro, b Thurgood	1
Porter, b Thurgood	0
Megaw, not out	3
Sundries	5
Total	101

Bowling—Thurgood, 7 for 50; Daish, 2 for 14; Molloy, 0 for 27.

ARARAT.

Wilkinson, b Trompf...	2
Cannon, b Hardy	57
Dr. Daish, c Hargreaves, b Baker ...	24
Thurgood, not out	30
Sundries	8
Three wickets for	121

Bowling—Trompf, 1 for 24; Hardy, 1 for 40; Baker, 1 for 29; McDonald, 0 for 19.—"Advertiser."

TRAWALLA v. TRAWALLA STATION.

The above clubs met on the ground of the former on Saturday last, the game resulting in a draw. Trawalla Station batted first, and were all disposed of for a total of 96, Baker (37) and Morrison (21) being the chief contributors. T. Rodgers took 5 wickets for 44, Callaghan 3 for 21, and Carver 1 for 13. Trawalla had lost 1 wicket for 77 runs when time was called; G. Carver (36 not out) and E. Lilley (30 not out) showing good form. Bridges secured the only wicket at a cost of 44 runs. Appended are the scores:—

TRAWALLA STATION.

Mitchell, b G. Carver	7
Morrison, c Baldwin, b Callaghan ...	21
Johnston, run out	0
Baker, b Callaghan	37
Topp, b Rodgers	9
Bridges, c Jaensch, b Rodgers ...	4
Dobbin, b Callaghan	0
Flagg, b Rodgers	0
Hall, c Baldwin, b Rodgers	5
Roper, not out...	0
Lamfort, b Rodgers	0
Sundries	16
Total	96

Bowling.—E. Lilley, 0 for 4; G. Carver, 1 for 13; T. Rodgers, 5 for 44; Callaghan, 3 for 21.

TRAWALLA.

S. Baldwin, c and b Bridges... ...	8
E. Lilley, not out	30
G. Carver, not out	36
Sundries	3
Total for 1 wicket	77

Bowling.—Bridges, 1 for 44; Johnston, 0 for 29; Mitchell, 0 for 4.

Mining News.

An effort is being made to form a company to work the Unity lead at Trawalla, and as good prospects have been obtained by boring, and the show is a promising one, it is anticipated that success will be achieved. From a prospectus of the Unity Company, Trawalla, issued by Mr J. H. Cunningham, manager *pro tem*, we learn that the capital is to consist of £6,000, in 24,000 shares of 5s each. 15,000 shares are offered to the public at 1s per share, out of the proceeds of which £650 will be placed to the credit of the company, clear of brokerage and expenses. There are to no paid up shares, and no royalty. The prospectus states:—This company is being formed for the purpose of acquiring a mining property situated at Trawalla, containing about 200 acres, more or less, with the object of working the lower portion of the gutter of the well-known Unity lead, the upper portion of which proved so rich when worked in the early days. Several bores have been put down about the position indicated on the plan and in three of these most satisfactory results of coarse and fine gold were obtained. The depth was proved to be about 140 feet, with from 4 to 7 feet of coarse wash on a nice pipe-clay bottom. The width of the lead has been proved to be over 200 feet. In view of the little difficulty which it is thought will be met with in carrying on mining operations, the ground being easy to work, and the shaft, according to the bores, a shallow one, it is confidently anticipated that the money to credit will be all that is necessary to prove the property a most valuable one. The brokers are Messrs W. Gooch, W. S. Ham, and J U. McLeish, Exchange, Ballarat. £200 has been spent in boring, and a lease has been granted on a good line of country.

Two shares in the All Nations Consols No. 1 tribute party are offered for sale by tender.

The All Nations Consols No. 3 tribute party (Adamthwaite's) washed off their first machine on Tuesday for a return of 14oz. 9dwt. 8gr.

The Sons of Freedom Central Co. pays another sixpenny dividend on 7th May.

The following mining leases have been granted:—J. White, 23a., parish of Beaufort; J. Freeman, 32a., parish of Beaufort.

All Nations Consols, Beaufort.—No. 1 tribute party.—Driving south in a good stope of gold-bearing wash. Washed six sets for a yield of 21oz. 16dwt. No. 2 party—Driven south to 60ft. in papable wash; west prospecting drive in 59ft; prospects poor. No. 3 party—Driving north and south in payable dirt. Washed 9½ sets, for a yield of 14oz. 9dwts.

Sons of Freedom South, Raglan.—Yield for 10 days, 100oz. 8dwts.

Sons of Freedom Central, Raglan.—North-east intermediate, No. 5 rise—North drive extended 40ft. North-east off same extended 30ft., in strong wash of average quality. No. 8 rise, west main level—South drive extended 40ft., in payable wash. Blocking in Nos. 1 and 2 west, and No. 3 north-east rises, in average quality ground. One day lost through Eight Hours' anniversary. Yield for 5 days, 107oz. 9dwt.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sons of Freedom Central, 104oz. 10dwt.; Daughters of Freedom, 7oz. 6dwt.; Lennon and party, 2oz. 10dwt.; Last Chance, 1oz. 16dwt.; sundries, 10oz.

Raglan Red Rose Minstrels.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

For some weeks the principal topic of conversation locally has been "Our Minstrels." A short time ago a troupe was formed, under the leadership of Mr James Bailey, the winner of the first prize for the most original character in the procession at Beaufort on Easter Monday last. This troupe, under the name of the Raglan Red Rose Minstrels, gave its maiden performance in the Mechanics' Institute, Raglan, on Friday night last week. The hall was crowded by an enthusiastic audience. The leader, Mr Bailey, as well as the individual members, are to be congratulated on their first appearance. The effect of an experienced man being at the helm was evidenced by the fact that the programme was not too long, concluding before ten, and that interest was maintained throughout. Having so many fine voices in the troupe, it requires practice only to make it a credit to the township and the performers. Miss Carrie Bailey, a little dot, deserves special mention for her dancing. Mr G. Boyd's singing of "We got a pram," and "One of the familee" was really first-class. The proceeds of concert amounted to £10 14s, to be divided between the troupe and hall funds, that going to the troupe being for "make-ups," etc. The following is the programme:—Overture, company; song, "Stick up the band," Mr G. Stevens; song, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," Mr J. Panther; song, "Peter pushing the pram," Mr G. Boyd (encored); song, "Biscuits in bed," Mr A. Combs; song, "Ping-Pong girl," "Yours Truly"; song, "Arragh, go on," Mr J. Carmichael; song, "On the road to Woolloomooloo," Mr J. Bailey (encored); song, "Honey, say dat you'll be mine," Mr W. Penrose; song, "One heart divine," Mr O. Williams; Irish jig, Miss C. Bailey (encored); song, "Dreaming as she sleeps," "Yours Truly" (encored); song, "Mulligan's motor car," Mr W. Penrose; song, "One of the familee," Mr G. Boyd (encored); song and dance, "I came home to-day," Mr J. Bailey; song, "Troublesome Polly," Mr J. Wills; song, "No artist can paint," Messrs T. Dickman and R. Pitcher (encored); duet, "The English after all," Mr G. Stevens (encored); sailor's hornpipe, Mr J. Bailey (encored). The programme concluded with an amusing ghost farce. The first part of the programme was interspersed with conundrums and jokes by Messrs W. Penrose, G. Boyd, J. Bailey, and G. Stevens.

A dance was held after the concert. Mr J. Wills, junr., acted as M.C., whilst Messrs Emmerson and Penrose supplied the music.

Snake Valley Court.

WEDNESDAY, 22ND APRIL.

(Before Messrs T. Kennedy and T. R. Oddie, J's.P.)

Walter Ferguson was charged with having stolen a saddle, the property of Charles Coghlan, of Ceres, at the Carngham races on Easter Monday. The theft was a particularly mean one, as the accused knew Mr Coghlan well, and when the saddle was missed, the owner requested Ferguson as a favor to keep his eyes open, in the hope of finding the article. When arrested at Skipton by Constable McDonald, on suspicion of having stolen the saddle, Ferguson declared that he had bought the saddle from a "bloke with black whiskers and a red boko for fifteen bob." However, on Wednesday he retreated from the shade of the "whiskered, red-bokoed" individual and pleaded guilty. He was sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

Charles McGrath, James McGrath, and Francis Allen were presented on a charge of vagrancy. On Easter Monday evening, an elderly man named Jacob Elstob was on his way to the Snake Valley Mechanics' Institute, to finish a particularly lucky day at the races by admiring the trippers of the light fantastic. Jacob is past actual participation himself, but has a strong belief in "the young contending while the old survey." When about a quarter of a mile from the township, the old man was stopped by three swagmen, and having complied with their requests for matches and tobacco, as a sort of a "quid pro quid," one of the trio held their benefactor while the others "went through" him, relieving him of the remainder of his tobacco and of the coin the bookies had left him—one shilling. Next day Mr Morcombe's shop at Preston Hill was broken into, and 7lb. of meat stolen, and three individuals resembling the accused were seen near the shop on that day. Constable Stephen arrested the three men, and on Wednesday the charge of vagrancy was proved, and a sentence of two months was awarded to each accused. Mr Kennedy, J.P., in reply to an *ad misericordiam* appeal from McGrath, stated that the accused approached perilously near a sentence of years in place of months.—*Star.*

The removal of a quantity of earth at the base of a tree in a paddock at Woodford, near Warrnambool, by the recent earthquake shock, has led to the discovery of a hoard of sovereigns. Four children were playing in the paddock when they discovered the coins. Two of the youngsters filled their pockets and then went home, when it was found they had ninety-four sovereigns between them. They then went back to the locality, and after removing more earth found twelve more sovereigns, making a total of 106. The coins bore the date of 1892, and it is believed that they were buried by an eccentric swagman, who was for some years camped in the locality, and who subsequently died in the Terang district.

ARTISTIC EFFECTS

Are what we strive for. We can supply you with the BEST and NEWEST.

If you want High-Class Goods, we can give you the advantage of selecting from our large and splendidly assorted Stock.

Our WINTER SHOW is unsurpassed by any country firm in the State.

We are keen on giving you the best value, and thereby securing your trade.

It will save you money and trouble to make your purchases right here.

We work on the system of

Giving our Customers Something Good for their Money.

STYLISH MANTLES and MILLINERY.

Charming DRESS GOODS and TRIMMINGS.

The NEWEST in CLOTHING, etc.

WATERPROOF BOOTS and SHOES, etc., etc.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

BEAUFORT and BUANGOR.

The Irvine Government (says the *Punch*) is almost certain to keep the promise made on the introduction of the Income Tax Bill that the new rates would only be imposed for one year. When the Reform Bill receives the assent of His Majesty the King, an election must take place within six months. The high income tax, and the troublesome nature of the schedules to be filled up, besides the exposure of traders' businesses, entailed by the statement of assets and liabilities, have rendered the act very unpopular, and the Ministry responsible for the measure could not hope to obtain a majority at the elections. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that before this Parliament ends the Government will introduce a new measure, which will not only lighten the taxpayers' burden, but also simplify the returns to be made.

Verdict at inquest on G. J. F. Hamilton, manager of Camperdown branch of Bank of Victoria: Suicide while suffering from a fit of temporary insanity, induced by neuralgia and insomnia.

E. B.

THE following GOLD MINING LEASE has been DECLARED VOID:—ARARAT DISTRICT, RAGLAN DIVISION.—No. 1574; W. P. Schlicht; 24a. 0r. 30p.; parish of Beaufort.

W. R. ANDERSON,
Secretary for Mines.

16/4/03.

WANTED, kind person, to adopt healthy, intelligent baby (boy), aged 20 months. Address, "KINDNESS," Office of this Paper.

SONS OF FREEDOM CENTRAL G.M. CO., No Liability.—Notice.—A DIVIDEND (No. 12), of Sixpence per Share, has been declared in the above company, payable to registered shareholders, at the office of the company, on Thursday, 7th May, 1903.

J. H. CUNNINGHAM, Manager.

No. 7 Lydiard street north, Ballarat.

N.B.—Transfer books close on Thursday, 30th April, 1903, until after date of payment of dividend.

TENDERS are invited by the undersigned, returnable 6 p.m. on 2nd MAY, for TWO SHARES in the ALL NATIONS CONSOLS NO. 1 PARTY. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

NICHOLAS WHITE,
CHARLES WHITE, } Beaufort.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

TENDERS, addressed to the President of the Shire of Ripon, and enclosing five per cent. cash deposit (minimum deposit £1, in cash or marked cheque), will be received up till 11 a.m. on Monday, 4th MAY, 1903, for the following works:—

WEST RIDING.

Contract 203.—160 chains forming, &c., on the Mt. William road and Wongan and Skipton road.

Contract 204.—24 chains metalling on the Lake Goldsmith and Skipton road.

NORTH RIDING.

Contract 205.—Carting 200 cub. yds. maintenance metal, Beaufort and Raglan road.

Contract 206.—68 chains forming, &c., near Shirley Post Office.

Contract 207.—30 chains re-forming and gravelling, Earambeen.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Mechanics' Institute, Skipton; Greyhound Hotel, Snake Valley; and Shire Hall, Beaufort.

E. J. MUNTZ, B.C.E., Shire Engineer.

Shire Office,
Beaufort, 24th April, 1903.

Beaufort Football Club.

THE ANNUAL MEETING will be held in the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE on TUESDAY night, 28th inst., at 8 o'clock.

Business—To receive and adopt Balance-sheet; election of officers; general.

C. W. JONES, Secy.

WM. C. PEDDER,

Wheelwright and Blacksmith,

Begs to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 15 years, and to intimate that he is still carrying on business at the same old address, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT, with a staff of skilled mechanics and up-to-date machinery, and is prepared to execute any orders entrusted to him with promptness and despatch. Prices as low as possible, consistent with good workmanship. Horses as usual carefully shod.

LOST from Skipton, 1 bay Filly, 3 years branded 36 near shoulder, draught; 1 bay Gelding, 3 yrs., no visible brands, draught; 1 bay Filly, 2 yrs., branded 36 near shoulder, medium draught; 1 brown Filly, 2 yrs., branded 36 near shoulder, medium draught; 1 chestnut Colt, 2 yrs., branded 36 near shoulder, medium draught. Reward of 10s. per head to anyone securing same. Address—E. C. EARLES, Skipton; or R. CRAIG, Warracknabeal. All expenses paid.

T. E. SANDS,

Cash Grocer,

Begs to inform the public of Beaufort and district that he has removed his business to the Corner of NEILL and LAWRENCE STREETS, BEAUFORT, and by keeping only Best Quality Goods, at Lowest Rates, hopes to secure a fair share of public patronage. Orders called for.

HANCOCK'S

GOLDEN AGE HOTEL,

BEAUFORT.

C. M. MURISON, Proprietor.

The Appointed House of the United Commercial Travellers' Association, Victoria.

SPLENDID ACCOMMODATION for visitors and commercial gentlemen.

Two first-class BILLIARD TABLES, and three SAMPLE ROOMS.

In close vicinity to the Railway Station.

Hot and Cold Baths.

Liquors of the Best Brands only.

Horses and Traps on Hire.

In thanking customers for patronage already granted, the Proprietor begs to announce that it will be his utmost endeavour to give satisfaction by studying the wants of his customers.

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.

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 loins, and about five years ago got Sciatica in the left leg. I tried various remedies, Morphia Injections, Blisters, &c., and had the best medical advice with only poor results. In September, 1896, after an exposure, 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, 1896, reading of the wonderful cures I decided to try Dr. Parker's INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY, and in two days had ease from pain, and before the first supply was finished the CRUTCHES WERE PUT ASIDE. I continued to improve and in March, 1897, could ride and walk anywhere without assistance, and was in better health than I had been for twenty years. Being over fifty years of age, I am well pleased that the cure is effectual, as it is now over twelve months ago since I took the remedy. I will do all in my power to recommend the antidote to other sufferers.—Gratefully yours,

(Signed) JAMES McGUINESS.

"Riverview," Framlingham, March, 1898.

Severe Sciatica and Debility.

MR. EDWARD McEVOY, of East Poowong, South Gippsland, Sciatica very severe for six months was cured in two supplies of Remedy, and have kept well since October, 1901.

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 both hips, which incapacitated me from all work at intervals during the past three years. I tried doctor's electric baths and various medicines, &c., without deriving any benefit therefrom. In August, 1896, I was very bad, suffering excruciating agony. I took Dr. Parker's Great Remedy while in this State, and obtained relief from the first supply of it, and after taking five supplies I completely recovered, and have kept well ever since.

(Signed) HELEG EXTROM.

22 Mountain-street, South Melbourne.

(Working at McCracken's City Brewery, Melbourne.)

MRS. FETHERSTONE, residing at 68 Highbury Grove, East Prahran, severe Sciatica for six weeks, could not move from bed and was in dreadful agony, was cured by two bottles of Dr. Parker's INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY twelve months ago, and has been well since.

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 testimonials 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.

JOSEPH GEORGE (late of Warracknabeal), begs to notify that he intends starting a GENERAL BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS in the BEAUFORT BUTTER FACTORY BUILDING, opposite the Golden Age Hotel, on or about the 14th inst., and hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a fair share of public patronage. All Farm Work and Horse Shoeing a specialty.

J. FREEMAN, Sawmiller, wishes to notify the public that he has started a TIMBER YARD in BEAUFORT, and is prepared to supply all sizes of Hardwood at lowest possible prices for Cash. Buy direct from the sawmiller, and save middlemen's profits.

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.

£1,000 for 1/- £1,000.

(Net Value). (Net Value.)

Melbourne 8 Hours' Art Union

As popular as ever. The great event of the year. 47th Anniversary, Eight Hours' Day.

Grand Fete, Bazaar & Art Union

In aid of the Charities (Town and Country).

Exhibition Buildings, Melbourne,

SATURDAY, 25th, and MONDAY, 27th APRIL (8 Hours' Day).

The EIGHT HOURS' ART UNION.

140 Prizes, value, £1,600. First Prize—£1,000.

This great Prize was won last year by Mr. Chas. Taylor, 279 Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy, Victoria.

Second Prize, £150, and 138 other Prizes, ranging in value from £60.

This great Art Union will be drawn in the presence of Ticketholders and the Press, at 8 p.m., on Wednesday, 6th May, 1903. Winning numbers will be published in the three Melbourne dailies on the 7th May.

Every Ticket Sold, and no other, has a Chance in this Art Union.

Tickets (1s. each) can be obtained, with full list of prizes, from your local agents, or direct from the Secretary, 1s. each, 11 for 10s., or 23 for £1, by forwarding address, and enclosing Postal Notes, P.O. Order, or Stamps (with stamp to reply), to

CHARLES HARRIS,
Secretary Eight Hours' Committee,
Trades' Hall, Carlton, Victoria.

Local Agent—J. B. COCHRAN, Stationer.

Buy your Ticket at once from your Local Agents.

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.

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.

HAWKES BROS.,

THE IMPORTERS, of

Neill Street, Beaufort.

To the gentle public of Beaufort and surrounding districts.

Come one, 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.

THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMAN.

One of the Hardest Worked and Least Appreciated of Employees.

It is doubtful if there is a man on the train who is less appreciated than the fireman. The public shakes hands with the conductor who has charge of the train, thanks the brakeman for many little courtesies, bows to the baggage master who looks after its luggage in transit—perhaps, if it is a masculine public, swears at him—trusts its valuables with the express messenger and talks long and loud of the "brave engineer," but the fireman—he who bends to his work and feeds the fire that makes the steam—is never mentioned. Sometimes a purse is made up for the engineer. No one ever heard of the fireman getting a purse, but the records show that he has performed as many deeds of valor as the engineer. Again, if the train leaves the track or goes into another train, the fireman has fewer chances to escape than any man on the train, except perhaps the mail clerk, shut up like a rat in a cage.

When the fireman is at work, and that is nearly all the time when the wheels are turning, he stands stooped over, shoveling in the fuel or raking the coals in the firebox. His view ahead is obstructed, and he cannot see the danger that may be dashing upon him. The rattle and roar of the machinery may drown the engineer's warning call—a crash—the tender pins him to the boiler head, and he dies a horrible death. Standing in the narrow gangway peering ahead, a sudden lurch around a curve may throw him off. Instances have been known when the coupling between the engine and the tank parted, and the fireman dropped between them to be ground to pieces. The records show that more firemen than engineers are killed in railroad wrecks.

About the only time the firemen has a little leisure is when the train is running down grade. Then "she is shut off," steam is saved, and the knight of the shovel climbs up to a cushion seat and takes a breathing spell. But even then one eye is ahead, his hand on the bell-cord and the other eye fastened on the steam gauge, whose little black hands, fluctuating back and forth, guage his labor as well as the steam. There is a science in "feeding" an engine that is not understood by one not in the business. There is a way to throw in the coal and to empty the shovel and close the furnace door at the same time. It requires nice calculation that tells how many "scooploads" are needed to send the hands on the gauge to the proper figure; deft handling to keep the deck of the cab clean, and a hundred other little things that go to make a skillful fireman—one that saves money for the company by husbanding the coal.

In the old days the fireman on "wood burners" had a hard time of it and certainly earned the small money he received for his services, but he had a sinecure compared with the man in blue overalls and jumper who "stokes up" one of the huge "moguls" or "hogs" of the present day. These engines haul freights and eat up coal as if it were greased paper. The fireman is at work continuously, and about the only time he has to rest is when his train "takes a siding" to let a more aristocratic passenger train pass.—Indianapolis News.

The Telephone Fifty Years Ago.

The first telephone that was ever used was not electrical, nor was it a scientific instrument in any sense of the term. A little more than 50 years ago the employees of a large manufactory beguiled their leisure hours by kiteflying. Kites large and small went up daily, and the strife was to see who could get the largest. The twine which held them was the thread spun and twisted by the ladies of the village. One day to the tail of the largest kite was attached a kitten sewed in a canvas bag, with a netting over the mouth to give it air. When the kite was at its greatest height—200 feet or more—the mewing could be distinctly heard by those holding the string. To the clearness of the atmosphere was attributed the hearing of the kitten's voice. This is the first account we remember of speaking along a line.—Sheffield Telegraph.

How to Take a Turkish Bath.

It is not unusual to hear complaints that the Turkish bath has induced considerable depression, or even exhaustion, lasting perhaps several days, but the cause of this is that proper precautions have not been taken by the bather. The baths must be adapted to the strength of the patient. The bather should not stay too long in the hot chamber, and the bracing process should be applied only a few seconds with water not very cold. Twenty minutes is long enough for most persons to remain in the hot chamber, and a safe rule is to leave at the first symptoms of faintness or fatigue.—Exchange.

Gladstone's Perorations.

Perorations are Mr. Gladstone's strongest point. He may confuse his audience with figures, overwhelm them with words, but when the time comes for him to round off his speech, and when his voice, dropping in volume, takes on the magnetic thrill that has helped to make its owner a power in England, then the audience mentally rises to meet the orator, to the outgoing thrill comes back an echoing answer of emotion, and the great master of words sits down amid a storm of applause.—St. James Gazette.

Where Amethysts Are Found.

The shores of the picturesque basin of Minas, made famous by Longfellow's poem "Evangeline," furnish many fine specimens of the amethyst. After the frosts of winter have broken and scaled the face of the bluffs, then is the most favorable time to hunt not only for the amethyst, but for other minerals, such as chalcedony, agate, malachite, calcite, anolcine, apatite, natrolite, etc., found there in the debris at the foot of the cliffs.—Minerals.

Chance For Heroism.

Adorer (anxiously)—What did your father say?

Sweet Girl—Oh, he got so angry I was afraid to stay and listen. He's in a perfectly terrible rage. Go in and appease him.—New York Weekly.

CATARRH IS ALWAYS THE RESULT of a neglected cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will not cure catarrh, but will cure the cold and so prevent that disagreeable malady. This remedy not only relieves the local irritation of the throat and lungs, but removes the causes of the diseased condition. It leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. It always cures, and cures quickly. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

MRS. JONES' MISTAKE.

She Jumps at a Conclusion and Gets the Wrong Idea.

"How long is it since you've seen Hank Smith?" asked Mrs. Jones as she washed up the silver and put it in the china closet.

"I saw him yesterday," said Mr. Jones, pensively; "he was buried."

"Mercy goodness, Jeptha! You don't mean to tell me that great, strong Hank Smith was buried yesterday! Dear, dear, what are we coming to? And so Mrs. Hank Smith's a widow! I do wonder how she'll look in black. Won't she splurge round, though, on Hank's money! She isn't a little bit good looking, but she thinks she is. Poor Hank, the world isn't worth much to a man when his wife's a widow. Something has stained that butter knife back. Do you suppose it's sterling silver? I know Mr. Sterling's name is on it somewhere. And so poor Hank Smith is gone!"

"Gone where?" asked Mr. Jones, looking up with a curious twinkle in his eye.

"How should I know, Jeptha! That depends on how he has lived. What was it carried the poor fellow off?"

"Who said anything about his being carried off?"

"Why, you did, Mr. Jones; you said he was buried yesterday."

"So he was, but you chipped in, as usual, and interrupted me before I got to the end of my sentence—he was buried in thought."

"The land' sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones as she dropped a dozen teaspoons on the floor, "what a turn you've given me, Jeptha, and all for nothing!"—Detroit Free Press.

He Was Utterly Friendless.

There was no need for any one to explain the intentions of the crowd. The determined men who rode in front wore masks. All were armed. One carried a long rope. Immediately behind them a miserable wretch was being hurried along, his arms pinioned to his sides. He was pleading for his life in a pitiful manner, but not a while could he move the stern purpose of his captors. A man who saw the proceedings said to the leader:

"You are not going to lynch that poor fellow, are you?"

"We are," he replied briefly.

"What has he done? Beaten his wife?"

"No."

"Has he stolen horses?"

"No."

"Has he murdered some one in cold blood?"

"No."

"Then what are you going to hang him for?"

"Stranger," said the leader solemnly, "this is the chap who expressed a wish for an old fashioned winter."

Then the dread procession moved on.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Objectionable Kindling.

He had wrestled manfully that cold morning trying to build a fire, while his wife waited in a warm bed. He had put the kindling in nicely and touched a match to it and touched sundry other matches to it and blown at it till he was black in the face and he could see a million stars, but it refused to burn. Then he began to swear softly as he commenced taking it out of the grate to begin all over again.

"What is it, Joseph?" she inquired, peeping up over the cover.

"Sarah," he said, with a shiver, as he prepared to renew the assault, "you may get all the burglar proof coal you wish and I shall offer no objection, but I'll be—excuse me, my dear—if I want you to get any more of this confounded fireproof kindling," and he proceeded with his labors.—Exchange.

Steak on the Girls.

—Truth.

Practice and Preaching.

Maud—Yes, Mabel, whatever you may do, always stick to my principle—always tell the truth, even when conventions of society would bid you to—

Jeames (knocking)—A gentleman down stairs, maum, would like to see Miss Maud.

Maud—Tell him I'm not at home, Jeames. As I was saying, Mable— Etc.—Chicago News-Record.

Unidentified.

"I am engaged, Jennie."

"To whom?"

"I declare I don't know. I was introduced to him at the Dawsons, he was lovely, he loved me, proposed and was accepted, all in the same evening. Unfortunately I didn't catch his name."—Harper's Bazar.

Two Sides.

Crummer—There is one marked difference between the cities and the country.

Gilleland—What is it?

Crummer—In the country they call fun wickedness, and in the city they call wickedness fun.—Life.

Too Much.

She—Charlie, why are you so very much opposed to piano duets?

He—From principle. I think it's cowardly for two persons to attack one piece of music.—Boston Budget.

All Around.

In the window of a shop in an obscure part of London is this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten and poetry composed on any subject."—London Tit-Bits.

Doing Well.

"Charlie, didn't you promise to try and break yourself of the habit of using slang?"

Charlie—Yes, mamma, and you bet I'm gettin there with both feet, don't you see?—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Proper Thing.

The idiot who is going to "shoot Niagara" will probably make the attempt in his fall suit.—Philadelphia Record.

So Unexpected!

The unexpected oft occurs—
When some fair maid, designing
To call some favored fellow hers,
Her net around him twining,

She knows that he'll succumb some day
To wiles so well directed;
Yet when he does she'll blush and say,
"This is so unexpected!"

—Pick Me Up.

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 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 round, mit some moneys. —Joseph.

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 Bathdown-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 12 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 Bathdown-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.

Water freezes every night of the year at Allo Crucero, in Boliva; while at noonday the sun is hot enough to blister the flesh.

CLARKE'S (41) B PILLS are warranted to cure in either sex, all acquired or constitutional Diseases, Gravel, and Urinary Organs, 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.

The greatest one 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.

THE ELEVEN PHŒNIX is the source of much sport and the cause of many injuries. Football players should use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, an antiseptic liniment, especially valuable for sprains and bruises. One application gives relief. Try it. J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort, sell it.

Skipton Athletic Sports.

ANNUAL GATHERING.

President, Mr J. L. Currie; vice-presidents, Messrs D. Stewart, E. G. Austin, H. M. Elder, F. S. Austin, C. W. Harrison, Crs. T. Kennedy and A. R. Slater; committee, Messrs T. Cleveland, W. Stoddart, A. Angus, W. Smith, D. Elder, A. Mathieson, M. Notman, J. Corbett, A. Wilkie, W. Rowe, and H. Jarvis; judges (athletic), Messrs C. Cairns, A. Angus, F. S. Austin, R. Dixon, E. Corbett, R. Sutherland; judges (music and dancing), Messrs D. and J. McDonald, E. Rankin, and T. Kennedy; handicapper, Messrs D. Maddan, D. McDonald, W. Smith, and R. Kirkpatrick; starter, Mr A. McIntyre; timekeeper, Mr M. Hussey.

The unfavorable climatic conditions which prevailed on Easter Monday militated somewhat against the attendance at the annual sports gatherings held under the auspices of the Skipton Athletic Club. The morning broke rather unpromising, and although the clouds began to open and give promise of a brighter day, they soon gathered up again, and about mid-day showers began to fall, to the accompaniment of a bitter cold south wind, which continued throughout the remainder of the day. The usual procession was formed in the main street, and, headed by the kilted Highlanders, wended its way to the recreation reserve, with not exactly a "flourish of trumpets" but with the pibrochs in full blast. And that music, though perhaps rather unmelodious than otherwise to the ear of the colonial, is to the true-born Highlander ever sweet, bringing to remembrance many cherished recollections of the past. In thought the son and daughter of Scotia are once more carried back to the days on which their memory loves to dwell; scenes and events of long ago are recalled in all their original freshness and vividness, and they feel that despite any gloominess of the present or future, there is still a spark of brightness in their memories.

Arrived at the grounds the energetic officers and members of the committee soon got their programme of music and dancing under way. It was seen that further improvements had been effected, one step in the right direction being the placing of lines to separate the competitors in the foot-racing events. The racing on this occasion was not quite up to the average, and was much slower than last year, which may be partly accounted for by the weather and the dampness of the track. The entries were not quite so large, and the number of starters smaller.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather a goodly number of office-bearers was present, a noticeable feature being the harmonious manner in which they all worked. The vice-president, Mr D. Stewart, now of Wongan, Streatham, was in attendance, and received many a hearty welcome. Mr A. McIntyre occupied his old position as starter, and Mr M. Hussey carried out the duties of timekeeper. Messrs C. Cairns, Smith, H. M. Elder, E. Corbett, and E. G. Austin judged the athletic events, and Messrs Slater, McDonald, and Elder were the judges for the music and dancing. Among the most energetic workers of the committee were Messrs R. Dixon, W. Stoddart, H. Jarvis, Gardiner, A. Wilkie, W. Rowe, and M. Notman. Messrs Corbett and Tulley rendered good service as gate-keepers. Mention must also be made of the whole-hearted manner in which the secretarial duties were carried out by Mr J. Maddan. Constables McDonald and Robinson were in attendance, but their duties were of a very light order, the crowd being well-behaved. Appended are the results of the events:—

MUSIC AND DANCING.

Pibrochs, in Highland Costume.—G. McRae, 1; Isabella McRae, 2.

Highland Fling, in Costume.—Annie Cooney, 1; Isabella McRae, 2. Three competitors.

Gillie Callum, in Costume.—Isabella McRae, 1; G. White, 2.

Sailor's Hornpipe, in Costume.—J. Cooney, 1; A. Cooney and Queenie Hayes, 2. Four competitors.

Highland Fling, for Juveniles.—Annie Cooney, 1; Isabella McRae, 2. Three competitors.

Reel o' Tulloch.—Isabella McRae, 1; G. White, 2.

Strathspreys and Reels.—G. McRae, 1; Isabella McRae, 2.

Irish Jig, in Costume.—Annie Cooney, 1; Isabella McRae, 2. Four competitors.

ATHLETIC EVENTS.

Maiden Race, 100yds.—G. Wilson, 1; J. Liston, 2. Eight started. The race was run in 12sec.

Skipton Handicap, 130yds.—First heat—J. Slater, 12yds., 1; G. Wilson, 14yds., 2. Second heat—P. M. Johnson, 13yds., 1; T. Young, 15yds., 2. W. Graham was the only runner in the third heat. Final—Johnson, 1; T. Young, 2; G. Wilson, 3. Eight started. In the final the competitors started well together, and finished closely. Young led the greater part of the distance, and looked a likely winner, but on nearing the tape, he was passed by Johnson, who beat Young by a foot or two. This race was run in 13½sec.

Running High Jump.—P. Buneton, 3in., 1; J. Slater, 1in., 2; W. Graham, scr., 3. There were eight competitors in this event. The winner, P. Buneton, was only a lad, and jumped very well. The ground was rather slippery.

Open Bicycle Race, one mile.—First heat—E. Hill, 70yds., 1; Matthews, 20yds., 2; C. Lloyd, 75yds., 3. Second heat—R. McDonald, 145yds., 1; J. Johnson, 140yds., 2; J. C. Lloyd, 70yds., 3. Third heat—A. McDonald, 70yds., 1; J. Hornby, 60yds., 2; J. P. Fallon, 115yds., 3. First semi-final—Hill, 1; A. McDonald, 2. Second semi-final—R. McDonald, 1; Fallon, 2. Final—A. McDonald, 1; E. Hill, 2; J. P. Fallon, 3. Ten riders started. As a field of nine competitors in the final was thought to be too large, in order to avoid accidents two semi-finals were run, and the first two in each taken for the final. In the final the riders soon bunched, and kept changing places. Hill drew clear from the bunch, and at one stage of the race looked like winning, but in the last lap he was challenged by McDonald, who proved too fast for him. Time, 2min. 38sec.

Carrambellos Plate, 440 yds.—T. Young, 30yds., 1; P. M. Johnston, 30yds., 2; W. Graham, scr., 3. Only five started. A great deal of interest and excitement was shown in this long-distance event. The competitors kept together until about half the distance was run, when Young took the lead, which he maintained all the way, coming in apparently exhausted. Time, 58sec.

Skipton Wheel Race, 2 miles.—First heat—A. McDonald, 100yds., 1; J. C. Lloyd, 440yds., 2. Second heat—J. Johnston, 200yds., 1; C. Fleming, 140yds., 2. Third heat—E. Hill, 140yds., 1; Matthews, 40yds., 2. Final—E. Hill, 1; A. McDonald, 2; J. Johnston, 3. Nine started. The first heat was a good race, but in the second heat only two started, the racing being slow. The winner of the third heat nearly passed his opponents twice. The final was an exciting race, a good contest between Hill and Johnston taking place, the former winning by half a wheel. The time was 5min. 43secs.

Boys' Race, under 15.—D. Maddan, 1; W. Anslee, 2. Time, 15sec.

Quoit Match.—R. Hogan, 1; S. McBurney, 2. 11 competitors.

District Cycle Race, one mile.—J. P. Fallon, 1; W. Stoddart, 2. Four starters. This was a one man race. Stoddart received a good start on the others, which he kept up for a lap or two, when he was passed by Fallon, who won as he liked. The other riders did not finish. Time, 3min. 10sec.

Tilting in the Ring, on Bicycles.—J. Fallon and W. Stoddart, equal, 1. Owing to the lateness of the hour, these two riders decided to divide the stake.

Consolation Race.—M. J. Shannon, 1; Jas. Liston, 2; J. Slater, 3.

The ball held at night was largely attended, and dancing was kept up till morning to the music supplied by Mr E. Corbett and Miss Murray. Mr H. Jarvis acted as M.C.—*Grenville Standard.*

AFTER DINNER

thirty drops of Seigel's Syrup ensure complete digestion, and prevent the pain and torpor consequent on indigestion. Seigel's Syrup builds health on good digestion, for 'tis not what you eat, but only that which you digest nourishes your body and sustains your life.

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"For several years," says Miss Ethel Williams, of 9, Wemyss St., Sydney, N.S.W., "my life was rendered miserable by indigestion and general debility. I could not sleep at night and was often afflicted with severe sick headaches and bilious attacks. An old friend recommended Mother Seigel's Syrup. Within a week I discovered it was doing me substantial good. Eight bottles completed my cure."

AIDS DIGESTION.

Middle Creek School Concert.

An enjoyable and successful entertainment was held in the Middle Creek Public Hall on Wednesday evening, 8th inst. There was a crowded and most enthusiastic audience. The programme was a good one, many of the items being really excellent. The chairman (Mr W. G. Pickford) explained that the object of the concert was to obtain materials for the children engaged in the new subjects introduced lately, viz., paper-work, brush-work, etc. He congratulated the head teacher, Mr H. J. Richards, on the fine attendance, and also congratulated the parents on having such an energetic man as the present head teacher to instruct their young. The following items are worthy of special remark:—Drill and rod exercises were excellently done. This item was worthy of the highest praise. The girls taking part in the song, "Who'll buy my roses?" being provided with baskets of roses, made a pretty picture. This song was much enjoyed. "The little brown jug," by Masters J. Porter and N. Dunn, dressed as Australian blacks, caused hearty laughter. The little fellows deserved the encore they received. "Billy Binks and Me," a recitation by Masters L. O'Brien and G. Caulfield, was the piece of the evening. It was specially well given, and each verse elicited roars of laughter. Of course the lads had to repeat it. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded all who had assisted in any way to make the evening's entertainment such a success. The receipts amounted to £11 and the expenditure to £1 10s, leaving a profit of £9 10s. There were over 250 people at the concert—the biggest crowd ever in the hall, which has lately been enlarged. A dance was held for a few hours to pay expenses for music and hall. The concert programme was as follows:—School song, "Thrice hail!" recitation, "Loss of Birkenhead," H. Carmichael; song, "Meddlesome Matty," I. and II. boys; pianoforte duet, E. and J. Porter; song, "Hark the jingle bells," H. Dunn, A. Riley, and A. Porter; class recitation, "The gum tree," I. and II. boys. Song, "Who will buy my roses?" girls; drill and rod exercises, by classes II. to VI.; recitation, "The awan," Irene Fay; recitation, "Nest in a pocket," I. and II. classes; pianoforte solo, Eva McDonald; action song, I. and II. class boys; recitation, "All have work," I. class girls; action song, "Swinging," girls; recitation, "Billy Binks and Me," L. O'Brien and G. Caulfield; school song, "Don't fret"; class recitation, "Breakers, ho!" III. boys; song, "Little brown jug," T. Porter and N. Dunn; song, "There is a tavern," VI. girls, rod and drill exercises; song, "Watching for pa," cat came back," N. Dunn and C. Riley. Part II.—Pianoforte solo, Miss Bell McDonald; song, "Out in the deep," Mr J. McDonald; song, "The Carnival," Miss McMillan; song, "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," Mr R. Kirkpatrick; pianoforte solo, Miss Robinson; song, "Nancy Lee," Mr J. McDonald; song, "Suppose," Miss McMillan; pianoforte solo, Miss Dunn, accompanied by Messrs H. Richards and H. Dunn with cornet and violin respectively; song, "Marguerite," Mr R. Kirkpatrick.—[COMMUNICATED.]

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.

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.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases.

Applicants for leases within the district covered by *The Ripon shire Advocate* are invited to peruse the following facts:—

The New Mining Regulations require that when a lease is marked out the applicant "shall insert in a newspaper PUBLISHED IN THE DISTRICT WHERE THE LAND IS SITUATED, or if no such newspaper, then in the one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked A in the schedule prescribed."

Ten days are allowed, after marking out the lease, in which to lodge the application with the Warden or his clerk, and forward a duplicate to the Minister of Mines.

The word "district" in the regulations has been defined by the Crown Solicitor to be read as locality, and not as mining district, and the lease should therefore be advertised in the paper nearest the land for which application is to be made. As TEN days (not seven as formerly) are given in which to complete the application, no valid excuse can now be urged for failure to advertise the lease in the district paper, though it has only a weekly, and not a daily issue.

This is borne out by the following memo. from the Mines Department received by Mr H. A. Adams, *Grenville Standard*, Linton.—"Sir,—Referring to your communication, I have the honor to inform you that the Warden's clerk at Smythesdale has been instructed to advise intending applicants for mining leases, where opportunity offers [i.e., for tendering such advice] that the regulation relating to advertising their applications should be STRICTLY ADHERED TO.—I have the honor to be, etc., P. Cohen, for Sec. of Mines and Water Supply."

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.

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 very 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, Farringdon Road, London, England.

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 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, etc. 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 bloom upon the cheek, and imparting vigour and vitality to the whole frame. These are facts admitted by thousands in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the weak 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,
332-334 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 Nicholson and Victoria streets. 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 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 Waltham, Elgins, Baumes, Elghrards, Rotherhams, Settles, Brothers, etc., 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 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, 15s 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—

Curakoff

The most ef