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The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1388 | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1904 | PRICE THREEPENCE

RELIABILITY.
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RELIABILITY.

What a lot in that one word when associated with any business whatever, and what a vast amount there is in it when bracketed with a WATCHMAKER'S and JEWELLERY BUSINESS.

YOU MUST HAVE NOTICED

Our business going ahead while others were standing still or going backwards.

YOU MUST HAVE AN IDEA

Of what our business is now compared to what it was a few years back.

YOU MUST GUESS

That there is something powerfully convincing about our method of doing business. ARE YOU ONE OF PAYNE'S CUSTOMERS? If not, we respectfully ask for your patronage, and if afterwards you do not think we are worthy of it, we are perfectly willing to lose it.

Whatever is done here is done properly. Whatever we sell you is "Right" in the full sense of that word.

Our stock embraces everything in the Watch, Clock, and Jewellery line, and a good selection is shown in everything. If there is one lot of goods more than any other we would like you to inspect it is our fine selection of Rings—either Wedding Rings and Keepers, Dress and Engagement Rings, or Gent's. Rings.

We have a beautiful stock of Diamond Marquise, Diamond Half-hoop, and Gipsy-set Dress and Engagement Rings, at all prices.

Another thing we wish you to bear in mind is that all PAYNE'S RINGS are made by Expert Ring-makers only. You can buy a ring here with confidence, and rest assured that it has passed through hands whose owners have made ring-making a life-long study. Of course, you can see from the foregoing that this is undoubtedly our specialty; but a splendid selection of other goods is shown as well, including Brooches, Links, Bracelets, Muff Chains, Photo Pendents, Gent's. Gold and Silver Chains, Lockets, Medals, Necklets, Gold, Silver, Nickel, and Gun-metal Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, &c.

Sight Tested and Spectacles Made to Measure. We can guarantee you satisfaction in every description of Watch, Clock, and Jewellery REPAIRS. Expert workmen employed in each branch of the trade.

The Address is—

GEORGE PAYNE,

WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER,

BALLARAT

(Two doors down Sturt-street from the Post Office.)

FUNERAL REFORM.
Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS
(Late Wm. Baker),
UNDERTAKER,
Opposite the State School,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Hearses and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,
Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, and Picture Framer.

A well-assorted stock of Softwood Timber, Picture Framing, Paints, Oils, and Window Glass kept on hand.

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 ora

An advertisement in 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 £5 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.

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the Blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. This medicine has 40 years' reputation, and is to-day more popular than ever, the reason of this being undoubtedly because this wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—it cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For

SCROFULA,	BAD LEGS,
SCURVY,	BLOTCHES,
ECZEMA,	SPOTS,
BLOOD POISON,	BLACKHEADS,
ULCERS,	PIMPLES,
SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES,	and SORES OF ALL KINDS,

it is a safe and permanent remedy.

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

NOTE.—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, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

TRIED MANY THINGS WITHOUT BENEFIT UNTIL I TOOK CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE.

Mr F. E. Lewis, 48 Bridge Street, Row, Chester, writes:—"Just a line in favour of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I had eczema for seven months, and tried many things without benefit until I took your remedy. After the eighth bottle I was quite well again. Please accept this letter as a token of gratitude to your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'"—June 13, 1903.

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

Mr W. G. Weston, care of Messrs Knott, of 49, Essex-street, Kingsland-road, N.E., writes:—"Gentlemen,—"I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit in health I have received through taking your famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I have been a sufferer from eczema and an irritating skin trouble since the age of thirteen. While an out-patient at one of the big London hospitals a doctor informed me that my disease was the result of looking after foreign horses. I have had as many as thirty horses under my care, my father being a horsedealer and jobmaster. He (my father) was speaking one day to a friend of mine who mentioned that he was being cured of an ulcerated leg, due to a hor-e-kick, by 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I continued, however, to suffer until April 4 last, when my friend told me he was completely cured. Then I started to take 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' myself, and I am now completely cured, after suffering and being disfigured for several years. I am able to follow my employment, and am very pleased to think there is such a valuable remedy obtainable for such a small sum. I should be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case."—July 17, 1903.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES.

Mr James Waring, of Clay Coton Lodge, near Rugby, writes:—"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' For a long time I suffered with bad legs and abscesses. I was under a doctor for five months, and, not getting much better, I went as an out-patient to the local hospital for nine weeks. The doctor then told me I should have to go inside before he could do anything for me. I went in and stayed for thirteen weeks, and after undergoing two operations I got a little better. Before I had been out of hospital a week I became worse than ever, so my wife told me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and after taking five bottles and using four pots of your salve I was completely cured. I have waited twelve months to see if my legs broke out again, but, thanks to your 'Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture,' I am as well to-day as I have ever been in my life. You can make what-ever use you like of this letter."—Oct. 15, 1903.

IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD.—"We have seen heats of letters from all sorts and conditions of people, in which the writers acknowledge the benefit they have received from Clarke's Blood Mixture, which as a curative agent cannot be too highly estimated, since it cleanses and clears the blood from all impurities, and restores it to its normal condition." This is a good testimonial from the *Family Doctor*, the popular medical weekly, which goes on further to say:—"It is certainly the finest blood purifier that science and skill have brought to light, and we can with the utmost confidence recommend it to our subscribers and the public generally."

Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture,

and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

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.

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J's.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday.—Messrs F. Beggs, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridges. Fourth Tuesday.—Messrs M. Flynn, G. Tepper, 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.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Possess the following qualities in a high degree:—

They Strengthen the Stomach, They Regulate the Bowels, They Purify and Enrich the Blood, and they give tone to the whole Nervous System.

They contain no drugs of mineral or metallic origin, but are purely vegetable, mild, beneficent, and sure. They will restore you to health if you give them a chance.

BEECHAM'S PILLS are perfect in quality and plentiful in quantity; they last longest, go furthest, and produce the best results.

Sold everywhere, in Boxes, labelled 1s. 1½d., containing 56 Pills, and 2s. 9d., containing 168 Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.	Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne ...	...	8 and 4.50
Ballarat ...	...	8 and 4.50
Geelong ...	...	8 and 4.50
Trawalla ...	...	8 and 4.50

Registered mail and parcels post close 20 minutes prior.

Ararat, 11.50 a.m., and 8 p.m. (including Sundays.)

Stawell ... 11.50 } 8 p.m. Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays.
Middle Creek, 11.50
Murtoa ... 11.50
Buangor ... 11.50

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

English mail per Mail Steamer, via Adelaide, 8 p.m. every 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., 9 a.m.

Eurambeen ...	12.45
Shirley ...	12.45

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

MAILS INWARD.
Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—12.20 p.m. daily and 8.40 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. From Melbourne and Ballarat, 7 a.m. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

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

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.

From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Two deliveries by postman daily.

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 loves 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 bedtics the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See the article you purchase is "KEATINGS," i.e., with the signature THOMAS KEATING on each tin, as imitations are noxious and inoperative. Sold in Tins, 6d and 1s. each, by all chemists.

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 generally 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

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 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 meneys. —Joseph.

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 sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

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

The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing. If you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, 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.

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*, *Ripenshire 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.

STEVENSON BROS.,

BUILDERS

AND

CONTRACTORS,

HAVELOCK STREET,

BEAUFORT.

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

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.

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.

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 the Promoter, must offer certain returns to those whose support is necessary to achieve certain advantageous results on both sides.

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

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

"*Subscribers and Advertisers*"

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

"The Riponshire Advocate"

is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts, 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

CHESTERFIELDS.

A large assortment of Men's, Youths', and Boys' Chesterfield Overcoats.

A big purchase just opened at

COUGLE'S.

COUGLE'S

Famous Low Prices are a Boon to Customers

Boys' and Youths' Brown Tweed Chesterfield Overcoats, at 9s. 6d. Honestly worth 14s. 6d.

Men's Dark Grey Cloth Chesterfield Overcoats, at 32s. 6d. Good value at 42s.

Men's W. P. Chesterfield Overcoats, 27s 6d to 42s. Every Coat a Bargain.

Everything we do, we do well.

G. H. COUGLE,

The People's Draper,

BEAUFORT.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT LIVE STOCK MARKET.
Tuesday.

Fat Cattle—A light yarding came to hand for to-day's sale, numbering only 171 head, consisting principally of middling and useful descriptions, a small proportion being good to prime. There was an average attendance of the trade, all suitable lots being fairly well competed for, prices showing an improvement on last week's values, while for middling sorts the demand was firmer at higher rates. Quotations:—Prime pens bullocks, £11 10s to £13 17s 6d; good, £9 10s to £10 10s; useful, £8 to £9; prime pens cows, £9 to £10 2s 6d; good, £7 to £8. Calves—Only 11 forward, which met a brisk sale, selling to 95s. Sheep—3194 was the supply penned for to-day's sale, a larger proportion than of late consisting of quality ranging from useful to good and prime. There was a good muster of buyers, sales opening to somewhat brisk competition, which was fairly well sustained all through, prices for all descriptions showing a slight improvement on last week's best rates. Quotations—Prime crossbred wethers, 22s to 25s; extra, to 27s 4d; a few pets to 32s; good, 20s to 21s; useful, 17s to 19s; prime crossbred ewes, 20s to 23s 3d; good, 18s to 19s; prime merino wethers, 19s to 20s 6d; good, 17s to 18s. Lambs—5,117 to hand, including a fair proportion of trade descriptions, which were in good demand, selling at fully last week's best prices. Other sorts were taken by graziers at late values. Prime, 16s to 18s; extra, to 19s; pets, to 20s; good, 14s to 15s; useful, 12s 6d to 13s 6d.

The following district sales are reported:—By Messrs Macleod & Booth.—97 wethers, M. D. Carmichael, Middle Creek, crossbreds 19s 9d, comebacks 16s 9d to 19s 11d.

BALLARAT PRODUCE MARKET.
Thursday.

Wheat, prime milling, 2s 10d to 2s 11d. Oats, 1s 2d to 1s 3d; prime Algerian, 1s 2d. Peas, 2s 7d. Barley, malting, 3s 4d; good, 3s; Cape, 1s 9d. Potatoes, 35s to 40s; prime reds, 35s to 40s; Snowflakes, 25s to 30s; New Zealand pink eyes, 15s to 20s; Hay, prime chaffing, 22s 6d to 25s; medium, 15s to 20s; manger, 27s 6d to 30s. Straw, 15s to 20s. Bran, 7½d to 8d. Pollard, 8d to 8½d. Flour, roller, L7 5s to L7 7s 6d. Dairy butter, 8d; factory prints, 10½d; lump, 9d to 10d; separator, 8d to 9d. Eggs, 1s 1d. Honey, 3½ to 4d. Bacon sides, 8½d. Cheese, 4½d to 5d.

MELBOURNE PRODUCE MARKET.
Thursday.

Wheat, 2s 11½d. Oats—Prime milling, 1s 3d; feed, 1s 1d to 1s 2d; stout white, 1s 6d to 1s 10d. Hay—Manger, £3 to £3 10s; chaffing, £2. Chaff—Prime, £2; good, 30s; interior, 25s. Bran, 8½d. Pollard, 8½d. Barley—Malting, from 3s 6d; medium, 2s 6d; thin English, to 2s. Cape, 1s 6d to 1s 10d. Straw, £1 10s for Victorian, and £2 2s 6d for Tasmanian. Potatoes—Prime, 35s to 45s; inferior, 22s 6d. Onions, to 35s. Peas, 2s 5d. Flour, £7 10s.

PNEUMONIA.

Always results from a cold or from an attack of influenza. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy not only cures these diseases, but counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. Sold by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

A CARD.

CLEGG & MILLER,
ARCHITECTS,
LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.

Mr. Miller visits Beaufort periodically. Appointments made by letter.

DENTISTRY.

Mr. A. L. GIBBS, and
Mr. W. A. J. BRANSTON,
Surgical and Mechanical Dentists,
73 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE,

Desire to notify the residents of Beaufort and surrounding districts that MR. BRANSTON may be consulted at BEAUFORT on the first Thursday of each month.

Teeth extracted painlessly.

All Artificial Teeth made on latest approved English and American principles.

Consultation Room—GOLDEN AGE HOTEL.
Hours—12.30 p.m. to 5 p.m.

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-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, &c.

☞NOTE THE ADDRESS—
HAVELOCK-STREET
(Next Mechanics' Institute),
BEAUFORT

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.

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE."

Notice to Advertisers.

OWING to the inconvenience caused by Advertisements being received after the appointed time, we beg to notify that unless ALTERATIONS TO STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS reach us by WEDNESDAY Morning, such alterations will not be made till the following issue.

In future this rule will be strictly enforced, in fairness to our employees.

Correspondents are also requested to send reports by Thursday.

A. PARKER, Proprietor.

DULL WET WEATHER in no way interferes with the success of

RICHARDS & CO'S.
NEW INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS.

The Newest Styles in Photography.

The Art Folio,
The Wallet Photograph,
Artist Proofs.

BRIDAL PORTRAITS.—Our Studio has become famous for successful Bridal Portraits. Bridal Veils, Wreaths, and Bouquets kept the studio.

ENLARGED PHOTOS from any Old or Faded copy, in the newest gilt or wood frame, 20s. each.

RICHARDS & CO.,
PHOTO ARTISTS,
23 STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

A.N.A.

BEAUFORT BRANCH,

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

Item on Syllabus.—Lecturette, Mr Barr, senr. Ladies invited.

All meetings open to the public.

W. T. HILL, Secretary.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 3RD JULY, 1904.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Waterloo, 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.—Mr A. McLeod. Lexton, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m. (sermon for young men). Solo, "Charity," Miss Davis.—Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Chute, 3 p.m.; Raglan, 7 p.m.—Rev. R. Yeo. Raglan, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Mr Waldron. Main Lead, 7 p.m.—Mr Davey. Main Lead, 3 p.m.—Supply.

Birth.

HILL.—On 25th ult., at Miss Murray's Private Hospital, Myers-st., Geelong, the wife of William J. Hill, Camp Hotel, Beaufort—of a daughter.

Death.

LOFT.—On the 30th June, at their residence, Railway Hotel, Beaufort, Ida May, dearly beloved eldest daughter of Edward and Maggie Loft, aged 11 years and 7 months.

Funeral Notice.

THE friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Loft are respectfully invited to follow the remains of their dearly beloved daughter, Ida May, to their last resting place, the Beaufort Cemetery. The Funeral Cortege will move from their residence, the Railway Hotel, punctually at 3.30 p.m., Saturday, July 2nd.

A. H. SANDS, Undertaker, Beaufort.

THE
Riponshire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1904.

A GOOD deal of thought is being devoted to the bringing about of an improvement in our system of voting, so that it will be rendered certain that whoever is elected represents a majority. The last Federal elections and the still more recent State elections showed that the system in vogue is capable of very considerable improvement. In no less than nine divisions in Victoria at the Federal poll more votes were polled for the unsuccessful candidates than for those who were elected. The same thing occurred twice in Queensland and once in Tasmania. The position brought about is rather a peculiar one, as the candidates are simply representing majorities in the respective divisions. It is not that they have an absolute majority, and in the case of the Bourke division, while the successful candidate secured 8657 votes, the other candidates secured a total of 11,774 votes. The Federal electoral committee had the subject under discussion on Wednesday week. The chief electoral officer, in a paper to the committee, expressed the opinion that there would be always difficulty, if not impossibility, in preventing candidates from being elected by minorities so long as the present unimproved block system prevails. There are several systems of voting by which the will of the absolute majority can be determined, but for the greater part they are either too cumbersome or costly to permit of their practical application. Simplicity must ever be a leading principle in a system of voting, as anything approaching complexity results in informalities being recorded, so that the position is little, if any, improved. There are sundry assortments of preferential voting systems, but it is thought that to introduce any would puzzle the average voter; while the French system of a second ballot would prove very expensive. The chief electoral officer made a suggestion to the effect that "in all cases where candidates have not been elected by an absolute majority of the votes recorded, that recourse be had to a postal system by which every elector who voted on the day of the first election should be afforded the opportunity of saying which of the two leading candidates he prefers to vote for. An election of this character could be conducted by the returning officer of a division, with a comparatively small staff of clerks, and thus the uncertainty as to the choice of the majority would be entirely removed. This certainly has a degree of simplicity to recommend it, but the question at once occurs, how many would go to the trouble of voting twice? It is difficult enough to get people to vote once, and the State Government has on the tapis a bill for bringing about compulsory voting. This does not promise too well for the success of a second vote, even though it is by post, and the percentage of votes recorded at the Federal poll is not flattering to the proposal. The approximate adult population of the Commonwealth in December last was 2,075,200, the electors enrolled numbered 1,893,586, and the votes recorded totalled 887,312. The percentage of votes recorded was 47.21 in New South Wales, 51.18 in Victoria, 54.83 in Queensland, 32.65 in South Australia, 28.35 in Western Australia, and 45.00 in Tasmania. The average for the Commonwealth was 46.86. Elections under the present conditions are costly enough, and it is most desirable that the expense should be added to if it can be all avoided. The present system cannot be said to be a satisfactory one, and an improvement without being too complex would be welcome.

Local and General News.

For Children's Hacking Cough at Night, Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

Applications are invited by the Shire of Ripon, till 11 a.m. on Monday, 4th July, for the position of keeper of the Beaufort weighbridge, at a commission of half the fees.

Attention is directed to Messrs George Hague and Co's advertisement in another column regarding their Geelong wool sales for the season 1904-5. Weekly sales will be held every Friday during the coming season. Their extensive warehouses have been built expressly for the storage of wool, the show rooms being splendidly lighted and unequalled in the State for the proper display of wool. Special personal attention is given to farmers' clips, and no lot, however small, is sold under market value. The charges are the lowest ruling in the State. The firm act strictly as selling brokers only, and have had 40 years' practical English, continental, and colonial experience of the wool trade.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' The 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

For Bronchial Coughs take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

The rainfall at Beaufort for the week ending yesterday at 9 a.m. amounted to 86 points.

Mr Victor Wendt, who is about to leave Snake Valley for Birchip, was presented with a pair of gold sleeve links at the Mechanics' Hall on Monday evening.

Tenders are invited by the Shire of Ripon, till 11 a.m. on Monday, 4th July, for spreading maintenance metal and supplying and spreading gravel at Skipton, and also for reforming, spreading maintenance metal, and supplying and spreading gravel near McIntosh's corner, Eurambeen.

In reply to an enquiry by Mr E. J. Muntz, B.C.E., engineer to the Shire of Ripon, the secretary to the Department of Public Works states that applications for licenses under the Unused Roads and Water Frontages Act must be made by the persons concerned after receiving notice to that effect from this department.

Mr W. H. Uren, ex-M.L.A. for Ripon and Hampden, is at present (says Monday's "Courier") on a brief holiday visit to Ballarat, where his aged father still resides. Mr Uren is engaged in pastoral pursuits in Gippsland. Unfortunately, he is almost blind, and he cannot get about without assistance. The ex-member, who has many friends here, met with a cordial reception.

Mr E. H. Austin, of "Colvinsby," Dobies (formerly of "St. Enoch's," Stockyard Hill), has been successful in appropriating the trophy presented to the Ararat Golf Club by Mr J. W. F. White for competition among the gentlemen.

A writ has been issued by Messrs Crisp, Cameron, and Rennick, solicitors, of 425 Little Collins-street, on behalf of Elizabeth Jessie Kittle, of Shepparton, claiming £500 as damages for alleged breach of promise of marriage. The defendant is Thomas N. C. Deeley, of Beaufort, police constable. Madame Heller, the clairvoyant queen, has predicted a settlement of this case.

Miss Bain, of St. Enoch's, Stockyard Hill, was driving a pair of horses out of the Camp Hotel yard at Beaufort on Tuesday afternoon, when the wheel of the buggy collided against the gate post, bringing down half the gate, and smashing the swingle-tree. Messrs P. J. Russell and M. O'Brien prevented the horses from doing further damage.

A concert and ball, to celebrate the opening of the new hall at Buangor, is to be held at Buangor on Wednesday, 6th inst.

A general meeting of the Beaufort Gun Club is convened for Monday evening next, at the Mechanics' Institute.

Miss M. Flynn has been appointed to the head teachership of Willenabrina North State school (near Warracknabeal). Prior to her departure from the Waterloo school, the children in her class presented her with a handsome purse, and the teachers gave her a 20th Century Encyclopædia and an up-to-date dictionary.

As Cr. George Lewis's seat in the Riponshire Council becomes vacant next month by effluxion of time, he informs the ratepayers of the West riding by advertisement in another column that he will again be a candidate for the seat, and trusts that his actions during the past nine years have been such that they will do him the honor of again returning him as one of their representatives.

'LINSEED CATHARTICUM PILLS' of Mountain Flax. Agreeably Aperient. Worthy of trial.

Voters' lists and separate voters' lists of the several ridings of the Shire of Ripon for the year 1904-5 will be open for inspection, during office hours, at the Shire offices, Beaufort, from the 8th to the 14th inst., and copies for the separate ridings may also be inspected at the Waterloo Mechanics' Institute, the Snake Valley Mechanics' Institute, and at Stockyard Hill Hotel. Claims for enrolment or notices of objection must be given to the secretary on or before 14th inst. Forms for this purpose are obtainable at the Shire offices, Beaufort, and at the Mechanics' Hall, Snake Valley.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, for Coughs and Colds never fails. 1s. 6d.

Messrs W. Dickson, P.M., M. Flynn, and G. Topper, J.s.P., presided over the Beaufort Police Court on Tuesday. An adjourned vaccination case against William Kirkpatrick was further adjourned till 7th July; Senior-constable Nicholson stating he understood that defendant intended to have his child vaccinated, but that he had not sent him word as to whether it had been done or not, and an adjournment would enable him to ascertain this. At the instigation of Truant Officer W. McMahon, the following parents or guardians were fined in the sum stated for neglecting to send children to school the required number of days:—Lionel Haine, 2s 6d; Joseph Callender, 2s 6d; Thomas Whitfield, 2s 6d; Seymour Baker, 2s 6d; George Phillips, 2s 6d; William Lindsay, 2s 6d; Wm. Armstrong (two cases, and a second offence), 5s in each case; Mary Moore (second offence), 5s; John Saddleir, 2s 6d. An application by Roland George Kirkpatrick for a carrier's license was granted; the police offering no objection.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' of 38 years' proven efficacy, for Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis, &c.

A social was held in the Raglan Church on Tuesday evening last (writes a correspondent), with the object of raising funds to liquidate the debt incurred by repairing the parsonage. There was a very large gathering, and Mr W. J. Bartley so arranged the programme by song, recitation, and amusement as to make the evening entertaining and pleasant. Miss Andrews' contributions to the programme were highly appreciated; while Messrs Bartley, Davey, and Boyd, and Misses Panther, Wills, and Sutherland rendered pleasing items. The church was nicely decorated, and coffee and refreshments were provided by the ladies. The Church would do well by making these gatherings more frequent, and thus provide healthful and profitable recreation, to replace that which is considered harmful and injurious to young life. The Rev. R. Yeo and Mr Bartley suitably thanked all who had contributed to the evening's enjoyment.

"You sellum Wood?" the Chinaman asked,
The chemist his desk forsook,
And favoured his interlocutor
With a calmly quizzical look.
"You no savee? Me muchee cold.
Me bossee tellum me,
You catchum Woods' Great Pep'min Cu'
Makum all li! You see?"

For Chronic Chest Complaints, Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the United Ancient Order of Druids was held in the lodge room, Societies' Hall, on Tuesday night; the A.D., Bro. D. McDonald, in the chair and 29 members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Sick pay amounting to £4 10s was passed for payment. Two new members were elected, and one proposed. The balance from social held last quarter night, amounting to 21s, was voted to management fund.

The many friends of Mr and Mrs J. E. Loft, of the Railway hotel, Beaufort, will regret to hear of the death of their eldest daughter, Ida May, from typhoid fever, at the age of 11 years and 7 months; the sad event occurring on Wednesday morning. She had been ill for about two months, and was unconscious all the time. Dr. Eadie was unremitting in his attention, as also were the two trained nurses. Very great sympathy has been expressed for the bereaved parents. The funeral has been arranged for 3.30 p.m. to-day (Saturday).

The Beaufort Presbyterian junior bible class took the opportunity, after undergoing an examination at the Manse last Monday evening, to present their teacher, the Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A., with a handsome handbag, as a slight token of their appreciation of the deep interest taken by him in their spiritual welfare. Master Fred Baker made the presentation in a very happy speech. Mr Barber cordially thanked his pupils for their kind and unexpected gift. Nothing has given him so much pleasure since he came to Beaufort as the spontaneous and hearty manner in which the presentation was made. The members of the class were hospitably entertained by the Rev. and Mrs J. A. Barber.

The usual committee meeting of the Raglan branch, A.M.A., was held on Monday night, the president (Mr W. G. Davis) in the chair, and Messrs C. Sutherland, J. Sargeant, E. Cordy, W. Millar, W. D. Smith, and A. Stevenson (secretary), being present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Correspondence.—From J. Praed, general secretary, notifying executive council meeting on Friday, July 1st. From general secretary Coal Miners, acknowledging receipt of donation and thanking members for their past kindness to them. The following accounts were passed for payment:—J. Pope, £2; A. Crocker, £2; rent of hall, £1; secretary, £1.

Arbor Day was celebrated at the Sailor's Gully State school on Friday, 24th ult. Most of the parents and several friends of the children assembled at the school, and a very enjoyable time was spent. Recitations and songs were rendered by the children, and essays read by the senior scholars. Mr Patterson then addressed the children, thanking them, on behalf of the visitors and himself, for the pleasant entertainment they had given them, not the least pleasing item being their musical drill. The children were delighted by his speech on the beauty and value of trees, which he illustrated with story. After refreshments (provided by the parents and teacher, Miss Cochrane) were partaken of, 40 trees were planted in the school reserve by Miss Cochrane, the children and the visitors. At 4 o'clock afternoon tea was dispensed, after which the visitors dispersed.

A special meeting of the Ballarat Presbytery was held on Tuesday morning to consider the resignation of the Rev. J. S. Drummond. The Moderator, Rev. J. Cameron, presided, and Rev. T. R. Cairns acted as clerk in the absence of Dr. Gray. The delegates from the Linton and Carngham districts—Messrs Rankin (Linton), Carstairs and McRae (Carngham), and Lewis (Mortchup)—stated that the congregations had reluctantly agreed to extended leave of absence being given to Mr Drummond, and the latter subsequently referred in feeling terms to his twenty years' ministry in the district. He felt in need of a longer rest than would be permissible if a *locum tenens* were appointed to the charge, and he would therefore ask the Presbytery to dissolve the pastoral tie. This was regretfully done on the motion of the Rev. T. R. Cairns and Mr Donald McKenzie. The Rev. E. McQueen was appointed interim Moderator to declare the Linton and Carngham charge vacant on 10th prox.

Miss Rafferty, who has been engaged on the teaching staff at the Beaufort State school for the past 2½ years, and is leaving the Education Department to live at Ballarat prior to her marriage and settlement in Western Australia, was on Wednesday afternoon presented by Miss Cameron, on behalf of the R.C. Sunday school teachers and scholars, with a Gladstone bag. On Thursday afternoon, at the State school, Mr C. J. C. Baker, the head teacher, referred to Miss Rafferty's departure, and testified to her having faithfully performed her duties, remarking that in his absence he could trust her, knowing that the work went on as well as though he were present. She had taught a troublesome class very thoroughly. He wished her good health and happiness in her future home—the sunny West. He expressed sorrow that an intended present had not come to hand, but promised to send it on to her. Miss Rafferty, in thanking the teachers and scholars for their intended present, said she deeply appreciated Mr Baker's kind words, and wished them good-bye and hoped that God would bless and prosper them. "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and cheers given for Miss Rafferty.

Bonnington's Irish Moss
For Stubborn Colds and Children's Bronchial Coughs

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' The 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

The Hellers, despite the wet weather, attracted very large audiences to their remarkably clever and highly entertaining performances in the Societies' Hall, Beaufort, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. They certainly upheld their reputation as sensational entertainers; in fact, their marvellous powers have been the talk and wonder of the town. Mr G. W. Heller proved himself a past master at legerdemain, and succeeded in not only amusing the audience, but in completely mystifying them by his wonderful faculty for undoing knots and performing clever tricks. The Hellers disclaim the possession of occult powers, but appear to be endowed with almost supernatural abilities, and the mystery surrounding their performances makes them all the more attractive. They have only to be seen to be appreciated. Whether Madame Heller, the "clairvoyant queen," is really gifted with second-sight, or, by a system of mental telepathy, is able to read the minds of her audience while she herself is in a state of trance, certain it is that she absolutely astonished the people of Beaufort by her knowledge of local violent deaths that occurred years ago. The details were so accurate that even the most sceptical were amazed at the inexplicable nature of her marvellous powers. People were enabled to hear of the whereabouts of lost friends, of unknown wealth, and other interesting matters. The questions were written by persons in the audience, and after being shaken up, about 25 were distributed among the audience, and as the initials of the questioners were written by Madame Heller on a blackboard on the stage, the authors acknowledged their identity and marvelled at the correctness with which the hypnotic medium repeated the questions. "How long will the Watson Government last?" was asked, and the answer was—"Within six months there will be a change for the better." She also predicted that it would be some time yet before the Japanese would take Port Arthur — nearly two months—and that it would be nearly 18 months before the war was finished. In a mining town such as this, as might be expected, people were anxious to know whether certain ventures would be successful or not, and no less than six questions, the medium stated, referred to the Sons of Freedom Junction mine at Raglan. This venture, she prophesied, would turn out good. It was only a matter of time. There was any amount of gold there, running north to west, and would pay all right, although some people thought it wouldn't. This prophesy was warmly cheered, as also was another promising one concerning the Barton reef at Beaufort, which, it was predicted, would turn out well at a great depth—it would be at the 220ft. level before they got it. The Beaufort gutter is to be proved in five years, but Madame noticed that they (evidently meaning the residents) did not seem anxious to prove it, although there would be a slight improvement in two years. (Laughter.) The audience apparently thought "those dirty gutters" in the town were alluded to, but the reference was to the Beaufort gutter at Poverty Point. The sensational description of local fires and of a mining accident astonished everyone. To describe the performance in detail would occupy too much space. Suffice it to say that the bio-tableaux representations were exceptionally good, "A trip to the Moon," in particular, being indeed a "gorgeous spectacle"; and that the musical contributions of Messrs Norrie and Dodd were very pleasing. The smoking of clay pipes (without tobacco or light), and the puzzling manner in which Madame Heller got out of a sack in which she had been tied, all served to afford considerable amusement.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' The 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Of 38 years' proven efficacy.

Beaufort sportsmen were fairly successful at Burrumbeet on Thursday. A sweepstake (sparrows, five birds) was divided by T. Ellis (Beaufort) and H. Taylor (Burrumbeet), both being on the 19yds. mark. A trophy, presented by Mr W. Kenna, was also won by H. Taylor. In this match, which was judged by points, there were 10 birds each. J. A. Harris (20yds.) and T. E. Sands (19yds.), both of Beaufort, tied for second place with 24 points, being only one point behind the winner; while T. Ellis scored 23 points. Harris secured second prize in the shoot-off. In a 10s sweepstake pigeon match, H. Taylor, W. Phillips, "Beaufort," and J. A. Harris (the two latter being Beaufort shots) divided, all shooting off the 21yds. mark.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' Trade Mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linseed, for Coughs and Colds.

Football.

STOCKYARD HILL v. WATERLOO.

These two clubs met at Waterloo on Saturday last under adverse weather conditions, and the game resulted in a win for the Hill Club by 15 points. Scores—Stockyard Hill, 2 goals 4 behinds; Waterloo, 1 behind. The goals were kicked by Walter Anderson and Mac. Hannah. The ground was pretty sloppy, nevertheless the players entered into the game with great spirit. The players who shone out most prominently were—For Waterloo, Cheeseman, Robertson, Moore, and Johnson; Stockyard Hill, Anderson (2), Kirkpatrick, Hannah (2), and Jack Whelan. At the conclusion of the game the visiting team were entertained at Vowles' Albion Hotel, when the usual felicitations were given effect to by Messrs D. R. Hannah (captain of the Stockyard Hill team), W. Lynch, A. H. Macdermott, and R. A. D. Sinclair (who umpired the game in his usual fair and impartial manner.)

Stockyard Hill play Chepstowe and Mortchup combined to-day (Saturday) at Mortchup.

The Beaufort and Ararat Junior Football Clubs will play a match in the Beaufort Park on Wednesday afternoon in connection with the Wait trophy. A charge of sixpence will be made to the ground. In reply to a question on Thursday night, Madame Heller, hypnotic medium, predicted a win for the Beaufort boys after a struggle.

Skene Memorial Trophy.

The final shoot for the year for the trophy presented by Mr T. Skene, M.P., for competition between rifle clubs and Ranger teams, took place at Great Western on Saturday. The four clubs left in the final were Ararat, Avoca, Amphitheatre, and Stawell. The result of the shooting places the Avoca club in possession of the trophy for the ensuing year, the scores being:—

		Net.	Hdcp.	Tl.
Avoca	... ...	607	61	668
Amphitheatre	...	626	31	657
Ararat	... ...	575	43	618
Stawell	... ...	548	46	594

COAGULINE. Transparent Cement for broken articles.

Correspondence.

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

CLOSED ROADS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—At the last meeting of the Ripponshire Council, a return was submitted of the so-called unused roads within the shire. As very many of these roads are frequently used by the travelling public, I think the term "unused" is misleading and incorrect, and as very few persons are aware of the conditions, &c., of the Unused Roads and Water Frontages Act, and as so much of the public estate in this shire is involved, viz., 4,092 acres, the council should have it (the Act) advertised in the local paper. At first sight it seems a good idea to make the landholders who have these roads enclosed within their fences pay for them, but when they have a lease will not that be a title for the time being? and where will the travelling public come in? Will they not be liable to prosecution as trespassers? There is another aspect of the case generally overlooked—the value they have represented to those large landowners in whose possession they have practically been for close on 40 years. I write large landowners, as the following more particularly applies to them:—The greater number of these roads are one chain in width, so that every eight acres means a strip one mile in length by one chain wide, and if they had been compelled to fence the roads off when their runs were first selected (as the farmers had to), the expenditure would have been about £80 for every acre of road; but by enclosing their estates with "ring" fences, they were enabled to save that amount, also to save a large amount in dam making by having larger paddocks. The interest on the amount saved in fencing alone at 5 per cent. per annum means 10s per acre, which added to an annual grazing value of say 3s 4d, means an annual sum of 13s 4d per acre, which, in the largest area in the submitted list (732 acres)—an area equal to three fair-sized farms—amounts to an equivalent of £488 per annum—a nice little sum for somewhere about 40 years on one estate; and it is by no means the only one. We hear a great deal of the failure of the Land Tax to "break up" the large estates (that evidently having been its object), but can we wonder at it, when they are held under such conditions as above. As these roads have been rent free for so long, why not make the law retrospective and collect some back rent? Here is a chance for some budding politician to gain undying fame, and perhaps hatred also. I hope councillors and the public have not forgotten an attempt made some few years back to purchase right out a large number of "*these wretched roads.*" A great deal more might be written on this subject; but, Mr Editor, as I have already encroached on your valuable space, I will close, hoping some abler pen than mine may take it up, and in anticipation thanking you,

LIBERTY.

LAKE GOLDSMITH RESERVE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Cr. George Lewis is quite right in stating that no such resolution as mentioned by "A West Riding Ratepayer" has been passed by the Riponshire Council, viz.: "That no more money be expended on rabbit extermination on Lake Goldsmith." I have a faint recollection, however, that notice of motion to that effect was given some time ago, and for some reason not yet explained was allowed to lapse. Under present conditions the councillors would be failing in their duty towards adjoining landholders were they not to have the rabbits attended to. "Observer" points out that trappers won't only be too willing to trap on the reserve. I would ask, why don't they? There is nothing to prevent their doing so. The fact is men have tried trapping before, when rabbits were much more numerous, and failed to make a do of it. Perhaps if they were allowed to increase until they became a menace to the district, then I don't doubt but that trappers would do well. However, nobody desires to bring about such a state of affairs as that. So much for the rabbits on the reserve. Let us turn our attention to the reserve itself, and ask, why this needless expenditure of some £50 per annum of ratepayers' money? Why not lease this reserve, as has been done with the others in the West riding? and instead of being a drain on the revenue to the extent of £50 yearly, it will become a profitable asset, yielding about £60 per annum—practically a saving of £100 annually; not to be sneezed at these times. Mr Muntz, in his report to the council re reserves in the shire, said—"The reserves not already leased will be so small that it was not worth bringing them in under the Unused Roads Bill," or something to that effect. Considering that Lake Goldsmith reserve contains about 3,000 acres, I fail to see why it was omitted. Was the engineer acting on instructions?—Yours, etc.,

D. R. HANNAH.

Stockyard Hill.

Mining News.

All Nations Consols, Beaufort—R. F. Troy and party—Completed sinking of shaft; now opening drive on west side. Grant and party—Driving and crosscutting in the south end, with improved returns. Yield, 5oz. bullion. Adamthwaite and party—Bottomed shaft at 64 feet; now sinking in rise. Morris and party—Sunk shaft to 40 feet; now temporarily stopped through increase of water. Full yield, 8oz 1dwt.

Daughters of Freedom, Main Lead—Yield for week, 2oz. 19dwt.

Barton Quartz Company, Beaufort—No. 3 level, S.E. drive extended 18½ft., making 22½ft. from shaft, through nice clean settled country. Water from 600 to 650 gallons per hour.

Sons of Freedom Central, Raglan—Blocking and truck-loading in No. 1 and No. 5 rises, in ground of average quality. Yield for the week, 103oz.

Sons of Freedom Junction Co., Raglan.—Engine house walls up and roof on; now building boiler house and stoke-hole.

Sam Slick tribute, Beaufort—Jaenich and party—Blocking and crosscutting in both ends of the mine, with payable returns. Yield, 10oz. 12dwt.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sons of Freedom Central, 103oz. 10dwt.; Daughters of Freedom, 8oz. 1dwt.; Last Chance, 4oz. 1dwt; sundries, 11oz.

Bonnington's Irish Moss
Cures Whooping Cough, Croup, All Chest Affections

respondence.

any way identify ourselves expressed by our correspon- ed that letters to the editor nied by the real name and riter, not for absolute pub- *bona fide* guarantee.

SED ROADS.

THE EDITOR.

st meeting of the Ripon- eturn was submitted of the roads within the shire, these roads are frequently elling public, I think the s misleading and incorrect, persons are aware of the f the Unused Roads and Act, and as so much of the his shire is involved, viz., council should have it (the n the local paper. At first good idea to make the land- ve these roads enclosed es pay for them, but when will not that be a title for and where will the travel- e in? Will they not be tion as trespassers? There t of the case generally over- e they have represented to owners in whose possession cally been for close on 40 arge landowners, as the fol- ticularly applies to them:— nber of these roads are one so that every eight acres ne mile in length by one if they had been compelled ds off when their runs were s the farmers had to), the uld have been about £30 for d; but by enclosing their ring" fences, they were that amount, also to save a n dam making by having s. The interest on the fencing alone at 5 per cent. ans 10s per acre, which nual grazing value of say 3s nual sum of 13s 4d per acre, gest area in the submitted —an area equal to three fair- ounts to an equivalent of —a nice little sum for some years on one estate; and it the only one. We hear a failure of the Land Tax to large estates (that evidently object), but can we wonder y are held under such condi- As these roads have been long, why not make the law nd collect some back rent? for some budding politician fame, and perhaps hatred councillors and the public en an attempt made some to purchase right out a large *ne wretched roads.*" A great t be written on this subject; as I have already encroached ie space. I will close, hoping than mine may take it up, tion thanking you,

LIBERTY.

LDSMITH RESERVE.

THE EDITOR.

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ington's Irish Moss
Whooping Cough, Croup.
All Chemists.

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'Twixt Love and Gold.

PART 14.

A HIGHLY SENSATIONAL ROMANCE OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

By J. Hanmer Quail,

Author of "The Cup Winners," "His Madeline," "Fenton Friars," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIX Continued.

They walked on briskly, talking in low tones of the success of their adventure till they reached the station. There was no train for more than an hour, but they did not mind that. There was little fear of any attack being made upon them there, and they had so much to talk about and so many questions to ask Wylva of what had happened to her since she left England that they were glad to have the opportunity. The time slipped away quickly, and almost before they were aware of it they found themselves speeding towards the south in the early morning train.

Mr. Branstein's house was in a state of uproar. They thought that it had been entered by burglars, and it was some time before they discovered what had happened and that Wylva—Mrs. Branstein as they called her—had gone. Then Mr. Branstein's rage knew no bounds. He rushed swiftly about the house, vowing vengeance on every one he could think of who was likely to have aided Miss Merriman in escaping from the captivity in which he had held her.

CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Bexfield was finishing a late dinner at the Hotel International at Kimberley, which he had made his head-quarters since arriving in Cape Colony. He had now been in the diamond fields more than two months, a much longer time than he had any idea of staying when he had set out from England. He had come out to the Cape on what was to him a matter of stern, prosaic business, that of seeing Wylva Merriman legally bound to Mr. Karl Branstein. Mr. Branstein, pere, had agreed to transfer to Mr. Bexfield shares in the Kimberley First Gems Mining Company to the nominal value of thirty thousand pounds—they were actually worth more—on the marriage of his son Karl to Miss Merriman. But to the annoyance of all of them Wylva met Karl Branstein's advances with marked repugnance. His offers of marriage she dismissed with emphatic declarations that marriage with him was impossible. At last Karl and his father and Mr. Bexfield realised that their plans were being frustrated by "a chit of a school-girl," as they were pleased to call her. Then it was that they decided that what could not be done by persuasion should be done by strategy or force, and they agreed upon a bold coup. Karl was to take Wylva to his own house and keep her there until by some means, fair or unfair, they could obtain her signature to a form which should be evidence that she had legally married him. Wylva was therefore taken to Karl Branstein's house, and kept there, a prisoner. For a month before her release by Malcolm Cameron and Charlie Drayton, her life had been a martyrdom. Karl Branstein and Mr. Bexfield in turn pleaded with her, railed at her, threatened her and tried to trick her into a formal contract of marriage with Karl. They had pressed wine upon her in the hope that she could be induced to take it, and that perhaps her mental faculties would be so clouded and her power of will weakened that she would agree to their wishes. Every attempt had failed. Wylva could not be induced to touch either a drop of wine or of anything else that was likely to throw her off her guard or weaken her power of resistance. They therefore decided to regard her as in a state of siege, and that Mr. Branstein should hold her closely invested until such time as she could no longer resist his advances and would formally marry him.

It had been the most worrying and disappointing day of all to Mr. Bexfield. A message had reached him as he lay in bed that morning, saying that Wylva had been abducted from Karl Branstein's house. He had seen hastily and spent the day in unsatisfactory inquiries. Late in the day he ascertained beyond doubt that Wylva had gone south by rail with two young men. Weary in body and mind, he returned to the hotel in time for dinner.

He sat back in his chair perplexed and dejected. Every attempt to explain Wylva's abduction had failed. He had been foiled and fooled cruelly.

A waiter entered the room bearing a small card tray.

"A gentleman wants to see you, sir; he says his business in urgent, and that he must see you. He is in the smoke-room, sir."

Mr. Bexfield took the card. His eye caught one word upon it, the name of "Kilkerne."

"Heavens!" he gasped as the card dropped from his fingers, his cheeks blanched.

"Kilkerne here. It is his doing, curse him," he gnashed as a diabolical look came into his eyes. Now everything was clear to him. Wylva's abduction was explained. He felt sure that Lord Kilkerne had tracked her to Kimberley, and had caused her to be carried off from Mr. Branstein's. But to come to see him. What could he do?

Hugh Bexfield felt that he must see Lord Kilkerne and face the matter out. The visit could only concern Wylva, and just then Wylva's whereabouts most concerned him.

Rising from his chair he walked to the smoke-room full of vague doubts and apprehensions.

The room was small but comfortable. It lay at one side of the passage which led from the front door of the hotel, and had been unoccupied when Lord Kilkerne was shown in. He had taken a chair at the end of the room farthest from the door to await Mr. Bexfield's coming. As the discomfited schemer entered Lord Kilkerne rose and drawing himself up to his full imperial height, gazed sternly at Mr. Bexfield.

"You are a pretty scoundrel," Lord Kilkerne said, angrily, with a withering glance at Mr. Bexfield.

"What do you mean?" Mr. Bexfield demanded, with as injured an air as he could assume.

"What do I mean? Come, come, we have had too much trifling! What about Miss Merriman."

"Where is she?" asked Bexfield sharply collecting himself.

"Oh! That is too hollow altogether. You agreed with me that I should have her at your own price. I accepted your terms. You got the money and I did not get Miss Merriman. You coolly went and sold her again to Branstein, and I suppose got your price for her from him. You are an infamous scoundrel."

"Don't use hard names. Control yourself; you don't want the whole house to hear; these are private affairs," Mr. Bexfield said in his old masterful tone.

"I say you are an infamous scoundrel. You took my money under agreement that I should marry Wylva Merriman. You said that you could guarantee that the marriage should take place, and you did not. You went and made a like arrangement with Karl Branstein, and I suppose took his money too. Where is the girl?"

"I don't know where she is."

"You lie. You have got her here in Kimberley for your own devilish ends. I demand to know where she is."

"It is a lie. She is not in this town, nor do I know where she is."

"You do know, you lying villain" Lord Kilkerne shook his fist threateningly at Mr. Bexfield.

"I tell you I don't know where she is, and if you are going to carry on in this outrageous way——"

"Where is my money?" demanded Lord Kilkerne angrily.

"You must take the risks of your venture like any other business man' Mr. Bexfield returned contemptuously

"Venture! You scoundrel. If I can neither have the girl nor my money I will have satisfaction. I will expose you and ruin you, but first I'll take it out of your hide, you dog!"

Swift as a lightning flash, Lord Kilkerne's right hand shot out towards Mr. Bexfield's head. Instinctively Mr. Bexfield's arm had risen as quickly. It caught the blow but the blow was terrific. Lord Kilkerne was a powerful man. Mr. Bexfield fell to the ground.

"Take that, you scoundrel; and that; and that! Curse you!" Lord Kilkerne kicked the prostrate body again and again. Then with a parting kick, as Mr. Bexfield rose to his knees, Lord Kilkerne walked from the room as two waiters were on the point of entering to see what the disturbance meant.

As Lord Kilkerne walked with heavy steps along the corridor and out of the door of the hotel a young-ish man emerged from a room opposite the smoke-room. His face was almost diabolical with the confusion and rage which it revealed. Hope, hatred, and vengeance were visible in his closely-set lips, his contracted brow, in the deep forced lines on a naturally mobile face, and in the wild glare of his restless eyes. It was Karl Branstein. He had followed Mr. Bexfield to the hotel to have further conversation with him concerning Wylva's disappearance and had overheard every word which had passed between the stranger—Lord Kilkerne—and Mr. Bexfield. Hatless, despairing and enraged to the point of madness he rushed after Lord Kilkerne as he left the hotel.

CHAPTER XXI.

For nearly an hour Mr. Bexfield had been shut in the room which he had used as a bedroom during his stay at the Hotel International. His trunks were packed ready to leave the hotel in the morning, and he had been gathering up his papers and placing them in order in a small portmanteau, which he meant to take personal charge of. His projects had failed utterly, and he was about to leave Kimberley for Cape Town on the way to England, at an early hour in the morning. He was defeated and dispirited, and was longing to get back to England. Wylva had simply passed from his ken, Lord Kilkerne had left Kimberley on the night on which he had attacked him in the smoke-room of the hotel. Mr. Bexfield felt sure that Wylva had been taken away by Lord Kilkerne's directions and that he had simply gone after her. His own plans had shattered and fallen about his ears, and he was, as it were, struggling under the burden of debris which had overwhelmed him.

There was a knock at the door. Mr. Bexfield walked to the door and opened it. The hall porter stood by the door with a note in his hand.

"This has come for you, sir," said the man handing the note to Mr. Bexfield.

Closing the door again Mr. Bexfield tore open the note and read:

"Have received news of Wylva. Come over and see me at once, if you can. Awaiting your arrival, yours truly,

KARL BRANSTEIN.

Mr Bexfield frowned and bit his lip His intention a minute before had been never to go near any of the Bransteins again. He had had hot words with Karl Branstein and his father about the failure of their plan for marrying Wylva to Karl, and wanted to get away from them, and from the place. But as the note said that Karl had news about Wylva, Mr. Bexfield felt that it was to his interest to go and see him. Putting the remainder of his papers hurriedly into the portmanteau and then carefully locking it, and setting it down at the end of the bed. Mr. Bexfield went downstairs, put on his hat and left the hotel.

On reaching Karl Branstein's house to his surprise Mr. Bexfield was conducted to an upstair room. It was the room overlooking the green flat at the back of the house, which had been Wylva's bedroom, and from which Malcolm Cameron had helped her to escape.

"Mr. Branstein will see you in a moment, sir," said the man who had shown Mr. Bexfield up to the room. The door was closed upon him and he was quite alone. He wondered why he had been shown into that room—a bedroom.

Presently Karl Branstein entered. Mr. Bexfield started. Karl was usually rather slow and ponderous in his movements; now he moved with a nervous quickness, as if he had lost his old power of control. There was something about his face and eyes, which sent a chill to Mr. Bexfield's heart. Karl looked like an old man—forty years older than he was a fortnight ago—and the expression on his face was one that told of madness. Mr. Bexfield shuddered.

"Oh, you've come, eh? Well that is right. I want to see you. Have you heard anything of Wylva?" Karl Branstein asked in a way that caused Mr. Bexfield's blood to run cold. The voice, the manner, the expression of the face; everything was utterly unlike what he had been familiar with. A cold sweat came out upon Mr. Bexfield's forehead. He felt certain that Karl Branstein was mad.

"Have you heard anything about Wylva?" he asked again, in a childish and mocking way.

"No. I have not. I thought you had heard something of her," Mr. Bexfield answered uneasily.

"Ye-es, I have; I've heard a great deal about her. Would you care to hear it?"

Mr. Bexfield scarcely knew how to answer. Karl Branstein was evidently mocking him or else playing a part.

"What have you heard?" he asked in a moment.

"Why: I heard that before she was offered to me, she was sold to another man, and that as soon as you had got the other man's money you placed her in my way, and then offered her to me for the Kimberley First Gems. I agreed to your terms but I did not get the girl. She just made a fool of me or you did; that is what it means; you got her away just a bit too soon, before you got the paper. You have outdone yourself this time."

"I—got her away!" Bexfield said astonished and angry.

"Yes. You got her away, and by this, I expect you are offering her to someone else, if you are not too mad with yourself about spoiling my game, to do anything. I see it all. It is just a little round game; sell the girl to someone she won't look at; draw the plunder and then begin again. Better than diamond dealing. Excellent!"

Karl Branstein laughed vacantly.

Mr. Bexfield paused. He was wondering whether it was worth while exchanging another word with Karl. Suddenly he seemed to recover himself, and to regain all his old decision of thought and speech.

"What do you want with me?" he asked in a tone which plainly told that he was no longer to be trifled with.

"I have got something more to say; just a little more, and you must hear it. This is Wylva's room She slept—there. On that night she went through the window. You did not keep your part of the bargain, I haven't got Miss Merriman, but I'll keep mine. I can't get you the shares in the Kimberley First Gems, father holds them. But I promised you some of the gems, some precious sparkling diamonds, if the thing went through properly as a little acknowledgement; just a small present made in a friendly way on my own account. You shall have the diamonds. I have them here, see."

He slipped his left hand into his pocket, and in about a minute drew out his hand and held it towards Mr Bexfield.

A score or more of large gems sparkled on the palm.

"Look if they are good enough, genuine," he said ironically.

"They are fine enough for anything," said Mr. Bexfield, more sure than ever that Karl Branstein was out of his senses.

"Yes, they are fine enough for anything. You shall have them all. Here they are. Take them."

Quick as thought he drew a revolver from his breast pocket. Before Mr. Bexfield could imagine what he intended to do Karl slipped about half the gems into the barrel. The next instant a report rang through the house. He had fired. A bullet and nearly a dozen diamonds now lodged in Mr. Bexfield's breast.

Again, and with a maniac's quickness the remainder of the diamonds were slipped into the barrel of the revolver on to the next cartridge. In another instant the weapon came out again. Another bullet and another charge of diamonds had penetrated Mr. Bexfield's side.

"There! I've kept my promise. You've got the diamonds. Take them with you, you cursed trickster," Karl Branstein said, as he shook the revolver at Mr. Bexfield. Turning disdainfully on his heel he passed out of the room, leaving Mr. Bexfield in death agonies on the floor.

(To be Continued.)

PHRENOLOGY.

"I had my character told the other day by a phrenologist. He said I was a vegetarian."

"How did he know that?"

"Well, he saw that I had carroty hair, red-dish cheeks, and a turn-up nose, and a sage look—see?"—"Windsor Magazine."

Cab-driver, looking scornfully at the shilling given him by a celebrated actor): "You're the gentleman wot acts Shylock, ain't you"

"Great Actor!" "Yes, I am."

Cab-driver: "Ah, I thought so, comes sort o' nat'ral to you, it does."

PRESENT POSITION OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

The cordial relations recently between England and France, coupled with the conclusion of the treaty which appears likely to be the outcome of these, may, in the early future, revive the question of the construction of a submarine connection between the two sides of the Channel—for which purpose the Channel Tunnel Company has been kept in existence for many years past.

It has already been proved that such an undertaking presents no difficulties insuperable to present-day engineering science. On the English side, near Dover, a drift has been driven for almost a mile and a half towards France, whilst on the French side a corresponding gallery has been penetrated fully one mile towards England. One-ninth therefore, of the total distance has already been explored, and it is significant of the ultimate result that, although the works have now been standing for twenty years since Mr. Gladstone visited the English heading in 1882, they are still as dry as though driven yesterday. The chalk bed in which they have been made is impermeable to water, and is to be seen rising near Calais exactly as the same formation which disappears beneath the sea in the neighbourhood of Dover.

The Channel between the two points, therefore, lies in a great chalk trough, in which the tides ebb and flow with little more chance of breaking through beneath than if their steams ran in a gigantic crockery spout, see-sawing continually between the North Sea and the Atlantic. There is a certain risk of cracks in the strata, but the chance of these existing has been reduced to a minimum by the number of soundings taken above the line of the proposed tunnel—the French company concerned having alone made more than 7,000 of these.

The obstacles to the work are, of course, rather financial, and political than technical in the engineering sense. The money question bulks largely, for the estimate for the work is ten million sterling, and the probability is that it will cost fifteen millions; an immense sum upon which to earn dividends from a traffic, which would, of necessity, be restricted to passengers and light goods, and which would almost certainly be exposed to severe competition from improved means of transit upon the surface; such as the turbine steamers already introduced on the passage, and the Channel Ferry project for taking whole trains across; now being seriously contemplated by the South Eastern Railway of England and the Northern of France.

The political objections to the tunnel project have doubtless been modified by recent events, but they have been the real obstacle in the way since the idea of tunneling the Channel was originally suggested by M. Mathieu as long ago as 1802. At that period no sane person on the English side would listen to the proposal, and the caricaturists of the period made great play of the fancy that Bonaparte and his legions should be permitted to burrow beneath the "silver streak," and emerge, like rats or rabbits, from holes in Kent. It was not until seventy years later that public opinion had ripened to consider the question seriously.

It was again put forward in 1869 by Messrs. Bateman and Revy, and by M. Gamond in 1870-71, when a convention authorising it was signed between the English and the French Governments. But the Franco-Prussian war upset the arrangement and it was not revived for some years; collapsing again in 1880, when the English company, which had been formed came to the end of its resources.

It was resuscitated in conjunction with one connected with the South Eastern railway, but the works were finally stopped on 6th July, 1882 by an injunction, followed by Government action, based upon the report of a Commission, which decided against the tunnel for political reasons. So the matter still stands to-day, but what has been done is being kept intact, and only a change in the views of those in authority is necessary to set the heading machines whirling once more from both sides on their way towards a meeting beneath the middle of the Channel.

AT A RAILWAY STATION.

A railway booking-clerk was taken down rather neatly the other day. He handed as change to a passenger a sixpence with a hole in it, and on the recipient expressing an unwillingness to accept it, the official behind the pigeon-hole became very annoyed, and flatly refused to take it back. Meanwhile, the argument was causing considerable impatience among those who were waiting to book, and presently the gentleman next to the protesting traveller observed, "Take the coin, my dear sir, and I'll give you another sixpence for it." This done, the gentleman said to the booking-clerk, "Single to—" and among the coins he put down was the sixpence in dispute, which the clerk had naturally to accept.

EASTER BISCUITS.

Take rough ground rice and flour to fill a breakfastcup, a little ground mace, three ounces of lard, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and a little milk or water. Mix well, roll out on a floured board, cut in sounds, and bake in a moderate oven till a light brown.

—o-o-o—

MUSHROOM PIE.

One pund of mushrooms, one ounce of butter, a little cold water, seasoning and half-pound of pastry. Peel and wash the mushrooms, put in a pie-dish with the water and butter, cover with pastry, and bake in a quick oven about half an hour. The pastry should be brown.

VICE-ADMIRAL TOGO.

The Japanese fleet at Port Arthur was under the command of Vice-Admiral Togo, who some months ago succeeded Admiral Tsuboi in command of the Standing Squadron He is in the prime of life, and he of all available admirals knows what naval war under modern conditions means. He was once a cadet on the training ship, Worcester, in the Thames, sent to sea in a British man-of-war, and studied at Greenwich Naval College. In 1894, when the Japanese destroyed the Chinese fleet, Admiral Togo—he was only a captain then—struck the first blow He was in command of the second-class cruiser Naniwa, not an armoured vessel in the usual sense of the term, but a good British-built ship of 3,650 tons, with a protective deck from 2in. to 3in. thick and armoured conning-towers. For her size she was very heavily armed, carrying two 10.2in. guns, six 5.9 in. and a couple of nine-pounders, and ten Maxims for expelling torpedo craft. This little vessel saw more fighting than any other vessel in the Japanese navy, and Captain Togo won for himself his title, "The Fighting Admiral."

A British steamer, the Kowshing, and two others had been loaded up with soldiers and stores by the Chinese, and had started for Corea. On July 25, when in sight of the Islands of the Corean Archipelago, the Naniwa came in sight of the Kowshing, and fired blank shots as a signal for her to stop. The order was obeyed and then Captain Togo signalled "Remain where you are or take the consequences." The Kowshing was subsequently directed to follow the man-of-war, but the terrified Chinese would not let the British skipper carry out the order, and threatened to murder him. Captain Togo, when he was disobeyed warned Europeans to leave the ship, and then promptly discharged a torpedo, and opened fire with the five guns which could be brought to bear The torpedo hit the vessel, and in the words of Herr von Hanneken, a Prussian officer in the Chinese service who was on board, "The day became night; pieces of coal, splinters and water filled the air; then I believe all of us leaped overboard and swam." Many of the crew reached land, though it is said the captain of the man-of-war would give no aid in rescuing the Chinese; his ideas of war did not go on these humanitarian lines. The Kowshing sank in half-an-hour. The Naniwa and her consorts of the Flying Squadron had already considerably mauled the Tsi Yuen, Kuang Yi, and Tza Chieng, three Chinese ships, that same morning. The two former ships were much damaged, especially the Tsi Yuen and the last was captured.

Admiral Togo also took part in the fight at the Yalu, where the Chinese lost four of their ships and had serious fires on three others. He was most fortunate, losing only one man wounded, and even a shell at the water-line, which ought to have done the Naniwa great injury, exploded in a coal bunker without serious harm. The Naniwa, with the Akitsusu, was afterwards sent westward to reconnoitre Port Arthur Chifu, and Wei-hai-wei. They sighted two Chinese men-of-war. The one which could do so ran away, and the other which was aground, was destroyed. The Naniwa's shooting was especially good at the attack on Wei-hai-wei on January 26, 1895, and Captain Togo was present when the remnant of the Chinese fleet surrendered.

"THE MAN WHO STOLE THE 'GAINSBOROUGH.'"

The sober, cold, technical judgment passed upon Adam Worth by the greatest thief-hunters of America and Great Britain is that he was the most remarkable, most successful and most dangerous professional criminal known to modern times.

In a life of crime covering half a century Adam Worth looted at least 2,000,000 dollars, and most probably as much as 3,000,000 dollars. He cruised through the Mediterranean on a steam yacht, with a crew of twenty men, and left a trail of looted cities behind him. He was caught only once, and then through a blunder of a stupid confederate. He ruled the shrewdest criminals and planned deeds for them with a craft that bade defiance to the best detective talent in the world.

The police of Europe and America were eager for years to take him and for years he perpetrated every form of theft with complete immunity.

There were three redeeming features in the life of this lost human creature. He worshipped his family, and regarded and treated his loved ones as something sacred. His wife never knew that he was a criminal. His children are living in the United States to-day in complete ignorance of the fact that their father was the master thief of the civilized world.

He never forsook a friend or an accomplice. Because of that loyalty he once rescued his band of forgers from a Turkish prison, and then from Greek brigands, reducing himself to beggary to do it. Because of that loyalty he became "the man who stole 'The Gainsborough.'"—Robert A. Pinkerton, in the "New York World."

Doctor: "So your husband is ailing again?"

Mrs. Slimpurse: "Yes; it's insomnia now. He can't sleep a wink"

"Oh, I'll soon cure him of that."

"Yes, I am sure you can."

"Thanks for your confidence. He is worried about something, I presume?"

"Indeed he is, poor man. He lies awake all night wondering how he is going to pay your bill."

Insects will never attack books which are dusted once a year with powdered alum and white pepper. Three parts of alum should be used to one of pepper.

GERMAN TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

Broadly speaking, there are three kinds of technical instruction in Germany. The most advanced and scientific is given at ten technical Universities to future owners and managers of textile engineering works, and forms practically a subdivision of the department of mechanical engineering.

The second—and indeed, the most important in its bearing on the needs of the textile industries—is given at special textile schools for spinning, weaving, dyeing, and finishing. Thus practice and theory are combined; for every hour spent in the lecture room, two at least are spent in the workshop.

At these schools there are evening and even Sunday classes for foreman workmen, and workwomen; and the special organization of the schools is adapted to the specific manufacturing needs of the various districts. Particular attention is given to this in the interests at once of time and economy. There is no waste, or waste is reduced to a minimum. All is practical, and meant to serve immediate use.

The lower grade schools are for workmen only, and there the instruction is mainly practical—given at smaller weaving and spinning schools and instruction workshops.

But everywhere science is more or less applied to all work, and thus intelligence which can suggest improvements and the shortening of methods of processes is fed and directed; and everywhere researches in chemistry come into use On that account it is chiefly that there has been such an increase and outturn as had led the Government largely to increase the grants to such schools.

To show the high standard attained, as well as aimed at, in the ten technical Universities we are told that there is a very severe entrance examination, as well as other conditions.

"Intending students must be at least eighteen years old, have completed the full course of the gymnasium, and must produce proof that they have undergone a period of one year of practical work at engineering works or workshops. These conditions apply to fully qualified students; persons with lower educational qualifications may enter as 'outsiders,' but are not admitted to the leaving examinations. The fees are moderate, and seldom exceed £15 per annum."

Foreigners are not encouraged to attend the Universities. On the contrary, they are discouraged by severely extra fees; yet they attend in great numbers at all the schools.

It is impossible to enter into the minute differences presented between the various schools in view of the distinctions in the fabric, &c., in the different districts. The system in this respect proves the amount of knowledge and exact thought that have gone to perfect it.

"The object of the school is the instruction and training of managers, owners, designers, buyers, and salesmen in the textile branches. Embroidery, both hand and machine, is also taught.

The course lasts one and a half years, each half year being made up of twenty-one weeks of forty-four hours instruction. Men only are admitted to the weaving schools, but women may take up designing and embroidery."

FULL OF SURPRISES.

He was an old farmer on a visit to town, and he saw two young fellows playing chess.

The game was long and he ventured at length to interrupt it.

"Excuse me," he said; "but the object of both of you is to git them wooden objects from where they are over to where they ain't?"

"That partly expresses it," replied one of the men.

"And you have to be continually on the look out for surprises and difficulties?"

"Constantly."

"If you ain't mighty careful you are going to lose some of 'em?"

"Yes."

"An' there's that other game that I see some of you dressed up odd for, and play with long sticks and a little ball?"

"You mean golf?"

"That's what I mean. Is that game amusin'?"

"It's amusing and the exercise is beneficial."

"Well, I reckon it's a mighty good joke."

"To what do you refer?"

"The way I've been havin' fun without knowing anything about it. If you young gentleman want to enjoy yourselves, you come over to my farm, an' get me to let you drive pigs. You'll get all the walkin' you want, an' the way you have to watch for surprises, an' slip round so's not to lose 'em would tickle you nearly to death."

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN DEAD.

As an instance of red-tape, the following is hard to beat. When unable on account of sickness, distance, or other cause to attend personally to draw their quarterly pensions, pensioners were required to send in their application, accompanied by a certificate from a doctor or magistrate, to the effect that the pensioner was alive on the first day of the quarter, by post.

A pensioner, being seriously ill, allowed one quarter to pass without applying. At the commencement of the second quarter he sent two applications together with a certificate dated the same day. His application was returned, with a request that he would forward the life certificate for the previous quarter!—G. R. B., Salisbury.

BOILED LETTUCE.

Cut in quarters and wash well; shake the water out and tie together with tape. Boil in salted water until tender, and serve up on a slice of toast with white sauce on top. It resembles spinach, but is more delicate in flavour.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

A doctor tells this good story about a hypochondriac "Sometimes he would think himself a teapot. Again he would be a bottle or his legs would be turning into glass He was altogether a trying subject to deal with, but one morning the limit was reached, for when," says the doctor, "I asked him how he felt, he said, gruffly:

"How do I feel? Why I don't feel at all. I have been dead for several hours. How can a dead man feel?"

I determined for once, to humour him, so I said:

"Yes, you are dead right enough. Come upstairs. We'll send for the undertaker."

"The patient consented to do this though with a rather uneasy look, and got into bed and stretched himself out.

"Then, two or three at a time, his oldest friends were admitted.

"These friends, having been well coached, gazed at the 'corpse' and shook their heads sadly.

"'Ah!" one would say, 'so he is dead at last, eh? Well, a greater villain never lived.'

"'He must have died hard,' another would murmur. 'They say the wicked die hard always.'

"'A third friend exclaimed: "He cheated me out of £500. I lent the money to him without security, and he pretended he had never received it.'

"At this the hypochondriac sat up.

"'You lie, George,' he said bitterly.

"But I pushed him back telling him to remember that he was dead, and he subsided again.

"But when an old and trusted servant said of him in a loud voice: 'Well, the old curmudgeon is gone, and I am glad of it,' the hypochondriac could restrain himself no longer. He leaped out of bed and seized the servant by the throat.

"You scoundrel!" he exclaimed.

"But a great shout of laughter went up; the patient seemed for the first time to realise his folly; he turned and went for a walk, and never again did he permit his hypochondria to make a fool of him."

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Eels are most easily caught on thundery nights.

Russia has nearly three times the population of Japan.

Out of 316 recent cases of persons wounded with bullets in the brain, 160 recovered.

It has been proved that plants thrive better under white glass than under green.

Thibet is larger than France, Germany, and Spain combined, but has only 6,000,000 people.

The Ainu women in Japan tattoo their faces to give them the appearance of men with whiskers.

The robin is the last bird to retire to its nest in the evening. It has large eyes and can see well by a dim light.

A moderate wind moves at the rate of seven miles per hour; a storm at the rate of thirty-six miles and a hurricane at the rate of 80 miles.

A medical man who has given much attention to the subject of cancer, recently called attention to the pernicious influence of clay pipes and decayed teeth in causing cancerous growths.

Attar of ylang-ylang which rivals attar of roses as a perfume, and is worth from £8 to £10 more per lb. is the only product of a tree which grows in the Philippines.

People usually live longer in islands and small peninsulas than on continents. Barbadoes, Greece, Madeira, and the Shetlands are all favourable to long life.

If the ocean were dried up, all the water passing away as vapour, the amount of salt remaining would be enough to cover 5,000,000 square miles with a layer one mile thick.

Gambling in France is said to have reached such proportions that the Government has begun to study the subject seriously. It is estimated that half the suicides in Paris are due to losses at the races.

Captivity changes animals' nature. A lion captured when it is full grown will always be treacherous; but lions, tigers leopards, or other carnivorous animals that have been born in captivity can be tamed till they are quite as gentle and affectionate as poodle dogs.

The death-rate in Cuba before the war averaged about 42 to 1,000, taking a period of several years. It is now but 21. This means a decreased loss of time from illness, as well as saving of life. The result is due to the sanitary methods introduced.

There are 190,227 professional beggars in Spain, of whom 51,448 are women. In some of the cities beggars are licensed to carry on their trade. Seeking alms is recognised as a legitimate business, and the municipality demands a percentage upon the collections. Seville is the only city in the Kingdom which forbids begging in the streets.

When an Egyptian dog wishes to drink at the Nile, he goes for a short distance up the river and howls for some time. The crocodiles being attracted by the sound immediately crowd to the place, and the dog hastily runs to the place which the crocodiles have left, and drinks in safety.

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TRY FOR HER IN FIFTY.

The following extraordinary story was told to me some years ago by the commander of a steamship in which I was making a voyage for my health. The captain, who, as we shall see, had himself shared in the experience he related, began his tale thus:

"A good many years ago I was in Capetown, having been forced by illness to quit my post as second mate of a large ship bound to Bombay. A fortnight after the ship sailed, I recovered my health and was fit for work.

"In those days Capetown was without docks; nor does this carry the memory very far back, either. Colonial progress is the foremost of the miracles of our century. You visit some Antipodean shore after a few years and note a growth of docks, piers, warehouses, an expansion of suburbs, a magical embracing of the hillside by roof upon roof of enchanting villas, as at Natal, for example; and whilst you look, you shall think it rational to hold that more than a century has gone to the creation of this noble scene of civilization, and that the little struggling village you remember arriving at a few years before, with its dockless bay and its three or four small ships blistering under the eye of a roasting sun at their poor mooring alongside a rustic wooden wharf, with an imagination of your slumber.

"I was entirely dependant upon my profession. Sickness had heavily taxed my slender purse, and I was exceedingly anxious, when I was well enough for work, to obtain a situation. Ships brought up in the bay in those days, and discharged for the most part in lighters. The spacious breast of waters would offer again and again a grander show than is ever likely to be seen there in these or succeeding times. There was no Suez Canal; steam was by no means plentiful. All the trading to the east was by way of the Cape, and nearly everything bound round Agulhas looked into Table Bay for refreshment.

"I remember one of those mornings whilst I was hunting for a berth, that I counted a hundred and ten vessels at anchor in Table Bay. To be sure, I have witnessed as much as five hundred ships straining at their ground tackle at one time in the Downs. But that forest of spars had a wide area to distribute itself over in the waters streaming from the South Foreland down to the stretch that lies abreast of Sandwich. The hundred odd craft in Table Bay made a more imposing sight than the Downs picture, thanks, perhaps, to the solemn and magnificent scenery of mountain, whose lofty, silent terraces seemed, in the colossal sweep of them, to swell and thicken the ships into a stately, rocking crowd, and they lay in a tall mass of symmetric spires, the rigging of one knitting that of another past her, and the bright wind was painted with the colors of a dozen nations.

"I stood at the head of a little jetty or pier. Was there nothing to find me a berth worth six pounds a month in all that gallant huddle of gleaming sides and coppered flanks? The water trembled like molten brass under the sun to the coral-white line of the opposite shore, where the land went away in strange hues of rusty red and sickly green, carrying the eye into the liquid blue distance in which hung a hundred miles off a range of magnificent mountains like pale gold in the far light, their sky-lines as clean cut in the full and even splendor of that magical climate as the top of Table Mountain, close at hand.

"I was watching a Malay fishing boat sliding through the water, with an occasional burst of spray off her weather bow, which arched a little rainbow for her to rush through, when I was accosted. I turned. It was the port captain, or harbor master. I cannot remember the term by which his office was distinguished. He had sailed with my father some years earlier, and I had met him on two occasions in England. He had done me some kindness whilst I lay ill in lodgings in Capetown, and had assured me of his willingness to help me to find a ship when I should be well enough to go to sea. He was a Scotchman, with a hard, weather-colored face, and of a dry, arch expression of eye.

"'D'ye see anything to fit ye?' said he.

"'Ay,' said I, 'a plenty.'

"'Well, now,' said he, 'you're the very man I was thinking of not half an hour ago. I was in Adderley street, and met a captain who was here last year. His name's Huddersfield. He's in charge of a Colonial trader from a South American port, with a small consignment for this place, and is bound for Sydney, New South Wales, where his little ship's owned, chiefly, I believe, by himself.'

"'Is there room for me in her?'

"'Well, yes, I think you'll stand a chance. She lost her chief officer overboard when six days from this port, and she's got to ship another man. Take my advice and go aboard this evening and see the captain. He's ashore till five or six o'clock.'

"'Which is the vessel?'

"He pointed to a large three-masted schooner that was lying within a hundred strokes of an oar almost abreast of us. She looked an exceedingly fine craft. A large Dutch Indiaman was rolling upon the swell of the sea within a few cables' length astern of her, and just ahead rode a Russian auxiliary frigate, very heavily sparred, with great gleaming windows in her stern, and a network of gilding on either quarter, so that the blue brine under her counter flashed as to the dart of a sunbeam whenever she lightly swayed; yet the schooner held her own in all points as a picture of beauty, and was not to be dwarfed. The gilded buttons of her trucks shone high in the azure of that afternoon; she was painted white, and a gleam of dark red, like some cold wet flash of sunset, broke from her metalled bends whenever she was moved by the inflowing heave of the water.

"I lingered by the shore for the remainder of the afternoon, watching the people coming and going from and to the shipping, until I fancied, indeed I was certain, that the man I wanted, dressed in white clothes and a wide-brimmed straw hat, had been put aboard the schooner by her own boat.

"When I got on board I found the little ship a very noble, flush-decked vessel, with a clear sweep of sand-bright, yacht-like plank running from the taffrail to the 'eyes'; the brass-work was full of the stars of the western sunshine. The glass of her skylights was dark and shining. Her ropes were Flemish coiled, as though, indeed, she had been a man-of-war. Everything was clean and neat. I guessed she was about three hundred tons burden. Her crew had knocked off for the day and were lounging about the windlass, two or three of them stripped to the waist washing themselves. They had a colonial air. This might have been owing to their dress of check shirt, open at the breast, no braces, here and there moleskins, and here and there a cabbage-tree hat.

"The second mate, a man whose name I afterwards ascertained was Curzon, was walking in the gangway smoking a pipe. I inquired if Captain Huddersfield was on board. He asked me what my business was, as though suspicious of a visit from a stranger after working hours. I was about to explain the reason that had brought me to the schooner, when Captain Huddersfield himself emerged through the little companion way, and stepped on deck, pausing a moment with the sharp of his hand to his brow to gaze in the direction of Capetown.

"He was a tall, gentlemanly-looking person, thickly bearded, the hair of a rich auburn; the skin of his face was much burned by the sun; his eyes were of a liquid blue, and when he approached and directed them at me I seemed to find something glowing and tender in them, as though he were an enthusiast, a man of strange, perhaps high, but always honest imaginings; a dreamer. He of all the men that ever I had met at sea the least corresponded in appearance with the received image of the nautical man, who, forsooth, whether in fiction or on the stage, must needs be a fraud from the landgoing point of view if he be not purple with grog blossoms, with eyes dim and staring with drink, with legs bent like the prongs of a pitchfork, and charged to the throat with a forecastle vocabulary, incommunicable even by initials!

"I must say of Captain Huddersfield that never afloat or ashore had I before beheld in any man a more placid, benevolent expression of countenance. His age seemed about forty.

"'That's the captain,' said the second mate.

"I lifted my cap and walked up to him. In a few words I told my business, adding that I held not only a chief mate's, but a master's certificate of competency. He eyed me critically, but with kindness, and nodded with something of gravity on my mentioning the name of the Port Captain. After we had exchanged a few sentences he took me into the cabin, a bright, breezy little interior, aromatic with a quantity of plants, which had evidently been recently brought aboard, and cheerful with mirrors and pictures, as though, in short, this gentleman was in the habit when he went to sea of carrying his parlor with him; and bidding me be seated, he asked a number of questions, all which I saw with much pleasure by the expression of his face I answered to his satisfaction.

"The interview ended in his offering me the post of mate of the schooner on a lump wage for the run to Sydney, and early next morning I went on board with my chest, and took up my quarters in the cabin.

"I regarded this securing of a post as a fine stroke of luck, and was mighty thankful. Plentiful as was the shipping in Table Bay, I had suspected ever since I went ashore, a sick man, that my chance of getting a situation aft was small; that, in short, I should be obliged to get clear of the Cape by offering myself as a hand. A trip to Sydney was just to my liking, for amongst the ships there I should find no difficulty in procuring a berth owing to the gold craze which was emptying vessels of their crews, from mate to boy, before they were fairly berthed.

"Four days after I had signed the schooner's articles, we weighed and stood out of the Bay. We were just in time to escape the thrashing of a furious south-easter which came whipping and howling down Table Mountain, out of the magnificent milk-white softness of vapor that half-veiled the grand height, sinking and lifting upon it. A wide surface of water was whitened by this strange local gale. The limits of the wind were sharply and extraordinarily defined by a line of foam, inside of which all was savage popple and boiling commotion, the ships in its straining wildly, let loose gear curving, their bunting roaring; outside all was of a midsummer serenity, the water rolling like knolls of polished quicksilver, tarnished here and there by light breathings of wind which delicately stretched the sails of the Malay boats, and sent them glancing through it till the catspaw died out into a roasting trance of burnished brine.

"We were, as I have said, a three-masted schooner, square-rigged forword, with an immense hoist of lower-mast for a square foresail, and a length of flying jibboom that made us all wings from the golden gleam of the figure-head to the tack of the flying jib. I had never before been shipmate with fore and aft canvas. All my knowledge of the sea had been picked up under square yards. There was nothing I could not do with a full-rigged ship, nor need a square-rigger and an old hand be charged with egotism for saying so. But when it came to boom-mainsails and gaff-foresails, and ropes and rigging with unfamiliar names, I could only idly look on for awhile But I did not doubt I should be able to quickly learn everything necessary to be known, and meantime, when we were well out at sea, with the high African land upon our port quarter, blue in the air, with distant mountains trembling towards their summets into silver, and the mighty Southern Ocean stretching over our bows away down to the white silence of the Antartic parallels, I watched the behavior of the schooner with interest.

"The breeze was abeam, the whole hot distance of the rich blue ocean was in it, there was no land for hundreds of leagues to break or hinder it; the schooner leaned over and flashed her sheathing at the northern sun, and stretched along the deep with the look of a flying hare. The white water poured aft from her shearing stem, her riband of wake sparkled to midway the horizon in a soaring and sinking vein of silver full of frost-like lights and wreaths of foam bells. It was like yachting, and I reckoned upon a quick run to Sydney.

"From the hour of my coming aboard officially, Captain Huddersfield exhibited a very friendly, almost cordial disposition. He was a man of good education, a sailor first of all, but a gentleman also, not highly varnished perhaps, wanting in the airs and graces of the drawing-room, but abundantly possessed of those qualities, which, when glazed and brightened by shore-going observance and habit, cause men to be esteemed for their breeding and bearing. He had a regard for me, I think, because, like himself, I was not wholly a copy of the dramatic and romantic notions of the sailor. I neither swore nor drank. I was ever of opinion that it did not follow, because a man got his living under the commercial flag of his country, he must needs cultivate all qualities of blackguardism as a condition of his calling. I could not for the life of me understand why an officer in the merchant service should not be able to behave himself on board ship and ashore with as lively a sense of his duty and obligations as a gentleman as if he wore the buttons of the state.

"Possibly, my friend, the Port Captain at Capetown, had prejudiced Huddersfield in my favor. Then again, though he lived in Sydney, he was an Englishman born; his native country was mine, and this little circumstance alone, all those watery leagues away from the old home, was enough to establish a bond between us. Nevertheless, I did not observe that he was very communicative abont his own affairs. For the first few days, until the furious weather set in, we often conversed, but I never found that our chats left me with any knowledge of his past or of his business; as, for instance, how long he had lived in New South Wales, the occasion that had despatched him there, what his commercial interests were outside his schooner, whether he was married, and so forth.

"It breezed up ahead after we had been at sea a few days. The "Cambrian" looked well to windward, but she was still points off her course. Then again Agulhas Stream set us to leeward, and our progress was slow. On the 22nd day of the month, we then being four days out from Table Bay, the weather blackened on a sudden in an afternoon in the north, the lightning streamed like cataracts of violet flame on those sooty sierras of storm, the thunder rolled continuously, but it was not till the edge of the electric stuff, black as midnight, was over our mastheads with sea and sky dim and frightful as though beheld in the deep shadow of a total eclipse of the sun, that the hurricane took us.

"It came along in a note of thunder, sharp-edged with the continuous shrieking of wind; the sea boiled under it and raced with the diabolic outfly in a high white wall of water. It swept upon us with a flash in a whole sky-full of salt smoke, and the air was like a snowstorm with the throb and flight of the yeast; the trifle of canvas that had been left exposed vanished as a puff of steam would. The schooner lay over till her starboard shear poles were under, and then it was deep enough to drown a man in the lee scuppers.

"It was doubtful for some time whether she would right, and I was clawing my way forward with some dim hope of getting at the carpenter's chest for an axe for the weather laniards, when the noble little craft suddenly rose bouyant, with the long savage yell of the gale in her rigging as she thrashed her lofty spars to windward.

"After this she made fairly good weather of it, but for three days we lay under bare poles, sagging helplessly to leeward in the trough of the mighty ocean. The weather then moderated; within six hours of the breaking of the gale it was blowing a gentle wind out of the northeast; the sun shone brightly and the schooner flapped leisurely along her course under all plain sail and over a large but fast subsiding swell.

"During the time of violent weather Captain Huddersfield had seemed much depressed in spirits. I had attributed his dejection to the peril of those hours. We were a small ship for that tall southern surge. Moreover his risk in the vessel might be large for all I knew. I could not guess how gravely I misjudged one of the manliest intelligences that ever informed a sailor.

"We were seated alone at dinner on the first day of fine weather. He said, after regarding me steadfastly for some moments:

"'Do you attach any meaning to dreams?'

"'I do not,' I answered.

"'But when they recur?' said he.

"'No,' said I, 'not though they should recur for a month of Sundays.'

"'Do you know of any superstitions in connection with dreams?' he asked.

"'I remember,' said I, 'an old woman once told me that to dream of a smooth sea is a sign of a prosperous voyage, but of a rough sea a stormy and unprofitable one.'

"He shook his head with a little impatience, without smiling.

"'Then, again,' said I, taxing my memory to oblige him, for this sort of talk was sad stuff to my way of thinking; 'a sailor once told me that if you dream of a dolphin you're bound to lose your sweetheart. And the same man said that to dream of drowning was a promise of good luck. The hopefullest of all sea dreams, I believe, is the vision of an anchor. 'Tis a fact,' said I, finding myself thoughtful for a moment, 'that I dreamt of an anchor the night before I received a letter from my uncle containing a cheque for two hundred pounds—the only money I ever received from a relative in all my life.'

"He was silent for a while, and then said, speaking in a very serious voice:

"'For three nights running the same odd vision has troubled me. I have thrice dreamt that I was becalmed in an icy atmosphere of Antarctic darkness. The stars rode brilliantly, but they made no light. Regularly through this black atmosphere their sounded, in a note of sighing, human with articulation, and yet resembling the noise made by the whale when it spouts its fountain, these mysterious words: "Try for her in fifty!" "Try for her in fifty!" Over and over again it so ran: "Try for her in fifty!" Now, to have dreamt this once would be nothing; twice makes it remarkable; the third time of the same vision must affect even the most wooden of minds with a spirit as of conviction. I don't believe in dreams any more than you do, yet there ought to be some sort of meaning in the repetition of one, in such a haunting cry repeated on several occasions of slumber as, "Try for her in fifty?"

"'Well, sir, it's strange,' I exclaimed, 'and what about the amount of it. I've somewhere heard of men rescued in a starving state from a desolate island through a dream. The captain's nephew was a dreamer, I think. The same vision troubled him three times, as yours did. He was a young Frenchman, and the dream made him importunate. The skipper shifted his helm to oblige the lad, and on sighting the island or rock found a little company of gaunt Selkirks upon it.'

"Thus we reasoned the matter a while; he conversed as though he was worried at heart; when I went on deck, however I flattered myself I had left him with an easier mind.

"He did not afterwards in that day refer to the subject, nor next morning when he came out of his cabin soon after sunrise, did he tell me that he had again been troubled in his sleep by that mysterious haunting cry, sounding across the black cold ocean of his dreams like the noise made by a whale, when it spouts its fountain to the stars in some midnight hush.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PUTTING DOWN A BOASTER.

The following story is told of Mr. J. Roberts, senior. Having occasion to spend a night in a town he strolled into a billiard saloon, where a dozen spectators were watching a game in which the local champion, a boastful young amateur, who thought a good deal of himself was carrying all before him. At the conclusion of the game, as no one else seemed inclined to tackle the winner, the latter patronisingly asked Mr. Roberts if he would care to play a "100 up."

"Don't mind if I do,' said Mr. R.

"How many points shall I give you," said the amateur, giving the opening miss.

"Make it level," replied Mr. Roberts; and quietly pulling off the ferrule of the umbrella he carried, and exposing a cue tip fixed on the end of the stick, he calmly proceeded to knock up the necessary points in a break of 100, to the open-mouthed amazement of the crestfallen amateur and the hilarious delight of the onlookers.

HE FOUND OUT.

Everybody likes to see impertinent curiosity rebuked. There was great satisfaction, therefore, in a certain European hotel on a recent occasion. An old lady, who had her hair cut off after a severe illness, and who wore a wig in its place, noticed a man looking curiously at her.

Soon after, on some excuse, he crossed the room and stood a moment behind where she sat. The lady rose, turned calmly around, and, lifting her false hair from her head, said:

"Yes, sir; you are quite right—it is a wig!"

The humiliation of the prying stranger was speechless.

OUR THIRD EYE.

It will probably be news to most people to hear that rudimentary traces of a third eye exist among all vertebrates, including man. In the human race this third eye forms part of the pineal gland—a small mass about the size of a pea, in almost the very centre of the brain. Possibly, therefore, there was more actual truth in the well-known expression, "the mind's eye," than the originator ever dreamed of.

The Only Causes.

Mrs. Dobson—Bridget told me she saw Mr. and Mrs. Hobson going to church this morning. I wonder what's the matter.

Mr. Dobson—Why, either Mr. Hobson has had another attack of his heart trouble, or Mrs. Hobson has a new hat!—Puck.

A CARNIVAL OF BLOOD.

For a long time past the country district in the neighbourhood of Soochow had suffered from the depredations of a band of marauders, who in their pillaging expeditions outraged and murdered women and children and burned down the houses of their victims. Their last exploit was a robbery committed some two months ago on a wealthy man of Singyanghsien, and shortly afterwards eleven of them came to Shanghai to dispose of their plunder, which amounted in value to about 3,000 taels. The women of a disreputable house, in whose safe keeping the robbers had left their booty, moved by curiosity, opened some of the packages, and, becoming alarmed at the valuable nature of the contents, they communicated with the police, with the result that the whole eleven were caught. For the clever way in which the English municipal detectives effected this capture the Singyanghsien magistrates awarded them a sum of 1,000dols. A good deal of secrecy was maintained as to the date and hour of execution; but it is difficult to keep a secret in China, and duly informed by my interpreter and guide that the fatal hour had arrived, I proceeded to the Taoti's yamen inside the walled city, and there witnessed a sight of which it would be impossible to give a European any adequate idea. After some formalities the Taoti, who was accompanied by the district magistrate of Singyanghsein, signed the orders for execution; and at about three o'clock in the afternoon he issued forth, mounted on horseback, and clad in the long red robe of office, covering his head and reaching to his feet like a Knight Templar's cloak, to await at the entrance the completion of the process of pinioning the criminals. The eleven men, chained hand and foot, were then dragged up the passage to the spot where I was standing, to be prepared for death. Their pigtails were cut off, and one by one they were lashed and corded in such a fashion as to render the slightest movement impossible. The necks were bared, and a long stick to which was attached a scroll, stating the nature of his offence and his confession of guilt, was thrust with difficulty through the tightened cords down the back of each of the prisoners. As only one man was subjected to these preliminaries at a time, plenty of opportunity presented itself of observing the attitude of each one as he waited on his knees for his turn to be pinioned. The countenances of most of them were of a repulsive type. The first two submitted to the operaton with apparent indifference but the third, while waiting his turn, never ceased uttering the most hideous sounds, mingling protestations of innocence with imprecations upon the Taotai, his ancestors, and his descendants for all generations—hoping, for example, that his next offspring would be a toad. It was impossible not to feel some pity for the two younger prisoners, and to one of them, a boy of fifteen, I addressed through my interpreter a few words of intended comfort, telling him his sufferings would soon be over and bidding him to keep up his courage. His reply "I don't care a bean," showed that sympathy was thrown away. Indeed this lad had boasted in court that he had murdered more women and children than any of his companions.

Before the procession formed I hurried away through the filthy narrow streets of the city, densely lined with sightseers, to the field of execution. The ground was strongly occupied (save the mark!) by troops, horse and foot, and every moment, from the time I arrived, the spectacle became more and more animated, soldiers taking up their positions to form a double line round a circular space in the centre of the field, and petticoated mounted troopers galloping wildly round this circle, waving long curved swords and uttering wild yells, which seemed to be a sort of preliminary to a general massacre. Indeed, once or twice, when their swords were flourished rather closer to my head than was pleasant, it became necessary to flourish my walking-stick in the faces of these absurd warriors. At last came the procession, followed by the criminals, who were carried in baskets suspended from bamboos borne on the shoulders of coolie porters. Arrived in the centre of the ground the pinioned criminals were unceremoniously tilted out of the baskets on to the grass like so many trussed fowls; and there they lay helpless, stolid, speechless (except that one muttered, "Why don't they make haste?") just as they had been turned out—some on their backs, others on their sides or faces. The soldiers fired blank cartridges, and the horsemen rode about more furiously than ever, brandishing their swords and trying to look more ferocious than the bandits themselves. After a few minutes' delay, during which a barber gave a few finishing touches to the napes of the men's necks, four of the executioner's assistants approached one of the condemned and raised him from the ground, two supporting the body in a partially erect posture, while the other two stretched out his hand at a right angle, one of the latter hodling his chin, and the other tugging at the root of his pigtail. The executioner, who stood next to me, held his sword, which looked like a huge carving knife, with his two hands behind his back. He was quite a young man, with, for a Chinaman, an unusually pale and determined face, and he evidently knew his business well. On the eminence to the left of the grand stand and along the roads outside the field there were gathered, at a rough calculation, between ten and twelve thousand people, and as the executioner made his appearance there issued from every throat a loud cheer of encouragement. The executioner, still holding his sword behind his back, now advanced towards his victim with a curiously stealthy step and by a slightly circuitous route. Arrived within four or five feet he looked sideways at the neck outstretched before him, the face being turned towards the ground; then bringing the sword in front of him he suddenly grasped it with both hands, bounded slightly into the air to give him an impetus, and, in descending, with one well-dealt blow he severed the head from the trunk. Sickening to relate, a number of privileged Chinese immediately rushed to the spot, thrust their fingers into the reeking vessels of the neck, and dipped girdles, tassels, handkerchiefs, paper, and cash into the blood as it gushed forth, such bloodstained relics being esteemed potent to bring good fortune or ward off evil spirits. This scene was repeated ten times, and only in two cases did the executioner fail to decapitate his victim with one stroke. In these cases he carved through the still connecting flesh with lightning like rapidity and the dexterity of a practised butcher. Until all the eleven had been put out of their misery the heads lopped off lay beside the trunks, but they were then presented by the executioner and his assistants to the two magistrates for identification, and afterwards packed in old kerosene boxes for transport to Singyanghsien. I did not wait for the conclusion of this formality. It was evident than an attempt would be made by the crowd to invade the field and have their dip in the eleven pools of human gore, and I hastened away from this banquet of horrors, feeling half guilty myself and well-nigh ashamed to look my fellow-creatures in the face.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

A PLANT WHICH EATS BIRDS.

The corpse plant is the name of a remarkable carnivorous specimen that grows in the colony of Natal. It attains to a considerable size, and its principal feature is a bell-shaped throat something like the flower of an arum lily, but much larger and deeper, and opening into a hollow stem. It is almost black, and covered with a thick glutinous secretion; its principal characteristic is its loathsome odor, strongly resembling that of decaying carrion. This attracts carrion-feeding birds to it, and once they alight on it they are lost. Their claws become entangled in the secretion, the bell-shaped mouth folds up, and they are literally swallowed, feathers and all, and digested by juices secreted in the throat of the plant.

NOVEL DRINKING SALOON

The "So Different" Saloon is in Quincy street, Chicago. It gets its name because it is so different. It's a little slip of a building squeezed in between two towering structures, and looks like a wedge put in to stop a crack. It started out in life as "The Palace," with a festive gilded sign. The sign still hangs outside, but it has lost its gilt, and is upside down. There never was any palace.

It is something of a shock to the chance patron to open the door and be confronted at once by this sign on the wall:

"If you are overcharged, it is because we need the money."

This touching frankness of sentiment is one of a thousand placards that supply the place of wall-paper. They appear in such endless profusion, and those that first attract the attention are so full of promise the customer settles down to a systematic study of the unusual decorations.

The artist who presides over the festivities of the place is never known to smile, and remains demure throughout the most boisterous evidences of appreciation on the part of his callers.

There is an atmosphere of hospitality in the place, as evidenced in this sign:—

"Don't sit on the tables. Please take a chair."

This proves to be only atmosphere, however, as there are no chairs.

The bar is only the suggestion of a bar, and consists of plain unplaned boards. It looks like a dry goods box turned on end. It is kept scrupulously clean, but bears this huge placard:—

"Don't lean against the front of this bar, for we never clean it."

Close to this is the only mirror afforded. It is a small piece of broken glass, about two inches square and full of angles, and elaborately set in a paper frame. It is evidently a choice possession, as it bears this warning in a sign ten times its size:

"This mirror is not insured. Please don't throw anything against it."

A sponge on the opposite side bears an analagous placard, and seems to settle the question of credit. It hangs between two words, presenting this combination:

"Don't (sponge) here."

The place opens at about six o'clock in the morning and closes at midnight. There is melancholy sarcasm in the placard, therefore, that reads:

"Free lunch from 3 to 5 a.m."

There is nothing in the place that anyone by any possibility would want to take away with him except the drinks. The proprietor, therefore, is reasonably safe in his invitation:

"If you don't see what you want, steal it."

There is one steady caller. He comes every day. He never buys anything. He opens the door, looks at one sign, appears perplexed, and goes away. He comes the next day and every day, and says nothing. He is inspired by a great hope. His realisation is far off. The sign he looks at reads:

"Free beer to-morrow."

He is watching for that to-morrow to become to-day. That to-morrow never comes.

There is no reason for a patron going away dissatisfied. That is the evident intention of one big placard. It gets somewhat mixed, however, in its phraseology. It reads:

"If you buy anything here we haven't got, your money will be refunded if you are not suited."

FACTS ABOUT LEAP YEAR.

WHEN THE GIRLS MAY NOT PROPOSE.

As the nineteenth century draws toward a close, perhaps it may interest readers to know that the year 1900, which ends this remarkable century, will itself be a remarkable year.

Those who live until that time will witness a peculiar chronological event, which has not occurred since 1800, and will not occur again until 2100. I refer to the skip or leap year at that time.

The year 1896 will be a leap year, as everybody knows, but it may be that all do not know that 1900 will not be one.

The true solar year, or length of time it takes the earth to make a revolution around the sun, is 365 days, five hours, forty-eight minutes and forty-six seconds, but we assume the fraction to be six hours when we had an extra day to every fourth year. Thus we are counting forty-four minutes fity-six seconds too much at every leap-year.

In 100 years this amounts to eighteen hours forty-three minutes and twenty seconds, or over three-fourths of a day.

By calling each centennial year a common year, too much would be dropped by five hours sixteen minutes and forty seconds, or nearly a quarter of a day; therefore, each fourth centennial year remains a leap year, while the extra day is dropped from the other three, which preserves the balance nicely.

Thus the years 1700, 1800, and 1900 contain 365 days, but the year 2000 will contain 366 days, as other leap years do. To determine whether any given centennial year is a leap year or not, divide it by 400. It is not a leap year if a remainder occurs.

This is according to the Gregorian calendar, a correction of the Julian calendar, which latter provided for the leap years, but not for this skip of a leap year. Nearly all Christian nations except Russia and Greece now use the Gregorian calendar, and there is a difference of about twelve days between our time and that of the above countries. At the time the Gregorian was adopted in England, 1752, an error of eleven days had to be corrected. These days were dropped.

By the Gregorian calendar an error is made of only one day in 3600 years. It has been proposed to remedy this by allowing the year 4000 and its multiples, 16000, etc., to remain common years. This, however, is too far in the dim future to call for any immediate legislation or concern.

ESQUIMAUX AND THEIR FOOD.

The dietetic habits of the Esquimaux are such as would disgust a flesh-eater. The blood of the deer is often mixed with the half-digested mass of food in the stomach of the animal, and the stomach with its contents, with the addition of the blood, eaten raw or boiled. Sometimes it is laid aside to ferment, and then frozen and eaten in this condition. Strips of fat from a seal and the blood of an animal are put into a kettle and heated. The oily liquid is eaten with the greatest relish. Seal oil is used for food in about the same manner as we use syrups. Years of almost daily intercourse with these people have failed to show the ability of any person to drink seal or whale oil without illness resulting. They never drink pure oil under any circumstances, except as a laxative. The statement often made that these people drink oil as food is simply preposterous. Such statements doubtless arose from seeing other preparations of food having an abundance of oil upon them. Lean flesh is often dipped in oil and then eaten. When a seal has been killed and is being brought to camp, the hunter signifies his success from a distance, and those in camp raise a joyous shout. The animal is drawn ashore and skinned. The flesh is devoured raw as the process goes on, or may be divided, certain portions being given to different persons. The blood is collected and boiled, when the meat is mixed with the hot liquid, and forms a nutritious dish, eagerly devoured by both adults and young.

Up at the Angel, Islington, the other night, an anti-temperance gentleman was seen leaning against a lamp-post. Two tramway-cars were passing at the time with red and blue lamps in front and behind. The thirst-slaker was heard to remark to himself, "Must be a very unhealthy neighbourhood (hic) about here if they are obliged to run chemists' shops about on whe-eels."

CAMPING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Nothing can be more comfortable than well-arranged camp life in India, the chief factor in which is that best of abodes, the "field officers' Kabul tent." No thin and flimsy hot-in-summer, cold in winter affair that we associate with the word "tent" in England, but a little house nine feet by eight, with an outer fly covering the whole of the inner tent, and keeping it both warm and cool, as required. The inner tent is thick and soft, and is lined with a yellow or blue rough cotton which takes away all glare, while the ground is covered with a bright-striped carpet. Laced to the end of the tent is a semi-circular bath-room, which contains the portable washing-stand, &c, the tent itself being furnished with a camp-bed, a folding table and chair. Pockets are sewn into the tent round the sides, into which clothes or anything else can be put, and a ring of hooks surrounds the tent-poles from which one's wardrobe conveniently hangs. Nothing could be more convenient and cosy; there is just a place for everything, and everything in its place.

The day ends soon after our arrival in camp. The table is spread, St. G.'s chair is brought into my tent, the lamp lit, and we sit down to an excellent "diner de Paris" of soup, a brace of roast partridges, curry and rice, and an omelet, served noiselessly and quickly by the bare-footed Badulla. There is nothing to remind us that we are anywhere out of the world but the incessant thundering of the Sutlej outside. We stroll out after dinner into the lovely starlit night, to where the lines of mules are munching their hay as they stand picketed on the narrow terraces below our tents.

All around are the numerous glowing fires of the servants, mule-men, chaprossis, kalossis, and soises; for each class at least, if not each man, has its own fire, at which they cook their chupattis of flour and water, and round which they squat. The tents are lit up by the flickering lights; the aromatic smell of the burning deodar wood fills the still night air, the roar of the great river below as it dashes over the rocks on its way to the far-distant sea rises and falls, while the big black mountains shut us in on every side, and make a frame to the picture before us; and as one lies in one's narrow camp-bed, and all outside is hushed except the voice of the river, life seems to become a very simple and true thing, a feeling that Nature is our nearest step to God and Truth comes over us till after the hard day's walk sleep creeps gently over our thoughts and blots out all—"In Afghan and Hindu Highlands of the Punjab," by F. St. J. Gore.

PUNISHING THE MAURAUDERS.

The following incident occurred during the American Civil War. In 1864, when General Imboden crossed the Potomac a party of a hundred men belonging to a regiment of mountaineers under his command raided a large ice-cream factory at the town of Hancock, and possessed themselves of a great number of ice-cream bricks frozen for the Baltimore market.

General Imboden had given the most stringent command that no officer or man should enter a house at Hancock, where a halt had been ordered, and he was naturally indignant when he learned that his orders had been violated. He was in advance of the command with the colonel of the regiment, and was about to have the men severely punished, when the Colonel said to him:—

"General, ride back with me, and let me punish the men."

The General consented. The mountaineers had found the ice-cream good, and had carried off as much of it as possible. As soon as they saw the officers coming, they stuffed the bricks into the crowns of their hats, into their pockets, and into their knapsacks.

"Now, General," said the Colonel, "when we are about the middle of the regiment we will get off our horses, sit down, and see the fun."

The sun was boiling hot, and the ice-cream began to melt rapidly. The men were in tortures. The cream flowed out of every crevice; it poured down out of the men's hats, over their faces and beards, over their clothes, and down their necks.

They dared not remove their hats, but some made laughable efforts to get behind one another, under horses, or anywhere. The General and the Colonel sat watching the agony of the men as long as the ice-cream continued to thaw, and then left them.

"I took no further notice of this violation of orders," says General Imboden, "for the punishment was thus quite complete."

ROMAN MEALS.

The first meal among the Romans was the ientaculum, or breakfast, generally taken about the third hour. It was very light, generally consisting of bread, seasoned with salt or honey, or dipped in wine. Schoolboys in some cases had their breakfast at cock-crow, and got a sort of pancake.

The next meal was the prandium, corresponding to our lunch, or more nearly to the French dejeuner. It was taken at the sixth hour (about 11 o'clock), and might be as simple as a piece of bread, or consist of a number of courses of fish, flesh, and fowl. The regular hour for the cena, or dinner, the chief meal of the day, was the ninth (1.30 in winter; 2.30 in summer), but it was often later.

A fashionable entertainment was marked by the earliness of the hour, and early dining was considered a sign of luxury. The dinner always lasted a long time; three hours was considered a moderate length. At dinner parties nine was the usual number. Three couches were arranged on three sides of a square, and each accommodated three people. To make up parties it was usual for invited guests to bring uninvited persons, who were called "shadows;" sometimes the host asked a client to fill a vacant place.

The Romans dressed for dinner, the garment consisting of a coloured tunic. When they reclined they took off their sandals, which the guests gave into the charge of their slaves, whom they brought with them for the purpose. The Latin for "He rose from table" is "He called for his sandals." During the meal the guests were entertained by reading or music. Literary hosts often used to bore their parties by reading their own compositions.

At the entertainments of the fashionable there were frequently dancing girls and singing girls to amuse the guests by their performances, which were of a very loose kind. It was a frequent practice at the end of the entertainments to give presents to the guests to carry home with them. The style of the slaves who waited was considered important by fashionable people. Africans and handsome Greeks from Asia Minor seem to have been the favourites. They were dressed in showy silk, or went without clothing of any kind. It was the custom for guests to address slaves in Greek.

GOT HIS WISH.

A farmer named Crabtree, many years a resident at Colston, Bassett, Notts., but more recently of Shardlow, Derbyshire, and who was very fond of fox hunting, had often been heard to express a desire that the hounds should run in full cry past the churchyard at the time of his burial. This wish, singularly enough, was fulfilled on the 21st of December, 1868. Mr. Franklin's hounds were in the neighbourhood of Colston Bassett that day, and finding a fox, Reynard past the churchyard with the hounds close after him, as the clergyman uttered the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," over the remains of Crabtree.

Kind Hearted.

"Nora, why did you kill both chickens? One would have been enough."

"Yes'm, but the other one looked so lonesome."

THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

The following account of the last moments of Moore, at Corunna, in 1809, is related by his brother, James Carrick Moore:—

"Captain (now Viscount) Hardinge endeavoured to unbuckle the belt to take it off; when he said with soldierly feeling, 'It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me.'

"His serenity was so striking that Hardinge began to hope the wound was not mortal; he expressed this opinion, and said that he trusted the surgeons would confirm it, and that he would still be spared to them.

"Sir John turned his head, and cast his eyes steadily on the wounded part, and then replied 'No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible. You need not go with me; report to General Hope that I am wounded and carried to the rear.' He was then raised from the ground by a Highland sergeant and three soldiers, and slowly conveyed towards Corunna.

"The soldiers had not carried Sir John Moore far when two surgeons came running to his aid. They had been employed in dressing the shattered arm of Sir David Baird; who, hearing of the disaster which had occurred to the commander, generously ordered them to desist, and hasten to give him help. But Moore, who was bleeding fast, said to them, 'You can be of no service to me; go to the wounded soldiers, to whom you may be useful;' and he ordered the bearers to move on. But, as they proceeded, he repeatedly made them turn round to view the battle, and to listen to the firing; the sound of which, becoming gradually fainter, indicated that the French were retreating.

"Before he reached Corunna it was almost dark, and Colonel Anderson met him; who, seeing his general borne from the field of battle for the third and last time, and steeped in blood, became speechless with anguish. Moore pressed his hand, and said in a low tone, 'Anderson, don't leave me.' As he was carried into the house his faithful servant Francois came out, and stood aghast with horror, but his master, to console him, said, smiling, 'My friend, this is nothing.'

"He was then placed on a mattress on the floor and supported by Anderson, who had saved his life at St. Lucia; and some of the gentlemen of his staff came into the room by turns. He asked each, as they entered, if the French were beaten, and was answered affirmatively. They stood around: the pain of his wound became excessive, and deadly paleness overspread his fine features; yet, with unsubdued fortitude, he said at intervals, 'Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!'

"'Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them——everything. Say to my mother——.' Here his voice faltered, he became excessively agitated, and not being able to proceed, changed the subject.

"'Hope! Hope! I have much to say to him; but cannot get it out. Are Colonel Graham and all my aides-de-camp safe?' (At this question, Anderson, who knew the warm regard of the General towards the officers of his staff, made a private sign not to mention that Captain Burrard was mortally wounded.) He then continued:

"'I have made my will, and remembered my servants. Colborne has my will and all my papers.' As he spoke these words, Major Colborne, his military secretary, entered the room. He addressed him with his wonted kindness; then, turning to Anderson, said, 'Remember you go to Willoughby Gordon, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give a Lieutenant-colonelcy to Major Colborne; he has been long with me, and I know him to be most worthy of it.'

"He then asked the Major, who had come last from the field, 'Have the French been beaten?' He assured him they had on every point. 'It's a great satisfaction,' he said, 'for me to know that we have beaten the French. Is Paget in the room?' On being told he was out, he resumed, 'Remember me to him; he is a fine fellow.'

"Though visibly sinking, he then said, 'I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying. It's great uneasiness; it's great pain. Everything Francois says is right. I have great confidence in him.' He thanked the surgeons for their attendance. Then, seeing Captain Percy and Stanhope, two of his aides-de-camp, enter, he spoke to them kindly, and repeated to them the question, 'If all his aides-de-camp were safe;' and was pleased on being told they were.

"After a pause, Stanhope caught his eye, and he said to him, 'Stanhope, remember me to your sister.' He then became silent. Death undreaded, approached; and the spirit departed, leaving the bleeding body an oblation offered up to his country."

A CRAZY WILL.

The contents of a most eccentric will left by M. Zalesky, a rich Polish landed proprietor, who died in March, 1889, has just been published in St. Petersburg. The property left by the deceased was valued at 100,000 roubles, and his will was inclosed in an envelope bearing the words, "To be opened after my death." On this envelope being opened the executors found a second envelope on which was written, "To be opened six weeks after my death." The stipulated time having elapsed, the second envelope was opened, and a third was found with the words, "To be opened a year after my death." At the end of the year a fourth envelope was discovered, which was to be opened two years after the death of the deceased This continued for five years, and when, at length, in 1894, the actual will was read it was found to be as eccentric in its dispositions as in the directions attaching to its opening. The testator bequeathed half of his fortune to such of his heirs as has the greatest number of children. The rest of his money he directed to be placed in a bank, and, at the end of a hundred years, distributed with the accumulated interest among the descendants of the testator.

Out of His Line.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, lay down your paper a minute.

Mr. Chugwater—Well?

"If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from—Josiah!"

"Well?"

"Lay your paper down just a minute and listen. If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from east to west, and another should start to travel from west to east, the way the earth revolves, you know, would there be any difference in, in the—Josiah!"

"Well?"

"I say, would there be any difference in speed? Which bolt of lightning would get around the earth first?"

(Picking up his paper again)—"Samantha, do you take me for a lightning calculator?"—Chicago Tribune.

Visual Telegraphy.

Mr. N. S. Amstutz, of this city is wrestling with the problem of visual telegraphy, and is confident that with a series of small mirrors, arranged with the proper appliances, one cannot only hear the person to whom he is talking over the telephone wire, but can receive a transmitted reflection of his face. Mr. Amstutz's work in making an instrument which will transmit a drawing by telegraph leads his friends to hope that he may be successful in his new attempt. Mr. Amstutz does not claim that he will be able to bring forth the invention, but he believes he has found a line of experiment which will enable some one, at some time, to do so.—Cleveland Leader.

Death of Mr P. H

SUICIDE IN A PRIVAT

General regret was expr
fort on Monday when it
that Mr P. H. Jackson, wh
carried on a drapery busin
had died in Melbourne on
as the result of self-inflicte
will be remembered that
Mr Jackson attempted suic
inflicting some not very ser
his throat with a knife, an
evidently due to his mind
unhinged. His mental we
sidered to be due to his
very considerably over p
A little time after this M
removed to Melbourne whe
under treatment by Dr.
From the following from M
it will be seen that he on
made another attempt on
unfortunately proved fatal
writes:—"A patient at th
private hospital, controlled
gold Strong, at the corner
and St. Helen's roads, Upp
committed suicide by cuttin
the grounds attached to the
a late hour on Friday e
patient, Mr Percy Jackson,
of age, and had been adm
institution on 30th April
from depression. At abou
Friday his medical attendan
Smith, saw him, and handed
pertaining to private busines
fore leaving. Deceased sub
turned to his room, and was
by his attendant, Nurse
latter gave deceased his e
took him to the drawing-roo
and conversation, and the
him to his own appartment
turned her back on him for a
two in order to attend to t
Jackson seized the opportu
out of the room into the gr
nurse gave the alarm at once
in pursuit, accompanied by N
and Mr Selwood, a male att
patient, who had got a goo
seen to run under a tree abo
away, and when the three
spot and drew him out of the
found him bleeding from a w
neck. He was taken back to
tion, but died almost immed
Barrett, who was called in, fo
left side of the throat had
punctured, and an artery se
sequent search disclosed a
knife near the spot where t
had been found bleeding. T
by Dr. Smith related to pur
affairs and suggested no motive
The deceased was the eldes
late Mr H. H. Jackson (for
engineer to the Shire of Rip
only spent his boyhood days i
but learnt his business as a

THE INQUEST.

Dr. Cole, P.M., held an
Monday at "Mount Ida," To
Auburn, concerning the suici
Arthur Lovett Jackson,
Wangaratta, deposed that d
his brother. He was forty-se
age, and a draper by trade.
was a single man, and had liv
prior to going into the sanat
had gone to the sanatorium of
will. He had been suffering fr
ness. Deceased was fairly w
deponent believed that his life
in the A.M.P. Society for £60
Mary Stedman, married,
Nhill, deposed that decease
brother. She had visited him c
during the first month he w
sanatorium, and had believed t
getting much better.
Henrietta N. R. Strong de
she was proprietress of the
She received deceased into the
on 30th April last. He was in
condition. She placed three
attendance upon him—Nurses
and Boltman, and a male attend
Selwood. She saw deceased fr
time, and believed that he w
better. Witness had instructe
was not to have access to tab
excepting when he came to
then he was to be watched. He
to commit suicide by cutting
with a pocket knife on the fi
June. Deponent was ill at
He had not since had access
knives, and she did not know h
come in possession of the one h
with fatal effects. The three
were skilled in the treatment o
cases. Nurse Bolum and
attendant had devoted the
attention to deceased.
Dr. William Beattie Smith sai
consulted him on about 29th
year. He showed signs of wan
centration of thought, and tal
being ruined. Deponent notic
on the right side of his nec
deceased said was the result of a
he had made upon his life. H
deceased at the institution from
time. He showed signs of imp
Witness regarded the fatality as
able accident, almost impossible
vention under rational treatu
had personally notified the Chief
of having placed the patient in
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Death of Mr P. H. Jackson.

SUICIDE IN A PRIVATE HOSPITAL.

General regret was expressed in Beaufort on Monday when it became known that Mr P. H. Jackson, who until recently carried on a drapery business in Ararat, had died in Melbourne on Friday evening as the result of self-inflicted injuries. It will be remembered that some time ago Mr Jackson attempted suicide in Ararat, inflicting some not very serious injuries to his throat with a knife, and this act was evidently due to his mind having become unhinged. His mental weakness was considered to be due to his having worried very considerably over private matters. A little time after this Mr Jackson was removed to Melbourne where he has been under treatment by Dr. Beattie Smith. From the following from Monday's "Age" it will be seen that he on Friday evening made another attempt on his life which unfortunately proved fatal. The "Age" writes:—"A patient at the Mount Ida private hospital, controlled by Mrs Tredgold Strong, at the corner of Tooronga and St. Helen's roads, Upper Hawthorn, committed suicide by cutting his throat in the grounds attached to the institution at a late hour on Friday evening. The patient, Mr Percy Jackson, was 40 years of age, and had been admitted to the institution on 30th April last, suffering from depression. At about 5 p.m. on Friday his medical attendant, Dr. Beattie Smith, saw him, and handed him a letter pertaining to private business matters before leaving. Deceased subsequently returned to his room, and was accompanied by his attendant, Nurse Bolam. The latter gave deceased his evening meal, took him to the drawing-room for music and conversation, and then conducted him to his own appartment. The nurse turned her back on him for a moment or two in order to attend to the fire, and Jackson seized the opportunity to step out of the room into the grounds. The nurse gave the alarm at once, and started in pursuit, accompanied by Nurse McBeath and Mr Selwood, a male attendant. The patient, who had got a good start, was seen to run under a tree about 50 yards away, and when the three reached the spot and drew him out of the shade they found him bleeding from a wound in the neck. He was taken back to the institution, but died almost immediately. Dr. Barrett, who was called in, found that the left side of the throat had been deeply punctured, and an artery severed. Subsequent search disclosed a large table knife near the spot where the deceased had been found bleeding. The letter left by Dr. Smith related to purely business affairs and suggested no motive for suicide."

The deceased was the eldest son of the late Mr H. H. Jackson (for many years engineer to the Shire of Ripon), and not only spent his boyhood days in Beaufort, but learnt his business as a draper here.

THE INQUEST.

Dr. Cole, P.M., held an inquiry on Monday at "Mount Ida," Tooronga-road, Auburn, concerning the suicide.

Arthur Lovett Jackson, farmer, of Wangaratta, deposed that deceased was his brother. He was forty-seven years of age, and a draper by trade. Deceased was a single man, and had lived at Ararat prior to going into the sanatorium. He had gone to the sanatorium of his own free will. He had been suffering from nervousness. Deceased was fairly well off, and deponent believed that his life was insured in the A.M.P. Society for £600.

Mary Stedman, married, residing at Nhill, deposed that deceased was her brother. She had visited him continuously during the first month he was at the sanatorium, and had believed that he was getting much better.

Henrietta N. R. Strong deposed that she was proprietress of the sanatorium. She received deceased into the institution on 30th April last. He was in a depressed condition. She placed three persons in attendance upon him—Nurses McBeath and Boltman, and a male attendant named Selwood. She saw deceased from time to time, and believed that he was getting better. Witness had instructed that he was not to have access to table knives, excepting when he came to meals, and then he was to be watched. He attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a pocket knife on the first day of June. Deponent was ill at the time. He had not since had access to table knives, and she did not know how he had come in possession of the one he had used with fatal effects. The three attendants were skilled in the treatment of nervous cases. Nurse Bolum and the male attendant had devoted their whole attention to deceased.

Dr. William Beattie Smith said deceased consulted him on about 29th April this year. He showed signs of want of concentration of thought, and talked about being ruined. Dependent noticed a mark on the right side of his neck, which deceased said was the result of an attempt he had made upon his life. He visited deceased at the institution from time to time. He showed signs of improvement. Witness regarded the fatality as a regrettable accident, almost impossible of prevention under rational treatment. He had personally notified the Chief Secretary of having placed the patient in a private hospital, and had asked, "in the present state of abeyance of the new legislature in the matter of licensing private houses—What is the position of a medical man in constant attendance in such cases with trained and skilled nurses?" He had received a reply to the effect that it was "not within the province of the Chief Secretary to advise him with regard thereto."

Dr. Barrett deposed to having been called in, and found deceased had died from the effects of the severing of an artery on the left side of the neck.

Nurse Elsie R. Bolam said she had had charge of deceased ever since he had been admitted. Deceased seemed brighter than usual during Friday last. After dinner she took him to the drawing room, and remained with him until eight o'clock. She then took him to his room, and read to him until half-past eight. She knelt down to put some coal on the fire, and when she looked round she found that deceased had slipped out of the door. She followed him. He walked along the passage, and then turned towards the back door. She followed him. He walked along the passage, and then turned towards the back door. She gave the alarm, and continued in pursuit of him. Subsequently she saw him run and conceal himself under some shrubs a little distance away. He could not have been there many moments when she and the male attendant and Nurse McBeath came upon him, but he was already bleeding profusely from a wound in the neck. He died shortly afterwards. She did not know how deceased became possessed of the table knife produced.

Jessie McBeath, sister-in-charge, deposed that she had instructed Nurse Bolam to be particularly careful about knives. Witness was a certificated nurse from the Alfred Hospital, and had had three years' experience at Mount Ida, besides numerous other cases.

Henry Selwood, attendant, said he had had about eight years' experience. He had been about six years and a half at the Melbourne Hospital. He had searched deceased's clothing on the night before the occurrence, and placed it outside the bedroom door before locking the door and placing the key in his pyjama pocket. He had occupied the same room as deceased. He had found the table knife produced under the tree where they had come upon deceased.

The Coroner, in summing up, said the patient seemed to have been melancholic, and his relatives and himself had dreaded his being shut up in a lunatic asylum. Therefore he had gone there. From the evidence, it appeared that every precaution had been taken to prevent suicide. With the cunning which characterised such patients, he had evidently meditated taking his own life all the time. There did not seem to be any blame attachable to any of the nurses. He found that deceased had committed suicide by cutting his throat with a knife whilst in a state of mental unsoundness.

THE ONLY COUGH MEDICINE FREE FROM POISON.

After the enactment of the Poisons Act the Pharmacy Board of New South Wales had an analysis made of all that were sold on the market. Out of the entire list they found only one that they declared was entirely free from all poisons. This exception was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which proves it to be the safest and best that can be had. It is especially recommended for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and may be given to the little ones with absolute security. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Methodist Social.

PRESENTATION TO MR. AND MRS. A. H. CUNNINGTON.

A very enjoyable and successful social, in aid of the circuit funds, was held in the Beaufort Methodist Sunday school-room on Monday evening, the attendance being large. Owing to the early departure of Mr and Mrs A. H. Cunnington to Wareek, near Maryborough, advantage was taken of the gathering to bid them goodbye, and to recognise their services as church workers by making presentations to them. Mr Cunnington has been head teacher of the Trawalla State school for over 13 years, and has resided in Beaufort during that period. He has also been engaged by the Methodist Church as a local preacher, and for several years filled the position of circuit steward.

The chair was occupied by Rev. R. Yeo. A very pleasing programme of songs, recitations, &c., was carried out, as follows:—Overture, Jackson's String Band; song, "The Holy City," Mr N. Davey; song, "Pardoned," Mrs Cunnington; violin solo, Miss Ada Jackson; duet, "The sinner and the song," Misses M. Cochrane and M. Trompf; song, "I wish I were again a child," Miss Olive Trompf; song, "The Garonne," Mrs J. R. Hughes; recitation, "The oculist," Mr Bartley; song, "Voices of the past," Miss Amy Andrews; recitation, "Kiss in school," Mr Hughes; song, "Oh, dry those tears," Miss Amy Andrews; song, "We'll never say good-bye," Mr N. Davey; song, "At the ferry," Mrs Cunnington.

Rev. R. Yeo, in introducing Mr Davey to make the presentations, said that he would feel the loss of Mr Cunnington, who had been a good worker during the short time he had known him; and he was sure they would miss the sweet voice of Mrs Cunnington.

In presenting Mrs Cunnington with a silver teapot, and Mr Cunnington with a valuable book of views of the United Kingdom, as slight tokens of the esteem in which they are held by members and adherents of the Methodist Church, Mr Noah Davey, the circuit steward, said he considered that Mr Cunnington had been their best worker, and that he had done more work for the circuit than any other member of the church. During the three years he had known him, he had always found Mr Cunnington a hard and willing worker, and his place would be very hard to fill. He hoped that Mr and Mrs Cunnington would live long to enjoy the cups of tea from the pot which he presented to Mrs Cunnington, and also wished them every success in their new sphere of labor.

Mr J. R. Hughes, as assistant superintendent, testified to the good work done by Mr Cunnington, and alluded to his readiness to help in case of an emergency.

Mr Bartley also spoke, and remarked that the Raglan people always had confidence in Mr Cunnington fulfilling his appointments.

Mr Cunnington, who was very cordially received, said he felt he was not worthy of the nice things said about him. He felt it was his duty to do what he had done for the church. They had spent a very happy time during their residence of 13 years and 1 month at Beaufort. On behalf of Mrs Cunnington, he thanked them very kindly for what they had said about her. The other day a person told him he liked Mrs Cunnington the first time he met her; and so had he. He hoped to visit Beaufort when he got his holidays, and concluded by thanking them for their nice presents.

Among the visitors was Mr Liddelow, successor to Mr Cunnington as the school teacher at Trawalla, and the opportunity was taken by the chairman to accord him a hearty welcome to the district.

Light refreshments were provided by the ladies of the congregation.

Tuesday evening was very pleasantly spent at Chute, where Mr and Mrs Cunnington were hospitably entertained and made the recipients of a handsome silver toast rack by Mr and Mrs C. Loft and family. The Beaufort friends will be pleased to learn of their safe arrival at Wareek on Wednesday night.

LINSEED COMPOUND for Coughs and Colds. Gives instant relief to Asthma and Bronchitis.

The funeral of Miss Nellie Treleaven took place in the Carngham Cemetery on Saturday afternoon. The pall-bearers were Messrs B. Lewis, L. Greenbank, L. Lewis, M. J. Ryan, T. Ryan, J. Douglas, and C. Cheeseman. The coffin-bearers were Messrs F. Dritridge, G. Brumby, E. Williams and W. Brumby. Mr W. Ellingsen conducted the services, and Messrs Jordan and Tippett were the undertakers.

Bonnington's Irish Moss
To Cure a Cough, or Cold.

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.

"If I were a working man to-morrow I should be a trades unionist. I am not one of those who underrate the power of the Labor party, but, under the cover of this noble flag of industrial peace, they are working out a cunningly-devised method of bending the laws of Australia, so as to terrorise free men into doing a thing which they refuse to do unless they are terrorised."—Mr G. H. Reid.

Bonnington's Irish Moss
The Universal Remedy for Colds, Bronchitis and Influenza.

The Japanese are impatiently driving the Russians before them. It transpires to-day (Thursday) that the heavy fighting reported from the south of Tashihchiao, midway between Haicheng and Kaiping, the capture of which has just been reported by Mr Bennet Burleigh, took place at the Taling Pass. In consequence of the swift advance of the Japanese troops, the Russians at Tashihchiao, fearing to be intercepted, are retreating as rapidly as possible upon Haicheng.

WANTED, 20 tons 2-foot FIREWOOD, half green and half dry. Apply at this Office.

A GENERAL MEETING of the BEAUFORT GUN CLUB will be held in the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE on MONDAY, 4th inst., at 8 p.m. A full attendance of members requested.
T. E. SANDS, Secy.

SONS OF FREEDOM JUNCTION GOLD MINING COMPANY, No Liability, Beaufort.—All SHARES forfeited for non-payment of the 13th call of fourpence (4d.) per share, will be Sold by public auction, at the Mining Exchange, Ballarat, at 12.30 o'clock p.m., on Tuesday, 12th July, 1904, unless previously redeemed.
A. J. PEACOCK, Manager.
Lydiard-street north, Ballarat.

NOTICE.

A GRAND CONCERT and BALL will be held on WEDNESDAY, 6th JULY, 1904, to celebrate the opening of the new Hall at Buangor. Every possible comfort and convenience provided. Efficient M.C., good music, good singing. Everything good. Commence 7.45. Chairman—Cr. W. G. Pickford, J.P.
G. ELLINGSEN, H. McLEOD, } Joint Secretaries.

NATURE NEVER FORGIVES,
PAYMENT ALWAYS EXACTED
WITH INTEREST.

Is it wise to tamper with one's health by neglecting nature's dictates, wearing waterlogged or paper mache boots, porous mackintoshes, or thin garments, going without warm comfortable clothing,

WHEN WE OFFER

Such values and give terms for payment that are unexcelled in the State?

TAKE BOOTS. We are the sole retailers of Hugh Thomson & Son's grand Foot-wear. Solid Leather; wear like iron; absolutely the best Colonial Boots made.

THEN "MACS." The only thing cheap about our Mackintoshes is the price. We buy direct from the manufacturers, so that we can thus retail them to our customers at Wholesale Price. Prices, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, and 21s up.

AND MANTLES. We have just unpacked a special consignment of Ladies' Jackets; extraordinary value; latest German Manufacture, 6s 11d, 10s 6d, 18s 6d, 17s 6d. See our Windows.

OR CLOTHING for Gent's. and Boys.' We have a grand selection, stylish English cut, something out of the common, with no slop cuts—all at prices that speak aloud for themselves.

Yours for Sound Solid Goods,
J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,
BEAUFORT and BUANGOR.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

SEASON 1904-1905.

GEORGE HAGUE & Co.

WILL hold Weekly Wool Sales as usual every Friday during the coming season. They would call special attention to their
EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES,
built expressly for the storage of Wool.
SHOW ROOMS
splendidly lighted, and unequalled in the colony for the proper display of Wool.
Railway and Shipping right at the doors.
FARMERS' CLIPS
receive special personal attention, and no lot, however small, is sold under fullest market value.
A LARGER LOCAL CONSUMPTION of Wool than any other markets in the Australian Colonies.
Charges the lowest ruling in the colony.
Account Sales and Proceeds rendered invariably three days after sale.
Act strictly as Selling Brokers only.
Forty Years' Practical English and Continental and Colonial Experience of the Wool Trade.
Cash Advances, if required, directly on receipt of produce into store.

The Ratepayers of the West Riding.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

As my seat for the above Riding becomes vacant by effluxion of time next month, I beg to inform you that I will again be a Candidate for the seat, and trust that my actions have been such during the past nine years that you will again do me the honour of returning me as one of your representatives.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE LEWIS.

Stoneleigh, 2/7/04.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of KEEPER of the BEAUFORT WEIGHBRIDGE, returnable by 11 a.m., MONDAY, 4th JULY. Commission—half fees.
J. M. CARROLL, Shire Secretary.

FOR SALE, LIGHT GIG, two seats, in first-class order. WM. C. PEDDER, Wheelwright, Beaufort.

SHIRE OF RIPON.
VOTERS' AND SEPARATE VOTERS' LISTS.

Pursuant to section 83 of the Local Government Act 1903, notice is hereby given that the Voters' Lists and Separate Voters' Lists of the several Ridings of the Shire of Ripon for the year 1904-5, will be open for inspection, without fee, at the Shire Offices, Beaufort, from the 8th to the 14th July inclusive (Sunday excepted), during office hours, and that a copy of said Lists for the separate Ridings will be open for inspection at the following places, viz.:—
North Riding—Mechanics' Institute, Waterloo;
East Riding—Mechanics' Institute, Snake Valley;
West Riding—Kirkpatrick's Stockyard Hill Hotel;
at such hours as these places are open to the public on the dates named.
Any person claiming the insertion of his name in the said Lists, or objecting to any name already therein, shall, before or on the 14th day of July, and in accordance with section 86 of the Act aforesaid, give or send by post to the Shire Secretary written notice to that effect, and any person so objecting shall give to the person objected to, or send through post by registered letter, or leave at the premises in respect of which his name shall appear to be entered on Voters' or Separate Voters' Lists, notice in writing of such objection, and shall sign the same under his own hand.
Any person objecting as aforesaid shall appear by himself or by some one on his behalf, at a Revision Court to be held at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, on a date to be fixed, and of which due notice will be given.
Forms of claims and objections may be obtained at the Shire Offices, Beaufort, and at Mechanics' Hall, Snake Valley.
J. M. CARROLL, Shire Secretary.
Shire Offices, Beaufort, 1/7/04.

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 July, 1904, for the following works:—
Contract 271.—Spreading maintenance metal, and supplying and spreading gravel, Skipton.
Contract 272.—Re-forming, spreading maintenance metal, supplying and spreading gravel near McIntosh's corner, Eurambeen.
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, 23rd June, 1904.

SHIRE OF RIPON.
BYE-LAW NO. 10.
REGULATION OF SPEED OF MOTOR CARS, MOTOR CYCLES, AND BICYCLES.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Bye-law made at a meeting of the Council of the Shire of Ripon, held on the Sixth day of June, 1904, regulating the speed of Motor Cars, Motor Cycles, and Bicycles within the Shire of Ripon, will be confirmed at a meeting to be held at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, at 11 a.m., on 4th July next.
J. M. CARROLL, Shire Secretary.
Shire Offices, Beaufort, 21st June, 1904.

L. BRAVO,
Hairdresser and Tobacconist,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,
Begs to notify the public of Beaufort and district that he has commenced Business, and hopes by strict attention to business to receive a fair share of public patronage.
SHAVING, 3d.; HAIRCUTTING, 6d.
CHILDREN, 3d.
A Good Assortment of PIPES, TOBACCO, and CIGARS kept in Stock.
A trial solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

LAND SELECTION.
BEAUFORT COMMON.
MAY, 1904.
To Lease-holders, Land-owners, and Others.
HAWKES BROS.
Beg to notify having made very special arrangements for a large supply of
FENCING MATERIALS,
Including an Extra Big Stock of
BEST GERMAN BLACK FENCE WIRE,
No. 8, at 10s per cwt. Net Cash.
Ton Lots, £9 15s per ton.
This is an Extra Low Price, and takes effect for this month only.
GALVANISED WIRE NETTING,
In all widths, gauges, and meshes. A few examples—36in. x 1½in. x 18g., at 19s 6d coil (100 yds.); 36in. x 1½in. x 17g., at 24s 6d; 42 x 1½in. x 18g., 24s 6d. Special Quotations for Quantities.
GALVANISED FENCING WIRE, No. 8, 13s; No. 10, 14s cwt.
do. BARB WIRE, No. 12 (440yds.), 17s; No. 14 (700yds.), 19s.
LACING WIRE, FENCE DROPPERS (Wood and Steel), STAPLES, NETTING FASTENERS, and all other Requisites at Lowest Current Rates.
BUILDING MATERIALS.
Large Stocks of Hardwood, Pine Weatherboards, T. and G. Flooring, Doors, Sashes, Lime, Cement. Prices on Application.
FURNITURE,
Direct from makers, to suit all purses. Inspect Show Rooms.
District CASH BUYERS of GRAIN, in any quantity.
Also on hand CHAFF, OATS, BRAN, and POLLARD, at Lowest Rates.
A Special Line of FOWL'S WHEAT at 10s Bag.
NOTE ADDRESS—
HAWKES BROS.,
MERCHANTS,
Neill Street, BEAUFORT.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.
DIXON BROS.,
Stock Station, Grain and Commission Agents, Valuators, and Export Produce Merchants,
Wish to notify the farmers of the surrounding district that they have leased the premises lately occupied by Mr. J. Cuthbertson as Steam Chaff Mills,
OPPOSITE CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT,
MONTHLY STOCK SALES
WILL BE CONDUCTED BY THEIR AUCTIONEER, MR. W. H. HALPIN, EVERY THIRD THURSDAY. SEVENTH SALE, THURSDAY, JULY 20th, 1904. Good yarding advised.
Sales Conducted in any part of the State. Entries received by Mr. R. G. KIRKPATRICK, Local Agent, or Mr. Hill, Camp Hotel.
For PRIVATE SALE, Single-seated ABBOTT BUGGY, two WAGGONETTES, and a second-hand DOUBLE AND TREBLE FURROW PLOUGH. Several FARMS in GEELONG district for SALE or LEASE.
Horse Rugs, Tarpaulins, Water Bags, and Coach Buggy Rugs a speciality.
Agents for Mitchell's Agricultural Implements, Wood's New Century Binder, also agents for the famous Barger Discs.
DIXON BROS., Lawrence Street, BEAUFORT.

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."

Middle Creek.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

Arbor Day was observed at the Middle Creek State school on Friday, 24th ult. A number of residents, principally A.N.A. members, assembled to assist the teacher (Mr H. J. Richards) and the children in carrying out the work. Although the teacher had been preparing the ground for tree-planting for some time, a lot remained to be done, but everyone worked with a will, so that it was quickly got through. Mr Richards had a very busy day in attending to his duties, and to him much credit is due for the interest he has taken in improving the school grounds. He has adopted a wise plan in allotting a tree to each family, who are supposed to look after it. Light refreshments were served at midday to the children and others present. After full justice had been done to the good things, Mr Richards, on behalf of himself and the school children, thanked those present for their attendance. The local branch of the A.N.A. were to be thanked for the interest taken in the movement, all but one of the visitors being members. He hoped to see them present next Arbor Day. This being the first, a lot of work had to be done; but next year there would not be so much, and he hoped to see the same interest taken then, and that those now here would come next year and see how the trees had been attended to. Special thanks were due to Mr G. Davis for supplying a number of trees (sugar gums). He gave a brief account of Arbor Day, and said he would not detain them longer, as much more work remained to be done. He asked the children to stand and sing "Joy for the sturdy tree," and afterwards called upon Mr Dunn to make a few remarks. Mr Dunn said that as time was limited his remarks would be brief. The Education Department thought the planting of ornamental trees at the schools of the State would greatly improve their appearance. At a meeting of the directors of the A.N.A. the Minister of Education mentioned it. The board thought it a good suggestion, and communicated with the branches throughout the State, asking them to assist the teachers on Arbor Day. The local branch approved of it, and agreed to assist the teacher; that was the reason they were present to-day. The Education Department was to be congratulated upon the institution of such an interesting and instructive object lesson as Arbor Day. It was a work of utility and beauty—utility, because it puts into the minds of the children a practical channel, and shows them that nature ever responds to labor wisely exercised. It also shows how our national wealth could be increased by judicious planting of useful trees that would furnish our manifold wants. The school ground could grow fine trees to shelter the children in the hot summer, and barren places could be turned into beauty spots. He said the department was to be congratulated, and so was the teacher (Mr Richards), who thought of an Arbor Day even before the department. A number of nice trees were to be seen growing. There was also a nice flower garden. He had heard it said, "Have you seen the pretty flower garden at the Middle Creek school?" Now this was very good to hear. Mr Richards was worthy of great praise, for when he came here there was not a sign of a flower or tree. The trees they were going to plant he hoped they would look after with pride, and see them grow into fine trees. If any of the trees died, and probably some of them would, their teacher had arranged to have them replanted. It would be amusement to see who would have the finest tree. The fifth class gave what they had learned from the school paper on planting of a tree. Mr Richards then asked Mr W. L. Fay to make a few remarks. Mr Fay said it gave him pleasure to be present. He endorsed the remarks of Mr Dunn. What was being done to-day would greatly enhance the appearance of the school. In summer they would have shady trees to rest under out of the heat. It would also give them a knowledge of tree-planting. He was also pleased to see such a nice flower garden; and great credit was due to their teacher. The fourth class then gave a poem on tree-planting. Mr Berryman said it gave him great pleasure to be present to assist in getting the ground ready. He regretted that there had not been an Arbor Day years ago, for then there would now be good trees. He was pleased to see the interest taken by the teacher, and would always lend a helping hand when required. The second class then gave the last two verses of "Joy for the sturdy tree." Mr A. Tullock, on behalf of those present, moved a vote of thanks to the ladies for their attendance, which was carried by acclamation.

The annual ball in connection with the Buangor R.C. Church was held in the Middle Creek Public Hall on Friday, 24th ult. Although the night was not favourable, about 46 couples assembled, including representatives from Beaufort, Trawalla, Nerring, and Lexton. The fair sex was well represented. Dancing was kept going with vigor until the small hours of the morning. Songs were given at intervals by Messrs Hannah, Wills, Evens, and Miss Jones. Music was supplied by Messrs T. White and T. Robinson. The catering was in the hands of Mr Flowers, of Beaufort, and gave great satisfaction. The M.C's. duties were carried out by Messrs B. Hanlan, W. Hern, and Bateman.

Carngham Brass Band.

A sports meeting in aid of the Carngham Brass Band took place on the local school reserve on Friday, 24th ult., and proved successful. A fancy dress football match was also played between the Sunshine and Rainbows, and the prizes for the best sustained characters were awarded to Messrs D. Brown and W. Sutherland, who posed as King Billy and his lubra. A programme of races was also negotiated, and the following were the results:—

Bicycle Road Race, 8 miles.—G. Wallace, 4 min., 1; J. Meehan, 3 min., 2; G. Stokes, scr., 3. The winner's time was 41½ min.; and the fastest time was secured by G. Stokes, 40½ min.

Drop-kick Football.—J. Stephen.

Boys' Race.—G. Nicholson, 1; W. Nicholson, 2.

Bandsmen's Race.—G. Burgdorf, 1; J. Burgdony, 2; J. Gardiner, 3.

Girls' Race.—N. Sheehan, 1; B. Gardiner, 2.

Consolation Race.—H. Baxter, 1; G. Nicholson, 2.

In the evening a ball concluded the day's amusement, and was well attended. —"Courier."

Skipton.

The total rainfall at Skipton last week was 130 points. The putting in of crops is complete. A good deal of fallowing is to be done on the Borriyalloak plains this season, and about 600 acres are to be prepared for wheat planting next season.

Arbor Day was celebrated at Skipton on Friday, 24th ult., some 60 trees of different kinds being planted by the scholars, under the direction of the head master (Mr Lord). For the essay on "Uses of Trees" for the VI and V classes, the first prizes were won by Allan McDonald and Ethel Stoddart respectively. In the fourth class John Costello was first in the essay on "Flowers." During the afternoon refreshments were provided for the scholars and visitors by the parents of the children, and the latter gave a nice programme of songs and recitations. The first prize essays were read at the entertainment, and speeches were delivered by the Rev. Finlay McQueen and Cr. A. R. Slater (Riponshire).

Teams representing Skipton and Lake Bolac played in the Recreation Reserve, Skipton, on Saturday. The ground was in very bad order for football, but a splendidly contested game resulted in a win for Skipton by 3 points, the final being:—Skipton, 2 goals 8 behinds; Lake Bolac, 2 goals 5 behinds. For Lake Bolac, Foleman, Murphy, Ward, and Graham were most conspicuous; and Tait, Rowe (2), Rawlins, Shannon, and McIntyre for Skipton. Mr Beal acted as central umpire. —"Courier."

ENJOY YOUR MEALS.

Your food does little good when you have no desire for it; when you dread the meal time Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will sharpen your appetite and strengthen the organs. They are just what you need to make you relish and your meals. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Death of Dr. Moore.

R.C. BISHOP OF BALLARAT.

The Bishop of Ballarat, the Most Rev. James Moore, D.D., died on Sunday evening at 6 o'clock, at his residence, the Bishop's Palace, Sturt-street, Ballarat, after a comparatively brief illness, from diabetes and general breaking up of the system. The news of the Bishop's death came as a shock to the community, for, though it was known that he had not been in good health for a week past, no serious apprehension was entertained until Saturday, writes the "Star." Over the Roman Catholic community the news naturally cast a great gloom. The Bishop's strong personality had for the past 38 years been conspicuous in the work of the church in Ballarat. Since the earliest days of Ballarat Bishop Moore, first in his capacity as priest of the parish, and subsequently as Dean and Vicar-General, had been associated very closely with the rise and progress of the district. An amiable personality and of a dignified and by no means austere character, Bishop Moore was beloved by all in his diocese. Those who were not of his denomination respected him, and recognised in him a factor who contributed greatly to the rise and progress of the district in which he was the spiritual head of so large a section of the population. Since he first came here as a priest in 1866 he devoted himself to the advancement of Ballarat, from the educational point of view, as well as from the religious, and incidentally from the architectural. The magnificent cathedral that adorns the city is a monument to his energy. St. Patrick's College, the Monastery, Nazareth House, the Loretto Convent, and other institutions, are tributes to his educational and philanthropic zeal, while the splendid St. Patrick's Hall and the presbytery, the last of his works in the city, are among the other evidences of his interest in the welfare of his priests and people. His charity was practically boundless, and his liberality, apart from his own church, was spontaneous. There was practically no public movement in which he did not evince an interest. He was at one time a member of the Hospital Committee, and of that of the Benevolent Asylum, and was in later years a member of the Council of the Art Gallery. Those of his flock who live in distant parts of the diocese will be shocked to hear of his death, for to them the news of his illness had not had time to penetrate, and he will be missed as one who took a keen interest in Ballarat and its progress. Though Bishop Moore had been ailing for the past six months, the last moments of the aged prelate came swiftly, and when it was apparent that the end was approaching, His Grace Archbishop Carr came to Ballarat to administer the last rites. Mass was celebrated on Sunday morning, and prayers offered for his speedy recovery or happy death, but when it became apparent that the end was near, the sacrament of extreme unction was administered, and shortly after 6 o'clock Bishop Moore passed away.

CLARK'S 41 PILLS are warranted to cure in either sex, all acquired or constitutional Disorders from the Urinary Organs, Gravel and Pains in the Back. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MOCK HARE SOUP is one of the best vegetarian soups. Necessary ingredients One pound of haricot beans, two onions six cloves, half a pound of large mushrooms, the peel of a small lemon, two ounces of cooking butter, pepper and salt to taste. The beans should be soaked in water for twelve hours before cooking. Melt the butter in a frying-pan, peel and cut up the mushrooms and onions, and fry both together for five minutes. Add the other ingredients with two quarts of water, and boil four hours. Press all through a sieve, colour with browning, boil up and serve with small forcemeat balls. The soup will, of course, be improved by the addition of hare bones, should there be any to be used up.

KIDNEY SHAPE.—Procure five or six sheep's kidneys and chop them finely with half a pound of lean meat and three ounces of suet. Then mix in a teaspful of fine oatmeal, a small minced onion, with pepper, mustard, and salt to taste. Beat an egg and stir into the mixture, then place all in a well buttered mould. Steam for two hours, turn out, and serve with a good brown gravy poured round.

OX PALATE CROQUETTES.—Boil ox palates and cut lengthwise, arrange them in a stewpan and cover with good stock, adding a suspicion of garlic, a bay leaf, some cloves and a blade of mace. After simmering half-an-hour, take out the meat, drain it, and let it get cold. Have ready some highly seasoned, forcemeat, and put some of it in each piece of palate. Dip into frying batter and cook in deep fat till a delicate brown'

STEAMED LEG OF MUTTON.—Take the bone out of a small tender leg of mutton. Chop some apple and onion very finely, season them with powdered mace, cinnamon, a few cloves and a wineglassful of red current jelly. Fill the cavity made by removing the bone with the stuffing, roll it tightly, and place it in a double cooking pot, so that the water will not touch the meat. Make a good gravy with stock, red current jelly, and port wine. When the meat is cooked place it in a deep dish and pour the gravy over it. Send to table on a very hot dish.

CELERY SALAD.—Take two large heads of firm, white celery, pare off all outside stalks, trim the roots nicely, and cut into short shreds. Wash all and dry in a cloth. Place in a salad bowl and serve with a good oil and vinegar dressing. Ornament the top of the salad with beetroot cut in fancy shapes and sprinkle chopped parsley over it.

* * * * *

CHANGED WITH THE YEARS.

There is a stricking portrait in a certain artist's studio which has created much interest among those who know of its existence.

Its peculiarity is that every year it has been altered to show the changes which time would have made in the original. The portrait is that of the artist's wife, and was painted many years ago, when she was a young bride.

A few years after it was completed the young wife died, and so great was the grief of the artist that he determined to keep her likeness with him all the time, and to do this he decided that year by year he would change the portrait so as to make it grow old with him.

Every year, on the anniversary of his wedding day, the artist has locked himself in his studio and changed the lines of the face of the portrait, adding what he thought would make the difference of one year. There have been many anniversaries of that marriage day, and consequently, many changes in the portrait.

To-day the picture is that of an old woman, the hair turned grey, the face wrinkled and pale, but still beneath the marks of time, as made by the skilful brush of the artist, can be seen the early beauty and attractiveness of the bride.

A useful walnut stain for floors has been asked for lately by several correspondents, and the following recipe will be found both easy to make, and satisfactory in appearance. Boil together for ten minutes, one quart of water, one and a half ounces of washing soda, two and a half ounces of vandyke brown, and a quarter of an ounce of bicarbonate of potash. The stain may be applied to the floor when hot, or let until cold, as preferred.

Elder down quilts, when dirty, may be washed at home quite easily. First see that all the holes there may be are carefully mended. Put the quilt into warm suds, wring it out with the hands, repeating the process till it appears clean, then rinse out all the soap with as many changes of water as necessary, shake the quilt and hang it up to dry. When dry shake it well until it is quite soft and full-looking.

Mr Fussy (re-arranging things in the parlor:) You have wretchedly poor taste, my dear. Mrs Fussy (resignedly): That what all my friends said when I married you, Henry.

Mrs Wicks: When my hubsand said anything I have to take it with a grain of salt. Mr Hicks: When my wife says anything I have to take it with a good many grains of pepper.

Boy: "That coalman says he won't deliver any more coal until you pay his last bill." Shortage: "For heaven's sake, what does he expect me to do—freeze to death!"

Returned Traveller: Is this rich old bachelor uncle of yours dead yet? Hosts (dejectedly). Worse — a thousand times worse. He's married and got a baby.

Farmer: I 'ear Jenkins pulled round all right. Doctor: Yes: I consider that one of my most succesful cases. Farmer Yes: you couldn't kill Jenkins with an axe.

A FAVORITE REMEDY FOR BABIES.

Its pleasant taste and prompt cures have made Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a favorite with the mothers of small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds and prevents any danger of pneumonia or other serious consequences. It not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears will prevent the attack. Sold by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

POLLY IN A TIGHT PLACE.

From the "Indianapolis Sentinel" we glean something interesting about Ben Lusbie, who, for fifteen years, was one of the greatest features of Barnum's circus in the capacity of "lightning ticket seller." He had a wonderful parrot, which had been presented to him by one of the canvassers of the show who was at one time a sailor on a steamer plying between Boston and Fernandina. Lusbie used to have a way of quieting the scrambling mob of ticket purchasers around the ticket waggon by saying, "Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen." "There's plenty of time." "Don't crowd each other." "One at a time, gentlemen," and such like expressions. The parrot, which was perched upon the safe in the waggon just back of Lusbie, got to learn these little speeches after a season's tour, and often broke out in a piercing squawk, with one of them, much to Lusbie's amusement. The parrot, which was quite a little vagabond, broke loose from her fetters one day and flew over into a neighbouring wood, near the circus.

A searching party was made up, and they had not proceeding far before they heard a great racket, apparently made by squawking birds. Hastening to the scene they found Polly clinging as best she could to the limb of a dead tree, surrounded by a screaming flock of crows. The parrot had only a few feathers left, and the hostile crows were striking, pecking, and plucking her right and left. Hanging on as best she could, the parrot was shrilly screaming, "One at a time, gentlemen!" "Don't crowd there!" "Take your time!" "There's plenty more left!"

THOUGHTS FOR THINKERS.

Duties fulfilled are memory's joys.

The school of difficulty is the best school of moral discipline.

A little wrong done to another is a great wrong done to ourselves.

Think how many people are noble if you cannot be, and rejoice in their nobleness.

No road to any good knowledge is wholly among the lilies and the grass; there is rough climbing to be done always.

Courage that grows from constitution often forsake the man when he has occasion for it; courage which arises from a sense of duty acts in a uniform manner.

There are very few original thinkers in the world; the greater number of those who are called philosophers have adopted the opinions of those who went before them.

People are always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude, but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude—and the rarest, too. For patience lies at the root of all pleasures, as well as of all powers.

To-day's privileges cannot be enjoyed nor to-day's duties discharged to-morrow. To-morrow may never come. If it does come, it will bring its own privileges and duties—privileges made less and duties made greater by to-day's neglect.

The great difficulty is always to open people's eyes; to touch their feelings and break their hearts is easy; the difficult thing is to break their heads. What does it matter as long as they remain stupid whether you change their feelings or not.

Beautiful it is to see and understand that no work, known or unknown, can die even in this earth. The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden under ground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and veinlets: one day day it will start forth as a visible perennial well.

SOURCES OF MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

Unlike the colouring of the outer surface of shells, which is due to the disposition of pigment in their substance, the iridescence of mother-of-pearl is caused by the mechanical arrangement of the particles of the shell itself, which form a number of exceedingly minute and delicate ridges and grooves, thus breaking up the light falling upon them into its constituent elements. A proof that this pearly lustre is due to mechanical structure is seen in the fact that impressions taken from mother-of-pearl in gum, wax, or fusible metal exhibit the same play of colours.

Several kinds of molluscs are employed as sources of mother-of-pearl, but the pearl oyster forms the staple of the trade. Of this oyster, which is not of the same family with the edible oyster, there are two distinct types. One is the Ceylon pearl oyster, which is very thin, and is of much more value for its pearls than for its mother-of-pearl.

The largest supply of commercial mother-of-pearl is derived from a large and massive oyster, whose two valves will not infrequently weigh as much as two and a half pounds. These occur in vast bands in the Indian Ocean, Red Seo, Persian Gulfh and the warmer portions of the South Pacific, generally at about 12 fathoms depth.

HINTS NATURE GIVES.

Nature (remarked an observant doctor) seldom strikes without warning. Her victims get hint after hint of impending calamities in the way of illness, but seldom profit by them.

Even the common cold comes heralded by sneezes which should prompt an early dose of camphor or a hot bath and immediate retirement to bed. The winter cold is another hint. Neglected it may mean chronic bronchitis.

Early baldness is often a sign of failing energy, especially when it commences about the temples and eats its way over the scalp.

Blue hands or blue nails show a weak or obstructed circulation. The subject should be careful to avoid over-exertion, for the obstruction may arise from disorder of several organs; but generally it means a weakness of the heart, which is not dangerous if the patient lives quietly.

Yawning is another of nature's signals which means one of two things. Either you are exhausted, and should go to rest as soon as you can, or you are breathing a vitiated atmosphere, and should open your windows or go out into the fresh air.

A REAL FRIEND.

Miss Rougenoir: "So he said he didn't like my eyebrows, eh?"

Miss Kraft: "Yes, he said they were too dark."

Miss Rougenoir: "The idea!"

Miss Kraft: "Yes, but I told him they weren't as black as they were painted."

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD.

The first action when you have a cold, should be to relieve the lungs. This is best accomplished by the free use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This Remedy liquefies the tough mucus and causes its expulsion from the air cells of the lungs, produces a free expectoration, and opens the secretions. A complete cure soon follows. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

FACTS FOR FITZROY.

The Proof by Others Tests

The Case of Mr. G. J. FIELD.

(By a Melbourne Reporter.)

In the sunshine of his own happiness who is there that does not feel for the miseries of others? "It is then," said Mr. George James Field, of No. 48 Atherton-street, Fitzroy, "that we should be most sympathetic, and now that my days are so much brighter than they were twelve years ago, I must try to make other people's the same."

"Is it so long as that since you made the recovery I've heard mentioned?" enquired a reporter.

"Quite," was Mr. Field's brisk reply, "and for that very reason I ought to be all the more thankful, as all these years I have been perfectly free from the complaints with which I formerly suffered so much. It was whilst I was living in Hanover-street, near here, that my liver and kidneys played up with me with more than usual severity, and I may tell you that during my many years of suffering the agony I endured would have killed most men. From twelve stone I had got worn down to ten stone and half-a-pound exactly, so imagine what a wreck I was, and, strange to say, although I was so weary always, I could not rest when I turned in, for I seldom dozed off until I had fairly worn myself out by turning about in bed most of the night, and when I got up I was quite unfit for anything. My mouth had a bad taste, and the unhealthy condition of my stomach could be seen by the coating on my tongue, and another sign of my internal disorders was evidenced by the severe pains I suffered."

"When did you usually feel them?"

"Always, but after taking food they were terribly acute. The stomach soon felt over-loaded, even before I had eaten anything worth speaking of, and it was remarkable what a nasty, heavy, suffocating feeling affected my chest. The pains across my loins and between my shoulders fairly crippled me, and my life was made quite dismal by the intensity of my headaches. If I slept for an hour I had awful dreams, when I fancied I was falling from a great height, or something equally terrible, and my nerves were so shattered that I could not keep them still. Indeed, nervousness troubled me so much that I always imagined somebody was standing behind me with evil intent, and my life was a perfect misery. My eyes felt double their proper size, and my sight was very bad; I grew giddy at intervals, my appetite had left me long ago, and even what I ate I could not always keep down. Fits of dry retching came on frequently, and I really don't know how I escaped breaking a blood-vessel, the straining was so severe. Heaven knows that I never expected to recover, and but for Clements Tonic I would have been dead long ago, as the doctors could do positively nothing for me, and I had been under dozens of them. Every medicine available I had tried in vain, and I tell you frankly that I got Clements Tonic just in the nick of time. Thank God, that remedy completely conquered my ailments."

"And have you remained cured for twelve years?"

"I am happy to say I have, for Clements Tonic eradicated my liver and kidney troubles so thoroughly that they have never since returned and for that reason I recommend the same remedy wherever I go, for I know there is nothing like it to cure nervousness and weakness, and to destroy those headaches that had made me wretched so long. Often I had had my back and shoulders rubbed with liniment, thinking I had lumbago, but Clements Tonic was the only medicine which brought entire relief, which, after all the unavailing treatment I had received, including a fortnight in hospital, speaks for itself. The vomiting and dry retching also ceased, giddiness never occurred again, and my sight became as clear as ever. My sleep became regular, peaceful, and refreshing, and the appetite I got through using Clements Tonic was remarkable. After thinking my ailments were incurable, and that I was surely going to die, just fancy how grateful I was, and how astounded, too, at what Clements Tonic had done for me, which amounted to nothing more or less than an entirely new lease of life. I was born at sea on board the 'Oliver Lang' on July 11, 1830, so I am getting on in years, yet my health has remained better since Clements Tonic cured me than ever it was, and you can publish these facts in any manner you choose."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, GEORGE JAMES FIELD, 48 Atherton-st., Fitzroy in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of four folios, and consecutively numbered from one to four, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my statements—which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

George J. Field

Declared at Fitzroy, in the State of Victoria, this 25th day of January, 1904, before me, W. R. BENNETTS, J.P., a Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

Railway Time-Table.

The following is the new railway timetable, which took effect on Monday, 2nd May, 1904:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.20 a.m., Trawalla at 12.7 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12.22, and taking its departure at 12.30. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.54, and Buangor at 1.4. The Adelaide express still leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Ballarat at 7.50, and Beaufort at 8.44 (arriving here at 8.39). On the return journey to Melbourne (Monday excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.25 a.m. (arriving here at 6.20). The afternoon mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Buangor at 4.45 p.m., Middle Creek at 4.55, Beaufort at 5.30 (arriving here at 5.20), Trawalla at 5.54, and Burrumbeet at 6.9. A mixed train will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5.10 a.m. (arriving here at 6.50 a.m., and leaving at 6.55 a.m.), and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 5.15 p.m., Burrumbeet at 6.9, Trawalla at 6.35, Beaufort at 7 (arriving here at 6.50), Middle Creek at 7.30, and Buangor at 7.42. The morning mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat leaves Stawell at 6 a.m. instead of 6.15 a.m., and is timed to leave the district stations every week day as follows:—Buangor, 7.48; Middle Creek, 8; Beaufort, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Trawalla, 8.50; Burrumbeet, 9.16.

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

Every girl, through her parents or natural guardians, should insist upon the acceptance of her intended husband by a responsible insurance company before consenting to marry him; and this is a requirement in support of which public opinion might without any great difficulty be enlisted.

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.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD

(LATE W. EDWARD NICKOLS),

Auctioneers and General Commission, House, Land, and Insurance Agents,

BEAUFORT, ARARAT, AND PITFIELD.

MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneer.

MONEY TO LEND.

AUCTION SALES CONDUCTED in any part of the State of Victoria.

Every attention, and prompt returns.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers.

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 two years, 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

F. G. PRINCE

Begs to intimate that he has STARTED BUSINESS as a BUTCHER in premises in

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT

(next door to Mr. T. Sands), and hopes by strict attention to business and by keeping the Primest Meat, to merit a fair share of public patronage.

Small Goods a Speciality.

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

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.

Police Magistrate's Fixtures.

The following are the police magistrate's 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.

REFERRING TO THE NEW

REGAL CLUB WHISKY,

Which since its importation to Victoria, within the last six months, has established itself in public favor to an extent HITHERTO UNEQUALLED PROBABLY BY ANY OTHER WHISKY THAT HAS COME INTO THE STATE, the following Certificate from one of the most eminent of English analysts gives it at once a hall-mark of superiority, which must recommend it to the confidence of every consumer:—

CERTIFICATE.

I hereby certify that I have submitted to a very careful Chemical Analysis a sample of the REGAL CLUB WHISKY received from the Imperial Glenlivet Distillery, Strathspey, N.B., and the analytical data I have obtained proves it to be, in a conclusive manner, a product of high quality and purity. It possesses a mellow and creamlike flavor that is only to be found in the choicest whiskies, and is entirely free from all acrid or undesirable admixture. It has been thoroughly and naturally matured by age, and contains restorative and dietetic properties of a high order.

GRANTVILLE H. SHARP, F.C.S., Analyst, London, E.C.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Agents.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In thanking the public or the support accorded me for the past 4½ years, I beg to announce that I have taken the

Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort,

And trust by keeping the very

Best Liquors in Stock,

to receive a share of public patronage.

I will be in possession on and after Saturday, January 30th.

MEALS a Specialty, from 1s.

A careful Groom always in attendance.

C. W. JONES.

A Penny for a Stamp
A Dip of Ink.
And a Minute Spent in Writing.

Will bring to you Patterns of Our Specially Trimmed and Tailored

Famous Two Guinea Suits.

Together with full instructions for Self-measurement.

Write for Patterns. POST FREE.

Lincoln, Stuart & Co., Ltd.

Flinders Street, MELBOURNE

The only Machine that leaves Land Perfectly Level.

This Patent Style of Machine is the only machine perfectly and completely controlled by Compound Levers to instantly set machine in and out of cut, or deeper or shallower when travelling. Made all size.

6ft. Premier.

PATENT MALLEE KING STEEL OR WOOD-FRAMED DISC,

Renowned for immense quantities and quality of work done.

Leads Everywhere.

ORCHARDIST'S EXTENSION DISC

Patent Extension and Reversible Double Beam Steel Frame Orchard Cultivator, will extend out to 10ft. or 12ft. wide, and close up to 5ft. 6in. Simple and easily managed in every particular.

ONE-HORSE or PONY DOT,

For smaller Growers, suitable for Vineyards, Nursery Growers, Small Orchard, Potato and Onion Growers, is built on Reversible and Extension Principle.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES.

W. G. BARGER,

SOHO DISC FACTORY,

231 & 233 FRANKLIN-ST., MELBOURNE, AND BOO BROS.

AGENTS FOR BEAUFORT AND DISTRICT—DIXON

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

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Specialty, from 1s.
always in attendance.

C. W. JONES.

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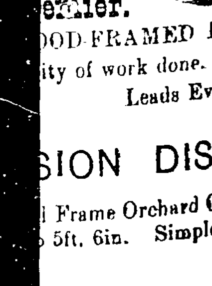

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OOD-FRAMED DISC,
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Leads Everywhere.

SION DISC

Frame Orchard Cultivator,
5ft. 6in. Simple and easy

NY DOT,

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ATALOGUES.

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RNE, AND BOO
TRICT—DIXO BROS.

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PARKER, at
ufort, Vic

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1389 | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1904 | PRICE THREEPENCE

12 JUL 04

RELIABILITY.
RELIABILITY.
RELIABILITY.
RELIABILITY.
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RELIABILITY.
RELIABILITY.
RELIABILITY.
RELIABILITY.

What a lot in that one word when associated with any business whatever, and what a vast amount there is in it when bracketed with a WATCHMAKER'S and JEWELLERY BUSINESS.

YOU MUST HAVE NOTICED

One business going ahead while others were standing still or going backwards.

YOU MUST HAVE AN IDEA

Of what our business is now compared to what it was a few years back.

YOU MUST GUESS

That there is something powerfully convincing about our method of doing business. ARE YOU ONE OF PAYNE'S CUSTOMERS? If not, we respectfully ask for your patronage, and if afterwards you do not think we are worthy of it, we are perfectly willing to lose it.

Whatever is done here is done properly. Whatever we sell you is "Right" in the full sense of that word.

Our stock embraces everything in the Watch, Clock, and Jewellery line, and a good selection is shown in everything. If there is one lot of goods more than any other we would like you to inspect it is our fine selection of Rings—either Wedding Rings and Keepers, Dress and Engagement Rings, or Gent's. Rings.

We have a beautiful stock of Diamond Marquise, Diamond Half-hoop, and Gipsy-set Dress and Engagement Rings, at all prices.

Another thing we wish you to bear in mind is that all PAYNE'S RINGS are made by Expert Ring-makers only. You can buy a ring here with confidence, and rest assured that it has passed through hands whose owners have made ring-making a life-long study. Of course, you can see from the foregoing that this is undoubtedly our specialty ; but a splendid selection of other goods is shown as well, including Brooches, Links, Bracelets, Muff Chains, Photo Pendents, Gent's. Gold and Silver Chains, Lockets, Medals, Necklets, Gold, Silver, Nickel, and Gun-metal Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, &c.

Sight Tested and Spectacles Made to Measure. We can guarantee you satisfaction in every description of Watch, Clock, and Jewellery REPAIRS. Expert workmen employed in each branch of the trade.

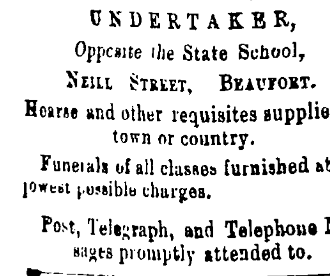
The Address is—

GEORGE PAYNE,

WAWCHMAKER and JEWELLER,

BALLARAT

(Two doors down Sturt-street from the Post Office.)



FUNERAL REFORM.
Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS

(Late Wm. Baker),

UNDERTAKER,

Opposite the State School,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, and Picture Framer.

A well-assorted stock of Softwood Timber, Picture Framing, Paints, Oils, and Window Glass kept on hand.

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 ord

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.

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the Blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. This medicine has 40 years' reputation, and is to-day more popular than ever, the reason of this being undoubtedly because this wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—it cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For

SCROFULA,	BAD LEGS,
SCURVY,	BLOTCHES,
ECZEMA,	SPOTS,
BLOOD POISON,	BLACKHEADS,
ULCERS,	PIMPLES,
SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES,	and SORES OF ALL KINDS,

it is a safe and permanent remedy.

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

NOTE.—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, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

TRIED MANY THINGS WITHOUT BENEFIT UNTIL I TOOK CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE.

Mr F. E. Lewis, 48 Bridge Street, Row, Chester, writes :—"Just a line in favour of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I had eczema for seven months, and tried many things without benefit until I took your remedy. After the eighth bottle I was quite well again. Please accept this letter as a token of gratitude to your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'"—June 13, 1903.

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

Mr W. G. Weston, care of Messrs Knott, of 49, Essex-street, Kingsland-road, N.E., writes :—"Gentlemen,—I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit in health I have received through taking your famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I have been a sufferer from eczema and an irritating skin trouble since the age of thirteen. While an out-patient at one of the big London hospitals a doctor informed me that my disease was the result of looking after foreign horses. I have had as many as thirty horses under my care, my father being a horsedealer and jobmaster. He (my father) was speaking one day to a friend of mine who mentioned that he was being cured of an ulcerated leg, due to a horse-kick, by 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I continued, however, to suffer until April 4 last, when my friend told me he was completely cured. Then I started to take 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' myself, and I am now completely cured, after suffering and being disfigured for several years. I am able to follow my employment, and am very pleased to think there is such a valuable remedy obtainable for such a small sum. I should be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case."—July 17, 1903.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES.

Mr James Waring, of Clay Coton Lodge, near Rugby, writes :—"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' For a long time I suffered with bad legs and abscesses. I was under a doctor for five months, and, not getting much better, I went as an out-patient to the local hospital for nine weeks. The doctor then told me I should have to go inside before he could do anything for me. I went in and stayed for thirteen weeks, and after undergoing two operations I got a little better. Before I had been out of hospital a week I became worse than ever, so my wife told me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and after taking five bottles and using four pots of your salve I was completely cured. I have waited twelve months to see if my legs broke out again, but, thanks to your 'Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture,' I am as well to-day as I have ever been in my life. You can make whatever use you like of this letter."—Oct. 15, 1903.

IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD.—"We have seen hosts of letters from all sorts and conditions of people, in which the writers acknowledge the benefit they have received from Clarke's Blood Mixture, which as a curative agent cannot be too highly estimated, since it cleanses and clears the blood from all impurities, and restores it to its normal condition." This is a good testimonial from the *Family Doctor*, the popular medical weekly, which goes on further to say :—"It is certainly the finest blood purifier that science and skill have brought to light, and we can with the utmost confidence recommend it to our subscribers and the public generally."

Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture,

and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

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.

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J's.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under :—Second Tuesday.—Messrs F. Beggs, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridges. 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.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Possess the following qualities in a high degree:

They Strengthen the Stomach, They Regulate the Bowels, They Purify and Enrich the Blood, and they give tone to the whole Nervous System.

They contain no drugs of mineral or metallic origin, but are purely vegetable, mild, beneficent, and sure. They will restore you to health if you give them a chance.

BEECHAM'S PILLS are perfect in quality and plentiful in quantity; they last longest, go furthest, and produce the best results.

Sold everywhere, in Boxes, labelled 1s. 1½d., containing 56 Pills, and 2s. 9d., containing 168 Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.		Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne	...	...	8 and 4.50
Ballarat	...	...	8 and 4.50
Geelong	...	...	8 and 4.50
Trawalla	...	...	8 and 4.50

Registered mail and parcels post close 30 minutes prior.

Ararat, 11.50 a.m., and 8 p.m. (including Sundays.)

Stawell ...	11.50	8 p.m. Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays.
Middle Creek,	11.50	
Murtoa ...	11.50	
Buangor ...	11.50	

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

English mail per Mail Steamer, via Adelaide, 8 p.m. every 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., 9 a.m.

Eurambeen ...	...	12.45
Shirley, ...	...	12.45

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

MAILS INWARD.
Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—12.20 p.m. daily and 8.40 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. From Melbourne and Ballarat, 7 a.m. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

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

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.

From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Two deliveries by postman daily. 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 "KEATINGS," 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.

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 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

Of you dry todo 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.

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 sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

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

The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, 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.

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 Wetherspoon & Co.

STEVENSON BROS.,

BUILDERS

AND

CONTRACTORS,

HAVELOCK STREET,

B E A U F O R T.

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

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.

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.

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 the Promoter, must offer certain returns to the whose support is necessary to achieve certain advantageous results on both sides.

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

The law of exchange was never satisfactory in its working ; thus it was that the custom 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 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

CHESTERFIELDS.

A large assortment of Men's, Youths', and Boys' Chesterfield Overcoats.

A big purchase just opened at

COUGLE'S.

COUGLE'S

Famous Low Prices are a Boon to Customers

Boys' and Youths' Brown Tweed Chesterfield Overcoats, at 9s. 6d. Honestly worth 14s. 6d.

Men's Dark Grey Cloth Chesterfield Overcoats, at 32s. 6d. Good value at 42s.

Men's W. P. Chesterfield Overcoats, 27s 6d to 42s. Every Coat a Bargain.

Everything we do, we do well.

G. H. COUGLE,

The People's Draper,

BEAUFORT.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT LIVE STOCK MARKET.
Tuesday.

Fat Cattle—237 head was the supply penned for to-day's sale, consisting principally of quality ranging from middling to useful, only a few odd pens being good to prime. There was an average attendance of the trade, and as suitable descriptions were scarce for each competition was animated, prices showing an advance on last week's best values, whilst other sorts show no material alteration. Quotations:—Prime pens bullocks, £12 to £14 5s; good, £10 to £11; useful, £8 10s to £9 10s; prime pens cows, £9 to £10 10s; good, £7 to £8. Calves—20 forward, which were very well competed for; best selling at 9ls. Sheep—2909 came to hand for to-day's sale, of which number only a small proportion was really good to prime, balance chiefly comprising middling to useful descriptions. There was a good attendance of buyers, consequently for quality competition was animated, prices showing a further slight improvement on last week's values, closing very firm; other sorts unaltered. Quotations—Prime crossbred wethers, 22s to 25s; extra heavy, 28s to 31s 6d; good, 20s to 21s; useful, 18s to 12s; prime crossbred ewes, 20s to 23s; extra, to 26s 10d; good, 18s to 19s; prime merino wethers, 18s to 20s 10d; good, 17s to 18s. Lambs—638 to hand. All suitable trade lots were eagerly competed for, prices showing an advance on last week's rates, whilst graziers' sorts were also in brisk request at former prices. Quotations—Prime, 16s to 18s; extra, 20s to 22s 3d; good, 14s to 15s; useful, 12s 6d to 13s 6d.

The following district sales are reported:—By Messrs Macleod & Booth.—46 comeback wethers, Mr Chas. Dunn, Chute, 16s to 17s 9d; averaging 16s 10d; 28 lambs, same owner, 14s 10d to 16s 3d, averaging 15s; 149 lambs, Mr A. J. Gillespie, Stockyard Hill, at 13s 5d. By Messrs S. G. Valentine & Co.—46 comeback wethers, Mr James Dunn, Trawalla, to 21s 6d.

BALLARAT PRODUCE MARKET.
Thursday.

Wheat, prime milling, 2s 10d to 3s. Oats, 1s 1d to 1s 2d; prime Algerian, 1s 2d. Peas, 2s 9d. Barley, malting, 3s 7d; cooking, 3s; Cape, 1s 9d. Potatoes, 35s to 40s; prime reds, 35s to 40s; Snowflakes, 25s to 32s 6d; New Zealand pink eyes, 15s to 20s; Hay, prime chaffing, 22s 6d to 25s; medium, 20s to 22s 6d; manger, 25s to 27s 6d. Straw, 15s to 20s. Bran, 7½d to 8d. Pollard, 8d to 8½d. Flour, roller, L7 to L7 2s 6d. Dairy butter, 8d; factory prints, 10½d; lump, 9d to 10d; separator, 8d to 9d. Eggs, 1s. Honey, 3d to 4d. Bacon sides, 8½d. Cheese, 4½d to 5d.

MELBOURNE PRODUCE MARKET.
Thursday.

Wheat, 3s 0½d. Oats—Prime milling, 1s 3d; feed, 1s 1d to 1s 2½d; stout white, 1s 6d to 1s 10d. Hay—Manger, £3 to £3 10s; chaffing, 30s to 40s. Chaff—Prime, £2; good, 35s; inferior, 25s. Bran, 8½d. Pollard, 8½d. Barley—Malting, from 3s 6d; medium, 2s 6d to 3s; thin English, to 2s. Cape, 1s 6d to 1s 10d. Straw, £1 10s for Victorian, and £2 2s 6d for Tasmanian. Potatoes—Prime, 40s to 45s; inferior, 22s 6d. Onions, to 35s. Peas, 2s 5d. Flour, £7 10s.

PNEUMONIA

Always results from a cold or from an attack of influenza. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy not only cures these diseases, but counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. Sold by by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

A CARD.

CLEGG & MILLER,
ARCHITECTS,
LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.

Mr. Miller visits Beaufort periodically. Appointments made by letter.

DENTISTRY.

Mr. A. L. GIBBS, and Mr. W. A. J. BRANSTON,
Surgical and Mechanical Dentists,
73 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE,

Desire to notify the residents of Beaufort and surrounding districts that MR. BRANSTON may be consulted at BEAUFORT on the first Thursday of each month.

Teeth extracted painlessly.

All Artificial Teeth made on latest approved English and American principles.

Consultation Room—GOLDEN AGE HOTEL. Hours—12.30 p.m. to 5 p.m.

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

In this established profession the first attention is devoted to the DISPENSING DEPARTMENT.

Every care is ensured in the art and preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical Tinctures and British Pharmacopœa Preparations, the Purest Chemicals and Drugs being used. Medicines at Ballarat Prices, sent to all parts of the State by post, rail, coach, &c., and all letters receive prompt and careful attention.

HARRIS'S ANÆMIA MIXTURE, an excellent and invaluable remedy.
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HERBS.
Homeopathic Medicines. Horse and Cattle Medicines.

Mr J. W HARRIS, R.D.S.,
Surgical & Mechanical Dentist,
HAVELOCK-STREET, BEAUFORT,

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' Institute),
BEAUFORT

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.

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE."

Notice to Advertisers.

OWING to the inconvenience caused by Advertisements being received after the appointed time, we beg to notify that unless ALTERATIONS TO STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS reach us by WEDNESDAY Morning, such alterations will not be made till the following issue.

In future this rule will be strictly enforced, in fairness to our employees.

Correspondents are also requested to send reports by Thursday.

A. PARKER, Proprietor.

DULL WET WEATHER in no way interferes with the success of

RICHARDS & CO'S.
NEW INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS.

The Newest Styles in Photography.

The Art Folio,
The Wallet Photograph,
Artist Proofs.

BRIDAL PORTRAITS.—Our Studio has become famous for successful Bridal Portraits. Bridal Veils, Wreaths, and Bouquets kept the studio.

ENLARGED PHOTOS from any Old or Faded copy, in the newest solid art wood frame, 20s. each.

RICHARDS & CO.,
PHOTO ARTISTS,
23 STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

United Ancient Order of Druids.

THE usual FORTNIGHTLY MEETING will be held in the LODGE ROOM, SOCIETIES' HALL, on TUESDAY Evening next, at 8 o'clock sharp.

L. A. JAENSCH, Secy.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 10TH JULY, 1904.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Middle Creek, 2.30 p.m.—Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A. Chute, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Main Lead, 7 p.m.—Mr A. McLeod.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Waterloo, 3 p.m.—Rev. R. Yeo. Main Lead, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.—Mr Harvey. Waterloo, 7 p.m.; Chute, 3 p.m.—Mr Waldron.

Marriage.

SANDS—BUCHANAN.—On June 1st, at Beaufort, by the Rev. J. A. Barber, Thomas Edwin, second son of the late Henry Sands, of Haddon, to Mary, second daughter of William Buchanan, Beaufort.

Death.

DICKMAN.—On 5th inst., at Main Lead, Ellen Claxton, the dearly beloved daughter of William and Ellen Dickman, aged 16 years.

Bereavement Card.

MR. and MRS. W. DICKMAN and Family desire to sincerely THANK their many kind friends for sympathy shown by telegrams, letters, and floral tributes during their recent sad bereavement.

THE
Riponshire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1904.

For Chronic Chest Complaints, Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

First and second class certificates were given by the Education Department for the best kept garden and school grounds, Raglan was successful in winning a first class and Middle Creek a second class certificate.

A friendly rifle match is to be fired at Beaufort on Wednesday afternoon, 20th inst., between the local and Lexton clubs. *As the Beaufort team is to be selected* next Wednesday, the following are requested to attend practice on the range that afternoon:—J. McKeich, W. T. Hill, D. F. Troy, H. Dawson, E. Dawson, A. McDonald, D. Ferguson, A. McDougall, B. Oulton, Rev. J. A. Barber, E. Buchanan, A. L. Wotherspoon, H. H. Menzies, and T. Sands.

For Children's Hacking Cough at Night, Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

The fortnightly meeting of the Progress Tent, I.O.R., No. 43, Beaufort, was held in the Societies' Hall on Friday evening, 1st inst., the C.R., Bro. J. B. Hughes, *being in the chair, and 30 members present.* The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Sick pay to the amount of £2 16s 8d was passed for payment. Three honorary and three full benefit members were proposed. After the ordinary business was dealt with, a pleasant and instructive hour was spent. The subject being "Question Box," by the members, many suitable matters were debated, after which the meeting closed.

'LINSEED OATHARTICUM PILLS' of Mountain Flax. Agreeably Aperient. Worthy of trial.

A general meeting of the Beaufort Gun Club was held in the Mechanics' Institute on Wednesday evening. Present—Messrs A. L. Wotherspoon (president), T. E. Sands (secretary), D. Maher, C. W. Jones, J. W. and J. A. Harris, and A. Parker. The secretary submitted a balance-sheet, showing a credit of £9 3s. There was a loss of £1 3s on the first sparrow match, but the last one, when £12 10s was given away in prizes, resulted in a profit of £7 13s 3d. The subscriptions amounted to £8. The balance-sheet was received and adopted, on the motion of Messrs Jones and J. A. Harris. The secretary said that Mr Harris and he had come in contact with a lot of shooters at Burrumbeet lately, and thought if they got up a fair match, making the prize money as big and the nomination as small as they could, they would get 20 shooters. Mr Jones moved that a sparrow match be fired on Wednesday, 27th July, for prizes of £20—1st £16, 2nd £4—for an unlimited number of birds; nominations (two allowed, as also double stars) to be 10s each. Seconded by Mr J. W. Harris, and carried. Some discussion took place on the matter of obtaining sparrows, and while Messrs Wotherspoon and Jones promised to supply horses and vehicles, so that members could go out into the farming districts and catch sparrows, and Mr J. A. Harris pointed out that the club would thereby derive a substantial profit, it was agreed to fall in with the secretary's views—that it was too much to expect members to go out and catch sparrows the night before a big match and carry out the arrangements as well—and send the order to Ballarat. Pigeons will also be obtained for sweepstakes to follow the big match. Mr Sands moved that a member's match for a trophy be fired on Wednesday week, 20th inst. Seconded by Mr Jones, and carried. It was arranged that the members should catch the sparrows for this match. A vote of thanks to the chair terminated the meeting.

The death occurred, at Main Lead, Beaufort, on Tuesday, of Ellen Claxton Dickman, fourth daughter of Mr and Mrs Wm. Dickman. The deceased, who was a strapping girl of 16 years of age, caught cold, upon which bronchitis and congestion of the lungs supervened. Her illness only lasted nine days. Very great sympathy is felt for her parents in their affliction, as was evidenced by the large number who attended the funeral in the Beaufort Cemetery on Thursday. The coffin, which was covered with beautiful floral tributes, was borne to the grave by Messrs W. H. Williams, junr., David and Robt. Stevenson, and John Nothnagel. The Methodist burial service was conducted by the Rev. R. Yeo.

Mr Theophilus D. Nicholls, secretary and engineer of the Lexton shire, died on Monday, aged 77 years. Deceased, who was widely esteemed, was appointed to the position in 1860, and had held office continuously during the past 44 years. Recently, owing to ill-health, he was granted six months' leave of absence on full pay by the council in recognition of his valued services. He was a son of the late Captain George Nicholls, and leaves a widow and one daughter.

The rainfall at Beaufort for the week ending yesterday at 6 p.m. amounted to 71 points.

There is to be a new landlord at the Camp Hotel, Beaufort, on 1st prox., Mr W. J. Hill having disposed of the business to Mr W. H. Halpin, of Geelong, at a satisfactory price.

Bonnington's Irish Moss
To cure a Cough or Cold.
ONE TRIAL ALWAYS USES.

For Bronchial Coughs take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

Cr. D. Stewart, President of Riponshire, has convened a public meeting for Saturday, 16th inst., at 2 p.m., at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, to nominate a trustee for the Beaufort Public Cemetery, in the place of the late *Hugh Cushing.*

Mr W. Dickson, P.M., presided over the Beaufort Police Court on Thursday. The adjourned vaccination case against William Fitzpatrick was withdrawn; the child having been successfully vaccinated. A stage carriage license between Raglan and Beaufort was granted to William Scott, of Raglan.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' The 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Of 38 years' proven efficacy.

Mr Donald Stewart, of Wongan, Skipton, recently received from the Department of Agriculture two very handsome gold medals, each valued at £15 15s, being the champion prizes of Australia awarded to Mr Stewart at the last Royal show for Devon bull and cow. The medals are suitably inscribed, the lace containing engravings of horses, cattle and sheep. These exhibits, at the same show, also gained Mr Stewart £7 10s in cash prizes.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' The 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

In the refreshment rooms at the Bendigo railway station on Tuesday evening the employes assembled to say good-bye to one of their comrades, Mr J. McCarthy, who has been transferred to Beaufort as a gatekeeper. Mr Yates, senior stationmaster, presided, and in presenting the guest with a smoker's outfit, testified to the esteem in which he is held by his fellow workmen. The lady *friends of Mr McCarthy* handed him a travelling rug, and for both gifts the guest suitably responded. Before dispersing his health was cordially drunk.

The remains of the late Ida May Loft, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs J. E. Loft, of the Railway Hotel, Beaufort (whose death from typhoid fever has already been reported), were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery on Saturday last, the funeral, considering the inclemency of the weather, being largely attended. About a dozen members of the local Druids Lodge (of which Mr Loft is a prominent member) preceded the hearse. The pall and coffin-bearers were Messrs D. McDonald, Dickson, L. Jaensch, and G. Whitehead (members of the Druids Lodge). The coffin was covered with beautiful floral tributes of sympathy. The Rev. J. Butler Johnstone conducted the Church of England service at the grave. The mortuary arrangements were carried out by Mr A. H. Sands, undertaker, Beaufort.

Through the omission of a word in the letter signed "Liberty," appearing in our last issue, it was made to appear that if the large landholders had been compelled to fence the roads off when their runs were first selected, the expenditure would have been about £80 for every acre of road. It should have been for every *eight* acres of road.

At the monthly meeting of the Ararat shire Council on Thursday, Cr. Pickford stated that the pit at the weighbridge at Middle Creek filled with water, and a pump was necessary. He proposed that the engineer erect a pump at the bridge. Seconded by Cr. Faneco, and carried.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, for Coughs and Colds never fails. 1s. 6d.

We learn from the *Geelong Advertiser* that during the currency of the seventh annual Geelong musical and elocutionary competitions, Mrs A. Rawlinson Hobbs (a former resident of Beaufort) discharged the arduous duties of accompanist, showing excellent judgment with every singer, and winning the good opinions of all. On several occasions her playing was the subject of favorable comment from the judge. [The judge mentioned was Professor Ives, of Melbourne, and late of Adelaide University. The committee of the competitions expressed themselves as extremely satisfied with Mrs Hobbs' services, and have asked her to accept the position of accompaniste again at next year's celebration. They pay her a high fee for officiating.]

At the usual monthly meeting of the Beaufort Brass Band last Thursday night, Mr W. J. Hill, the assistant bandmaster, informed the members that as he was leaving Beaufort he had spoken to his successor about the bandroom. The room would be lent to them free as before, and they could stay there as long as they wished. Mr C. W. Jones (secretary) said they were all sorry to hear of Mr Hill's departure, as they were losing a splendid member and a first-class musician. He had always been ready to impart to members what he had learnt as regards music, and no man could do more. They had had their differences, but they must remember life was only a dream. He thought they should recognise Mr Hill's efforts in some way, and moved that a reference be given him. It would always be valuable in whatever walk of life he was in. He also thought they should have a farewell social. Mr A. J. McDougall (vice-president) eulogised Mr Hill's past services. Mr Hill had taught every member to the best of his ability, and he (Mr. McDougall) hoped he would succeed in his new sphere of labor. He had much pleasure in seconding the motion, which was unanimously carried. Mr Hill, in returning thanks, said it had always been a pleasure to him to teach them. One of his main regrets at departing from Beaufort was leaving the band. If they went in for the Ararat competition, as they should do, he hoped they would be successful. Once again he thanked the speakers and members for their kindness. A farewell social will be tendered Mr Hill by the band before his departure.

In view of the likelihood of a dissolution of the Federal Parliament, the branches of the Political Labour Council throughout the Grampians electorate are making active preparations for a fight. Already Mr P. W. McGrath, who unsuccessfully contested the seat on the last occasion, has been unanimously chosen by the branches to come forward again, and Mr McGrath has consented to do so.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' of 38 years' proven efficacy, for Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis, &c.

Riponshire Council.

MONDAY, 4TH JULY, 1904.

Present—Crs. Stewart (president), Slater, Sinclair, O'Shaughnessy, Douglas, Lewis, and Stevenson.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

Cr. Douglas stated, with regard to the rate owing on the property of Jas. Edward, deceased, that Baker had said in his letter that two years' rates were owing. It read in the report of the last council meeting that this was the general rate, which had been remitted, so that no rates were owing. Mrs Edward, who felt hurt about it, had waited upon him and asked him to make an explanation.

The secretary (Mr Carroll) said no rate could be remitted without a resolution.

Cr. Douglas said his colleagues could bear him out that this rate had been remitted for two years.

Cr. Sinclair remarked that as Cr. Douglas had made the explanation no doubt it would appear in the papers.

The matter was then allowed to drop.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Thos. Kennedy, Mortchup, drawing attention to bad state of crossing on road running south and about half-a-mile from the residence of Mr A. Shiels in Mortchup, and stating it was most difficult and unsafe to cart produce over it at present.—Referred to engineer for report, on motion of Crs. Douglas and Slater.

From G. Cuthbertson, applying, on behalf of Beaufort Junior Football Club, for permission to charge sixpence admission to a match in Beaufort Park on 6th inst.—Granted, subject to ground being considered fit to play on by caretaker, as the track was being done up, on motion of Crs. Sinclair and Slater.

Cr. Sinclair said it seemed they were having different matches in the Park and were coming to him asking for permission to charge admission, which he did not care about granting; but thought they should come to the secretary, who with one councillor should be given power to grant permission for the use of the Park on payment of £1 deposit.

The secretary said he was now holding £1 as a deposit for the season from the Beaufort Football Club.

Cr. Douglas moved, in accordance with Cr. Sinclair's suggestion, which was seconded by Cr. Stevenson, and carried.

From Dr. A. Jackson, health officer, Beaufort, stating that owing to heavy pressure of work he had been unable to complete report asked for by Board of Public Health concerning typhoid fever cases at Beaufort, but that he proposed to submit same at earliest possible date.—Received.

From Senior-constable A. Nicholson, summoning officer to the shire, applying for direction to issue a summons against Charles Leanon, of Waterloo, for driving a waggonette without a light at Beaufort.—Request granted, on motion of Crs. Lewis and O'Shaughnessy.

From same, asking to be supplied with a copy of the Local Government Act, to enable him to carry out his duties efficiently as an officer of the council.—Request to be complied with, on motion of Crs. Sinclair and Slater.

From Department of Public Works, stating that the returns under the Unused Roads and Water Frontages Act must include all the particulars required by sections 3 and 4 of the Act, including names and addresses of occupiers, as well as owners, the annual rateable value of the land of each abutting occupier, &c. A specimen form of schedule which has been adopted by some councils was enclosed for information.—The engineer having mentioned that this entailed a considerable amount of work, Cr. Lewis said that Ararat shire had given 5 per cent. of the revenue in payment of the work, and asked the engineer if he could not get some one to do this extra work. Mr Muntz said he could by paying for it. As a matter of fact the council was getting a revenue of about £400, and he did not think it was too much to ask the council to pay for this work. Cr. Lewis moved to that effect, which was seconded by Cr. Stevenson, and carried.

From same, stating that applications for licences under the Unused Roads and Water Frontages Act must be made by the persons concerned after receiving notice to that effect from this department.—Received.

From Under-Treasurer of Victoria, asking payment of £39 10s 8d, interest, &c., on loan for water supply purposes.—Included in pay-sheet.

From Department of Victorian Water Supply, asking for reply to enquiry as to whether there are any water supply objections to Mr G. Geoghan's application to lease the 13 acres water reserve on Emu Creek, parish of Brewster.—The engineer said that so far as he could see there was no objection so long as the road through the reserve was left open. It was the reserve opposite the Trawalla hotel. Cr. Lewis did not not think this reserve should be allowed to go, as a lot of stock travelled on this road, and it was wanted as a camping ground. Cr. Douglas moved that the council object to the leasing of this reserve, which was seconded by Cr. Stevenson, and carried.

From Gordon Institute, soliciting donation.—Received.

From Victorian Railways, notifying that one of the men's closets at Beaufort railway station will be closed before 30th June.—Received.

From Country Fire Brigades' Board, asking payment of quarterly contribution of £2 10s 1d.—Included in pay-sheet, on motion of Crs. Sinclair and O'Shaughnessy.

Bonnington's Irish Moss
for Stubborn Colds and Children Hacking Coughs.

REPORTS.

The engineer (Mr E. J. Muntz, B.C.E.) reported as under:—

(1.) Owing to the bad weather the roads throughout the shire are in a bad state, more particularly in the North riding, where the greatest amount of traffic is found, I am employing extra men when they can be of service. (2.) If a new valuation is to be made this year, instructions should be given at this meeting. (3). As a certain amount of uneasiness has been shown among residents by ill-advised statements (which I believe to be erroneous) circulated publicly and privately by unqualified persons as to typhoid fever being caused by a bad drain in the town, I wish to suggest that the advice of the Public Health Department be obtained, so that if necessary further means of disinfecting may be used. If the reports circulated are correct, the means I have suggested to remedy the nuisance would be useless. (4). Progress with contracts in hand during the month has been slow owing to bad weather. A number have been completed; details are supplied. The two contracts for which tenders have been called, returnable at this meeting, complete my list. Rolling will be gone on with when the weather permits. Clause 2—Cr. Sinclair moved, and Cr. O'Shaughnessy seconded, that a new valuation be made. Carried. Clause 3—Cr. Sinclair moved the adoption of the suggestion. Seconded by Cr. Lewis, and carried. The report was then received and adopted, on the motion of Crs. Lewis and O'Shaughnessy.

The treasurer (Mr E. J. Muntz) reported that £201 7s 5d had been received and banked since last meeting, that £363 2s 8d had been paid away during June, that the bank balance was £771 15s 8d, as against £993 13s 11d at last report, that £38 13s 1d had been paid during June on account of vermin destruction, and that the credit to this account was now £2 7s 7d, as against £41 0s 8d at last report.—Received, on motion of Crs. Douglas and O'Shaughnessy.

FINANCE.

The following accounts were passed for payment on the recommendation of the Finance Committee:—Salaries, £39 11s 8d; Mrs Hill, £1 10s; Country Fire Brigades' Board, £2 10s 1d; Australian Alliance Co., £1; G. Carver, 15s; A. Parker, £1 13s; *Treasurer of Victoria, £39 10s 8d*; W. G. Stevens, £5 1s 8d; Miss Tompkins, £1 7s; D. D. Cameron, £1 15s; C. Wright, £9 9s 4d; fox rewards advance, £5; J. Whitfield, £8 8s; C. Ball, £8; W. Day, £3; *C. Wright, 15s; J. W. Harris, £2; G. Bunning* & Sons, £1 2s 9d; W. Buchanan, £1 3s 3d; J. White, £4 18s 6d; D. Troy & Son, £2 11s 4d; W. and A. Driver, £2; J. Gillespie, £8 8s; R. Ward, £1 4s 8d; J. Tait, £8; C. Westbrook, £8; S. Dennis, £8; T. Cleveland, £1 6s 8d; W. Wise, £2 5s 6d; G. Smith, 19s; T. Cleveland, £5 13s 4d; J. Madden, £1 15s; F. Glenister, 10s; W. C. Pedder, 14s 9d; W. O'Sullivan, £2 3s 3d; H. M. Stuart, £2 16s 6d; B. A. Stuart, 8s 9d; S. George, £8; T. Nugent, £8 8s; W. Scarff, £2; P. Corrigan, £4; H. F. Watkin, £1. Contract payments—W. B. Madden, £20 13s; Smith Bros., £3 8s; H. F. Watkin, £4; *J. Carmichael, £15*; R. A. Brown, £10 4s; Temper & Brown, £90; D. Madden, £117 19s 7d; T. Greenbank, £26 9s; W. Hayward, £14 15s; C. Broadbent, £14. Deposits—W. B. Madden, *£3; Smith Bros., £1 5s*; D. Madden, £6 6s 6d; J. Carmichael, £2; T. Greenbank, £1. Total, £535 16s 7d.

TENDERS.

Contract 271.—Spreading maintenance metal, and supplying and spreading gravel, Skipton.—J. Corbett, junr. (accepted), £12 6s 8d; W. B. Madden, £13 6s; J. Madden, £14 13s 4d; D. Madden, £15 6s 8d; C. Bradshaw, £17 4s 8d.

Contract 272.—Re-forming, spreading maintenance metal, supplying and spreading gravel near McIntosh's corner, Eurambeen.—C. Broadbent, junr. (accepted), £20; J. Carmichael, £27 1s; D. Madden, £27 1s 8d; H. F. Watkin, £28 16s; W. B. Madden, £29 5s; C. Bradshaw, £32 7s 8d; T. Broadbent, £39 10s.

The East riding members reported that at a meeting on 6th ult., Crs. Douglas, O'Shaughnessy, and Stevenson being present, it was resolved—That tender of Mr T. Greenbank at £23 19s be accepted for contract No. 267, forfeited by W. Hayward; that tenders be called for spreading metal on Ballarat road and Hope's Lane, returnable on Monday, 13th June; tenders to be advertised in Ballarat "Courier." The same councillors also met on 13th ult., when Smith Bros' tender at £13 10s 6d was accepted for the above work; R. A. Brown tendering at £14 8s, and T. Greenbank at £20 7s.—Adopted, on motion of Crs. Sinclair and Douglas.

The North riding members reported that at a meeting held on 6th ult., Crs. Beggs, Flynn, and Sinclair being present, it was resolved—That with regard to the health officer's report of June 3rd, 1904, the North riding councillors recommend the adoption of the whole of the 13th schedule of the Local Government Act, 1903; that the health officer be instructed to prosecute persons allowing manure heaps to accumulate in their yards; that the engineer be instructed to construct a trap and ventilator on the drain at Cuthbertson's corner; that Mr C. J. C. Baker be allowed to remove the tree in front of his place.—Adopted, on motion of Crs. Sinclair and Douglas.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

Cr. Sinclair said he had received a letter from Mr. W. Trompf, of Middle Creek, with regard to cleaning out the creek, and as the North riding members had made arrangements with the engineer to have the work done, he moved that the engineer try and arrange with Mr Trompf to get the work done. Seconded by Cr. O'Shaughnessy, and carried.

The special order relating to the speed of motor cycles in the shire was confirmed, on motion of Crs. Sinclair and Douglas.

The secretary having pointed out that it would be necessary for a councillor to give notice of motion for the adoption of the North riding members' recommendation that the whole of the 13th schedule of the Local Government Act be applied throughout the shire, Cr. O'Shaughnessy gave the required notice for next meeting.

Only one application, that of A. C. Welsh, having been received for the position of weighbridge keeper at Beaufort, Cr. Sinclair moved that Mr. Welsh be appointed under the usual conditions (half the fees). He had told other intending applicants that he thought it was necessary to appoint someone living near the weighbridge. Seconded by Cr. Slater, and carried.

The secretary stated that a resolution was necessary, owing to the alteration in the law, for the appointment of polling places.

Cr. O'Shaughnessy moved that the present polling places for each riding be adopted. Seconded by Cr. Slater, and carried.

Re the postponed application of Stephen Whiting for permission to mine under the Racecourse road at Poverty Point, as no plan had been supplied, and the council could not give the permission asked for, Cr. Sinclair moved, that no action be taken. Seconded by Cr. Douglas, and carried.

Re the postponed donation of £5 from the charitable vote towards the Nazareth House, Ballarat, Cr. Slater moved that the donation be given. Seconded by Cr. Lewis.

In answer to Cr. Sinclair, the secretary said there was no resolution on the books that a balance-sheet must be submitted before any part of the charitable vote was paid.

The President moved as an amendment that the money be not paid till a balance-sheet is produced. Not seconded.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' The 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

Cr. O'Shaughnessy inquired if they had got a balance-sheet from every other institution, and the secretary replied in the affirmative. At Cr. O'Shaughnessy's request Mr Carroll produced a balance-sheet from the Caragham Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

Cr. Sinclair considered that as the money had been passed it was far better to pay it.

The President referred to Mechanics' Institutes in the Shire not having been paid their share of the charitable vote previously till a balance-sheet was produced, and did not see why the council should make fish of one and fowl of another.

Cr. Douglas said he had seconded the President's amendment at last meeting on the understanding that the resolution was on the books, but as it had been ascertained that this resolution was not on the books, he would not second the amendment now, but would vote for the money being paid.

The motion was carried.

The President then moved, in accordance with notice, that this council do not donate any money to any institution in future till they receive a balance-sheet. Seconded by Cr. Douglas, and carried; the President remarking that it was not their own money, and that they should receive a balance-sheet.

The President referred to the trouble the engineer had been put to in preparing the return of the unused roads in the shire, and mentioned that Hampdenshire had paid their engineer £30 for this work, and Grenvilleshire had allowed 5 per cent. of the gross amount. He moved that the engineer receive 5 per cent. of the estimated revenue from the unused roads.

Cr. Sinclair thought notice of motion should be given.

Cr. Douglas thought this was rather strong on top of the other motion.

Cr. Lewis had much pleasure in seconding the motion. The council would only *be following the example of other shires,* and would be getting a good revenue from the unused roads.

The engineer said if the motion were carried he would not be getting very much out of it.

Cr. Sinclair did not know the worth of the work the engineer had done, but still thought notice of motion should be given.

Mr Muntz obtained the return and handed it to Cr. Sinclair.

Cr. Lewis thought that perhaps it would be as well to leave it to a full council.

The President said he was willing to give notice of motion, although he would sooner move *the thing straight* out to-day.

The motion was put and carried; Crs. Douglas and Sinclair voting against it.

Cr. Douglas said, with regard to the application of Walter Wright for a slaughtering license at Green Hill, as six months of the year had passed Mr Wright had given him 10s. He asked if the council were in a position to accept that.

The secretary said he was not prepared, with an answer on that point. The licenses end on 31st Decr., but it depended on the regulations made by the council. Such a circumstance had not arisen before.

Cr. Douglas said he would pay the 10s over to the secretary, and moved that the matter be adjourned till next meeting. Seconded by Cr. O'Shaughnessy, and carried.

Cr. Lewis congratulated the President upon getting through the business in such good time (two hours).

Before adjourning for lunch, councillors began talking about the resolution under which the engineer was to get 5 per cent. of the estimated revenue from the unused roads, and the President said the second resolution cancelled the first one, and that he had stated so from the chair. No one appeared to have heard him, however, and Cr. Sinclair suggested that the motion be re-put. This was decided upon after the engineer had said that it meant the council were giving him about £4 for doing the work. The motion was put and carried in the following form, Cr. Douglas being the only dissentient:—"That the engineer get 5 per cent. of the estimated revenue from the unused roads licenses, that he pay all expenses in connection with preparing the return; and that this resolution cancels the first resolution."

Cr. Sinclair said he voted for that now because it was quite different to what was brought forward, as shown by Cr. Douglas saying it was bringing one motion on top of another.

The President fixed Monday, 25th July, as the date of the Revision Court.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' Trade Mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linseed, for Coughs and Colds.

The number of marriages in Victoria during 1903 was 7605, being 6.29 per thousand of the population, as against an average of 8187 during the last five years. There has been an advance in the average age at marriage of women marrying under 45 years of age. In the period 1880-1884 it was 23.8, and in 1898 1902 it was 25.5 years. The age for the corresponding periods for men marrying advanced from 28.6 to 29.7 years. The marrying rate in Victoria is below that of the Commonwealth, but higher than that in Queensland and South Australia. It is suggested in the Victorian Year Book, just issued, that the decline in the marriage rate is due to some extent to the migration of marriageable men, but more especially to prevailing economic conditions. Marriages solemnised at matrimonial or advertising agencies were 1353, or about 18 per cent. of the total marriages. The births numbered 29,569, the lowest since 1884. The constant draw on the population for years past and the increased age at marriage are regarded as factors largely contributing to this result. The birth rate per thousand of the population was 24.5, and is below the average of the Commonwealth, viz., 25.2. In one State only is the rate lower than in Victoria, viz., in South Australia, where the rate was 23.2. The number of illegitimate births for the year was 1695, or 5.7 per cent. of the total births, a proportion which has been fairly constant during the last twelve years. The number of deaths was 15,595, or 12.9 per 1000 of the population, a rate higher than in any State of the Commonwealth. It is explained that this result is due to the larger proportion of persons aged 60 years and over in our population. The rate is, however, lower than that obtaining in European countries.

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. Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

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"A few days after we had had that talk I have just repeated, almost immediately on making eight bells by our sextant, a man on the forecastle hailing the quarter-deck bawled out that there was a small black object on the lee bow. Captain Huddersfield levelled the telescope and said the thing was a ship's quarter-boat with a man standing up in her. The weather was quiet at this time, the breeze a *light* one. The schooner was rippling leisurely forward with an occasional flap of her canvas that flashed a light as of the sun itself into the blue air all about the masts. The junction of sea and sky was in haze, with here and there a dim blue shadow of cloud poised coast-like upon the horizon.

"I took the glass from the captain and made out a boat with a mast, but no sail. The figure of a man stood erect, and one arm hooked the mast. We shifted our helm, and presently had the boat alongside.

"Two men were in her. One lay motionless under her thwarts. The other, though erect on his feet, had barely strength to catch the rope's end that was flung. The boat was of the ordinary pattern of ship's quarter-boat. Whilst we leaned over the side, looking down into her, the captain said:

"'What is the name written in the stern sheets there?'

"My sight was good, I answered, "Prairie Chief."

"He started, and turned pale, with a look of astonishment and horror, but said nothing.

"Meanwhile, the two men were being got aboard. One was lifeless, and his looks seemed to tell of his having been frozen rather than starved to death. They were both dressed in the plain garb of the merchant sailor. The one that lived was assisted forward and disappeared in the forecastle in the company of two or three sympathizing seamen of our crew. Nothing so pleads to the humanity of the British sailor as the misery that is expressed by the open boat. In this case no appeal could have been more complete. I jumped into the little craft in obedience to the captain's orders and overhauled her, and found nothing to eat or drink. Her cargo was an empty breaker and some fragments of canvas which appeared to have been chewed. The very heart within me sickened at the story of anguish that was silently related by those dusky, dough-like lumps of canvas. We hoisted the boat aboard. The weather permitted us to do that, and it was too good and useful a boat to lose.

"In the afternoon we buried the body of the dead, nameless seaman, nameless, because it seemed that the other was incapable of relating his story; pain and famine had paralyzed the tongue in his mouth. The captain read the service; his manner was so subdued, his whole demeanor expressed him as so affected, that you would have supposed he was burying some dear friend or near relative. I had often attended a burial service at sea, but never one more impressive than this. All the desolation of the mighty deep seemed to have centered as in a very spirit, in the *lifeless* body that lay stitched in a hammock in the gangway.

"When the body was overboard the captain walked to the boat we had hoisted in, and stood with his first look of amazement and grief, musing upon, or rather staring at the name "Prairie Chief" painted in the stern sheets. He then went to his cabin. When he again made his appearance, some time afterwards, he was extraordinarily reserved and gloomy. Throughout the watches he would ask if the man was better. I do not recollect that he addressed another word to me than that question.

"Next afternoon, some time about eight bells, the man was sufficiently recovered to come aft. I stood beside Captain Huddersfield, sextant in hand, whilst he talked to him. He said his name was James Dickens, and that he had been an able seaman aboard the barque "Praire Chief." The ship was from London bound to Sydney. South of the Cape they met with very heavy weather from the northward, which hove them to and drove them south: it was so thick the captain could not get an observation. The wind slackened and the captain made sail, defying the thickness; he was impatient and had already made a long passage, and was resolved, happen what might, to 'ratch' north for a clear sky. In the middle of the day, when the smother upon the sea was so thick that the flying jibboom end was out of sight from the wheel, a loud and fearful cry of 'Ice right ahead,' rang from the forecastle. The wheel was revolved, every spoke, with the fury of despair, by the helmsman; but the ship's time was come, and there was nothing in seamanship to manœuvre her clear of her fate. She tel scoped into the ice and went to pieces.

"This Dickens said, had happened about ten days before we fell in with the boat. The disaster was not so frightfully sudden but there was time for some to escape. A number of people, said the man, got upon the ice. Amongst them were the captain, his wife, and a female passenger. Dickens particularly noticed these people, that is, the commander and the two women. He and three others drifted away in a boat. The barque went to pieces aloft when she struck; he was sure that none others saving himself and the three men, escaped in the boats. It was in the middle of the day when the ship ran into the berg, and the darkness happened so quickly after the disaster that he was unable to tell much of what followed. Two of his companions died whilst they were adrift and their bodies were dropped overboard.

"Whilst Dickens told his story I watched the captain. His features were knitted into an expression of consternation, yet he never once interrupted the man. When the sailor had made an end of his story, Huddersfield said, in a slow level voice,

"'Was your commander Captain Smalley?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Was one of the female passengers Mrs. Huddersfield?'

"'It was her name, sir.'

"The captain turned his eyes upon me and cried, with a sudden wild toss of his hands that somehow gave an extraordinary pathos to his words and looks, 'She is my wife!'

"Nothing was said for some moments. I was at a loss for speech. It was the same as hearing of the death of one beloved by the person you are with when the news is given to him; what can you say? Presently I said to the man:

"'Did you sight any ships whilst you were adrift?'

"Nothing, sir.'

"'But won't the ice you ran into,' said I "be well within the limits of the ocean fairway?'

"He could not answer me this.

"How far south did you drift?'

"He did not know.

"'If they are on the ice is it too late to rescue them, sir? I enquired, addressing the captain, after another pause.

"He seemed too distracted by grief to heed my question.

"'I had hoped,' he said, speaking in short breathings and broken sentences, 'to find her safe at Sydney on my arrival there; she went home last year on a visit to her mother. It was arranged that Captain Smalley, an old friend, should bring her out. 'Ten days ago,' he muttered to himself. 'ten days ago.' He covered his eyes with his hand, then looking vacantly at his sextant, went to the rail and seemed to stare out to sea into the south.

"I was about to question Dickens afresh when the captain rounded upon us in a very flash of white face and wild, eager manner.

"'Try for her in fifty!' he cried, looking at me, but as though he saw some one beyond me.

"I viewed him with silent surprise. The very memory and therefore the meaning of the words he now pronounced had gone out of my head, and I did not understand him.

"'Try for her in fifty!' he repeated. 'I know what it means.'

"He went in a sort of a run to the wheel, and brought the schooner's head to a due southerly course, whilst he shouted in tones vibrating with the excitement that seemed like mania in the man then, with the workings of his face—I say he shouted for sail to be trimmed for the course he had brought the schooner to, and the seamen fled about the decks to my commands, alert and willing, but as astonished as I was. When sail had been trimmed the captain called to Mr. Curzon to keep her steady as she went, and requested me to follow him below.

"He stood beside the table and leaned upon it; his agitation was so extreme that I thought to see his mother in his eyes. His breathing continued distressingly labored for some time; indeed, the emotions and passions which tore him appeared to have arrested the faculty of speech. At last he exclaimed in a voice low with religious awe, yet threaded, too, with a note of triumph that instantly caught my ear:

"'Do you now guess the meaning of that dream which was three times dreamt by me?'

"Still I was at a loss and made no answer.

"'Try for her in fifty!' he exclaimed. "That was the cry I told you about. You remember the sentence, surely?'

"'Yes, clearly now, sir, that you recall it.'

"'Come, let's work out the latitude,' he said, 'and we'll find that iceberg's situation. My heart's on fire, Oh!' he cried, but softly, in a tone that thrilled through me, 'my wife is dear to me. I pray, I pray! we may not be too late.'

"I still failed to grasp what was in his mind, and suspected that his reason had been a little weakened by the shock of the news he had received. When we had worked out our observations he exposed the chart he used to prick off the ship's course on, and mused upon it, and measured angles and distances.

"'It is at this season," said he, 'that the ice breaks away out of the south and comes in fleets of bergs thickly crowding north. There's been heavy weather. We'll not allow for a larger drift than a league a day. Try for her in fifty. That's it. That will put the berg when the "Prairie Chief" struck it in about fifty-one.'

"I thought now I began to understand him.

"'You mean fifty-one degrees of south latitude?'

"'Of course I do,' he answered.

"I measured the distance due south from the place where our ship then was, and made it a few hundred miles—I forget the figure.

"'It's a short run,' said he, looking at the chart. 'The boat did it in ten days, and that's not above three knots an hour.' I was silent. 'I shall strike the parallel of fifty degrees.' he continued, after a pause, 'then run away east. If I sight nothing I shall head back. I'll find her—under God,' he added, removing his cap and glancing upwards with an expression of rapt devotion.

"This was an extraordinary undertaking, prompted as it was by an impulse bred of the imagination of a mind in slumber, yet by no means irrational, seeking that it was certain, if the seaman Dickens reported aright, there was a shipwrecked company upon an iceberg within a few days' sail.

"The crew were briefly told that Captain Huddersfield's wife had been aboard the "Prairie Chief," and that the schooner was going to seek the survivors of the wreck. It will be supposed, however, that no hint was dropped as to the mysterious voice which had spoken in the whisper of a giant in the captain's dream. Curzon, the second mate, said that apart from our heavy odds against our falling in with the particular iceberg we wanted there was the certainty should we strangely enough encounter the mass of ice, of our finding the people dead and cold of starvation. I answered there was no certainty about it, and quoted several instances of astonishing deliverances from floating bodies of ice as recorded in the old marine chronicles.

"Not until the fourth day did we strike the latitude of 50°, in which time we saw no ice. The ocean was of a marvellous rich blue, the heavens a deep and thrilling violet, with coasts of swelling white vapor of a rusty bronze in their brows lying upon the glass-like line of the horizon. We now headed due east; the sailors thought our quest was ended! Throughout the glittering frosty hours—the wind blew with a piercing breath down here—Captain Huddersfield kept a look-out. He was forever crossing the deck to peer ahead, and again and again slinging a binocular glass over his shoulder, he would go aloft on to the little fore-royal yard, where he stayed till the bitter cold drove him down.

"At midnight on this day we sighted a large ice-island, pale as alabaster under the moon, and shortened canvas to approach it. We hove-to till the grey of the dawn, when the rising sun gave us a magnificent picture of a floating mountain bristling with pinnacles, a principality of turrets and castellated eminences, majestic in solitude. The man Dickens said it was not the berg. We sailed round it, keeping a sharp look out for the loose ice, and then observing no signs of life, save a number of birds, proceeded.

"This same day we fell in with five different bergs, of different sizes, all of which we approached, and carefully examined; but to no purpose. Then for some hours we encountered no more ice; but all this while we sailed steadily on the parallel of 50° S., making a due east course.

"And now comes the amazing part of this tale. I went on deck at midnight to take charge of the schooner. On walking to the side as my custom was, and gazing steadily ahead—a corner of moon at this time hung in the sky over the port quarter—I beheld a dim faintness right ahead, a delicate gleam like some mysterious reflection of light in a looking-glass in a darkened room. A man came along from the forecastle, and sung out in a quiet voice that there was ice ahead. I bade him rout out Dickens; it was his watch below, but whenever ice was reported we had him up, and stationed him on the forecastle to keep a lookout as the one and only man in the vessel who would know the berg we were in search of. I then ran to the companion hatch and called to the captain, who was lying upon a locker below, and he immediately arrived.

"The wind was scanty, and our speed through the water scarcely four knots, but hardly had day broken—the ice-island being then about a mile distant—when Dickens, who had remained on the forecastle throughout the dark hours, shrieked out:

"'The iceberg, sir.'

"It was a fine morning, the sea quiet, the wind a nipping air out of the south-west; the sun shone full upon the iceberg, and flashed it into a great moon-white floating heap, covered with ravines and gorges. The swell rushed in thunder into deep caverns. I saw many Gothic archways with birds flying in them; the mass was like a city of alabaster, the home of sea spirits, of ocean fowl of mighty pinion; the surf boiled in thunder on the windward points. I observed a shelf of the dead-white crystal sloping very gently like a beach into the wash of the water, and whilst I was gazing at it the captain, who was working away at the berg with a telescope, cried out fiercely; then growing inarticulate, he put the glass into my hand, gaping at the ice, and pointing to it.

"I levelled the glass, and immediately distinguished a structure, contrived, as I presently saw, of the galley of a ship, and a quantity of wreckage. It stood in a great split in the ice, within musket-shot of the beach, and whilst I looked smoke arose from it,

"'There is life there!' I cried out.

"We hauled in, and then with the naked eye clearly perceived several figures making signs to us. When we were as close as prudence permitted, the long-boat was got over, and the captain and five men, one of them being Dickens, pulled away towards the berg. I stood off to improve my offing, and being full of the business of the schooner, had little opportunity to remark what passed on the ice-island.

"By-and-by the boat returned. she looked to be full of people. When she was alongside I saw two women in her. One was locked in the embrace of Captain Huddersfield; he had wrapped her in his coat, and held her to his heart. Both women were lifted over the side; three of the men were also handed up, The other managed to crawl on deck unaided. They were seven men and two women. They afterwards told us that fifteen in all had gained the ice.

"The wife of the captain of the "Prairie Chief"—he was among those who had perished—died before our arrival in Sydney. Mrs. Huddersfield, a stronger woman, quickly recovered, and was walking the deck in the sun, leaning on her husband's arm, within a week of her rescue."—W. Clark Russell.

SAD REFLECTIONS OF MORTIMER GAYBOY.

To tell her that he was not a marrying man, was one of the hardest things Mortimer Gayboy ever had to do. The little break that came in her voice when she said she had never thought he was, betrayed to him a weight of disappointment in her feminine heart which made him feel that he had been rather a cad.

He had been back from the country a whole week now, but, try as he would, he could not get that plaintive note out of his ears. And her face, too, turned up in the moonlight with a little look of defiance in the eyes, and a traitorous quivering of the lip, would not leave his mental vision.

He was sitting at his desk, and, after vainly striving to lose himself in his work, abandoned himself to thoughts of his summer's infamy.

"Confound those newspaper men!" he said to himself. "I thought she was only one of their 'summer girls,' and that when autumn came she would be ready to forget all about me.

"That's the woman of it, though—they always do what you don't expect them to do.

"How the dickens was I know she was in earnest? And she was so easy, too! Let me call her Gladys the third time we met. If that wasn't the mark of a summer girl, I don't know what is.

"And then when we got caught in the rain and I held her hand under the blanket, great Scott! why didn't she get offended, instead of laughing at me and saying that if I could get any comfort out of it she didn't mind? I don't know a fellow who wouldn't think she was fooling.

"I don't know what I said to her that night on the piazza when she let me kiss her. Suppose I told her I loved her. She ought to have known better, though, than to take it so blessed seriously. Why couldn't she have looked at it the same way I did—enjoy ourselves for a few weeks, and then come back to town and no harm done?

"But she was plucky, though, poor little devil. Never said anything disagreeable or made any fuss. Just that one little sob—if it was a sob—and then she tried to laugh. Poor little girl! Hang it, I'm a brute, and. I'll never look at another woman as long as I live." (Aloud.) What's that, Willie?"

"The boy said he was to get an answer."

"H'm. 'M. Gayboy, Esquire'—I wish folks would learn to spell out my front name—'Dear Sir,—We would be obliged if you would call at our office to-morrow (Tuesday) morning at ten o'clock. We have been retained by Miss Gladys Wilkins, but we think that by conferring with us you may be able to avoid the annoyance and publicity of a suit.—Yours very truly, SUEM AND DOEM, Attorneys,' Very well, Willie. Tell the boy to say, 'All right.' Well, I'll be blessed! Well, well, *well*! Summer girl! Gladys! No wonder she was plucky. Of all the monumental, confounded idiots on earth."

THE PRINTER AGAIN

WHAT would be more comical than the following, caused by the types of two different newspaper articles getting mixed:—

"So the congregation resolved upon a European trip for their beloved pastor, and on Saturday made him acquainted with this delightful fact. Accompanying the report of the committee was a nicely filled purse, which was placed at the disposal of the pastor, who, after thanking them, made a turn down South John-street, as far as King-street, then up King-street to George-street, where he was caught by some boys, who tied a tin pan to his tail. Away he went again, up George-street and down College-hill, at the foot of which he was shot by a policeman."

Mourners have frequently been distressed by the accidental placing of death notices in the birth column; and more than once has a wedding been gloomily told to the world in company with the deaths, to the serious embarrassment of superstitious bridegrooms. Such instances as these are disagreeably common, but the wonder is, considering the hurry and confusion of making up, that there are not more of them.

One of the most fruitful causes of errors in newspapers is undoubtedly bad hand writing. Such, for instance, was the cause of an absurd mistake in quoting the line:—

Still choiring the young-eyed cherubim,

which, to the intense horror of the quoter, took the form of

Still winking at the one-eyed clergyman.

Bad writing, too, must surely have been accountable for the rejection of the phrase, "Filtration is often accomplished with the assistance of albumen," which was rendered "Flirtation is often accompanied by the resistance of aldermen."

Horace Greeley's "copy," as is well-known, was a continuous string of riddles for the unfortunate compositors engaged on the paper of which he was the proprietor—riddles they often solved in a way not exactly conducive to the propounder's serenity. When, in exposing some Congressional malpractices, Greeley wrote, "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," the familiar quotation appeared in the un-Shakespearean guise, "'Tis two, 'tisfifty, and fifty 'tis 'tis five."

A leader upon William Stuart came forth headed "Richard the Third." When Greeley alluded to certain electors as free-men in buckram, the printer turned them into "three men in a back room."

Explained.

"I thought you instructed your subordinates to hold out to the last?"

"I did," answered the Spanish general.

"And then you surrendered?"

"Ah, but don't you see any orders I receive from myself are from an equal in rank only and I am not bound to obey them?"

THE SWEET FACE AT THE WINDOW.

SHE hustled up to the ticket-window in the Leeds Central Station, and knocked impatiently on the frame for the busy man behind the bars to wait on her at once.

"What do you ask for a ticket to Liverpool," she inquired, when he appeared.

"I don't ask anything for one," he replied suavely.

"Why, it isn't a free ride, is it?" she asked with surprised expectancy.

"Of course not."

"You have tickets, haven't you?"

"Yes, madam."

"They are to Liverpool, aren't they?"

"Yes, madam."

"Can I get one?"

"Certainly, madam."

"How much is it?"

"Seven shillings and sixpence, madam."

"Well, why didn't you say so at first?", she snapped, as she took out her money.

"You didn't ask me?"

"Yes, I did."

"I beg your pardon."

"I say I did. I asked you what you asked for a ticket to Liverpool."

"And I said I didn't ask for one."

"Well, what did you say that for?"

"Because I didn't want one."

"But I did."

"You didn't say so."

"I did, I tell you. I asked you what you asked——"

"I beg your pardon," he interrupted, "but you will have to stand aside, and let the others in to the window."

She moved out, but not until she had jammed her umbrella into the man behind her, and he gave the ticket clerk a cigar in sympathy.

THE IRONY OF FATE.

THE poet sat before the hearth,
These verses he had penned:
O, whirling flakes, O, snow-decked earth,
Ye harbingers of wintry mirth,
Et cetera, to the end.

And as he sat he longed for snow,
And prayed for ice and cold,
Until his heart was all aglow
And the sweat on his brow seemed melted snow
(Wherein the poet was sold).

Not so his poem. Unwittingly
It lay upon his knees,
The while the sun shone ardently,
And the bard of snow sighed drearily
Waiting for it to freeze.

And thus he waited day and night,
Until, in rousing ire,
Because there was no snow in sight,
His verses fine, his heart's delight,
He cast into the fire.

When on the following morn he woke,
Five feet of drifted snow
Bedecked the earth—a dazzling cloak,
But the poet only these words spoke,
"Hang it, if that ain't low!"

The Ready-Witted Conversationalist.—"How are the acoustics of that theatre?" "The what?" "Acoustic properties." "Oh, ah, yes; the acoustic properties. Why, it struck me they were rather gaudy."

KNEW TOO MUCH.

He was a daisy clerk in a dry goods store, with a commercial smile and a stunning four-in-hand tie, that made him look killing, and he was in his most elevated mood when a customer opened the door with a request for fans.

He looked her over. "Cheap," he said to himself as he noted the shawl and hood. Then he reached into the show-case and grabbed a lot of shop-worn Japanese fans and spread them on the counter.

"I was looking for something a little better," said the woman in a mild deprecating voice. "I want——"

"I know what you want," interrupted the fresh young man, and taking down a box he disclosed a job lot of soiled silk fans with a feather edge. "These have been reduced from $1 to 50 cents to close out stock. Which colour do you like best, pink or blue? They're a great bargain, ma'am."

"Young man," said the woman in the hood, solemnly, "shake hands! I thought I knew what I wanted, but I see I don't. I'm real glad to find some one who knows what I want better than I do myself. Pick me out the kind of fan you think I need, and I'll pay for it. You've taken a heap of responsibility off my shoulders."

There was a limp and crest-fallen young man behind that counter about that time, and he looked so dejected that the good woman took pity on him, and selected a fan to suit herself—a process that deepened the chagrin of the know-it-all clerk, for she bought the finest fan he had, saying it was for her daughter's wedding. But she couldn't help showing that she enjoyed his discomfiture.

"YOU ARE YOUNG, KAISER WILLIAM."

"You are young, Kaiser William," the old man exclaimed,
"And your wisdom teeth barely are through,
And yet by your deeds the whole world is inflamed—
Do you think this is proper of you?"
"As a baby I doted on playing with fire,"
Replied the irascible prince,
"And though I was spanked by my excellent sire,
I've been doing the same ever since."

"You are young," said the Sage, "and your juvenile legs
Are not what one would call fully grown;
Yet you point out to Grandmamma how to suck eggs—
Why adopt this preposterous tone?"
"As a child" said the youth, "I perceived that my head
Wouldn't ever allow me to learn.
So I made up my mind to start teaching instead,
And I taught everybody in turn."

"You are young," said the Sage, "but you cling to the view
That the whole of the world must be yours;
Now show how the Transvaal's connected with you,
And what business you have with the Boers."
"I am tired of your questions, and sick of your din,"
Answered William; "obey my behest—
Be off, or I'll treat you as one of my kin,
And order your instant arrest!'—"World."

A Night in a Coal Mine.

"I once spent a night in a coal mine," said Charles F. Tomley, of Indianapolis. "It was partly the result of meanness, but more largely of forgetfulness. I was out on a tour of inspection and investigation in Ohio at the time, and had a letter from the manager of a mining company authorizing me to look over their mines. I was generally received very courteously and had no difficulty until one day a miner's boss demanded very rudely a liberal contribution as beer money. When I refused he told me that I could stop down in the mine until I changed my mind, and he actually refused to allow me to go up in the shaft. I never imagined he meant anything more than a joke, and as I did not know the mine was only working short time I did not dream the men were leaving for the day. Such, however, was the case, and although I waited hour after hour no friendly shaft came to my rescue. What had been first intended for a bluff had been converted into an outrage by sheer forgetfulness, and I spent a horrible night in intense darkness and miserable dampness. The horrors of that night, with noises all around, for which it was impossible to account, can hardly be realized, and if is is anything like what a prisoner suffers in solitary confinement, such unfortunates have my hearty sympathy."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

UNHAPPY SHOP ASSISTANTS.

THE *Lancet* has done well to start a crusade in favour of shop assistants, and against the unhealthy and miserable evironment in which their daily work is carried on. As becomes a grave and reputable newspaper, the tone of the discussion is severely sober and free from exaggeration. But in the judgment of all sensible persons the statements of the *Lancet* will lose none of their weight on that account. The indictment drawn up against the proprietors and managers of town shops is of a very serious character, and demands the attention not only of *shopkeepers themselves*, but also of the public guardians of the interests of our industrial population. It appears that large numbers of shop assistants, both male and female, are ill-paid; are indeed paid much less than the wages of skilled mechanics. Not only are they ill-paid, but they are under-fed, abominably under-fed. As a sample of the under-feeding, we are told a story of a certain draper in a West-end suburb. "This draper was stated to have usually gone to a butcher's between eleven and twelve o'clock on Saturday nights, just when the shop was about to close. He would then offer to purchase all the remnants, or 'block ornaments,' at 2d. a pound. As these fragments at so late an hour could not be sold, the butcher generally accepted the offer, and the draper, having arranged a method for keeping this meat in ice, fed his assistants during the ensuing week." One would like to know whether the draper himself and his family helped to consume these choice and dainty remnants. Another count in the indictment is that the sanitary condition of some of the eating and sleeping apartments provided for shop assistants is both disgusting and dangerous. One count more is all we have space for. The mechanic as a rule works from forty-eight to fifty-four hours a week; a shop assistant, it is asserted, works from seventy to ninety hours a-week, that is, on an average, from twelve to fifteen hours a day. It is plain that, even in England, there is ample work for those who charge themselves with the care of the feebler and more defenceless members of society. It should be borne in mind that shop assistants are not like middle-aged and strong-bodied mechanics and labourers, who, if they leave one situation, can usually get another, without so much as being asked for a character. Those who toil in shops are either young women and girls, or comparatively young and inexperienced men. Their employers have them almost entirely in their power, in that a new situation can seldom be secured, except by means of a character from the old one. The philanthropic public will do well to insist that the establishments of retail traders shall be placed under Government inspection and control as fully and completely as factories and workshops are.—*The Hospital.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

IT is generally supposed that confession makes the guilt of an accused party certain, but this is not so, as it may be made for many reasons besides the knowledge of actual guilt. A striking instance of this is afforded by the case of the two Boorns, who were convicted in the Supreme Court of Vermont, in Bennington county, in September term, 1819, of the murder of Russell Colvin, on May 10, 1812.

It appeared that Colvin, who was the brother-in-law of the prisoners, was a person of weak and not perfectly sound mind; that he was considered burdensome to the family of the prisoners, who were obliged to support him; that on the day of his disappearance, being in a distant field, where the prisoners were at work, a violent quarrel broke out between them, and that one of them struck him a severe blow on the back of the head, which felled him to the ground. Some suspicions arose at that time that he had been murdered, which were increased by the finding of his hat in the same field a few months afterwards.

These suspicions in process of time subsided, but in 1819, one of the neighbours having repeatedly dreamed of the murder, with great minuteness of circumstance, both in regard to the death and the concealment of the remains, the prisoners were vehemently accused, and generally believed guilty of the murder. Upon strict search, the pocket-knife of Colvin and a button of his clothes were found in an old open cellar in the same field, and in a hollow stump not many rods from it were discovered two nails and a number of bones believed to be those of a man. Upon this evidence, together with their deliberate confession of the fact of the murder and concealment of the body in those places, they were convicted and sentenced to die.

On the same day they applied to the legislature for a commutation of the sentence of death to that of perpetual punishment, which was granted as to one of them only. The confession being now withdrawn and contradicted, and a reward offered for the discovery of the missing man, he was found in New Jersey, and returned home in time to prevent the execution. He had fled for fear that they would kill him. The bones were those of some animal. The men had been advised by some misjudging friends that, as they would certainly be convicted upon the circumstances proved, their only chance of life was by commutation of punishment, and that this depended on their making a penitential confession, and thereupon obtaining a recommendation to mercy.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

IT was two bold knights-errant, they rode forth to take the air;
They were seeking for adventures, anywhere and everywhere;
One was aged and experienced, and one was young and brash;
The Experienced was prudent and the Inexperienced rash.
And presently they came upon a couple unaware—
A huge and hideous monster, who beat a lady fair.
He was great and grim and terrible, a bulbous, bloated brute,
With hairy hands and nose that shamed the beet's ensanguined root;
He was knobbed and gnarled and twisted, like a huge misshapen tree:
And the young man's heart waxed furious to see what he did see.
For the brute he banged the lady till one trembled for her life;
And when they asked him why, he said, "Oh, nothing—she's my wife."
The Knight-Errant of Experience, he made a bow polite;
Said he: "A family affair? Excuse me, sir—good night!
Excuse me if I cannot stay—I think I'll hurry on."
"Shame!" cried the Inexperienced Knight; but the older knight was gone.
So the young knight laid his lance in rest, and his youthful heart uprose:
And he charged upon the monster, and just touched his mighty nose;
And the monster reached out for him, and with one tremendous thrust
He knocked the good knight off his horse, and laid him in the dust;
And twenty minutes later that young knight slowly woke
And lay a-counting up the bones and things that monster broke;
And as he wondered at the meed of brave knights-errantree,
He saw the lady sitting on that horrid monster's knee.
She laid her dainty fingers, as she sat in loving pose,
On a scratch, all but invisible, upon that monster's nose;
Her tender, soothing accents had a sweet and silvery ring:
"Did the nassy man scratch hubby's nose, oo pitty itty sing?
He was a nassy wicked man to give her hubby pain;
Just let his tweetums kiss the place, and make it well again!"
When the youthful knight went on his way, he was exceeding sore;
But he knew a great big spreading lot more than he did before.

TONSORIAL FLIPPANCY.

It was his third visit to this particular barber shop. The proprietor knew him as the deaf man, who, when he was asked on the first occasion the stereotyped question, "Does the razor hurt?" replied, "Eh!" and when it was repeated in a louder tone he looked down at his immaculate linen and said, in astonishment, "Where did I raise that shirt? Why, I bought it."

"This fellow is stone deaf," said the proprietor to his assistants, and proceeded to shave his customer in silence. Just before combing his hair the barber took a bottle in one hand, and pointed to it inquiringly with the other hand.

"Well, what's the matter with that?" said the deaf man.

"Bay rum on your hair?" shrieked the barber.

The customer looked around the shop and said:

"I don't see any bass drum on a chair."

The barber smothered a chuckle and remarked:

"This man's hopeless."

When the deaf man asked how much, the proprietor spread out both hands, like an amateur baseball fielder after a fly, to indicate that the cost was ten cents.

On his second visit the deaf man fell into the hands of the assistant, who did not recognise him. While stropping the razor, he insinuatingly remarked, "Fine weather we're having." This was a feeler intended to introduce a conversation during which the knight of the razor would settle all the affairs of State by pointing out the weak spots in the Harrison Administration and then proceed to show how they could be remedied, as he had done a dozen times that day.

The deaf man replied not, and the assistant thought his remark was too low. But he was not to be balked in his attempt to drag his customer into a controversy. He had a dozen devices gained by his long experience at his fingers' ends.

"Do you shave close?"

"What?"

"Do you shave close?"—somewhat louder.

"No, I don't sell clothes."

Then the assistant recognised his victim and told the proprietor, who, not having anything to do and being in a good humour, began making remarks about the deaf man, to the amusement of the assistant, who was compelled to suppress his laughter at the risk of injuring his customer.

"Ask him if he'll have his whiskers done up in papers, or his eyebrows banged," said the proprietor. "Look out he don't swallow the razor or the lather brush. These deaf men have large appetites."

"Ask him if he couldn't find his hearing where he lost it."

"I could have him cured. I would get a warrant out for him, and any magistrate would give him a hearing."

All these remarks, and many more, both the proprietor and the assistant enjoyed.

There was a strange glitter in the deaf man's eyes as he laid down his ten cents and departed.

"I'll get square with them," he muttered, when he got out on the pavement.

The shop was full on his third visit. It was a busy portion of the day, and when he took his seat on one of the big chairs, a goodly number sat around reading the papers and talking, awaiting their turn. As the proprietor was adorning the deaf man's face with lather, the latter shouted, so all in the room could hear:

"Did that man die that was cut here yesterday?"

There was a hush among the other customers, and the proprietor, flushing up, replied, testily:

"There wasn't anybody cut here yesterday."

"I was outside when he was taken to the patrol waggon, and they said he would probably bleed to death before he got to the hospital," continued the deaf man as loud as before. "The people said this was a regular slaughter-house, and that the authorities ought to interfere and close the place up."

The proprietor gave evidence of apoplexy, and the customers began moving uneasily in their seats. Two grabbed their coats and hats, and said they would drop in again, that they hadn't time to wait. The barber assured them that the man he was shaving was mistaken.

"Stop! what's that you're shaving me with?" said the deaf man, rising in his seat, and glancing at the razor in the trembling hand of the barber. "Oh! I thought it was a saw. Look out for that scar where you cut me the other day; it is not healed yet."

The agitated barber got another razor and stropped it, while another customer left to "catch a train."

"There, I knew you would do it," said the deaf man, getting out of the chair half-shaved and throwing the towel that was around his neck on the floor. On his face was a long, crimson streak that looked as if he had received a severe cut.

That settled it. There was a stampede for the door, and in a minute only the proprietor, his assistant, and the deaf man were left together. The proprietor was furious, and declared he was ruined.

"So you want to know if I would have my eyebrows banged and my whiskers done up in papers?" said the pretended deaf man, washing the cochineal off his face.

"Ain't you deaf?" shouted the proprietor.

"No; I assumed deafness to escape your conversation, and you made fun of my affliction, and I determined to punish you;" and he left the barber to mourn his indiscretion, and to resolve to be more considerate of afflicted persons in the future.

WHO ARE THE FUNNY MEN?

THE answer might be that he is by no means the clever artist who signs his name to the drawing which appears in print.

Who is he, then?

The inventor of a useful phrase in certain discussion on political economy would say that he is the forgotten man.

The world has in it a great many forgotten men, men whose brains are helping to make the world move, but men who for one reason or another are buried out of sight. Their particular genius does not bring them into the eye of the world. Other men, without precisely shining with their brilliancy, find it feasible to be the medium of placing the product of their valuable but obscure wit where it will do the most good.

The forgotten man of the funny paper, and of the funny corner in the serious paper, is the man whose head is full of bright conceits but who hasn't the luck to be able to draw. So he writes his droll dialogues or comments and sketches his notion of the pictorial situation in such a manner as to suggest to the skilled artist how he thinks the drawing should be done.

The sketches are sometimes funnier than anything that ever gets into the printed page, because they represent a funny man's effort to express his funniness through a medium of which he is not a master. Very often the author scrawls various marginal notes and indicates by pointers and other things what he is trying to express.

He finds particular difficulty, of course, when the fun of the situation he has conceived lies in the character of the drawing, and he has to make the draughtsman see what he is aiming at.

Then unknown funny men, who may be among the editors of the periodical in which the picture appears, but are more likely to be among the contributors, who send in batches of "ideas" from time to time, are very useful people, and they are generally paid with the liberality that is prompted by the service of useful people. Perhaps in some other channel they are working for glory. But in the picture way they sell their wit for dollars.

Payment With Thanks.

Crimsonbeak—When I visit my old town, I always pay a visit to my old landlady.

Yeast—Well, I suppose it's only right that you should pay her something, old man.

TALE OF A SIGN.

AT the southwest corner of Broadway and First-street stands the great wholesale store of Atterbury Smith. Every New Yorker knows the place and has heard the story of the rise of its owner from the estate of a simple shoemaker to the proprietorship of the greatest leather goods business in the country.

One sultry afternoon in early spring Lawrence Hubbub, perched high on the top of a stepladder, was labouring away with his brushes. A motley crowd of men, women and children stood gazing intently at him as he evolved the scene by the sea. The horses were done and fitted with Smith's harness, and now he was laying on the ocean and dotting it here and there with sails.

And as he almost mechanically plied his brush young Hubbub ran his mind back over the events of the year. He thought of how he had returned from Paris almost penniless and set about to fulfil his chosen destiny—to follow art for art's sake. He had intended that life to him should be one tireless paint, and he would not starve and study and paint for worldly applause and honour, but for art. He would put all his noble ideals on canvas and then die. This had been his programme, and doubtless he would have carried it out had not he, in an evil moment, been induced for an hour to lay aside his brush and go to one of Mrs. Atterbury Van Foam's literary and artistic afternoons. There it was that he met Ethelberta Van Foam, and from that moment art took a back seat in his mental theatre and sentiment and the almighty dollar occupied the front row.

Lawrence Hubbub was short of dollars, and he doubted whether Ethelberta Van Foam would consent to starve with him through life that when he died he would leave behind him a perfect work. He tried to forget her and to labour on in the field he had chosen, but he could not.

Then one day Atterbury Smith came to his rooms.

"A friend of mine bought your picture, 'A Modern Harvest,' and I liked it," he said. "You put life into those fellows who are cutting down wheat with sickles, although I confess I thought the sickle was a little out of date. I've been planning a picture on the side of my store. I want it to be a work of art as well as an advertisement."

And then he unfolded to the astonished artist his plans for the great sea scene. But Hubbub refused. It would be beneath his dignity. Smith offered 1,000 dollars instead of 500 dollars, but Hubbub was obdurate. When the leather man was gone, many conflicting emotions rent the forlorn painter. That night he did not sleep, but next day wrote and accepted the offer, and, as he heard his note drop in the letter-box he said half aloud:

"It is for her sake."

And thus love drove Lawrence Hubbub from the easel to the stepladder.

"See here, mister, de wind's a-blowin from two directions in that picture."

Hubbub looked down from his perch at the evil-eyed lad, who, day after day had sat on a fire plug, watching the progress of the work. The crowd laughed.

"Don't you see, painter, cried one of three half drunken man-of-war's men, who were watching his work, "you've got two ships sailing wing and wing in opposite directions?"

What this meant Lawrence Hubbub did not know, but he obviated the difficulty with a turn of the brush, leaving but blue ocean where the schooner had been scurrying along before the stiff breeze. Then he groaned inwardly. What indignities he had descended to for her sake—that he might have money, that he could throw himself at her feet with at least 1,000 dollars in his pocket! And so he painted on and on and never noticed the smart brougham that wheeled up the street, swung into Broadway and stopped in front the store. A young woman got out, tripped through the door that the boy obsequiously opened for her and made her way back to the office.

"Why, my dear Ethelberta," cried Atterbury Smith as he placed a chair for her at his desk, "I thought that you and your mother had left town and forgot a poor old bachelor like me."

The young woman protested that nothing was farther from her than to forget her dear uncle, and she was sure he would give her a cheque for pin money. The old gentleman chuckled and quickly complied with the request.

"But, my dear," he said, "you have grown pale and worn of late. Has he proved faithless?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," cried the girl, blushing.

"That's just what I don't know too," chuckled the old gentleman.

"Oh, now, do change the subject, uncle. I want to know do painters make much money—artists, I mean?"

Mr. Smith removed his glasses and eyed his niece blandly.

"Dear, dear," he said, "what a question! I don't think artists make much, but, as for painters, why, there's one on my sign that'll get a cool 1,000 dollars."

"But I don't mean common sign painters. I mean—"

The tramp of many feet and bedlam of cries came from the front office. Mr. Smith and his niece rushed out and saw two policeman lay a bleeding, paint-covered body on the floor.

"Good heavens, what has happened?" exclaimed the leather merchant.

"It's the painter, sor," said one of the policemen. "He trowed a brush at a bye, and the bye upset the ladder, an' the young feller fell un' lit on his head."

"Poor thing!" said Ethelberta Van Foam, kneeling over the prostrate form, and with her own handkerchief she began to wipe away the ocean blue from his face. The touch of her hand seemed to revive him, for he opened his eyes and muttered:

"I gave up everything for her—art and all—but—er—Miss Van Foam!"

"Poor thing!" she repeated soothingly as she cleaned off one cheek. "Who were you talking of?"

"You," he whispered, and she recognised him.

. . . . .

Glance up at the big second storey window of the store as you ride up Broadway some day. If it is before 3 p.m. you will see a spruce young man sitting there in a private office, usually dictating letters. It is Lawrence Hubbub, and he is a partner in the firm. One of his clerks, an amateur, finished the picture.

An Alternative.

"If we appear together so often, there's sure to be trouble."

Jack—I say—er—let's disappear together.

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'Twixt Love and Gold.

PART 15.

A HIGHLY SENSATIONAL ROMANCE OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

By J. Hanmer Quail,

Author of "The Cup Winners," "His Madeline," "Fenton Friars," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

The "Harlech Castle" was forging gaily through the waters of the South Atlantic Ocean on her way to Southampton. The weather had been delightful, the heat of the sun being tempered by the deliciously cool but soft breeze from the west.

Near the steamer's stern on the starboard side stood Malcolm and Wylva, engaged in earnest conversation.

Suddenly Wylva's head drooped, and her eyes remained on the sea a few yards from the steamer's side. Malcolm's tone had changed. His words had become tender and appealing.

"I want to know what your plans are for the future, Wylva,'" he said in a low grave tone.

"I assure you Mr. Cameron——"

"Do give over calling me by that cold and stiff name. I shall never call you anything but Wylva, and I desire that you should call me Malcolm; please do," he said, insistently.

"Oh, very well Mr. ——Malcolm," she answered, the colour on her cheeks, deepening sensibly, and a light smile playing about her lips. "I really have no plans. Things have been so strange and worrying for months past that I have not been able to form any. But I shall have to now."

"You will indeed. It is an outrage that you should be at the mercy of a man like Mr. Bexfield."

"I think I shall be better able to take care of myself after Mr. Bexfield's persecution. I have some kind friends in England and can go among them; they are always glad to have me for a few weeks with them. It is really very jolly going about in that way," Wylva said, with vivacity, her eyes sparkling at the thought of being again with her old school friends.

"That is all very well, but it is not satisfactory," Malcolm said, frowning.

"Why not?" she asked with a playful laugh.

"Because a bright girl like you, Wylva, is meant to be something more than a mere wandering star in the social firmament."

"I hope you do not compare me to a kind of stellar will-o'-the-wisp, luring thoughtless young men to their doom," she said with a reproachful look and a light laugh.

"Mr. Bexfield has certainly used you as such."

"You would have me like Virginis or Cygni, a fixed star, cold and distant," she said, playfully.

"No; I would have you for a guiding star; clear, certain, and inspiring; if you please."

"Ah, you are romantic," she said with another reproachful look at Malcolm.

"No, really, Wylva. I am very prosaic and matter of fact. Listen. You have no home and no protector. Do you forget how much I owe to you? Do you ever think I can forget how you saved me from drowning, when Charlie and I made such glorious fools of ourselves before a bevy of smart girls?"

"Oh, that was nothing," she said reflecting.

"Wylva, listen. As soon as ever I saw you in old Mrs. Ferguson's cottage I loved you. Something told me that you and I were meant for each other. You found me first in the river. I felt that we were meant to be one when I saw you in the cottage. I have wanted to tell you this ever since. To be plain I love you with my whole life and being, and I would like you to become my wife. Then you will no longer be a wandering star, but the clear, fixed light of my life and home. What do you say?"

He took her hand and pressed it warmly. She was still gazing at the horizon, where the blue sky and the dark ocean kissed each other. The breeze played lightly on her hair and crimson cheeks.

"I have told you everything, dear I love you, and would like to marry you now, as we stand, if it were possible. May I marry you when we get home? Father and mother and Aggie will be delighted to have you one of us. Say that I may—that you will marry me. Promise Wylva"

He pressed her hand, and looked earnestly at her. She turned her head again, and their eyes met.

"If those are your feelings I cannot refuse, Malcolm," she said in an undertone. Then her head turned again, her eyes fell, and rested once more on the blue ocean.

"Thank you, dear."

Malcolm was about to say more, but he stopped and turned abruptly Footsteps on the deck behind them had startled him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

They reached Southampton after a pleasant passage, and Wylva proceeded at once to Oak Lodge.

Mrs. Chambers was greatly delighted to see her again, and amazed by her narrative of what she had passed through since leaving England. When Wylva had told her story, Mrs. Chambers told hers. She had a packet of letters for Wylva, and there had been several callers to see her.

On the afternoon of the day following that of Wylva's arrival at Oak Lodge, Mrs. Chambers and she were seated in one of the reception-rooms talking of Wylva's prospects, when a violent ring at the bell startled them.

"Goodness! Whatever can that be?" exclaimed Mrs. Chambers.

They sat silent, waiting for the maid to announce the visitor.

"It's a gentleman to see Miss Merriman," said the maid as she entered the room.

Wylva took the card which the girl held in her hand and glanced at the name on it.

"Lord Kilkerne," she half gasped, in consternation.

"Whatever can he want?" asked Mrs. Chambers.

"I cannot tell. Shall I see him?" Wylva said, perplexed.

"Perhaps you had better. See him dear, and get rid of him. Scream out if he dares to touch you."

Wylva went to the dining-room into which Lord Kilkerne had been shown. He had taken a chair near the window, and rose as she entered the room. He looked older than when she had last seen him.

"Well, Wylva, so you are back in England, again," he said pleasantly.

"Yes, Lord Kilkerne," she answered, with slight hesitation.

"And you are rid of Mr. Bexfield at last?"

"I do not understand you."

"Of course you know he is dead?"

"Dead! No," gasped Wylva.

"Yes. Shot by Mr. Branstein. He deserved all he got."

"I have not heard anything about it, Lord Kilkerne."

"Oh, Bexfield did with Karl Branstein as he did with me. He really sold you to him as he sold you to me. He got a great deal of money from me for you, and then he took you away and sold you to Branstein He thought that it was a trick of Bexfield's and he shot him, with diamonds."

"Diamonds!"

"Yes. Karl Branstein had promised Bexfield some diamonds if you and he were married. But the thing was spoiled. Branstein went crazy over it and got Bexfield to his house into the very room he had kept you in, and there he shot him. They arrested Branstein a raving lunatic. He's now in an asylum."

"How dreadful! I did not know, Lord Kilkerne. I felt that Mr. Bexfield was now doing wrong, but I did not know how. I am grieved."

"You need not be. He is well out of the way. He would have bartered his own soul for gold. Now, I want to put myself right with you. I loved you truly and honourably, Wylva, and I love you still. Will you be mine; my wife; Lady Kilkerne?"

He was desperately in earnest. She saw it and felt it.

"I cannot, Lord Kilkerne. I have promised to marry another."

"Wylva listen. I had an omen. It impelled me to follow you. Do you remember when you came with Mr. Bexfield to Barkley Court?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember my telling you about the good spirit of Barkley—the form in white that appeared and walked along the west corridor when some good fortune was coming to a member of the house of Kilkerne?"

"Very well, Lord Kilkerne. I have good reason to remember that"

"Well, the night you were at Barkley Court the ghost walked. I saw it myself, and others saw it. I took it as a sign that I should win you and that you would become Lady Kilkerne. That sign has kept me true to you, and has brought me here to-day. Now. Say you will marry me."

A smile broke over Wylva's face.

"I am very sorry Lord Kilkerne, I must confess to you—I was the ghost which you saw on the night I was at Barkley Court. You had been making love to me and I wanted to leave the house. Fearing that I might be recognised in leaving I wrapped a sheet round me. I was very frightened but I could not stay You must forgive me."

"Is that true?" he asked in a tone of despair.

"It is the truth, Lord Kilkerne."

"Once more Wylva, and for the last time,. Will you be my wife?"

"No. I cannot, Lord Kilkerne."

"Then I will go. Grant me one favour, just one before we part for ever."

He slipped his arm gently round her waist.

She shrank from him as he bent down towards her face. His lips touched hers and imprinted one hot, passionate kiss. A scream escaped her. Mrs. Chambers and the maid heard it.

"Good-bye for ever, my own lost love."

He kissed her again, then disengaging himself from her, he strode quickly to the door, opened it, and passed out as Mrs. Chambers and the maid, armed with poker and fire-shovel, were about to enter.

"Leave the house, sir, this very minute," said Mrs. Chambers sternly as Lord Kilkerne came from the room.

Without deigning to bestow a look or a word upon either of the women Lord Kilkerne left the house.

"Did he touch you dear?" asked Mrs. Chambers, breathlessly.

"He—that is—he has not harmed me. He has gone. He will not trouble me any more."

"What a relief! But how agitated you are, dear. Come back to my room."

Mrs. Chambers led the way back to the sitting-room where they had been before.

Lord Kilkerne had gone, as he said "for ever."

CHAPTER XXIV.

On the third day after the visit of Lord Kilkerne to Oak Lodge, Mrs. Chambers brought Wylva a letter which had come by the early post. The envelope was a large blue one, and the letter which it contained as Wylva and Mrs. Chambers surmised, was from a firm of lawyers. It informed Wylva that her brother Victor, who had been in South Africa for several years, had learned by accident of the death of his father and of his sister's presence in Kimberley He had proceeded at once to Cape Town to catch the first steamer for England, intending to claim his father's estates and money. As it happened he caught the same steamer as Wylva, Malcolm and Charlie had come home by, but he had not made himself known to her on board. As soon as he arrived in London, Victor Merriman had instructed solicitors to look into his case. They had done so and informed him that his father had died by his own hand, and that shortly before his death, Mr. Merriman had made a will, and had left everything to Wylva. Victor was advised to claim the estates as the only surviving son, alleging that his father was not in his right mind when he made the will. The letter closed with a formal notice of such claim on behalf of Victor Merriman.

Wylva made a few hasty preparations, and in an hour was speeding by train towards London.

A fortnight passed. It was a wearying and anxious time for Wylva. From hour to hour she had not known whether, as she said, she were the inheritor of her father's estates, or penniless. Her solicitors advised her that in view of the circumstances of her father's death, Victor's claim would most certainly be allowed. They could give her no hope. The law, they said, would have to take its course.

In response to pressing invitations from Lady Cameron, Wylva paid a visit to Glenshiel, and arrived there wearied out with anxiety.

Lady Cameron was extremely kind to her and urged her not to mind how the matter of her brother's claim went, and she did all she could to compose Wylva's troubled spirit.

On the evening of the day after she reached Glenshiel Malcolm persuaded Wylva to accompany him on a short walk. He thought he would be able to cheer her under the depression which still weighed on her mind.

They had taken the path by the wood, intending to return over the hill. Malcolm had talked of everything he could think of which was likely to interest her, but she scarcely spoke a word. At last he paused, and she seemed unable to keep silent longer.

"Malcolm," she said, earnestly.

"Yes, dear."

"I am going to say something which might displease you, but you must forgive me."

"What is it, dear?" he asked, alarmed.

"I have no right to hold you now to your promise to marry me. I am likely to become very poor, indeed, to lose everything. It would not be right for me to hold you to your promise under my changed prospects," she said, gravely.

"Bosh, you silly child! Who has been putting that into your little head?" he asked, laughing.

"It is what other people will think."

"Let other people mind their own business. You made me a promise and I hold you to it. I am going to marry you and no one else."

"You might find that you have married a beggar maid."

"Do you think I want to marry you for your money?" he asked, sternly.

"No, but I think you ought to marry someone with money."

"Wylva. I have loved you since the first time I saw you. Then I owe everything in the world to you. I owe my life to you. So I love you doubly. I am yours. Marriage will only be a formality, confirming what already exists. Wylva, if you had not a half-penny to call your own, or a shoe to your foot, I would love you still. And hereby I again pledge my troth."

He bent over and kissed her three times. She coloured deeply. Tears came into her eyes, but there was the trace of a smile on her features, like a sunbeam breaking through a cloud. He could see that she was fighting against herself.

"It shall be as you wish, Malcolm," she said in quivering tones. He kissed her again. Then they walked on, in silence.

Before her lawyers had come to an arrangement with respect to her brother's claim, Malcolm and she were married. The wedding was a brilliant ceremony, for the Cameron spared nothing in their desire to show the world how highly they esteemed the girl who was being united by marriage with their eldest son. Charlie Drayton was the best man, and Agnes and Gladys Cameron, Doris Unsworth, and Florence Eyscourt were Wylva's bridesmaids, and very radiant they all looked on the wedding morn.

Malcolm had not married a beggar maid, though he had been quite willing to do this if the maid were but Wylva Merriman, who had won his love. The lawyers were able to make an arrangement under which Victor Merriman agreed to accept a certain income from the estate, and to leave his sister in the peaceful possession and enjoyment of all else. Wylva had therefore a considerable fortune from her father's estate.

"I am not a beggar maid, after all," she said to her husband, smiling, when she had read the lawyer's letter informing her how the matter had been arranged.

"I almost wish you had been. I married you for love not gold," said Malcolm. He placed a hand on each of her cheeks, and drew her face towards his, and kissed her fondly.

THE END.

JAPANESE ENGLISH.

On a bottle of heliotrope scent sold by a Yokohama chemist appeared the words:

"Perintrop hygenic, smelly water."

An advertiser in a Kobe paper, who wishes to sell dogs, describes them as "jumping bogs," though perhaps the printer is to blame this time.

A butcher in Tokio hangs out the sign "Cowshop."

The Russian minister of finance has offered a reward to the person who will invent a way of making alcohol undrinkable.

DOWN IN THE EARTH.

TEMPERATURE VARIES IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD.

In the report of the last coal commission the conclusion is arrived at that at a depth of 3,000ft. the temperature of the earth would amount to 98deg. Fahrenheit, but it was considered that a depth of at least 4,000ft. might ultimately be reached in coal mining. The rate of increase, the commissioners thought, might for ordinary cases be assumed to be 1deg. Fahrenheit for every 60ft., but it is in reality impossible to give any fixed rate of increase.

The report of the British Association Committee on underground temperatures during the last 30 years tends to show, not only that the temperature gradient varies considerably in different localities, but that it is not easy to deduce a fixed law of increase applicable to all cases.

The temperature of the coal on discovery at the Rosebridge Colliery in Lancashire was stated by the management to be 98deg. Fahrenheit and it afterwards fell to 68deg. Fahrenheit.

CALIFORNIAN RAISINS.

HOW THEY ARE PREPARED.

There is now an immense quantity of raisins exported from America; but notwithstanding this, there are very few people who know anything of the many processes through which the raisins have to pass before they are placed on the market.

The cuttings of the grapes are planted 10 feet apart in one direction, and 12 feet in the other; the vines begin to bear the second year, but do not pay for their cultivation until the third year. The cost of cultivating, weeding, hoeing, and picking an acre of grapes is very small—about £2 a year.

The grape picking season of California may be compared to the hopping season in Kent. The poor people—Indians and Mexicans mostly—pour into the country, and are supplied with small sharp knives, with a curve in the end, like that of a sickle, with which to cut the fruit.

As the grapes are picked they are placed on trays, and the sun begins its work of drying. As a rule the turning is made but once, although if the weather should not be bright, or as sometimed happens, a light shower should fall during the drying period, there may be the necessity of another turning.

After drying the fruit goes to the packing houses. Here there is a machine which removes the stems. The big stems which support the whole bunch are first removed, then the raisins are baked until they are shrunk to a third their size, and are very brittle. In this state they are run through the "pony," as the machine is called, and every vestage remaining of the stems snapped off.

After having been dried to allow of the stems being broken off, they are placed in trays and steamed to make them moist again. If the raisins are of the seedless variety, this is all that happens to them; but if they have seeds, these must be removed by the seeding machine, which punches all the seeds out of each raisin. How the seeding machine does its work, it is impossible to say, for it is kept a secret.

The raisins are carefully tied and placed in four layers across the box, so that every grape is displayed and none of the fruit is broken off. Tied up with pretty ribbons, they are very tempting to look at, and when viewed for the first time, one mentally endorses the everlasting boast of the American, that they are the "finest in the world."

A NEW RIVER MONSTER.

In the days of Pliny the elder something new was always coming from Africa, and that apparently inexhaustible country has kept up the supply of novelties till the present day.

If Sir Harry Johnston had recently returned from Uganda with the first skins of the okapi, there would be more reason for receiving with incredulity the story of the French traveller quoted by "West Africa."

This gentleman, M. Trilles by name writing from Njole, states that while exploring the Northern Congo three years ago, he heard from the natives of an

ENORMOUS AMPHIBIOUS ANIMAL

something between the elephant and the hippopotamos in size, and in nature very ferocious towards man. "However, later, when in the neighbourhood of Djali, near the Great Falls, the accounts were given with more detail.

"The animal in question, or one of its species, lived near the sourse of the Mourk; it had laid in wait for the canoes, upset them. and in preference attacked the women and children. Twice the natives fetched me to see it as it slept on the sandbank, but on each occasion it had disappeared when I got there.

"On returning from my travels I asked many questions about this animal, but it was unknown. On the coast I never heard it spoken of. But since my arrival here I have had repeated descriptions of it.

THE WATER TIGER.

"The people of the Upper Ogue give it this name—The Water Tiger. Sergeant Sans shot one recently, but unfortunately it escaped him. Its colour is a light tawny grey, dotted with black spots, the hair rough, instead of smooth, as in the otter; the tail long and powerful, the paws short and webbed, and fitted with very sharp nails.

"The animal only lives near waterfalls, and is very carnivorous. It snatches women and children as they bathe, and defies even the crocodile. Its native name is Nzenedzin, or Water Tiger.

EVENTFUL HISTORY OF HARBIN.

A "WILD WEST" TOWN OF THE ORIENT.

But six years ago Harbin, Russia's Far Eastern base, was still a little hamlet, the tiny Manchu population of which were engaged chiefly in making a villainous brand of poison termed by them "brandy," and distilling oil from peas and beens.

It is at the present day a big bustling city of 125,000 inhabitants. Only 75,000 of these are Russians, the rest being made up of Chinese, together with a few of the original owners, the Manchus, whom the Russians have kindly allowed to remain.

The story of the present-day Harbin begins with the survey of the Trans-Siberian Railway, Manchurian branch. The engineers engaged in this survey started across Manchuria from the Trans-Baikal provinces, going in a bee-line eastward to Vladivostok. They arrived on the western side of the Sungari River and when they were rowed across by the coolies, were told a tale about a white man like themselves, who had been rowed up the river years ago. This was Prince Kropotkin, who thought Harbin so unimportant that he had not even mentioned it.

The Russians saw they could carry the railway across the river at Harbin, and so shipped the rails there, bringing them up the Amur and Sungari Rivers.

From Harbin they began to build the line eastward towards Vladivostok and westward through Manchuria Building supplies were poured into the district by hundreds of tons, and coolies, seeing a prospect of well-paid work, flooded the place. In one night Harbin leaped from a tiny village to a busy town.

Harbin is in the midst of a great plain which stretches for miles to south and north-west. Wheat, corn, rye, pats, barley, rice, grasses, vegetables, and fruits are raised in abundance in these plains, which are watered by the Nauni and Sungari Rivers.

From these plains provisions pour into the town, and when in the Boxer rising 6,000 yelling fanatics besieged the place for six months the garrison were able to hold out with ease until the Russian relief arrived.

After the rising was put down the Russians poured into the town quicker than ever, and soon erected scores of administrative buildings and whole streets of dwelling-houses, and industry after industry sprang into existence

Flour mills and meat-preserving factories appeared one by one, until a Chicago man would have felt at home there, and the brick-making and lumber trades were both commenced. In four years Russia alone spent over £3,000,000 on making Harbin.

Manchuria is infested with brigands In times of peace they are happily employed in robbing and killing farmers in the country, while latterly they have taken to playing the same game in Harbin; and as they are extremely short-tempered and overhandy with their weapons, not many days pass in Harbin without a murder being committed by them.

There is another reason why it is not advisable for nervous people to emigrate to Harbin—most of the workmen there are convicts, as are also some of the highest officials in the town.

Taken all in all, life in Harbin is extremely strenuous, and it undoubtedly grows more so daily, since it is now Russia's Far Eastern base in her war with Japan—an ideal base from any point of view.

DONALD DOWN FIRST.

A Scottish nobleman of the olden times was in the habit of indulging pretty freely at the hospitable tables of his friends.

He took the precaution always to have with him a trustworthy retainer, who rarely failed to avoid all temptation to excess, in order to make sure of taking his master safely home.

On one occasion Donald had been induced to join in the festivities of the servant's hall, and, feeling himself quite overcome, he recognised that it was absolutely necessary that he should act prudently; so he managed to stagger upstairs, and to whisper to his master, who was in full swing of enjoyment at table:

"My lord ye'll hae to tak' care o' yoursel' the nicht, for it's a' o'er wi' me!"

SHE HAD TRIED IT.

The tramcar conductor had had a good deal of trouble in getting the lady into the car. But at last his struggles were crowned with success.

"Ah, me!" she wheezed as she settled herself in her seat; "it's all this dreadful rheumatism—that's what it is. I'm sure as I used to say to my dear husband, I'm a perfect martyr to it."

Instantly a benevolent-looking old gentleman in the corner was all sympathy.

"Did you ever try electricity, madam?" he asked kindly. "I used to be a great sufferer myself from rheumatism; but I went in for the treatment, and in the course of a short time it completely cured me"

"Electricity, indeed snorted the old lady. "A lot of good that is! I should think I have tried it! Why I was struck by lightning only a year ago, and I have been worse instead of better ever since!"

OAT CAKE.

—o-o-o—

Take a pound of fine oatmeal, half a pound of flour, a halfpennyworth of yeast, and a pinch of salt. Mix with milk to a batter, set to rise for three-quarters of an hour, pour enough to make nice-sized cakes on a baking tin, and bake over a fire, taking care that they do not burn.

DANGERS OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Wireless telegraphy has its drawbacks as well as its advantages.

The aerial wire which is triced up to the gaff that extends from the mainmast, has its end exposed, and thus makes an excellent conductor for the strong electric currents let loose during a thunder storm.

On more than one occasion the costly instruments which are attached to the deck-end of the aerial wires have been completely destroyed by the lightning running down the wire and fusing them. As they cost something like £350 to £400, this is a consideration.

To avoid such an accident, orders were recently issued that during a thunder storm, the deck-end of the wire was to be "earthed," while the gaff with the wire was to be dropped.

The Admiralty have now decided to adopt further precautions.

In future, all ships fitted out for wireless telegraphy are to be supplied with a special double wire, having a long copper bar at its upper end, which is to stand out above the gaff. This will, it is believed, act as a lightning conductor, and carry the electric fluid right down into the sea, and so save the instruments, and probably the ship as well.

KOREAN KITE-FLYING.

Everybody known the fondness of the adult Chinese for kite-flying. The Korean, however, puts the pastime to a use altogether novel.

When the time of good resolutions comes round at the New Year of the Korean, he writes on a kite all the faults he has, "evil disposition, impatience, bad words, street fights and numerous other personal shortcomings.

"It was so dark," says an Englishman residing in Korea, relating such an instance, "that no kite could be seen, but when he had run the string out to its full length he cut it and let it go, imagining that so he cut himself free of his enemies and could begin the New Year with new courage.

"Each New Year season, there are contests in kite-flying, the object being to cut the enemie's string and let his kite go. In preparation for this a string is twisted of silk and coated with ground glass and porcelain mixed with glue."

THE KAISER AT HOME.

The German Emperor probably possesses the most remarkable saddle-room in the world. Over a hundred of the most beautiful and costly saddles imaginable are included, and some of them are unique. Two of the most interesting are as follows. One is a saddle presented to the Kaiser by the Sultan of Turkey—a superb piece of saddlery. This has a schaverack, richly embroidered in gold and silver thread, a highly ornamented pistol holder polished large horn and leaping head, bridle of Eastern design, safety stirrups, heavy, braided head-part, with fancy face-drop, tassels and fringe, all finely worked. The Kaiserin received a companion saddle from the Sultan. Another pair was presented by Sultan Ahmed of Turkey in 1886 to the Emperor and Empress Frederick.

AN EXAMPLE TO HIS SUBJECTS.

When the Kaiser reviews his troops he is often in the saddle from five in the morning until two in the afternoon, so that he ought to be an authority on the subject. Every hour which he can spend from work or from attendance at military or other functions the Emperor spends with his wife and children, for he is above all things a family man, loving his home and leading a life, which, in its simplicity and activity, may serve as a high example to his subjects. Here is his ordinary day's programme:—Punctually, both in summer and winter, the Emperor rises at 6 o'clock and dons the uniform of a Prussian general, save on extraordinary occasions, when recourse is had to the immense wardrobes, where are kept hundreds of military costumes, both German and foreign, military and naval, together with civilian's attire of all kinds. In fact the only garment said to be wanting there is the dressing-gown, an article of clothing which the Hohenzollerns abhor. After breakfasting with the Empress, the Emperor proceeds shortly after seven o'clock to work, either in his study or in the reading room adjoining.

WORK, WORK, WORK.

The mass of work which he has to get through daily may be estimated from the fact that the number of different documents requiring his attention ranges from three to four hundred in addition to which there are interviews with Ministers and other functionaries, audiences to be granted, and deputations to be received from various parts of the Empire. Whether in Berlin or Potsdam the whole morning is spent in work, except with a short drive or stroll with the Empress, and often far on into the afternoon the Emperor may still be found transacting the affairs of State. Lunch is at two o'clock, and to this meal the children are admitted. In the afternoon, if the pressure of work is not too great, the Emperor visits the heads of departments, generals and Ministers, and discusses State affairs with them until five o'clock, when he generally goes for a carriage drive. At six he is again at work, and at seven sits down to dinner, which on ordinary occaions lasts three-quarters of an hour. After dinner he spends some time with the children, and then returns to work till 10 or 10.30, at which hour he usually retires to bed.

Before buying tinned fruits and meats, see if the top is flat or depressed. If the top has bulged out, then air has entered the tin and fermentation set in.

WHERE THE JAPS LEAD US.

It is the merest commonplace to say that the Japanese are a go-ahead nation, but it is astonishing to find how many things, large and small, they possess which we are still without. They have a coal-field specially reserved for the supply of suitable fuel to the Navy. The Chikuho district—and especially the Ikai Colliery—was controlled by Government with this view, but, for reasons interesting to those who are agitating for a similar reservation of the best steam coal in South Wales, the experiment has not been extended. They have what many people insist we ought to own—a Government stud farm. It is situated near Hakodadi, is under the control of the Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce, and has existed since 1868. All kinds of live stock are bred there for distribution throughout the Empire, but especially horses and cattle. Sheep have not been a success, and Japan therefore imports most of its mutton.

EARTHQUAKES AND THE DECIMAL SYSTEM.

They have—what no other country has—an organisation, under Government auspices, for the observation of earthquakes and for issuing warnings—like those from our Meteorological Department—when danger is to be expected from seismological disturbances. Over 1,000 stations have been established in Japan itself and the observations are not restricted to that country, for an earthquake anywhere is studied by officers specially appointed, and a seismological observatory, more or less directly associated with the Japanese Government, has been established in the Isle of Wight.

The Japanese adopted the decimal system many years ago, not only with respect to money, but also for weights and measures. The result, of course, is that they can reckon ten times easier than we can, and that they prefer to deal with nations who will deal with them on a basis of calculation which so greatly facilitates business.

IN VARIOUS OTHER WAYS.

The Japanese are more advanced than any other nation with respect to the execution of criminals. They have given up the electric method adopted in the United States and death is now dealt out by means of a "vacuum" chamber in which life is extinguished in record time, and with a minimum of suffering, by the almost instantanious exhaustion of air.

To change to a less gruesome subject, they have developed the art of advertising far beyond its attainments of us. For instance, a Japanese up-to-date hotel-keeper does not present his guests with uninteresting business cards. Instead of a rack for these with which we are familiar, he has a bamboo stand containing artistically coloured fans on one side of which is printed the name of the hotel, and on the other its sign; and those who choose may take away these fans as keepsakes, and as reminders, to tell their friends where they have had pleasant entertainment.

They are far ahead of us in travel facilities. Not only are their railway fares much cheaper than ours, but at every station tea and hot water are supplied gratis.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

There are between 3,500 and 3,600 lighthouses in the world.

Greek ladies are said to have nearly 150 different styles of dressing the hair.

The gross earnings of the civilized world are about 7,260 millions sterling.

Sweden and Norway are the only countries where practically every grown man can read and write. Bavaria comes next in this respect.

Oysters are examined by X-rays for pearls by a French investigator The oysters are not injured, and all those containing pearls too small to be of value are returned alive for further growth.

The average age of death of working-men in East London is about twenty-nine, whereas, in the well-to-do districts of West London the average age is about fifty-five.

Although about one-half of the rubber product of the forests along the Amazon goes to the United States, most of the steamers, wharves, and banking houses in the region belong to the British.

A remarkable clock at St. Petersburg has ninety-five faces, indicating simultaneously the time at thirty different spots on the earth's surface as well as the various movements of the earth and planets.

A new Order of Knighthood, called the Lion of Norway, has been instituted by King Oscar. It is something like our Order of Merit, for the members will be limited to 12, all of whom must have rendered eminent services to their country or have performed some remarkably brilliant action. Before a man can enter the Order of the Lion of Norway he must already possess the Grand Cross of St. Olaf. The decoration is a silver star of eight rays, and in the middle of which is a globe bearing the Lion of Norway. Round the globe is a circle of gold, with four lions and four monograms of the King. On Collar days, a collar of eight lions, and nine monograms alternately is worn, with an oval medallion in gold surmounted by a crown, and in the centre a red globe with the King's motto, "Over the deep towards Heaven." The ribbon of the Order is navy-blue with red and white stripes. In addition to the twelve Norwegian members, there may be nominated Sovereigns and members of the reigning families whom it is considered expedient to honour.

1418.

Football.

STOCKYARD HILL v. CHEPSTOW[illegible] MORTCHUP RAMBLERS.

This match was played last Satur[illegible] Mortchup, and resulted in a win f[illegible] Hill. Scores:—Stockyard Hill, [illegible] 16 behinds; Ramblers, nil. The d[illegible] very wet and cold, and the grou[illegible] several places under water, nevert[illegible] in the face of disadvantages, the ga[illegible] thoroughly enjoyed, and played [illegible] most friendly manner. The goal-k[illegible] for the winners were—W. V. An[illegible] Bert Kirkpatrick, W. Lynch, [illegible] Gercovich, and W. W. Anderson. [illegible] players who did the best work f[illegible] losers were—Nunn, Hartney, [illegible] Curley, D. Brown, Ryan, and McL[illegible] and those most prominent for Sto[illegible] Hill, Anderson (2), Hannah (2), [illegible] patrick (2), and Gercovich. Aft[illegible] match the visiting team were enter[illegible] in the school-house by the local clu[illegible] being served by the young ladies [illegible] district, to whom the best thanks [illegible] players are due. During the e[illegible] (which was spent in a very social n[illegible] singing, reciting, and dancing w[illegible] dulged in. Mr D. R. Hannah, on [illegible] of the visiting team, spoke in eu[illegible] terms of the handsome manner in [illegible] his club had been treated, charact[illegible] it as one of the best outings the St[illegible] Hill club had ever had. Mr Hartn[illegible] captain of the Ramblers, responde[illegible] said he hoped his team would reve[illegible] order of things when they visited t[illegible] for the return match. Mr A. M. [illegible] proposed the health of "The [illegible] which was responded to by Mr [illegible] Williams (hon. secy. of the Ram[illegible] who, was indefatigable in his eff[illegible] make the fair a successful one[illegible] toast of "The umpires," proposed [illegible] A. H. McDermott, brought [illegible] enjoyable function to a close.

To-day (Saturday) Stockyard H[illegible] Streatham on the ground of the la[illegible]

THE WAIT TROPHY.

The following is the draw for th[illegible] trophy, to be competed for by fou[illegible] teams:—

July 6—Beaufort v. Ararat. S[illegible] Federals.

August 3—Ararat v. Stars.

August 10—Stars v. Beaufort. F[illegible] v. Ararat.

August 17—Ararat v. Beaufor[illegible] v. Federals.

August 24—Beaufort v. Federal[illegible] v. Ararat.

August 31—Stars v. Beaufort.

September 7—Beaufort v. Fede[illegible]

All matches to be played on the [illegible] of the first-named club as far as Sta[illegible] Ararat are concerned. The F[illegible] team meet the two Stawell teams at [illegible] the only match at Beaufort being played on Wednesday last.

BEAUFORT JUNIORS v. AR[illegible] JUNIORS.

On Wednesday afternoon th[illegible] clubs met in the Beaufort Park [illegible] nection with the Wait trophy. [illegible] captained the locals, and Spr[illegible] visitors. The weather was fine, [illegible] ground was in a very slippery c[illegible] through the late rains, and the g[illegible] very rough at times. The [illegible] Juniors won easily, the final scores [illegible] Beaufort Juniors, 5 goals 15 bel[illegible] points); Ararat Juniors, 1 goal [illegible] (10 points.). The goal-kickers for [illegible] were—Trompf (2), Hardy (2), an[illegible] man; for Ararat—Edmonston. [illegible] prominent players for the winner[illegible] W. Cheeseman, R. Holdsw[illegible] Hannah, V. Hardy, R. Welsh, A[illegible] J. McKinnon, J. Hill, H. Stuar[illegible] and H. Trompf. For the losers—[illegible] Cracknell, Cock, Jackson, S[illegible] Freeman, Harrick, Roberts, an[illegible] ston. Mr M. Tyrrell acted [illegible] umpire, and was fair and [illegible] although at times he allowed t[illegible] rough play.

The secretary of the losing tea[illegible] Mr L. Bravo (president of the [illegible] Junior Club) of Ararat's inte[illegible] lodge a protest against the mat[illegible] awarded to Beaufort on the grou[illegible] W. Cheeseman was a senior play[illegible]

The Beaufort Football Club [illegible] the Buangor club this after[illegible] Buangor, Ararat on Wednesday [illegible] Ararat, and Stockyard Hill, on [illegible] 16th inst., at Stockyard Hill.

ENJOY YOUR MEALS

Your food does little good when [illegible] no desire for it; when you drea[illegible] time Chamberlain's Stomach a[illegible] Tablets will sharpen your app[illegible] strengthen the organs. They are [illegible] you need to make you relish and [illegible] meals. For sale by J. R. WOTH[illegible] Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Snake Valley.

At the conclusion of the farew[illegible] preached by the Rev. J. S. Dru[illegible] Sunday at the Presbyterian [illegible] Mortchup, Mr Lewis Lewis, on [illegible] the congregation, presented [illegible] gentleman with a handsome [illegible] stand, nib-box, and a pair of silv[illegible] sticks, suitably inscribed, as a [illegible] esteem, and the recipient su[illegible] acknowledged the gift.

A presentation has been mad[illegible] J. S. Drummond, for 20 year[illegible] the Carngham Presbyterian Ch[illegible] recently resigned his pastorate [illegible] take an extended trip to the ol[illegible] The Rev. F. McQueen, of St[illegible] whom devolved the duty of m[illegible] presentation on behalf of the co[illegible] said he was very sorry that [illegible] mond was going away, as he h[illegible] faithful minister to the people [illegible] ham and district. He wishe[illegible] behalf of the congregation, a [illegible] and every future prosperity. [illegible] presented Rev. Drummond wi[illegible] containing over 50 sovereigns, [illegible] of esteem from the people of [illegible] Rev. J. S. Drummond, in [illegible] stated a great many changes ha[illegible] in the 20 years since he came a[illegible] New church buildings had bee[illegible] Carngham and Linton. Spe[illegible] sonally, he said he was looking [illegible] a good holiday. He was goin[illegible] see the very school in which [illegible] his alphabet, and he was going [illegible] the same house where he had [illegible] boyhood. They could imagi[illegible] associations this would recal[illegible] mentary references to the rec[illegible] also made by Messrs J. Step[illegible] B. Williams. On behalf of [illegible] school children, Mr Geo. Ha[illegible] sented Mrs Drummond w[illegible] velling clock, suitably inscribe[illegible] A. Baxter, on behalf of the [illegible] sented Mr John Stewart Drum[illegible] has filled the position of organ[illegible] considerable time, with a p[illegible] sleeve links.—"Courier."

Football.

STOCKYARD HILL v. CHEPSTOWE AND MORTCHUP RAMBLERS.

This match was played last Saturday at Mortchup, and resulted in a win for the Hill. Scores:—Stockyard Hill, 6 goals 15 behinds; Ramblers, nil. The day was very wet and cold, and the ground in several places under water, nevertheless, in the face of disadvantages, the game was thoroughly enjoyed, and played in the most friendly manner. The goal-kickers for the winners were—W. V. Anderson, Bert Kirkpatrick, W. Lynch, Grist, Gercovich, and W. W. Anderson. The players who did the best work for the losers were—Nunn, Hartney, Facey, Cutley, D. Brown, Ryan, and McDonald; and those most prominent for Stockyard Hill, Anderson (2), Hannah (2), Kirkpatrick (2), and Gercovich. After the match the visiting team were entertained in the school-house by the local club, tea being served by the young ladies of the district, to whom the best thanks of the players are due. During the evening (which was spent in a very social manner), singing, reciting, and dancing were indulged in. Mr D. R. Hannah, on behalf of the visiting team, spoke in eulogistic terms of the handsome manner in which his club had been treated, characterising it as one of the best outings the Stockyard Hill club had ever had. Mr Hartney, the captain of the Ramblers, responded, and said he hoped his team would reverse the order of things when they visited the Hill for the return match. Mr A. M. Hannah proposed the health of "The ladies," which was responded to by Mr C. B. Williams (hon. secy. of the Ramblers), who was indefatigable in his efforts to make the fixtur a successful one. The toast of "The umpires," proposed by Mr A. H. McDermott, brought a most enjoyable function to a close.

Today (Saturday) Stockyard Hill play Streatham on the ground of the latter.

THE WAIT TROPHY.

The following is the draw for the Wait trophy, to be competed for by four junior teams:—

July 6—Beaufort v. Ararat. Stars v. Federals.

August 3—Ararat v. Stars.

August 10—Stars v. Beaufort. Federals v. Ararat.

August 17—Ararat v. Beaufort. Stars v. Federals.

August 24—Beaufort v. Federals. Stars v. Ararat.

August 31—Stars v. Beaufort.

September 7—Beaufort v. Federals.

All matches to be played on the ground of the first-named club as far as Stawell and Ararat are concerned. The Beaufort team meet the two Stawell teams at Ararat, the only match at Beaufort being the one played on Wednesday last.

BEAUFORT JUNIORS v. ARARAT JUNIORS.

On Wednesday afternoon the above clubs met in the Beaufort Park in connection with the Wait trophy. R. Welsh captained the locals, and Sproule the visitors. The weather was fine, but the ground was in a very slippery condition through the late rains, and the game was very rough at times. The Beaufort Juniors won easily, the final scores being—Beaufort Juniors, 5 goals 15 behinds (45 points); Ararat Juniors, 1 goal 4 behinds (10 points.). The goal-kickers for Beaufort were—Trompf (2), Hardy (2), and Cheeseman; for Ararat—Edmonston. The most prominent players for the winners were—W. Cheeseman, R. Holdsworth, E. Hannah, V. Hardy, R. Welsh, A. Wright, J. McKinnon, J. Hill, H. Stuart, J. Day, and H. Trompf. For the losers—Sproule, Cracknell, Cock, Jackson, Sheppard, Freeman, Harrick, Roberts, and Edmonston. Mr M. Tyrrell acted as field umpire, and was fair and impartial, although at times he allowed too much rough play.

The secretary of the losing team notified Mr L. Bravo (president of the Beaufort Junior Club) of Ararat's intention to lodge a protest against the match being awarded to Beaufort on the grounds that W. Cheeseman was a senior player.

The Beaufort Football Club will play the Buangor club this afternoon at Buangor, Ararat on Wednesday next, at Ararat, and Stockyard Hill, on Saturday, 16th inst., at Stockyard Hill.

ENJOY YOUR MEALS.

Your food does little good when you have no desire for it; when you dread the meal time Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will sharpen your appetite and strengthen the organs. They are just what you need to make you relish and enjoy your meals. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Snake Valley.

At the conclusion of the farewell sermon preached by the Rev. J. S. Drummond on Sunday at the Presbyterian Church, Mortchup, Mr Lewis Lewis, on behalf of the congregation, presented the rev. gentleman with a handsome silver inkstand, nib-box, and a pair of silver candlesticks, suitably inscribed, as a token of esteem; and the recipient suitably acknowledged the gift.

A presentation has been made to Rev. J. S. Drummond, for 20 years minister of the Carngham Presbyterian Church, who recently resigned his pastorate in order to take an extended trip to the old country. The Rev. F. McQueen, of Skipton, on whom devolved the duty of making the presentation on behalf of the congregation, said he was very sorry that Mr Drummond was going away, as he had been a faithful minister to the people of Carngham and district. He wished him, on behalf of the congregation, a safe voyage and every future prosperity. He then presented Rev. Drummond with a purse containing over 50 sovereigns, as a token of esteem from the people of Carngham. Rev. J. S. Drummond, in responding, stated a great many changes had occurred in the 20 years since he came among them. New church buildings had been erected at Carngham and Linton. Speaking personally, he said he was looking forward to a good holiday. He was going back to see the very school in which he learned his alphabet, and he was going to stay in the same house where he had lived in his boyhood. They could imagine the old associations this would recall. Complimentary references to the recipient were also made by Messrs J. Stephen and C. B. Williams. On behalf of the Sunday school children, Mr Geo. Hamilton presented Mrs Drummond with a travelling clock, suitably inscribed; and Mr A. Baxter, on behalf of the choir, presented Mr John Stewart Drummond, who has filled the position of organist for some considerable time, with a pair of gold sleeve links.—"Courier."

Correspondence.

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

"THOSE DIRTY GUTTERS."

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—Will you permit one of the "unqualified persons" to thank the shire engineer for his action *re* "those dirty gutters" (and one in particular), at the council meeting of Monday last. We are gratified to know that the "uneasiness" (which, by the way, is preferable to disease) has been so great that it has stirred even our engineer to enquire from the Public Health Department whether typhoid can be contracted from the drain at the intersection of Willoby and Livingstone streets. No doubt the Department will be able to satisfy the council about those "erroneous" statements, for they are for the most part laymen. Were they all duly qualified medical gentlemen, we should expect the diversity of opinion for which the profession is famous. We feel they would have been considerably assisted in arriving at a verdict had the question been asked in warmer weather with a good breeze blowing in the direction of Melbourne. The aroma of that harmless drain may have carried that far, and even penetrated the luxurious chambers in which the board meet to decide such matters. However, Sir, I wish here and now to plead guilty to the charge of being "unqualified." My earnest desire was to privately warn my fellow-citizens of the danger of contracting the fever which one near and dear to me contracted at the above-mentioned corner, and publicly to ask the council to take some steps to remedy the evil-smelling sewer. In conclusion, Sir, I am really sorry I should have trodden upon the corns of our engineer's pet theory, and I promise not to trespass upon your space again—at least, upon this subject. It would be quite useless for the shire engineer, the Board of Public Health, or even the two combined, to alter my belief that the case above referred to was contracted at the said corner. The one ounce of experience is to me greater than a ton of theory, and was the sole qualification of—Yours, &c.,

H. H. MENZIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With regard to Cr. Lewis's reply to mine of the 18th June, I have it on good authority that his colleagues were totally unaware of any action being taken in the matter until the men were actually at work on the lake. I would give the name of my informant, but I have not his permission.—Yours, etc.,

WEST RIDING RATEPAYER.

Stockyard Hill, 7/7/04.

Arbor Day and Picnic at Buangor.

"Bring forth the trees! Prepare the earth,
For Arbor Day! Sweet Arbor Day."

At the local State school Friday, the 24th of June, was devoted to tree planting. For weeks past preparations had been in progress, and on the date fixed everything was complete. Great excitement reigned in the hearts of the scholars, for not only was it their arbor day, but their picnic as well, and who does not enjoy a picnic? As the weather had been wet and stormy during the week a large marquee had been erected in the school ground, and this with the school building provided ample accommodation and shelter in case of rain. In the tent tables had been arranged, and for most of the day the place resounded with the shouts of those engaged in playing ping-pong, bobs, table croquet, etc., while outside cricket, football, skipping, swinging, and other games were indulged in. In the afternoon the marquee was cleared, and the children of the school went through a short programme of songs and recitations. Addresses appropriate for the occasion were delivered by the head teacher, Mr Geo. Ellingsen, and Cr. W. G. Pickford, J.P., who kindly acted as chairman during the proceedings. Next came the tree-planting. Each of the families attending the school assembled round its special tree, and planting it according to instructions previously given. The chairman, head teacher, and Mr Freeman, of Ararat, then visited each tree in turn and named it, making at the same time a few kindly remarks to the planters whose duty in the future will be to attend to the needs of the tree. Altogether about forty trees were planted, consisting of the following varieties:—Oaks (Quercus fastigate), Ash (Fraxinus excelsior), Sugar-gums (Eucalyptus corynocalyx), Pines (Pinus insignis), Cedrus Atlantica and Cedrus Deodara, which, if spared through the frosts of winters and the droughts of summers, will in the future reflect credit on the present scholars and teachers, beautify the surroundings, and be of great benefit to the children who will in years to come attend the school. The catering for the picnic was in the capable hands of Mr J. R. Hughes, of Beaufort, and every satisfaction, both in quantity and quality, was given. Fruit and lollies (the latter the gift of J. R. Wotherspoon and Co.), were also distributed, and a useful happy day was spent. It is pleasing to note that all the work of preparing for the tree-planting was done by the boys of the school under the supervision of the head teacher, and hence whatever credit may attach to the work will be theirs alone. It is also very satisfactory to report that a large number of parents, and old boys and girls—now young men and women—assembled; and by their presence showed their interest in and appreciation of the work done. It should also be mentioned that the residents subscribed willingly and liberally to defray the cost of the picnic and the little expenses incidental to the occasion, and a band of willing workers attended to the wants of the "inner man." The whole event summed up will make an indelible impression upon the landscape and upon the minds of the scholars, being a pleasant and beautiful thing to look back upon; and in its future results a noble and glorious thing to anticipate "It is not wholly to be banished thus to be part of many lives."—Ararat *Advertiser*.

COACULINE. Transparent Cement for broken articles.

Premier Bent refuses the request of the Scripture Campaign League for an analysis of the referendum voting. Says no good object would be secured.

Bonnington's Irish Moss. Cures Whooping Cough, Croup, All Chest Affections. Sold everywhere.

Mining News.

SONS OF FREEDOM CENTRAL COMPANY.

The half-yearly general meeting of the above-named company will be held at the Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort, on Thursday next, at 8 p.m. The following reports are to be submitted:—

Directors' Report.—Work at the mine has been carried on continuously during that period, and gold obtained to the value of £10,852 0s 6d. During the half-year your directors have been able to declare two dividends of 1s and five of 6d per share.—J. Henderson, chairman; J. H. Cunningham, manager.

Mine Manager's Report.—Work has been chiefly confined to truck-roading and blocking in the north-east portion of your mine, which has been carried out with favorable results. There has been 97 feet of reef driving, 339 feet of washdirt driving, and 6720 feet of blocking done for a return of 2653oz. 5dwt. of gold. In the north-east intermediate there has been a rise put up (height, 40 feet), and driven east 160 feet on the course of the tributary, which was rising very fast (rose 32 feet in 160 feet), and was of no value. All payable ground available at No. 5 rise has been taken out, and work is confined to No. 1 main rise, which is limited in quality. The pumps are going 8 strokes per minute on the 4-foot stroke, and all your machinery has been well attended to, and is working very satisfactorily and in good order throughout.—Josiah Skewes, mine manager.

The financial statement for the half-year ending 30th June shows receipts amounting to £11 644 9s 7d, and expenditure to £11,462 8s 9d, leaving a credit balance of £182 0s 10d. Gold to the value of £10,852 0s 6d was won, and a credit balance of £792 9s 1d was brought forward from the previous half-year. The principal items of expenditure were—Dividends, £6,050 5s; wages and salaries, £4,273 12s 4d; timber and fuel, £712 1s; ironmongery, £248 2s 8d; printing and advertising, £51 18s 9d; charges, £47 2s; directors' fees, £32 10s; travelling fees, £20 17s 6d. The general balance-sheet showed receipts totalling £68,972 16s 4d, and expenditure £58,790 15s 6d. The receipts were—Premium, £2,092 14s 6d; capital, £5,468 5s 10d; forfeited shares, £22 3s; gold, £53,389 18s. The chief items of expenditure were—Dividends, £24,201; wages and salaries, £23,761 16s 9d; timber and fuel, £3,758 17s 1d; property and plant, £3,216 3s 10d; ironmongery, £2,066 9s; charges, £341 16s; printing and advertising, £279 10s; directors' fees, £266 12s; shaft, £249 8s 3d; contract labor, £203 9s 6d; travelling fees, £162 6s 6d; claim, £50 5s 9d; boring, £50 1s 3d; lease expenses, £47 17s 6d.

Shareholders in the Sons of Freedom Junction Company, Raglan, are reminded that a threepenny call is due and payable on Wednesday next.

All Nations Consols, Beaufort.—Troy and party's tribute—Skidded both shafts and driven chamber in small size to 28 feet in good country. Grant and party's tribute—Driving and cross-cutting in wash with irregular prospects. Adamthwaite and party's tribute—Skidded shaft and driven chamber 8 feet. Morris and party's tribute—Abandoned new shaft through an overpowering inflow of water. Now preparing to deepen the old shaft.

Barton Quartz Co., Beaufort.—S.E drive extended 12½ft., making 42ft from shaft; have 4 flat veins of quartz in the drive from three to eight inches thick. Water about 750 gallons per hour.

Daughters of Freedom, Main Lead.—Yield for week, 2oz. 5dwt. 15gr.

Sam Slick, Beaufort.—Jaensch and party—Engaged panelling in the S.E. end with one party. Also boring in N.W. end for a site for a new shaft. Yield, 10oz. 19dwts.

Sons of Freedom Central, Beaufort.—All payable ground in No. 5 rise taken out. Blocking now confined to No. 1 main rise. Yield for week, 102oz. 7dwts.

Sons of Freedom Junction, Raglan.—Steam pipes delivered, and are now fixing same. Housing nearly completed.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sons of Freedom Central, 103oz.; All Nation Consols No. 2 tribute (Grant and party), 5oz. 19dwt.; Daughters of Freedom, 2oz. 19dwt.; Last Chance, 5oz. 18dwt.; Sam Slick (Jaensch and party's tribute), 10oz. 12dwt.; Brusher's Co., 9oz. 12dwt. 8gr.; sundries, 12oz.

Skipton.

A meeting of the sheep-dog club was held on Saturday evening in the Mechanics' to arrange for the annual match, and elect office-bearers for the season; Cr. D. Stewart was in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected:—President, Mr D. Stewart; vice-presidents, Messrs E. G. Austin, F. S. Austin, A. R. McLeod, Chirnside, Slater, Notman, Rogers, and McIntyre; committee, Messrs Fraser, Holloway, Stokie, Matherson, Hussey, and J. McDonald; timekeeper, Mr Hussey; secretary and treasurer, Mr A. M. Elder; judges, Messrs Grant, Matherson, and McIntyre. It was decided to hold a trial on 23rd July, consisting of an open stake, £12; and a district stake, £8; radius of 15 miles. A dinner will be held at the close of the trial.

At a meeting of the football club on Saturday night, Mr Stewart announced that he would give a trophy for the best goal-kicker for the season.

Mr William Liston, one of the original selectors of Spring Hill, has sold his property at a satisfactory figure to Mr Notman, and is taking up his residence in Ballarat.—*Courier*.

It is best to keep a bottle by you, better than to keep
A cold on you that keeps on getting worse.
It is not at all expensive; no indeed, its very cheap,
Far cheaper than black horses and a hearse.
So be very careful of your health,
Dear children, and be sure
In New Zealand and the Commonwealth
There's WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

Bishop Clarke on Monday waited on the Minister of Education and urged that voluntary religious teaching in State schools be given before as well as after the ordinary instruction; that State school teachers be allowed to teach religious lessons; that Bible lessons be included in the school papers, and that the quotations in such papers be not mutilated. The Minister said an act would have to be altered to give effect to some of the requests, but he would sympathetically consider the others.

NATURE NEVER FORGIVES.
PAYMENT ALWAYS EXACTED
WITH INTEREST.

Is it wise to tamper with one's health by neglecting nature's dictates, wearing water-logged or paper mache boots, porous mackintoshes, or thin garments, going without warm comfortable clothing,

WHEN WE OFFER

Such values and give terms for payment that are unexcelled in the State?

TAKE BOOTS. We are the sole retailers of Hugh Thomson & Son's grand Foot-wear. Solid Leather; wear like iron; absolutely the best Colonial Boots made.

THEN "MACS." The only thing cheap about our Mackintoshes is the price. We buy direct from the manufacturers, so that we can thus retail them to our customers at Wholesale Price. Prices, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, and 21s up.

AND MANTLES. We have just unpacked a special consignment of Ladies' Jackets; extraordinary value; latest German Manufacture, 6s 11d, 10s 6d, 13s 6d, 17s 6d. See our Windows.

OR CLOTHING for Gent's and Boys. We have a grand selection, stylish English cut, something out of the common, with no slop cuts—all at prices that speak aloud for themselves.

Yours for Sound Solid Goods,
J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,
BEAUFORT and BUANGOR.

Another naval tragedy has occurred in the Far East. The disaster took place two days ago, but no details are as yet to hand. It transpires, however, that the loss is on the side of the Japanese. The report is from one of Reuter's correspondents, and is to the effect that on 5th inst. the cruiser Kaimon struck and detonated a contact mine in Talienwan Bay, and instantly sank.

Several estates recently placed under offer to the Government for purposes of closer settlement. Premier Bent regards the fact as an indication that there will be no necessity, for some time at least, to put in operation the compulsory provisions of the Closer Settlement Bill.

Bill to amend the Local Government Act 1903 introduced in the Assembly by Messrs McGregor and Anstey. Provides that no person who is liable to be rated in respect of any property within any municipal district, shall be omitted from any list or roll of ratepayers, voters, burgesses or citizens, by reason only of having failed to pay any municipal rates.

Mr King O'Malley, M.P., professes to seriously expect that the House Committee of House of Representatives will grant his application for permission to erect a tent in the grounds of Parliament House.

WANTED, a good General SERVANT, at "Willow Bank," Buangor. Apply to MRS. BREENER, "Willow Bank," Buangor.

IMPOUNDED AT BEAUFORT.—Bay Filly, like gt near side of neck, white on near hind and off fore feet. If not claimed and expenses paid, to be sold on 6th August, 1904. W. G. STEVENS, Poundkeeper.

SONS OF FREEDOM JUNCTION GOLD MINING COMPANY, No Liability, Beaufort.—A CALL (the 14th) of Threepence (3d.) per share has been made on the capital of the above-named company, due and payable to the undersigned, at the company's office, Lydiard street north, Ballarat, on Wednesday, 13th July, 1904.
A. J. PEACOCK, Manager.

SONS OF FREEDOM CENTRAL GOLD MINING COMPANY, No Liability, Raglan.—Notice.—The half-yearly GENERAL MEETING of the above-named Company and of the Shareholders therein will be held at the Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort, on Thursday, 14th July, 1904, at 8 o'clock p.m.
Business.
1. To receive reports and financial statements.
2. To elect directors and auditors.
3. General.
J. H. CUNNINGHAM, Manager.
7 Lydiard-street north, Ballarat.
N.B.—Transfer books close on Tuesday, 12th July, 1904, until after the meeting.

I HEREBY convene a PUBLIC MEETING, to be held at the SHIRE HALL, BEAUFORT, on SATURDAY, 16th JULY, 1904, at 2 p.m., to nominate a TRUSTEE for the BEAUFORT PUBLIC CEMETERY in the place of the late Hugh Cushing.
DONALD STEWART, Shire President.

SHIRE OF RIPON.
VOTERS' AND SEPARATE VOTERS' LISTS.

Pursuant to section 83 of the Local Government Act 1903, notice is hereby given that the Voters' Lists and Separate Voters' Lists of the several Ridings of the Shire of Ripon for the year 1904-5, will be open for inspection, without fee, at the Shire Offices, Beaufort, from the 8th to the 14th July inclusive (Sunday excepted), during office hours, and that a copy of said Lists for the separate Ridings will be open for inspection at the following places, viz.:—
North Riding—Mechanics' Institute, Waterloo;
East Riding—Mechanics' Institute, Snake Valley;
West Riding—Kirkpatrick's Stockyard Hill Hotel;
at such hours as these places are open to the public on the dates named.
Any person claiming the insertion of his name in the said Lists, or objecting to any name already therein, shall, before or on the 14th day of July, and in accordance with section 84 of the Act aforesaid, give or send by post to the Shire Secretary written notice to that effect, and any person so objecting shall GIVE TO THE PERSON OBJECTED TO, or send through post by registered letter, or leave at the premises in respect of which his name shall appear to be entered on Voters' or Separate Voters' Lists, notice in writing of such objection, and shall sign the same under his own hand.
Any person objecting as aforesaid shall appear by himself or by some one on his behalf, at a Revision Court to be held at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, on a date to be fixed, and of which due notice will be given.
Forms of claims and objections may be obtained at the Shire Offices, Beaufort, and at Mechanics' Hall, Snake Valley.
J. M. CARROLL, Shire Secretary.
Shire Offices, Beaufort, 1/7/04.

The Ratepayers of the West Riding.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

As my seat for the above Riding becomes vacant by effluxion of time next month, I beg to inform you that I will again be a Candidate for the seat, and trust that my actions have been such during the past nine years that you will again do me the honour of returning me as one of your representatives.
Yours faithfully,
GEORGE LEWIS.
Stonelegh, 2/7/04.

L. BRAVO,
Hairdresser, Tobacconist, and Fancy Goods Depot,
NELL STREET, BEAUFORT.
SHAVING, 3d.; HAIRCUTTING, 6d.
CHILDREN, 3d.
Every satisfaction guaranteed. Cleanliness and Civility.
A Good Assortment of PIPES, TOBACCO, and CIGARS kept in Stock.

Why Complain About the Bad Roads?
When you can enjoy comfort and luxury by sleeping on one of
HAWKES BROS.'
Lovely Java Kapok Beds.
We have them in all Sizes, and Prices to suit all purses, or you can refill your own beds with some choice
SAMARANG JAVA KAPOK
(the best quality imported), at 9d per single pound, or eight shillings (8s) per doz lbs.
OUR NEW WIRE MATTRESSES
Are a perfect marvel of strength, finish, and good value. We have them at all prices, but like to sell you a line you can recommend to your friends. FANCY!
A Full Size Woven Wire Mattress,
RAISED SIDES, STRONG FRAME, and THREE (3) PLY (Firm as Steel can make them), for 16s 6d., and 4-ply for 21s.
These are articles that give every satisfaction, and are samples of the many other good lines we have to offer.
No Need to Carry Mud into your Homes
When you can leave it on a good
BRUSH DOOR MAT,
Bought at
HAWKES BROS.
Prices range from 3s to 7s 6d., and are worth more at Economists and Worry-Savers.
HAWKES BROS.,
For FURNITURE,
BEAUFORT.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.
DIXON BROS.,
Stock Station, Grain and Commission Agents, Valuators, and Export Produce Merchants,
Wish to notify the farmers of the surrounding district that they have leased the premises lately occupied by Mr. J. Cuthbertson as Steam Chaff Mills,
OPPOSITE CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.
MONTHLY STOCK SALES
WILL BE CONDUCTED BY THEIR AUCTIONEER, MR. W. H. HALPIN, EVERY THIRD THURSDAY. SEVENTH SALE, THURSDAY, JULY 20th, 1904.
Good yarding advised.
Sales Conducted in any part of the State. Entries received by Mr. R. G. KIRKPATRICK, Local Agent, or Mr. Hill, Camp Hotel.
For PRIVATE SALE, Single-seated ABBOTT BUGGY, two WAGGONETTES, and a second-hand DOUBLE AND TREBLE FURROW PLOUGH. Several FARMS in GEELONG district for SALE or LEASE.
Horse Rugs, Tarpaulins, Water Bags, and Coach Buggy Rugs a speciality.
Agents for Mitchell's Agricultural Implements, Wood's New Century Binder, also agents for the famous Barger Discs.
DIXON BROS., Lawrence Street, BEAUFORT.

On the Edge of the Western Plain.

A PLEASANT LAND.
(By "Bruni.")

Over forty years ago two brothers Messrs Beggs—purchased a squatting station named Eurambeen, situated near Mount Cole, on the northern edge of the great plain of Victoria. This part of the country was then not well known, and though I was familiar from boyhood with the greater part of the Western district, I never saw Eurambeen until I paid a visit last week to the freehold estate, which still carried the name of the old squatting station. The former firm of Messrs Beggs Brothers held the place till a considerable portion of the run was transformed into a freehold, when they divided the estate, one taking the homestead which retains the old name, the other taking the eastern portion, which is known as Eurambeen East. The present Messrs Beggs Brothers are the sons of the first proprietor of Eurambeen Estate. Mr Theodore Beggs is the resident partner. His brother has leased Eurambeen East from the heirs of his uncle. I left the train at Beaufort, and after a drive of about four miles along a road through a poor, rangy country, emerged on to one of the fairest spots I have seen. A long line of low rounded hillocks, or rises, runs southward from the poor ranges into the plain. It is lightly dotted with trees, and is an excellent, though a light, stock-carrying country. To the westward a similar line of hills, but higher, runs out from Langi-Ghiran, and between is a strip of plain country, which gradually narrows as it penetrates into the woodland, till it ends at a narrow point about two miles from the foot of Mount Cole. Along this plain meander the Fiery and Middle Creeks, the course of each being marked by a broad belt of stately large-headed, red gums. On the low line of hills the trees carry much larger heads than is usually seen in Victoria; they are attractive to look at, and afford ample shade for the stock. Eurambeen House is situated in a plantation of foreign trees about half-way up the low line of hills running out of the barren range. The view from the front of the house is one that can scarcely be surpassed for beauty and variety. Mount Cole and Langi-Ghiran, two striking features in this part of the country, are close at hand, and over a large portion of the plain and low woodland country the farmers' homes are thickly dotted. There are mountain and low land, plain, park-like forest, and the undulating lines of low hills diminishing as they go out into the plain. All that is wanted is a piece of water to make the landscape perfect. There is some satisfaction, too, in knowing that this country over which the visitor looks with delight is as useful as it is attractive. It is an excellent pasture land for sheep, and the farmers—with the usual exception of the incompetents—are all well-to-do men.

EURAMBEEN ESTATE.

My object in visiting Eurambeen was confined to its capabilities as a sheep-walk, and to the character of the sheep raised by Messrs Beggs in their stud flock. A drive along the line of rises was most enjoyable, and from one of the round summits I saw to the eastward the Mawallok and Stoneleigh homsteads, with the Stony Rises beyond, and blue in the distance to the westward were the saw-like summits of the hills in the Grampian Range. It is a curious feature in this country that the two lines of hills I have described as extending into the plain are of schistose formation, while Mount Cole and Langi-Ghiran, from which they branch out, are oth granite. Descending to the low land, I found it identical with what one meets almost everywhere throughout the great plain, a light loamy surface soil with plenty of buck-shot gravel at or just below the surface, with a clay subsoil. On the schistose hills, or on the plain, a healthier pasture land for merino sheep could not be found. The course of the creeks is marked by a broken-down granite, and similar deposits mark the old courses of the creeks as they shifted across the plain. Water is easily obtained on this plain, often at a few feet below the surface. On the flat below the house a well has been sunk 12 feet, and a splendid supply of the finest water struck. A 1½-h.p. oil engine pumps water to every part of the steading, and provides an irrigation supply for the flower, fruit, and vegetable gardens. The aspect of this part of the country is peculiar for this time of the year. There was a strong growth of pasture all the summer, and this the hot, dry autumn has withered, and now instead of looking over a green country one sees a land bearing the tawny hue of summer. There is any quantity of pasture, but the great bulk of it is dry and innutritious. Mr T. Beggs, who has known this country since he was nine years old, says he has never before seen anything like it. The result of this state of things is, that with a large quantity of pasture, the ewes are not in good condition, and the lambs are not doing as well as usual. This is the perfection of wool-growing country; there is not too much yolk in the wool, the quality can be bred as fine as one could wish, the staple is long, bright, and as clean as if washed. Messrs Beggs prefer to raise sheep carrying good fleeces of useful wool, of a trifle finer quality than what would be described as medium wool for Victoria. There is always a demand for such wool, and the sheep bearing it can be bred with robust constitutions. The last-named quality, with fair size of frame, is a strong feature in the sheep on this estate.

THE EURAMBEEN STUD.

When the Eurambeen run was purchased by the original firm of Messrs Beggs Bros., the sheep thereon were previously owned by Messrs Russell and Simpson, who had leased the run for several years. Their sheep were understood to be largely bred to the well-known Carngham flock, if, indeed, they were not wholly descended from it. From the time they purchased the place Messrs Beggs Bros. used rams obtained from the Ercildoune, Warrambeen, Larra, Jellalabad, and Woorinyrite studs, then regarded as among the very best in the country. A stud was formed by the present proprietors in the year 1878 with the best ewes in the flock, and the same system was continued until 1883, when a ram bred by Mr James Gibson, Bellevue, and another bred by Messrs W. Gibson and Sons, Scone, were purchased. Subsequently other rams from the same studs were bought and used in the stud, but for many years past no rams but those bred in the stud have been used at Eurambeen. From its inception no ewes have been added to the stud. The sheep in the general flock and those in the stud have from the first been bred on identical lines. The sheep have been under the same management since the stud was formed, and having been bred to a carefully-thought-out standard, they present a remarkable uniformity of form and fleece. Mr T. Beggs does not like anything approaching to body wrinkles, though he aims at producing a good neck, a point that most breeders of merinoes like. He has had an objection to completely covering the sheep's head with wool so that the animal cannot see. In this many pastoralists will agree with him.

The Eurambeen studs are very profitable sheep, being of fair size, and when taken to richer country they develop large frames. For a light country, the wool in light condition, and remarkably clean, the sheep cut good fleeces. At the shearing of 1903 the grown sheep averaged 8lb. 15½oz. As might be expected from the country and the condition of the wool, no sensational weights of fleece have been obtained from rams, but the average is a good one. The clip is a favorite one with buyers, and always realises high prices. In 1899 11 bales (unwashed) sold at 17½d per lb., 23 bales sold at 16½d per lb., and 16 bales sold at 16½d per lb. In the year 1900, when wool was greatly reduced in price, seven bales sold at 10½d, and 27 bales sold at 10½d per lb. In 1901 10 bales sold at 12½d per lb., and 37 bales realised 12¾ per lb. In 1902 20 bales realised 16½ per lb., and four bales sold at 16d per lb. In 1903 15 bales sold at 13d per lb., and 35 bales sold at 12½d. per lb. Messrs Beggs Bros. have not exhibited much, but they have sent occasionally to the Ballarat and Melbourne shows, and have taken prizes.

The country round Eurambeen was originally a favorite place with the natives, as the many mounds, called "blackfellows' ovens," fully testify. During his long residence on the place Mr T. Beggs has made a most interesting collection of weapons and implements which the natives made, some from stone found in the neighborhood, and some were doubtless obtained from other tribes by barter. The most numerous articles in this collection are axe-heads, mostly of small size, but there is one large one, which weighs, I should guess, fully 3lb. It is of ground, but not polished, stone, and is of a coarser texture than the stone of which the ordinary axe-heads were made. Here I saw for the first time in Victoria small grinding stones, or mills, in which seed were ground for food. In this collection stones for putting an edge on axes are fairly numerous. The greater portions of the materials composing this collection were found by Mr Beggs in going over the estate. In its original condition this country must have been an ideal place for the natives, for game in the shape of opossum, kangaroo, emu, small marsupials, and birds of all kinds abounded.—*Australasian.*

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."

THE ONLY COUGH MEDICINE FREE FROM POISON.

After the enactment of the Poisons Act the Pharmacy Board of New South Wales had an analysis made of all that were sold on the market. Out of the entire list they found only one that they declared was entirely free from all poisons. This exception was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which proves it to be the safest and best that can be had. It is especially recommended for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and may be given to the little ones with absolute security. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Police Magistrate's Fixtures.

The following are the police magistrate's 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.

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

Fitzroy still leading for the football premiership. Collingwood next, South Melbourne third.

Leaving shortly for England, Rev. Mother Clare, the head of the sisters of Nazareth.

"LINSEED COMPOUND," for Coughs and Colds. Gives instant relief to Asthma and Bronchitis.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

FAMILY LOVE.

Love of the family is the very basis of society and of civilisation. The early progress of man from a brutish and savage state to highly-organised society, so far as it can be traced or inferred, came through the knitting together ever more closely of parents and children, then through the growth of the clan which became necessary to protect the families from others. The great importance of the clan was in time recognised, and the selfish interests of the individual had to give way to a certain extent to the interests of the clan. His conduct was guided by that fact, and the clan enlisted his loyalty and affection. These are the beginnings of patriotism, and thus the very savage worked out for himself the principle that he had to sacrifice some of his own primeval individual selfishness for the good of others, or, as we should say, of society, with which individual interests are indissolubly bound up. In yielding up something of his own the "germs of altruism and of morality" found root; an external standard of conduct was established, and altruism was developed with the development of civilisation and of society.

THE STORY OF A GREEN PARROT.

A woman in a Broadway car the other day carried a pasteboard box which she held carefully in her lap. Little holes were punched in it, but otherwise there was nothing unusual about it. It was just a plain, ordinary paper box. At least it was for about five minutes after she entered the car. Then one corner of the box began to shown signs of collapse. There was a crunching sound, the pasteboard was twisted and wrenched, and suddenly the head of a parrot shot up into view.

"Hello!" said Polly, and then came a triumphant crow.

The woman looked confused and the passengers were startled. The parrot was so tickled at having chewed off one corner of his prison that he crowed, chuckled, laughed, and shouted in great glee, and there was a lively excitement among the passengers.

The owner of the parrot was blushing furiously by this time, but Polly didn't mind that a bit. Then another woman, who had taken a keen interest in the proceedings, changed her seat to one beside the owner of the parrot.

"I own one myself," she said, "and I couldn't resist coming over to talk to yours."

The other woman seemed grateful for her new ally, and the parrot babbled away at a tremendous rate until his owner got up to leave the car. Polly ducked his head back into the box then, but when the woman had reached the door the green head and throat popped into view again.

"Good-bye," screamed the talking bird, and everybody roared.

NEVER GROWS OLD.

A certain amount of social life is absolutely essential to all of us, to the old as well as to the young. A woman never grows so old that she ceases to enjoy the company of others, and generally the older she grows the more she enjoys it. It is always a pity to see a man fall into a state which he explains by saying: "Oh, we're getting old, and don't care for so much variety in our lives." In the pure selfishness of his soul he always speaks of "us" and "we" as if it naturally follows that because he is getting antiquated, his wife must keep pace with him in his decline. Men all too often make their wives too old. It is a greater credit to a husband to keep his wife young than to make her grow old. His actions and his habits necessarily influence those of his wife. Let him keep in touch with the world, and both he and his wife will be the better and the younger for it.

PARENTS MAY NOTE.

"I sometimes think," remarked a lady with much experience of the younger generation, "that children, however wayward and disobedient, are generally more sinned against than sinning.

"How often the little folk are harshly reproved for restlessness or the desire to gambol and frolic, when they are all the time simply obeying the impulse they receive from Nature to develop their limbs by exercise.

"Then there is the question of sweetmeats. In many households the child's love of sweets is regarded as a sensual appetite to be rigorously kept down. And yet the poor little creature may be merely yielding to a natural craving for sugar as heat-producing food. Here again Nature is misunderstood and thwarted in the person of the child.

"But the cruellest cases (to my mind) are those where small children are made to tax their feeble brains with studies for which they have a thorough distaste. Dunces and dullards they are called, simply because their delicate nervous systems are too undeveloped to undergo the strain of learning. Too often the dislike to lessons arises from purely natural causes of this kind. Sometimes the child's sight is weak, and it finds the poring over printed letters painful. In any case, the true cause of a child's unwillingness to learn should be carefully investigated."

THE GOOD-TEMPERED WIFE.

A man in Sussex whose wife was blessed with a remarkably even temper went over the way to a neighbour one evening, and said:

"Neighbour, I should just like to see my wife cross for once. I've tried all I know, and I can't make her cross no way."

"You can't make your wife cross?" said his neighbour. "I wish I could make mine anything else. But you just do what I tell you, and if that won't act nothing will. You will bring her in one night a lot of the crookedest pieces of wood you can get, them as won't lie in no form, and see how she makes out then."

The pieces of wood were accordingly brought in, as awkward and crooked and contrary as could be found. The man went away early to work, and at noon returned to see the result of his experiment. He was greeted with a smiling face and the gentle request:

"Tom, do bring me in some more of those crooked blocks if you can find them, they do just clip round the kettle nicely."

When making pies with a bottom crust, if you wish to prevent the gravy soaking through it, brush it over well with beaten egg on the inside.

Instead of keeping parsley in water, which oftens turns it yellow, put it in an air-tight jar in a cool place. This will keep it fresh for some time.

A FAVORITE REMEDY FOR BABIES.

Its pleasant taste and prompt cures have made Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a favorite with the mothers of small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds and prevents any danger of pneumonia or other serious consequences. It not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears will prevent the attack. Sold by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

LIFE IN EGYPT.

Dwellers in cities—perhaps I ought to say "villages"—I mean the Egyptians, are decidedly gregarious. They do not dwell apart in the country or by their fields, as in England, I may say—never. They bunch their low mud walls together or side by side in immediate contact. All that separates one house (?) from another is the mud wall, from five to eight feet high. Often these family inclosures lead one into another by an opening which may or may not have a rude door. Generally, however, each dwelling-place is walled off by itself, and is entered by some narrow winding path, three or four feet wide, a common passage-way for man and beast leading to a half-dozen or more family inclosures. But as you look at a village these narrow ways cannot be seen, and so the whole thing looks bunched together like so many mud cells or small pens, always rectangular, and varying in size from ten to thirty feet in width, by twenty to forty feet in length. In one corner there is a small apartment walled off, sometimes with a door, often without; generally covered by a flat roof of cornstalks or sugar-cane bound together in bundles. Under this roof or over there may be a rude round mud oven, made by hand out of the Nile mud. The smoke easily finds its way through the open door or the corn-stalk roof. The inhabitants sit on the ground; what need of a chair? They sleep on the ground; what need of a bed? The climate is warm; what need of bedding? They eat on the ground; what need of a table? They feed out of a stone bowl; what need of Havilland china! And their fingers were made before forks and spoons. Their houses are absolutely without furniture. I am now describing the average Arab village, and they are all alike. Their domestic wants are very few, and very meagre. Meat, they seldom have any. Vegetarians, they eat much of their food raw—onions, carrots, beans, lentils. If hungry in the fields, these food is before them, fresh and green; let them eat. Their bread is a coarse flat Indian corn, or rye, or flour cake, baked a little in the oven, and then dried in the sun. It will keep like a mummy. They soak it in the Nile water and eat it with their fingers. There is no housework to do—no floors to sweep—no beds to make, no dishes to wash, no rooms to dust. Windows The everlasting deep blue sky is the light of their nearly roofless dwellings, and the brilliant stars and the doubly radiant moon are their glory by night. Sewing? Many of them wear only the loose frocklike garment and the rolled turban without stitch or seam; many in the fields wear nothing but the loin cloth, and many more, especially among the boys, wear only—a smile. It is a very common thing to see nude children in every village. The women have no household cares; they go afield, or watch the flocks, returning with them at night.—Rev. Kittridge Wheeler.

OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

That there is a vast amount of superstition still to be found among us even in the sceptical twentieth century days, few people will deny.

Actresses have their mascots, ordinary mortals their white heather, or hare's foot (of course procured from a hare shot at midnight in a churchyard) mounted in gold and precious stones, and one constantly meets with otherwise practical, hard-headed men and women, who are nevertheless genuinely distressed if they chance to see the new moon through glass, or to walk under a ladder.

There is an old Spanish superstition which tells that the ringing of a glass means the drowning of a man, and if you stop the glass sounding you rescue a being from a watery grave. The spilling of salt as a sign of sorrow has its origin in an old legend that tells of Judas Iscariot upsetting the salt on the night of the great betrayal, and those of us who have seen Leonardo di Vinci's wonderful picture of the Last Supper, will have noticed the salt-cellar lying upset near the traitor. The number thirteen has also apparently been considered unlucky since the Last Supper, and people who have no other superstitions are often very averse to sitting down thirteen to table.

Pessimists will tell you that to sing before breakfast is a sure sign that you will cry before night, whilst to place either your corsets or shoes on a table is a certain token of a quarrel.

THREE FOLLOWERS.

The wild old Hassan sat in his door when three young men passed eagerly by.

"Are ye following after anyone, my sons?" he said.

"I follow after Pleasure," said the eldest.

"And I after Riches," said the second.

"Pleasure is only to be found with riches."

"And you, my little one?" he asked of the third.

"I follow after Duty," he modestly said.

And each went his way.

The aged Hassan in his journey came upon three men.

"My son," he said to the eldest, "methinks thou wert the youth who was following after Pleasure. Didst thou overtake her?"

"No, father," answered the man. "Pleasure is but a phantom that flies as one approaches."

"Thou didst not follow the right way, my son."

"How didst thou fare?" he asked of the second.

"Pleasure is not with riches," he answered.

"And thou?" continued Hassan, addressing the youngest.

"As I walked with duty," he replied, "Pleasure walked ever by my side."

"It is always thus," replied the old man. "Pleasure pursued is not overtaken. Only her shadow is caught by him who pursues. She herself goes hand in hand with Duty, and they who make Duty their companion, have also the companionship of Pleasure."

There is no more precious gift to get than human trust, no gift more holy. But it is a plant as tender as it is rare. It is not a thing which springs up in a night; and where it springs it needs watering and watching. There is no real affection without self-sacrifice. There is no true love that is not "watered aye with tears."

The more a person really knows about a subject the less likely is he to indiscriminately talk about it.

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD.

The first action when you have a cold should be to relieve the lungs. This is best accomplished by the free use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This Remedy liquefies the tough mucus and causes its expulsion from the air cells of the lungs, produces a free expectoration, and opens the secretions. A complete cure soon follows. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

A USEFUL LESSON!

WORTH LEARNING.

The Case of Mrs. E. TUTTY.

(*By a Melbourne Reporter.*)

You cannot promote the interests of those with whom you come into contact if you neglect to apprise them of such matters as these when it is in your power to do so, and for this instance of considerateness we have to thank Mrs. Elizabeth Tutty, of Lennox-street, Yarraville, who stated to a reporter:—

"I have lived about this locality for the past seventeen years, and know a good many of its residents, so it is not likely that I would make a statement which they might be glad to act upon unless it was thoroughly true.

"That would be a very unnecessary thing to do," remarked the writer. "I only want to have the exact facts relating to your illness of a couple of years back."

"And I am only too pleased to tell you, as experiences like mine must be of great value to everybody. You have been told aright," said Mrs. Tutty as she launched forth on her story; "it is just two years since I got right after being regularly run down, and, my word, wasn't I in a dreadful state of weakness for a long while. I must not let you think that I was laid up altogether, because that would not be true, but for all that my vitality was so exhausted that it was always a trial to get through even the lightest of work, and before each day was ended I felt completely knocked up. One of the worst features of my indisposition was my low-spiritedness, as I always felt so gloomy, and downcast that I could not see what good there was in living at all, and as for happiness—I could not see the least sign of it anywhere. That my nervous system had broken down there was no room for doubt, as the most every-day occurrences set me all of a shake, and my mind was frequently uneasy with various kinds of gruesome imaginations. When alone I could do nothing but sit down and think of all sorts of dreadful things that were going to happen, until I found myself worked up into quite an excited state, and in my sleep at night, when I did get a little, similar ideas ran through my brain, and caused me to wake up suddenly, and sometimes my body was covered with perspiration.

"It would not take much of that to wear you down, I should think."

"Indeed it did not, for before long I had lost fully a stone in weight, and was so haggard and emaciated that I did not look like the same woman. Another thing that troubled me after I had been lying in bed a while was palpitation, and I anxiously wondered what was the cause of it, whether it was indigestion or not."

"Did you have any other symptoms to induce the belief that such was the case?"

"Unfortunately I had only too many of them, and they were very severe ones, too. My head ached almost incessantly, making me so heavy and careworn that I would just as soon have been out of the world altogether, and in such misery I had gone on from month to month, until a friend told me to try a few bottles of Clements Tonic. It was then, and only then, that I realised what a delightful thing it was to get relief from the agonies that had filled me with remorse. Not before I had taken a bottle or so of Clements Tonic did I get anything to free me from the attacks of giddiness which came on at intervals, and there was nothing but that medicine which could do away with the dreadfully uncomfortable sensations which accompanied the taking of food."

"Were you able to take much at a meal?"

"Very little indeed until I started with Clements Tonic, and then my appetite improved wonderfully. Not only that, but the internal pains left me. My stomach no longer filled with wind and gave me spasms, and my chest, in some strange manner, lost the burdensome feeling that had so often almost suffocated me. Previous to using Clements Tonic I had been affected with pain between the shoulders, but all that went, and with it the aches from my loins as well. The fur also was cleansed from my tongue, the bitter taste was not now noticeable of a morning, and in a few weeks I was so much stouter and fresher looking that you would not have known me. For my complete restoration to health it is but an act of duty to sincerely thank Clements Tonic, and you can publish in any form you like these words of gratitude."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, ELIZABETH TUTTY, of Lennox-street, Yarraville, 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.

Elizabeth Tutty

Declared at Yarraville, in the State of Victoria, this 15th day of January, 1904, before me, G. HILLS, J.J. a Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

Railway Time-Table.

The following is the new railway time-table, which took effect on Monday, 2nd May, 1904:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.20 a.m., Trawalla at 12.7 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12.22, and taking its departure at 12.30. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.54, and Buangor at 1.4. The Adelaide express still leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Ballarat at 7.50, and Beaufort at 8.44 (arriving here at 8.39). On the return journey to Melbourne (Monday excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.25 a.m. (arriving here at 6.20). The afternoon mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Buangor at 4.45 p.m., Middle Creek at 4.55, Beaufort at 5.30 (arriving here at 5.20), Trawalla at 5.54, and Burrumbeet at 6.9. A mixed train will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5.10 a.m. (arriving here at 6.50 a.m., and leaving at 6.55 a.m.), and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 5.15 p.m., Burrumbeet at 6.9, Trawalla at 6.35, Beaufort at 7 (arriving here at 6.50), Middle Creek at 7.30, and Buangor at 7.42. The morning mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat leaves Stawell at 6 a.m. instead of 6.15 a.m., and is timed to leave the district stations every week day as follows:—Buangor, 7.48; Middle Creek, 8; Beaufort, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Trawalla, 8.50; Burrumbeet, 9.16.

Bonnington's Irish Moss
The Universal Remedy for Colds, Bronchitis and Influenza.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In thanking the public or the support accorded me for the past 4½ years, I beg to announce that I have taken the

Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort,

And trust by keeping the very

Best Liquors in Stock,

to receive a share of public patronage.

I will be in possession on and after Saturday, January 30th.

MEALS a Specialty, from 1/-.
A careful Groom always in attendance.

C. W. JONES.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD
(LATE W. EDWARD NICKOLS).
Auctioneers and General Commission, House, Land, and Insurance Agents,
BEAUFORT, ARARAT, AND PITFIELD.

MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneer.

MONEY TO LEND.

AUCTION SALES CONDUCTED in any part of the State of Victoria.
Every attention, and prompt returns.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers.

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 two years, 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

F. G. PRINCE

Begs to intimate that he has STARTED BUSINESS as a BUTCHER in premises in

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT

(next door to Mr. T. Sands), and hopes by strict attention to business and by keeping the Primest Meat, to merit a fair share of public patronage.
Small Goods a Speciality.

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, an Cigarettes

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.

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.

REFERRING TO THE NEW

REGAL CLUB WHISKY,

Which since its importation to Victoria, within the last six months, has established itself in public favor to an extent HITHERTO UNEQUALLED PROBABLY BY ANY OTHER WHISKY THAT HAS COME INTO THE STATE, the following Certificate from one of the most eminent of English analysts gives it at once a hall-mark of superiority, which must recommend it to the confidence of every consumer:—

CERTIFICATE.

I hereby certify that I have submitted to a very careful Chemical Analysis a sample of the REGAL CLUB WHISKY received from the Imperial Glenlivet Distillery, Strathspey, N.B., and the analytical data I have obtained proves it to be, in a conclusive manner, a product of high quality and purity. It possesses a mellow and creamlike flavor that is only to be found in the choicest whiskies, and is entirely free from all acrid or undesirable admixture. It has been thoroughly and naturally matured by age, and contains restorative and dietetic properties of a high order.

GRANTVILLE H. SHARP, F.C.S.,
Analyst, London, E.C.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Agents.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

SEASON 1904-1905.

GEORGE HAGUE & Co.

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

EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES,

built expressly for the storage of Wool.

SHOW ROOMS

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

Railway and Shipping right at the doors

FARMERS' CLIPS

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

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

Charges the lowest ruling in the colony.

Account Sales and Proceeds rendered invariably three days after sale.

Act strictly as Selling Brokers only.

Forty Years' Practical English and Continental and Colonial Experience of the Wool Trade.

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

Through the Post Office
Our Warehouse is at EveryBody's Door.
Write for Patterns of our
FAMOUS
Two Guinea Suits

If anything bought from us does not please you it can be at once returned, and be exchanged, or we will refund your money if you wish.

Lincoln, Stuart & Co., PTY., LTD.,
Flinders St., Melbourne.

The only Machine that leaves Land Perfectly Level.

This Patent Style of Machine is the only machine perfectly and completely controlled by Compound Levers to instantly set machine in and out of cut, or deeper or shallower when travelling. Made all size.

6ft. Premier.

PATENT MALLEE KING STEEL OR WOOD-FRAMED DISC,
Renowned for immense quantities and quality of work done.
Leads Everywhere.

ORCHARDIST'S EXTENSION DISC

Patent Extension and Reversible Double Beam Steel Frame Orchard Cultivator will extend out to 10ft. or 12ft. wide, and close up to 5ft. 6in. Simple and easy managed in every particular.

ONE-HORSE or PONY DOT,

For smaller Growers, suitable for Vineyards, Nursery Growers, Small Orchards Potato and Onion Growers, is built on Reversible and Extension Principle.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES.

W. G. BARGER,
SOHO DISC FACTORY,
231 & 233 FRANKLIN-ST., MELBOURNE, AND BOORT.

AGENTS FOR BEAUFORT AND DISTRICT—DIXON BROS.

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

No. 1390

RELIABILITY.
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What a lot in that one word associated with any business wh and what a vast amount there is in bracketed with a WATCHMAKER JEWELLERY BUSINESS.

YOU MUST HAVE NOTIC

Our business going ahead while were standing still or going back

YOU MUST HAVE AN ID

Of what our business is now comp what it was a few years back.

YOU MUST GUESS

That there is something powerful vincing about our method of doing b ARE YOU ONE OF PAYNE'S C MERS? If not, we respectfully your patronage, and if afterwards not think we are worthy of it, perfectly willing to lose it.

Whatever is done here is done p Whatever we sell you is "Right full sense of that word.

Our stock embraces everything Watch, Clock, and Jewellery line good selection is shown in everythi there is one lot of goods more th other we would like you to inspe our fine selection of Rings—either W Rings and Keepers, Dress and E ment Rings, or Gent's. Rings.

We have a beautiful stock of D Marquise, Diamond Half-hoop, an set Dress and Engagement Rings prices.

Another thing we wish you to mind is that all PAYNE'S RIN made by Expert Ring-makers only can buy a ring here with confiden rest assured that it has passed hands whose owners have mad making a life-long study. Of cou can see from the foregoing that undoubtedly our specialty; but a selection of other goods is shown Including Brooches, Links, B Muff Chains, Photo Pendents, Gold and Silver Chains, Lockets, Necklets, Gold, Silver, Nickel, a metal Watches, Clocks, Spectacles

Sight Tested and Spectacles Measure. We can guarantee yo faction in every description of Clock, and Jewellery REPAIRS. workmen employed in each branc trade.

The Address is—

GEORGE PAYN

WATCHMAKER and JEW

BALLARAT

(Two doors down Sturt-street Post Office.)

FUNERAL REF
Established 1860.
A. H. SAN
(Late Wm. Baker).
UNDERTAKE
Opposite the State Scho
NEILL STREET, BEAUF
Hearse and other requisites su town or country.
Funerals of all classes furnish lowest possible charges.
Post, Telegraph, and Teleph sages promptly attended
A. H. SAN
Cabinet Maker, Upho and Picture Fram
A well-assorted stock of Timber, Picture Framing, Pa and Window Glass kept on han

Give your orders for JOB PR the newspaper in your district, prints thousands of reports an tions for which it receives no whatever. It is always spendin hard money to benefit and in prospects of the place through circulates. It gives you value for your printing ord

PUBLIC LIBRARY 18 JUL 04 OF VICTORIA

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1390 | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1904 | PRICE THREEPENCE

RELIABILITY.
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What a lot in that one word when associated with any business whatever, and what a vast amount there is in it when bracketed with a WATCHMAKER'S and JEWELLERY BUSINESS.

YOU MUST HAVE NOTICED

Our business going ahead while others were standing still or going backwards.

YOU MUST HAVE AN IDEA

Of what our business is now compared to what it was a few years back.

YOU MUST GUESS

That there is something powerfully convincing about our method of doing business. ARE YOU ONE OF PAYNE'S CUSTOMERS? If not, we respectfully ask for your patronage, and if afterwards you do not think we are worthy of it, we are perfectly willing to lose it.

Whatever is done here is done properly. Whatever we sell you is "Right" in the full sense of that word.

Our stock embraces everything in the Watch, Clock, and Jewellery line, and a good selection is shown in everything. If there is one lot of goods more than any other we would like you to inspect it is our fine selection of Rings—either Wedding Rings and Keepers, Dress and Engagement Rings, or Gent's. Rings.

We have a beautiful stock of Diamond Marquise, Diamond Half-hoop, and Gipsy-set Dress and Engagement Rings, at all prices.

Another thing we wish you to bear in mind is that all PAYNE'S RINGS are made by Expert Ring-makers only. You can buy a ring here with confidence, and rest assured that it has passed through hands whose owners have made ring-making a life-long study. Of course, you can see from the foregoing that this is undoubtedly our specialty; but a splendid selection of other goods is shown as well, including Brooches, Links, Bracelets, Muff Chains, Photo Pendents, Gent's. Gold and Silver Chains, Lockets, Medals, Necklets, Gold, Silver, Nickel, and Gun-metal Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, &c.

Sight Tested and Spectacles Made to Measure. We can guarantee you satisfaction in every description of Watch, Clock, and Jewellery REPAIRS. Expert workmen employed in each branch of the trade.

The Address is—

GEORGE PAYNE,

WAWCHMAKER and JEWELLER,

BALLARAT

(Two doors down Sturt-street from the Post Office.)

FUNERAL REFORM.
Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS
(Late Wm. Baker),
UNDERTAKER,
Opposite the State School,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,
Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, and Picture Framer.

A well-assorted stock of Softwood Timber, Picture Framing, Paints, Oils, and Window Glass kept on hand.

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 ord

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

SUPPORT

LOCAL INDUSTRY,

AND

SUBSCRIBE

TO THE

LOCAL PAPER,

THE

RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.'

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

3s per Quarter

It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

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

14-Column Supplement

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR

Plain and Ornamental

JOB * PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

Bear in mind that

ADVERTISING

ALWAYS PAYS.

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

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the Blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. This medicine has 40 years' reputation, and is to-day more popular than ever, the reason of this being undoubtedly because this wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—it cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For

SCROFULA,	BAD LEGS,
SCURVY,	BLOTCHES,
ECZEMA,	SPOTS,
BLOOD POISON,	BLACKHEADS,
ULCERS,	PIMPLES,
SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES,	and SORES OF ALL KINDS,

it is a safe and permanent remedy.

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

NOTE.—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, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

TRIED MANY THINGS WITHOUT BENEFIT UNTIL I TOOK CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE.

Mr F. R. Lewis, 48 Bridge Street, Rew, Chester, writes:—"Just a line in favour of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I had eczema for seven months, and tried many things without benefit until I took your remedy. After the eighth bottle I was quite well again. Please accept this letter as a token of gratitude to your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'"—June 18, 1903.

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

Mr W. G. Weston, care of Messrs Knott, of 49, Essex-street, Kingsland-road, N.E., writes:—"Gentlemen,—"I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit in health I have received through taking your famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I have been a sufferer from eczema and an irritating skin trouble since the age of thirteen. While an out-patient at one of the big London hospitals a doctor informed me that my disease was the result of looking after foreign horses. I have had as many as thirty horses under my care, my father being a horsedealer and jobmaster. He (my father) was speaking one day to a friend of mine who mentioned that he was being cured of an ulcerated leg, due to a horse-kick, by 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I continued, however, to suffer until April 4 last, when my friend told me he was completely cured. Then I started to take 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' myself, and I am now completely cured, after suffering and being disfigured for several years. I am able to follow my employment, and am very pleased to think there is such a valuable remedy obtainable for such a small sum. I should be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case."—July 17, 1903.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES.

Mr James Waring, of Clay Coton Lodge, near Rugby, writes:—"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' For a long time I suffered with bad legs and abscesses. I was under a doctor for five months, and, not getting much better, I went as an out-patient to the local hospital for nine weeks. The doctor then told me I should have to go inside before he could do anything for me. I went in and stayed for thirteen weeks, and after undergoing two operations I got a little better. Before I had been out of hospital a week I became worse than ever, so my wife told me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and after taking five bottles and using four pots of your salve I was completely cured. I have waited twelve months to see if my legs broke out again, but, thanks to your 'Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture,' I am as well to-day as I have ever been in my life. You can make whatever use you like of this letter."—Oct. 15, 1903.

IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD.—"We have seen hosts of letters from all sorts and conditions of people, in which the writers acknowledge the benefit they have received from Clarke's Blood Mixture, which as a curative agent cannot be too highly estimated, since it cleanses and clears the blood from all impurities, and restores it to its normal condition." This is a good testimonial from the *Family Doctor*, the popular medical weekly, which goes on further to say:—"It is certainly the finest blood purifier that science and skill have brought to light, and we can with the utmost confidence recommend it to our subscribers and the public generally."

Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture,

and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

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.

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J's.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday.—Messrs F. Beggs, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridges. 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.

GENERAL PRINTING
AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,
"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Possess the following qualities in a high degree:

They Strengthen the Stomach, They Regulate the Bowels, They Purify and Enrich the Blood, and they give tone to the whole Nervous System.

They contain no drugs of mineral or metallic origin, but are purely vegetable, mild, beneficent, and sure. They will restore you to health if you give them a chance.

BEECHAM'S PILLS are perfect in quality and plentiful in quantity; they last longest, go furthest, and produce the best results.

Sold everywhere, in Boxes, labelled 1s. 1½d., containing 56 Pills, and 2s. 9d., containing 168 Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.		Closing Time. a.m. p.m.
Melbourne	... ...	8 and 4.50
Ballarat	... ...	8 and 4.50
Geelong	... ...	8 and 4.50
Trawalla	... ...	8 and 4.50

Registered mail and parcels post close 20 minutes prior.

Ararat, 11.50 a.m., and 8 p.m. (including Sundays.)

Stawell ...	11.50	8 p.m. Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays.
Middle Creek,	11.50	
Murtoa ...	11.50	
Buangor ...	11.50	

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

English mail per Mail Steamer, via Adelaide, 8 p.m. every 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., 9 a.m.

Eurambeen ...	...	12.45
Shirley,	... ...	12.45

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

MAILS INWARD.
Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—12.20 p.m. daily and 8.40 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. From Melbourne and Ballarat, 7 a.m. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

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

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.

From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Two deliveries by postman daily.

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 [illegible] 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 "KEATINGS," 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.

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 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

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 get 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.*

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 sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

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

The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, 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.

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.

STEVENSON BROS.,
BUILDERS
AND
CONTRACTORS,
HAVELOCK STREET,
BEAUFORT.

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

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.

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.

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 depôt 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. By [illegible] is to [illegible] 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, 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 endeavor 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 wiser 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

CHESTERFIELDS

A large assortment of Men's, Youths', and Boys' Chesterfield Overcoats.

A big purchase just opened at

COUGLE'S

COUGLE'S Famous Low Prices

Boys' and Youths' Brown Tweed Chesterfield Overcoats, at 9s. 6d. Honestly worth 14s. 6d.

Men's Dark Grey Cloth Chesterfield

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 17TH JULY, 1904.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Chute, 7 p.m.—Mr A. McLeod. Lexton, 11 a.m.; Waterloo, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.—Rev. R. ... Raglan, 7 p.m.—Mr Brown. Main Lead, 3 p.m.—Mr Waldron. Chute, 3 p.m.—Supply.

THE

Riponshire Advocate

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1904.

The suggestion made for the introduction of a scheme of a Federal old-age pensions brings under notice the matter of the effect and administration of our State Pension Act. An application of the principle for the measure is capable of being the means of doing good, but in its administration it falls short. The question of pensions is one that calls for very serious consideration, and though good motives may have actuated the Parliament which passed the scheme, yet in its working it shows a good many defects, ... only be put down to faulty legislation ...

For Children's Hacking Cough at Night, Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

The rainfall at Beaufort for the week ending yesterday at 9 p.m. amounted to 82 points.

Attention is directed to Wotherspoon & Co.'s drapery sale ... the "heap of money" on view in the window for presentation to the correct guesser of its value.

Copies of the supplementary list for the Beaufort division of the electoral district of Hampden may be inspected, until the day appointed for revision, at the office of the registrar (Court House, Beaufort), at every post-office in the division, and at the office of the deputy registrars at Lintons, Raglan, Skipton, Snake Valley, and Waterloo.

"LINUM COMPOUND," The Stockport Remedy for Coughs and Colds. Of 38 years' proven efficacy.

Messrs J. R. Wotherspoon and G. Topper, J's.P., presided over the Beaufort Police Court on Tuesday. The only case listed was that of Police v. George Lancey, who was charged with neglecting to have his child vaccinated. Defendant pleaded guilty, and said he did not intend to have it done, as the child had not been well. A fine of 20s was imposed and paid.

A public meeting has been convened by Cr. D. Stewart, President of Riponshire, to be held at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, at 3 p.m. today (Saturday), for the purpose of ... a Trustee of the Beaufort ... place of the late ...

Beaufort Mechanics' Institute.

The monthly committee meeting of the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute was held at the Institute on Tuesday evening. There were present—Mr E. Young (president), Dr. ... Jackson, Messrs Breen (secretary), J. Jackson, Eastwood, Menzies, Schofield, and Baker.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The president welcomed Mr Schofield as a new member of committee, and while remarking that he had taken a great deal of interest in the library in the past, as evidenced by the number of suggestions made by him in the book, trusted, now that he had become a member of committee, he would give them some of his time and do his best to forward the interests of the Institute in every way.

Mr Schofield thanked them for the honor conferred upon him, and said he would do his very best to help things along.

The secretary reported that the credit balance in the bank was £...

The following accounts were passed for payment:—Wotherspoon & Co., 5s 9d; J. B. Cochran, £3 0s 9d; librarian, £3 6s 8d.

The president reported that the sub-committee appointed at the last meeting had selected new books and sent the order ... "Central Asia" and ... to have been

Mining News.

SONS OF FREEDOM CENTRAL COMPANY.

The half-yearly general meeting of shareholders in the above-named company was held at the Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort, on Thursday evening; Mr J. Henderson (chairman of directors) presiding, and 12 shareholders present.

The deputy manager having read the notice convening the meeting, the minutes of the previous half-yearly meeting were read and confirmed.

Copies of the reports and balance-sheet having been distributed, were taken as read and received on the motion of Messrs Freeman and Milligan.

Directors' Report.—Work at the mine has been carried on continuously during that period, and gold obtained to the value of £10,862 0s 6d. During the half-year your directors have been able to declare two dividends of 1s and five of 6d per share.—J. Henderson, chairman; J. H. Cunningham, manager.

Mine Manager's Report.—Work has been chiefly confined to truck-roading and blocking in the north-east portion of your mine, which has been carried out with favorable results. There has been 97 feet of reef driving, 339 feet of washdirt driving, and 6120 feet of blocking done for a return of 2553oz. 5dwt. of gold. In the north-east intermediate there has been a rise put up (height, 40 feet), and driven east 160 feet on ... tributary, which was

Sons of Freedom Junction, Raglan.—The erection of pumping plant well advanced; will be about completed next week.

An extraordinary meeting of the Barton Quartz Company, Beaufort, is convened for Thursday, 28th inst., at 1 30 p.m., at Mechanics' Institute, Beaufort, the business being to increase the capital of the company by increasing the amount payable in respect of each share in the company to such amount as may be decided upon at such meeting.

The half-yearly general meeting of shareholders in the All Nations Consols Company, Beaufort, is to be held on Thursday, 21st inst., at 3 p.m., at the George Hotel, Ballarat.

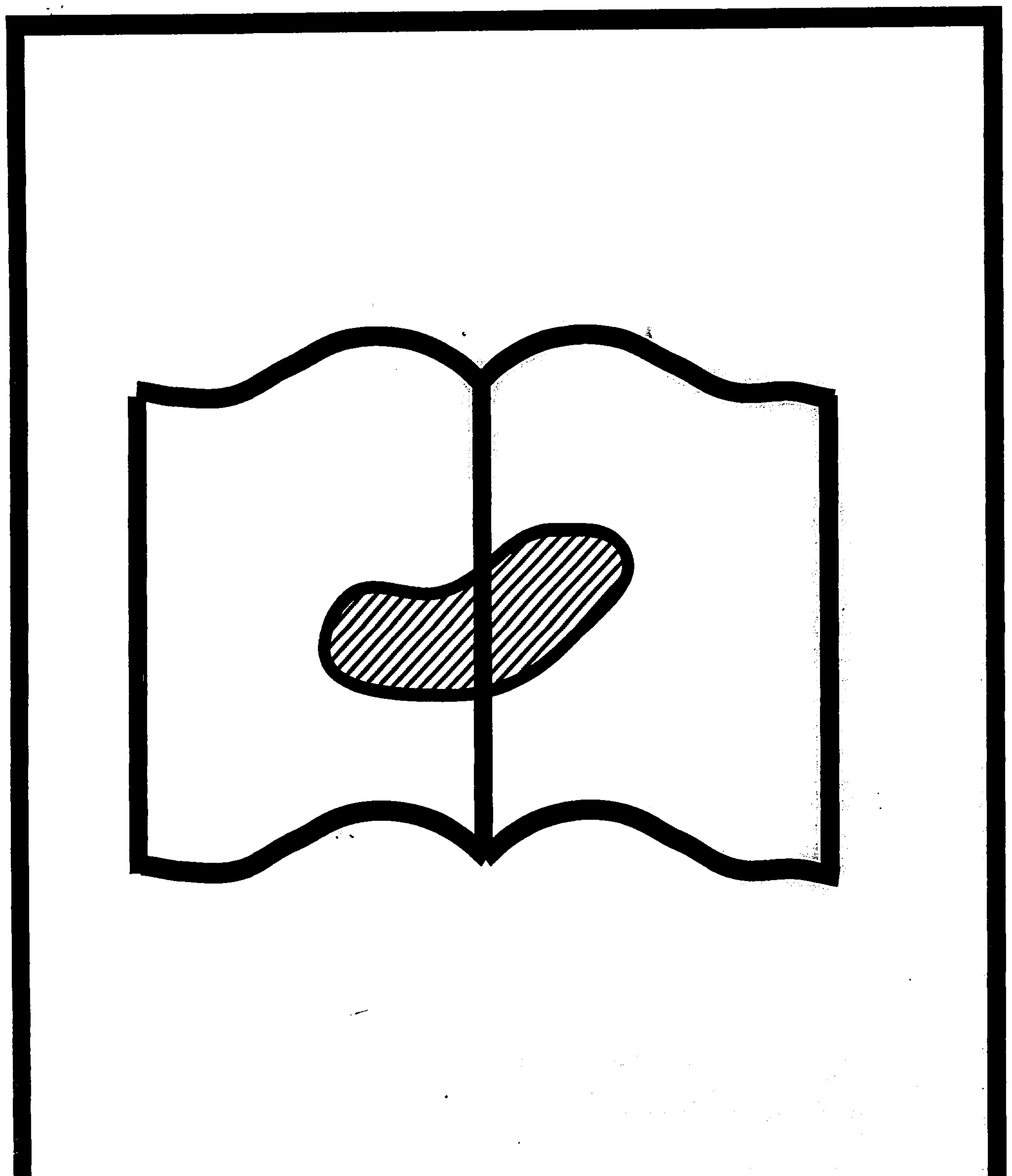
The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sons of Freedom Central, 102oz. 7dwt.; Sam Slick (Jaensch and party's tribute), 10oz. 19dwt.; Daughters of Freedom, 2oz. 5dwt. 15gr.; Last Chance, 8oz. 7dwt.; Brusher's Co., 6oz. 19dwt. 9gr.; sundries, 11oz.

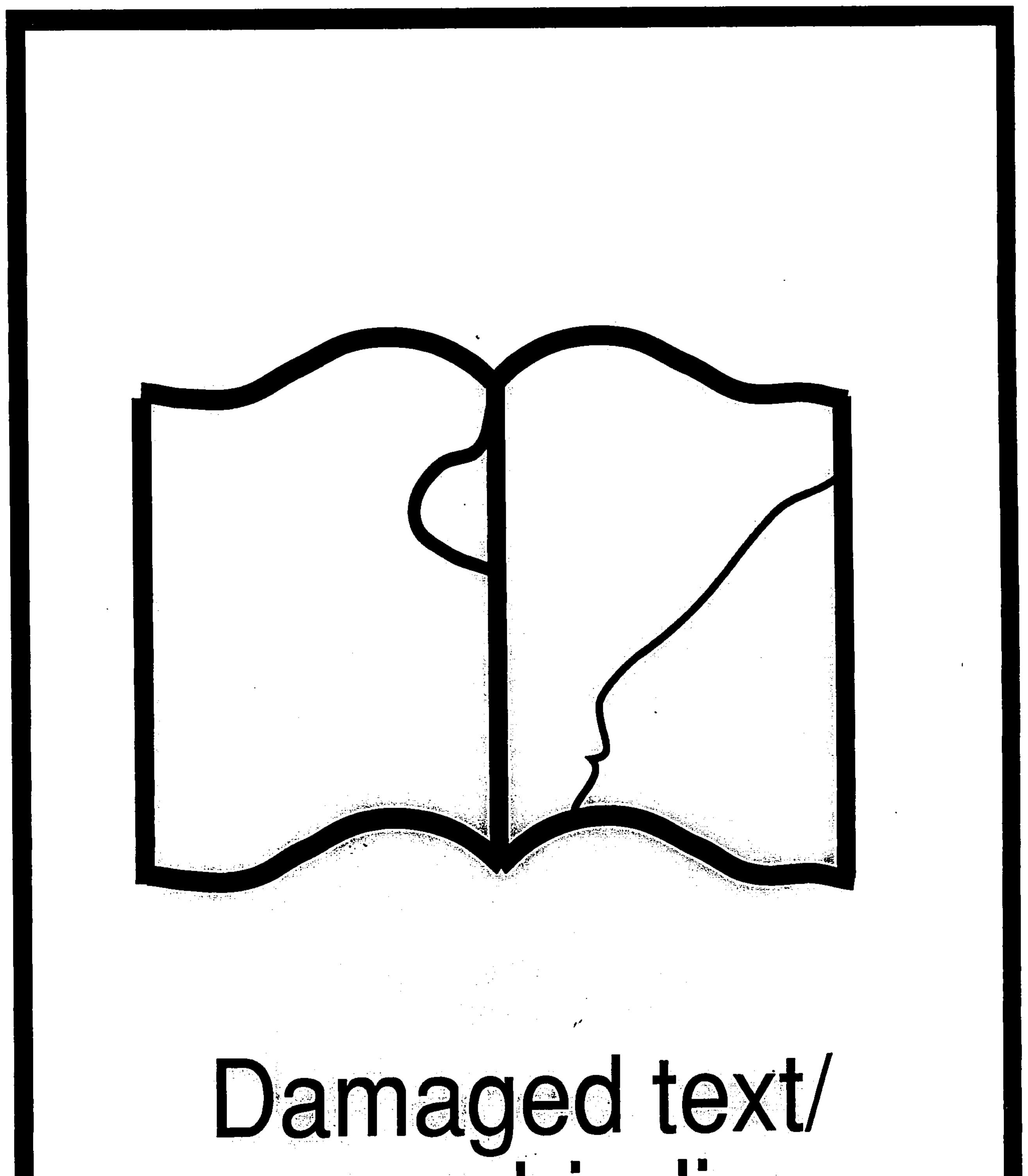
ENJOY YOUR MEALS.

Your food does little good when you have no desire for it; when you dread the meal time Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will sharpen your appetite and strengthen the organs. They are just what you need to make you relish and enjoy your meals. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Skipton.

Like most other places Skipton has its





prints, 10½d; lump, 9d to 10d; separator ...

Mr L. Skewes said he thought the men ... weeks below;

has over 3000 miles of railway and 1500 miles of telegraph lines in ...

(All Rights Reserv...

LOVE'S TRIU...

A STORY OF LOV... WAR.

BY MARY J. HOL...

Author of "Lena Rivers," ... Browning," "Tempe... Sunshine," Etc., ...

PART 1.

CHAPTER I.

The long disputed point as ... the South was in earnest ... settled, and through the ... States the tidings flew ... had fallen and the war h... ed. With the first gun ... across the waters of Char... was ushered in, and th... cried, "Peace! peace!" fou... "there was no peace." T... till then, did the nation r... lethargic slumber and shak... lusion with which it had ... bound. Political differen... gotten. Republicans and ... struck the friendly hand, ... pulse, heart throbbed to h... watch-word everywhere w... ion forever." Throughout ... end breadth of the land w... al hearts, and as at Rh... command the Highlanders ... from every clump of hea... wild moors of Scotland, ... war-cry came up from Sun... Highlanders arose, a migh... sponsive to the call; som... England's templed hills, w... ured to toil, and hearts a... true as flint; some from ... some the Keystone State, ... from the prairies of the ... It mattered not what pl... them birth; it mattered ... the Green Mountains of ... granite hills of New Hamp... shadowy forests of Wiscon... tered their childhood's hom... one cause they rallied rou... and Stripes, and went fo... not a foreign foe, but ala... brother's arm against anot... arm in that most dreadfu... archies, a national civil w...

In the usually quiet vil... land the utmost interest w... though there, as elsewhere ... whose hearts beat as war... Southern friends as when ... on a nation at peace, all ... cessity of action, and whe... evening came in which th... meeting of that place was ... a dense and promiscuous ... ed its way to the old ... whose hallowed walls ... sound of fife and drum, ... for the house of God, but ... able, in that dark hour, ... praise sung by vain and ... lips. In the centre of the ... men were mostly congre... the seats nearest the do... pied by women,—the wiv... ers and sisters who ha... aching hearts to see th... sons and husbands give ... tures to what seemed the... warrant. Conspicuous amo... Widow Simms, whose old-... horn, with its faded gre... visible at all public gat... broad frill of lace shadi... sharp gray eyes, and a ... face. It was very white ... thin lips were firmly c... the widow tried to look ... unconcerned when two ... went forward, their faces ... youthful enthusiasm, as t... President repeat their n... Simms,—Eli Simms." T... voluntarily said it after ... ther's heart whispering ... 'Isaac won't go. He's ... can't give Isaac up," and ... dered to where her young... sitting, twirling his old c... occasionally exchanging a... the young man next to ... Baker, who, together wit... arose to follow John and ...

Scarcely, however, had ... their feet, when a woman ... same seat with Widow S... a cry more like the moa... some wild beast, than li... sound.

"No, Harry, no, Bill—... the bony arms were flung ... the two young men, who... ged, indignant glance at ... among the crowd where ... not be seen, muttering s... very complimentary to ... man," as the called her.

But the old woman did ... and if she had, it woul... no difference. It mattere... that they had ever bee... pests in the whole village ... of every grade of mischie... of barns and plunderers ... —they were her boys, a... want them shot, so she ... moan and cry, muttering ... about the rich treading ... and wondering why ...

CHESTERFIELDS.

A large assortment of Men's, Youths', and Boys' Chesterfield Overcoats.

A big purchase just opened at

COUGLE'S.

COUGLE'S Famous Low Prices are a Boon to Customers

Boys' and Youths' Brown Tweed Chesterfield Overcoats, at 9s. 6d. Honestly worth 14s. 6d.

Men's Dark Grey Cloth Chesterfield Overcoats, at 32s. 6d. Good value at 42s.

Men's W. R. Chesterfield Overcoats, 27s 6d to 42s. Every Coat a Bargain.

Everything we do, we do well.

G. H. COUGLE,

The People's Draper,

BEAUFORT.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Tuesday.

Fat Cattle—A light yarding, numbering only 170 head, came to hand for to-day's sale, of which number the greater portion consisted of quality ranging from good to prime, balance principally useful. There was a good attendance of the trade, and as the supply was well within requirements competition accordingly was very animated, prices for all descriptions showing a material advance on last week's values, closing very firm. Quotations:—Prime pens bullocks, £13 to £14; good, £11 to £12; useful, £9 to £10; prime pens cows, £9 to £10 15s; good, £7 to £8. Calves—Only three penned, which sold high; best to 81s. Sheep—3106 was the number penned for to-day's sale, a larger proportion than of late consisting of good and prime descriptions, balance chiefly comprising middling and useful sorts. There was a large attendance both of the trade and graziers, best descriptions meeting with a very keen demand throughout, prices showing a further improvement on last week's advanced rates, whilst graziers' descriptions, principally ewes with lambs at foot, were eagerly competed for at high prices ranging from 19s 10d to 23s 1d. Quotations:—Prime crossbred wethers, 23s to 25s; extra, 28s to 32s 9d; good, 21s to 22s; useful, 18s to 19s; prime crossbred ewes, 21s to 23s; extra, to 25s 3d; good, 19s to 20s; prime merino wethers, 19s to 20s 9d; good, 17s to 18s; merino ewes, to 13s 11d. Lambs—424 to hand. Trade descriptions were in eager request at improved rates; others unaltered:—Prime, 17s to 18s; extra, to 20s 2d; good, 15s to 16s; useful, 13s to 14s.

The following district sales are reported—By Messrs Hepburn, Dowling and Crawford.—102 merino wethers, Mrs Hughes, Challicum, Buangor, £1 0s 9d, topping the market. By Messrs Macleod and Booth.—106 ewes, Mr J. G. Brebner, Willow Bank, Buangor, comebacks 15s 1d to 19s, merinos 12s 9d to 13s 11d; 4 lambs, same owner, at 16s.

BALLARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Thursday.

Wheat, prime milling, 2s 9½d to 3s. Oats, 1s 1d to 1s 2d; prime Algerian, 1s 3d. Peas, 3s. Barley, malting, 3s 6d; good, 3s; Cape, 1s 9d. Potatoes, 37s 6d to 42s 6d; reds, 37s 6d to 42s 6d; Snowflakes, 25s to 30s; New Zealand pink eyes, 15s to 20s. Hay, prime chaffing, 22s 6d to 25s; medium, 20s to 22s 6d; manger, 25s to 30s. Straw, 15s to 20s. Bran, 8d to 8½d. Pollard, 8d to 8½d. Flour, roller, L7 2s 6d to L7 10s. Dairy butter, 7½d; factory prints, 10½d; lump, 9d to 10d; separator, 8d to 9d. Eggs, 11d to 1s. Honey, 3d to 4d. Bacon sides, 8½d. Cheese, 4½d to 5d.

MELBOURNE PRODUCE MARKET.

Thursday.

Wheat, 3s 0½d. Oats—Prime milling, 1s 3d; feed, 1s 1d to 1s 2½d; stout white, 1s 6d to 1s 10d. Hay—Manger, £3 to £3 10s; chaffing, 30s to 40s. Chaff—Prime, £2; good, 35s; inferior, 27s. Bran, 8½d. Pollard, 8½d. Barley—Malting, from 3s 8d; medium, 2s 6d to 3s; thin English, to 2s. Cape, 1s 8d to 1s 10d. Straw, £1 10s for Victorian, and £2 2s 6d for Tasmanian. Potatoes—Prime, 40s to 47s 6d; inferior, 32s 6d. Onions, to 35s. Peas, 2s 7d. Flour, £7 10s.

A CARD.

CLEGG & MILLER,
ARCHITECTS,
LEDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.

Mr. Miller visits Beaufort periodically. Appointments made by letter.

DENTISTRY.

Mr. A. L. GIBBS, and Mr. A. J. BRANSTON,
Surgical and Mechanical Dentists,
73 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE,

Desire to notify the residents of Beaufort and surrounding districts that MR. BRANSTON may be consulted at BEAUFORT on the first Thursday of each month.

Teeth extracted painlessly.

All Artificial Teeth made on latest approved English and American principles.

Consultation Room—GOLDEN AGE HOTEL.
Hours—12.30 p.m. to 5 p.m.

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, R.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, &c.

NOTE THE ADDRESS—
HAVELOCK STREET
(Next Mechanics' Institute),
BEAUFORT

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.

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE."

Notice to Advertisers.

OWING to the inconvenience caused by Advertisements being received after the appointed time, we beg to notify that unless ALTERATIONS TO STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS reach us by WEDNESDAY Morning, such alterations will not be made till the following issue.

In future this rule will be strictly enforced, in fairness to our employees.

Correspondents are also requested to send reports by Thursday.

A. PARKER, Proprietor.

DULL WET WEATHER in no way interferes with the success of

RICHARDS & CO.'S NEW INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS.

The Newest Styles in Photography,

The Art Folio,
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BRIDAL PORTRAITS.—Our Studio has become famous for successful Bridal Portraits. Bridal Veils, Wreaths, and Bouquets kept at the studio.

ENLARGED PHOTOS from any Old or Faded copy, in the newest solid art wood frame, 20s. each.

RICHARDS & CO.,
PHOTO ARTISTS,
23 STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

A. N. A.
BEAUFORT BRANCH.

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

Item on Syllabus.—Branch Teams' Debate, "Should Bachelors be Taxed?"

Ladies invited.

All meetings open to the public.

W. T. HILL, Secretary.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 17TH JULY, 1904.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Chute, 7 p.m.—Mr A. McLeod. Lexton, 11 a.m.; Waterloo, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.—Rev. R. Foo. Raglan, 7 p.m.—Mr Brown. Main Lead, 3 p.m.—Mr Waldron. Chute, 3 p.m.—Supply.

THE

Riponshire Advocate

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1904.

THE suggestion made for the introduction of a scheme of a Federal old-age pensions brings under notice the matter of the effect and administration of our State Pension Act. An application of the principle of the measure is capable of being the means of doing good, but in its administration it falls short. The question of pensions is one that calls for very serious consideration, and though good motives may have actuated the Parliament which passed the scheme, yet in its working it shows a good many defects, which go only to put down to faulty legislation. For a young country we are fairly well burdened with pension payments, and the Premier has lost no chance of impressing on the people the cost of the payments to the State servants is £1000 per day. The controlling idea of the old-age pension scheme was to assist those pioneers who, through no fault of their own, had fallen on hard times. This, however, had been to a large extent abused, and many worthless people are to-day in receipt of Government assistance, to the detriment of the genuine cases. With the inauguration of the scheme the State is placed in the position of having to find a substantial sum every year out of the revenue, and whether this will have to be increased is a matter for time and circumstances to determine. The amount granted to the pensioners individually cannot be reduced, as any lowering of it would render the assistance of but little benefit. Our State finances, though there is a half-million surplus, requires careful husbanding, for there is much to be done with what extra cash we have, so that we cannot entertain any expectation of the grant being increased. The position then is that greater discrimination will have to be exercised in administration in order that the money at hand may be put to the best use. What is needed is, if possible, some keener inquiry into the character of the life led by an applicant for assistance, so that some determination may be arrived at as to whether a due regard was shown towards thrift and industry. At present there are many in receipt of a pension who are no more entitled to it than is a man in a good position. A leading consideration is the general effect of this piece of legislation. Is it likely to lead to the production of a sturdy feeling of self-reliance, or will the result be the springing up of a class who all through their lives will ever keep in sight the fond hope of being able to cling to a pension the moment they have passed the specified age? It has already been shown that the pension is not regarded as the last resort, and any Federal extension of the principle will have to be approached in a very careful manner. There is more than half a fear that we are rather young in our national life to bring on a scheme of all-round pensions, and the difficulty is to say where it is going to stop. Our experience of State pensions is proving unhappy, and the back swing of the pendulum has set in towards their curtailment, with a final view of abolition. It may prove the same with old-age pensions. At the outset they may not give rise to serious misgivings, though the ultimate result may be to saddle the people with a heavy burden and give half a premium to a class not to exert themselves on their own behalf as well as they might.

Local and General News.

For Chronic Chest Complaints, Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

The annual general meeting of the Beaufort branch of the Protestant Union of Victoria is announced for Wednesday, 20th inst., in the Methodist Sunday school-room.

The death is announced of ex-President Kruger. Mr Kruger was born at Colesburg, Cape Colony, on 10th October, 1825, and resided in the Transvaal from 1836 to 1900. Since leaving the Transvaal he has resided in Holland. He was 79 years of age.

Mr R. H. Grenfell, who has been head teacher of the Dunach State School for the past 10 years (and formerly held a similar position at Beaufort), is to be transferred to Ceres, about six miles from Geelong. The residents of Dunach have presented Mr Grenfell with a marble clock, and Mrs Grenfell with a silver hot-water kettle, while the scholars presented Mr Grenfell with a silver inkstand. Councillor Alfred Martin (Talbot Shire), correspondent of the Board of Advice, made the presentation.

The Treasurer (Mr Bent) now estimates that the surplus will amount to £557,000. His last estimate was £516,000, so the State is, according to the latest figures at his command, £41,000 better off than was anticipated.

Miss Maggie Brown, of Chepstowe, has been appointed organist of the Carngham Presbyterian Church, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr John Stewart Drummond, who has left for Birchip.

"LINSEED COMPOUND," The Stockport Remedy for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

The Beaufort branch of the A.N.A. hold a teams' debate next Tuesday evening on the question, "Should bachelors be taxed?" The teams chosen are as follow:—Vice-President's team (affirmative)—Messrs M. J. N. Breen (vice-president), H. H. Menzies, P. Barry, W. T. Hill, T. Sargeant, A. H. Sands, and J. Eastwood. President's team (negative)—Messrs J. M. Carroll (president), A. Nicholson, E. J. Muntz, J. M. Prentice, G. Whitehead, R. A. D. Sinclair, and H. Troy.

Bonnington's Irish Moss Cures Whooping Cough, Croup, All Chest Affections.

For Children's Hacking Cough at Night, Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

The rainfall at Beaufort for the week ending Saturday at 9 p.m. amounted to 82 points.

Attention is directed to Wotherspoon & Co.'s drapery sale, and to the "heap of money" on view in the window for presentation to the correct guesser of its value.

Copies of the supplementary list for the Beaufort division of the electoral district of Hampden may be inspected, until the day appointed for revision, at the office of the registrar (Court House, Beaufort), at every post-office in the division, and at the office of the deputy registrars at Linton, Raglan, Skipton, Snake Valley, and Waterloo.

"LINSEED COMPOUND." The Stockport Remedy for Coughs and Colds. Of 38 years' proven efficacy.

Messrs J. R. Wotherspoon and G. Topper, J's.P., presided over the Beaufort Police Court on Tuesday. The only case listed was that of Police v. George Lancey, who was charged with neglecting to have his child vaccinated. Defendant pleaded guilty, and said he did not intend to have it done, as the child had not been well. A fine of 20s was imposed and paid.

A public meeting has been convened by Cr. D. Stewart, President of Riponshire, to be held at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, at 3 p.m. to-day (Saturday), for the purpose of nominating a successor of the Beaufort Riding to fill the place of the late Mr Hugh Cushing.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, for Coughs and Colds never fails. 1s. 6d.

A sparrow match for prizes of £10 was fired at Burrumbeet on Thursday. After the fifth round, P. Hains (Beaufort), Phillips, T. R. Sands (Beaufort), McKenzie, and "Bungo" agreed to take £1 each and shoot for the balance, with the result that Hains and Phillips, after grassing six birds each, divided the £6. A 5s sweepstake at magpies was divided by McKenzie, Draffin, and Taylor; while "Bungo," "Nobody," and Taylor divided a 10s sweepstake at pigeons.

The death of Leonard Clyde, the infant son of Mr and Mrs Peter Miller, occurred at Waterloo, we regret to hear, on 6th inst., and the remains were interred in the Waterloo Cemetery on Friday, 8th inst; the coffin being supplied by Mr A. H. Sands, undertaker, Beaufort. The deceased was four months old.

The Municipal Act is administered by the Department for Public Works, but by section 148 of the Act it is laid down that to extend the Voting by Post Act to a municipality it is necessary for the council to petition the Governor-in-Council. After the petition has been granted the order is published in the "Government Gazette," containing regulations for giving effect to it. The regulations thereafter are laid before the State Parliament to be approved of, and if within a month of that time no valid objection is taken the object of the petition has been achieved.

As will be seen from our advertising columns, Mr J. H. Wilbur, lecturer to the Lands Department of Western Australia, will deliver a lecture on "Land Settlement," in the Societies' Hall, Beaufort, on Monday evening next, July 18th. Mr Wilbur's lectures are illustrated by means of a large number of very fine lantern slides, showing the natural features of the State he represents. He states that his mission is not to induce people who are already settled in any State to change to Western Australia. All he wants to do is to secure for his State those who contemplate making a change. No charge will be made for admission, and there should be a large attendance. Ladies are especially invited.

A minstrel troupe, under the title of the Beaufort Amateur Minstrels, has been formed at Beaufort, with a membership of about 20. It is proposed to hold a concert in eight weeks' time, and the Rechabites are to be approached to see whether they will accept half the proceeds of an entertainment towards obtaining new scenery for the Societies' Hall. A second entertainment is to be given in aid of the Ballarat Hospital. The following officers have been appointed:—President, Mr H. M. Stuart; secretary, Mr A. McDougall; treasurer, Mr J. R. Wotherspoon; pianiste, Mr J. E. Loft; musical conductor, Mr R. Jackson.

"LINSEED COMPOUND." Trade Mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linseed, for Coughs and Colds.

Our Middle Creek correspondent reports that on Wednesday Mr L. J. Berryman had the misfortune to lose a valuable brood mare, worth £40. It appears that five of Mr Berryman's horses got at a load of wheat that had been left over-night by the road-side, but four out of the five recovered. Mr H. Gordon lost a young horse a few weeks ago in a similar way.

LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS of Mountain Flax. Agreeably Aperient. Worthy of trial.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Beaufort Lodge U.A.O.D. was held in the lodge-room on Tuesday evening; the A.D. Bro. McDonald in the chair, and 25 members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Correspondence.—From Beaufort branch A.N.A., regretting that their president was unable to attend the social on June 15th as a representative of the branch.—Received. Sick pay amounting to £2 18s 4d was passed for payment, as was also an account of 19s 6d to R. U. Nicolls. Two new members were initiated and three proposed. Bro. R. Jackson moved, and Bro. Dickson seconded, that a letter of condolence be sent to D.P. Bro. Loft, sympathising with him in his recent sad bereavement. It was decided to have a musical evening at the next lodge meeting, the arrangements being left in the hands of Bros. Loft, Hill, and Jackson.

For Bronchial Coughs take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

A victim of circumstances. A colonist of 52 years' standing made application to Mr W. Dickson, P.M., at the Sebastopol Police Court on Thursday afternoon for an increase in his old age pension. In reply to questions, he said that he was a married man, seventy-seven years of age, and that his wife was forty. He had a family of three children, but they were unable to help him much. He had resided in Sebastopol for about 12 months, having inadvisedly left Beaufort and sold his property there in the hope of improving his circumstances. By trade he was a plasterer, and if he could get it, he was still able to work. Mr Dickson asked him if he would trust himself on a scaffold, and also if he could repair a building like the court-house. The old fellow replied that if he had to white-wash the walls he could do them easily from a ladder, and he offered several suggestions as to several improvements which might be carried out there, and which were badly needed. Mr Dickson agreed with him, and forgetting that Mr H. Hughes, J.P., who was also sitting on the bench, is a member of the council, strongly advised the old fellow to approach the council. He said he would recommend that his pension be increased from 6s 6d to 7s a week.

Bonnington's Irish Moss To Cure a Cough or Cold. ONLY TRIAL PROVES THIS.

Beaufort Mechanics' Institute.

The monthly committee meeting of the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute was held at the Institute on Tuesday evening. There were present—Mr S. Young (president), Dr. G. Jackson, Messrs Breen (secretary), J. Jackson, Eastwood, Menzies, Schofield, and Baker.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The president welcomed Mr Schofield as a new member of committee, and while remarking that he had taken a great deal of interest in the library in the past, as evidenced by the number of suggestions made by him in the book, trusted, now that he had become a member of committee, he would give them some of his time and do his best to forward the interests of the Institute in every way.

Mr Schofield thanked them for the honor conferred upon him, and said he would do his very best to help things along.

The secretary reported that the credit balance in the bank was £9 2s.

The following accounts were passed for payment:—Wotherspoon & Co., 8s 9d; J. B. Cochran, £3 0s 9d; librarian, £3 6s 8d.

The president reported that the sub-committee appointed at the last meeting had selected new books, and sent the order. In "Central Asia and Tibet," valued at £2 2s, was to have been sent back, but Mr Cochran (through whom the order was sent) had generously offered to donate this book to the Institute. He thought the book should be kept in the library, and moved that a letter be sent thanking Mr Cochran for his generosity. Seconded by Dr. Jackson (who remarked that Mr Cochran had given one or two expensive books before), and carried.

The secretary said that the work was in two volumes, and that Mr Cochran was donating one of the volumes, the committee having to give £1 1s for the other volume. The action of the president and himself should be endorsed, as they were really expending £1 1s more than was authorised.

Mr Baker moved accordingly. Seconded by Mr Eastwood, and carried.

The president reported, in connection with the scheme of dances suggested at last meeting, that 80 circulars had been sent round the district, and that they got 21 or 22 acceptances, mostly from people outside the town. The sub-committee went into figures, and finding that they would come out with a loss, decided not to go on with the dances. Any little expense that had been incurred would be borne by the sub-committee. He believed they had made a slight error, for if they had said one dance at 5s, there would have been a bumper house, but three dances at 12s 6d did not seem to take at all. However, they had dropped it.

Mr Breen considered the committee, and not the sub-committee, should bear the loss, even if it were only a shilling, as the sub-committee had been instructed to arrange the dances. He moved accordingly. Seconded by Mr Baker.

The president jocularly remarked that when the account was sent in the committee could pay it, to which Mr Menzies assented. The president then said that as the motion had not been carried, it lapsed.

Mr Eastwood suggested that the sub-committee might arrange for one social at 5s, but as the president said he would like three other gentlemen to tackle it, and was too busy himself to give his attention to it, and as the secretary pointed out there was so much sickness about that perhaps it would be better to let it drop, no action was taken in the matter.

In answer to Mr Menzies, the secretary said he did not know what amount of insurance was on the Institute, but thought about £400. They were paying either £1 3s 6d or £1 13s 6d in premiums. He did not even know where the policy was, but thought they should inquire about it. He would try and find out to-morrow who were the trustees.

Mr Parker, upon being appealed to, said he had a faint recollection of a general meeting being called about six years ago for the appointment of trustees, and promised to look up the files of the "Advocate" and give the required information to the secretary to-morrow.

The president read the rule referring to the appointment of trustees, and said it would be as well for the secretary to find out by next meeting who the trustees were.

Mr D. F. Troy attended just as the meeting concluded.

[At a general meeting held in the Institute on Thursday, 20th April, 1899, for the purpose of electing four trustees and revising the rules, the secretary sprang a surprise upon the meeting by turning up a notification in the minute book as to the gazettal in 1880 of Messrs Sinclair, Cougle, McKaich, Andrews, and J. W. Harris, sen., as trustees. The meeting was therefore adjourned for a fortnight to enable the secretary to hunt up the *Gazette* notice. At the adjourned meeting it was stated that Mr McRae had turned up the *Gazette*, and found the appointment of the trustees mentioned, and that the secretary had found the minute confirming the appointment. Accordingly no further action was taken in the matter.]

THE ONLY COUGH MEDICINE FREE FROM POISON.

After the enactment of the "Poisons Act," the Pharmacy Board of New South Wales had an analysis made of all that were sold on the market. Out of the entire list they found only one that they declared was entirely free from all poisons. This exception was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which proves it to be the safest and best that can be had. It is especially recommended for coughs, colds, croup, and whooping cough, and may be given to the little ones with absolute security. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Snake Valley.

The balance-sheet of the Carngham Widows' and Orphans' Fund for the year ending 30th June shows receipts to have been £128 3s 11d, and the expenditure £75 9s, leaving a credit balance of £52 14s 11d. This shows a slight increase on the previous year. The number of recipients at present receiving assistance is six, and they receive sums ranging from 4s to 6s weekly. Much credit is due to the hon. secretary, Mr P. J. O'Sullivan, for the highly satisfactory state of the finances.

The weather is all that can be desired for agricultural purposes. The early sown crops are growing rapidly. In most cases they have covered the ground; the absence of frosts having materially assisted their growth. Stock are in excellent condition for this time of the year.—"Courier."

We read of love, we read of war,
Of valorous deeds and mystic lore,
But then, we've read it all before,
And yearn for something newer.
There's nothing fresh; the world is stale,
And weary as a twice-told tale,
Yet stay! when coughs and colds prevail,
There's WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

Mining News.

SONS OF FREEDOM CENTRAL COMPANY.

The half-yearly general meeting of shareholders in the above-named company was held at the Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort, on Thursday evening; Mr J. Henderson (chairman of directors) presiding, and 12 shareholders present.

The deputy manager having read the notice convening the meeting, the minutes of the previous half-yearly meeting were read and confirmed.

Copies of the reports and balance-sheet having been distributed, were taken as read and received on the motion of Messrs Freeman and Milligan.

Directors' Report.—Work at the mine has been carried on continuously during that period, and gold obtained to the value of £10,852 0s 6d. During the half-year your directors have been able to declare two dividends of 1s and five of 6d per share.—J. Henderson, chairman; J. H. Cunningham, manager.

Mine Manager's Report.—Work has been chiefly confined to truck-roading and blocking in the north-east portion of your mine, which has been carried out with favorable results. There has been 97 feet of reef driving, 339 feet of washdirt driving, and 6420 feet of blocking done for a return of 2553oz. 5dwt. of gold. In the north-east intermediate there has been a rise put up (height, 40 feet), and driven east 160 feet on the course of the tributary, which was rising very fast (rose 32 feet in 160 feet), and was of no value. All payable ground available at No. 5 rise has been taken out, and work is confined to No. 1 main rise, which is limited in quality. The pumps are going 8 strokes per minute on the 4-foot stroke, and all your machinery has been well attended to, and is working very satisfactorily and in good order throughout.—Josiah Skewes, mine manager.

The financial statement for the half-year ending 30th June shows receipts amounting to £11,644 9s 7d, and expenditure to £11,462 8s 9d, leaving a credit balance of £182 0s 10d. Gold to the value of £10,852 0s 6d was won, and a credit balance of £792 9s 1d was brought forward from the previous half-year. The principal items of expenditure were—Dividends, £6,050 5s; wages and salaries, £4,273 12s 4d; timber and fuel, £712 1s; ironmongery, £248 2s 8d; printing and advertising, £51 18s 9d; charges, £47 2s; directors' fees, £32 10s; travelling fees, £20 17s 6d. The general balance-sheet showed receipts totalling £58,972 16s 4d, and expenditure £58,790 15s 6d. The receipts were—Premium, £2,092 14s 6d; capital, £3,468 5s 10d; forfeited shares, £22 3s; gold, £53,389 16s. The chief items of expenditure were—Dividends, £24,201; wages and salaries, £23,761 16s 9d; timber and fuel, £3,758 17s 1d; property and plant, £3,216 3s 10d; ironmongery, £2,066 9s; charges, £341 16s; printing and advertising, £279 10s; directors' fees, £266 12s; shaft, £249 8s 3d; contract labor, £203 9s 6d; travelling fees, £162 6s 6d; claim, £50 5s 9d; boring, £50 1s 3d; lease expenses, £47 17s 6d.

Mr Henderson, in moving the adoption of the reports and balance-sheet, said he supposed he hardly need say much concerning the present, but what he did say would be more in the nature of a review of the past than any promise for the future, because, as they were all aware, the life of the venture was pretty near its close, and was drawing to an end. They would remember that about two years ago he said they would get £60,000 worth of gold out of the mine, and that shareholders would get £1 per share in dividends. It was thought he was too optimistic in saying so at the time, but before the mine was finished shareholders would get this amount, or a little more. He was only sorry that they had not more ground, so that the mine would last a few more years. He hoped, however, that the next claim would go ahead, that the whole district would prove a remunerative goldfield, and that this mine would be only the forerunner of what is expected of the Beaufort district.

Mr D. F. Troy said he had much pleasure in seconding the motion and in endorsing the chairman's remarks. The directors had declared another sixpenny dividend, which would mean a total of 18s 6d, and it would go pretty hard with them if they could not scrape up another eighteen pence. All that he hoped was that the Junction would get as good ground. It was very pleasant to see the amount of wages that the Central had distributed in the district, and it was also pleasant to shareholders to know that in return for the small amount paid into the company (4s 6d) so large an amount had been received in dividends. The Central had paid nearly 50 per cent. in dividends, and very few mines in the State could compare with it.

The motion was unanimously carried.

The retiring directors, Messrs J. Henderson, R. Stevenson, and D. F. Troy, were re-elected, on the motion of Mr E. Milligan, seconded by Dr. G. A. Eadie.

Mr J. T. Stevenson moved, and Mr J. Freeman seconded, that the retiring auditors, Messrs A. Parker and J. Humphreys, be re-elected. Carried.

The chairman said that in dealing with general business, perhaps they could get the information from the mining manager as to how long the mine would last, as it would be necessary to call an extraordinary meeting to authorise the directors to dispose of the assets of the company.

Mr J. Skewes said he thought the men would be another five or six weeks below, so far as he knew.

Mr R. Stevenson moved that an extraordinary meeting be held on Thursday, 11th August, at 8 p.m., at the Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort, with a view to authorising the directors to dispose of the assets and wind up the company. Seconded by Dr. Eadie, and carried.

It was decided, on the motion of Dr. Eadie, seconded by Mr Freeman, to donate £5 5s to the Ballarat Hospital; the mover considering that in their success it was only right they should pass some of the money on to so worthy an institution.

This concluded the business, and a plan of the underground workings having been inspected, the chairman's invitation to partake of a glass of wine was accepted.

All Nations Consols, Beaufort.—D. F. Troy and party—Completed the chamber and extended the reef drive to 80ft. Grant and party—Driving and crosscutting in the south end, with improved prospects. Adamthwaite and party—Skidded both shafts throughout and driven bottom drive to 45ft. in mullocky wash. Morris and party—Commenced sinking a new shaft; now down 28ft. in clay.

Sam Slick Co.—Jaensch and party—Engaged blocking back the south end, with good results. No. 3 bore struck wash 500ft. north-west of shaft. Yield, 23oz. 11dwt.

Sons of Freedom Central, Raglan.—Blocking and truck-roading in No. 1 rise, in ground of fair quality. Yield for the week, 102oz. 13dwt.

COAGULINE. Transparent Cement for broken articles.

Sons of Freedom Junction, Raglan.—The erection of pumping plant well advanced; will be about completed next week.

An extraordinary meeting of the Barton Quartz Company, Beaufort, is convened for Thursday, 28th inst., at 1.30 p.m., at Mechanics' Institute, Beaufort, the business being to increase the capital of the company by increasing the amount payable in respect of each share in the company to such amount as may be decided upon at such meeting.

The half-yearly general meeting of shareholders in the All Nations Consols Company, Beaufort, is to be held on Thursday, 21st inst., at 3 p.m., at the George Hotel, Ballarat.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sons of Freedom Central, 102oz. 7dwt.; Sam Slick (Jaensch and party's tribute), 10oz. 19dwt.; Daughters of Freedom, 2oz. 5dwt. 15gr.; Last Chance, 8oz. 7dwt.; Brusher's Co., 6oz. 19dwt. 9gr.; sundries, 11oz.

ENJOY YOUR MEALS.

Your food does little good when you have no desire for it; when you dread the meal time Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will sharpen your appetite and strengthen the organs. They are just what you need to make you relish and enjoy your meals. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Skipton.

Like most other places Skipton has its share of sickness, chiefly influenza. Most of the cases, however, were mild, and the patients made a quick recovery.

About a week ago Mrs John Stoddart, who was suffering with a very bad cold, burst a blood-vessel on the lungs, and for three to four days was in a very critical state, but is now thought to be out of danger.

Quite a gloom was cast over the town on Sunday evening when it became known that Mrs Stokie, sen., and Mr McFadzean had both passed away within half an hour of each other. Mrs Stokie was over 80 years of age, and has spent at least 50 of them in this district. On Sunday morning she was in her usual good health, but at about noon she was suddenly taken ill and died at about 6 o'clock. The cause of death is supposed to have been heart failure. The deceased lady was very highly esteemed by a large circle of friends. She will be much missed in the town. The funeral on Tuesday afternoon was largely attended. The Rev. Father Barrett conducted the service at the grave. Mr McFadzean died about the same hour. He had been well-known for some years as the proprietor of the Ripon hotel. About eight months ago owing to ill-health he retired from the business, and lived in private. As he had been in a very delicate state of health for some time his death was not unexpected. The funeral took place on Tuesday, the remains being interred in the Linton Cemetery, the Rev. F. McQueen officiating.

Opening of Buangor Public Hall.

A SUCCESSFUL GATHERING.

A highly successful entertainment in the form of a grand concert and ball was held on the 6th instant to celebrate the opening of the new hall at Buangor. The building was crowded, about 300 people being present. A very enjoyable programme, consisting of songs, recitations, and instrumental selections, was submitted to the audience, who by their frequent applause and encores showed that they thoroughly appreciated the efforts of the performers. The chair was occupied by Councillor W. G. Pickford, J.P., who, at the beginning, gave an account of the building of the hall. The following ladies and gentlemen took part in the concert:—Mrs Hughes and Miss Andrews, Ballarat; Miss Robinson, Miss A. Jackson, Master Jackson and Messrs J. R. Wotherspoon, Sinclair, Campbell, Carthew, Stewart, Hughes, Davey, and Jackson's string band. After the concert the hall was cleared, and dancing commenced, being carried on until almost daylight, a fact which speaks volumes of enjoyment. The music for the ball was supplied by Messrs Robinson and White, and Mr W. Matheson acted in his usual efficient manner as M.C. It is expected that a profit of £16 or £17 will be the result of the effort. The cost of the hall, which amounted to £200, will be fully met, and it is even thought that the committee will have a few pounds in hand.—*Ararat Advertiser.*

"LINSEED COMPOUND," of 38 years' proven efficacy, for Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis, &c.

Japan, with her 47,000,000 population, has 4,302,623 pupils in her elementary schools, or 91 in every thousand; while Russia, with her 130,000,000 population, has only 4,193,594, or 32 in every thousand. Japan has 4852 post-offices, equal to one post-office for each 9700 people; Russia has only 6020, or one for 21,500 people. Japan has over 3000 miles of railway and 1500 miles of telegraph lines in operation. Twenty-five years ago not a mile of this system existed. Japan is mining over 2000 tons of coal per day, nearly 1,000,000 tons yearly, and the supply is of fine quality, apparently inexhaustible. Twenty-five years ago the output was only 300 tons per day.

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. Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

The returns collected by the Mines Department show that there was a substantial increase in the yield of gold in Victoria last month. For June this year the figures are 83,230oz. gross, or 77,980oz. fine. This gives an increase of 10,971oz. as compared with the yield for June last year. The amount of gold won during the six months of the present year was 395,466oz. gross, or 368,884oz. fine. Comparing these figures with those for the corresponding period of last year, an advance of 14,274oz. is shown.

Bonnington's Irish Moss For Stubborn Colds and Children's Hacking Coughs.

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LOVE'S TRIU

A STORY OF LOV
... WAR. ...

BY MARY J. HOL

Author of "Lena Rive
Browning," "Tempe
Sunshine," Etc., I

PART 1.

CHAPTER I.

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LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

A STORY OF LOVE AND ... WAR. ...

BY MARY J. HOLMES,

Author of "Lena Rivers," "Edna Browning," "Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc.

PART 1.

CHAPTER I.

The long disputed point as to whether the South was in earnest or not was settled, and through the Northern States the tidings flew that Sumter had fallen and the war had commenced. With the first gun that boomed across the waters of Charleston bay, it was ushered in, and they who had cried, "Peace! peace!" found at last "there was no peace." Then, and not till then, did the nation rise from its lethargic slumber and shake off the delusion with which it had so long been bound. Political differences were forgotten. Republicans and Democrats struck the friendly hand, pulse beat to pulse, heart throbbed to heart, and the watch-word everywhere was, "The Union forever." Throughout the length and breadth of the land were true, loyal hearts, and as at Rhoderic Dhu's command the Highlanders sprang up from every clump of heather on the wild moors of Scotland, so when the war-cry came up from Sumter our own Highlanders arose, a mighty host, responsive to the call; some from New England's templed hills, with hands inured to toil, and hearts as strong and true as flint; some from the Empire, some the Keystone State, and others from the prairies of the distant West. It mattered not what place had given them birth; it mattered little whether the Green Mountains of Vermont, the granite hills of New Hampshire, or the shadowy forests of Wisconsin had sheltered their childhood's home: united in one cause they rallied round the Stars and Stripes, and went forth to meet, not a foreign foe, but alas, to raise a brother's arm against another brother's arm in that most dreadful of all anarchies, a national civil war.

In the usually quiet village of Rockland the utmost interest was felt, and though there, as elsewhere, were many whose hearts beat as warmly for their Southern friends as when the sun shone on a nation at peace, all felt the necessity of action, and when at last the evening came in which the first war meeting of that place was to be held, a dense and promiscuous crowd wended its way to the old brick church, whose hallowed walls echoed to the sound of fife and drum, strange music for the house of God, but more acceptable, in that dark hour, than songs of praise sung by vain and thoughtless lips. In the centre of the church, the men were mostly congregated, while the seats nearest the door were occupied by women,—the wives and mothers and sisters who had come with aching hearts to see their brothers, sons and husbands give their signatures to what seemed their sure death-warrant. Conspicuous among these was Widow Simms, whose old-fashioned leghorn, with its faded green veil, was visible at all public gatherings, its broad frill of lace shading a pair of sharp gray eyes, and a rather peculiar face. It was very white now, and the thin lips were firmly compressed as the widow tried to look resolute and unconcerned when two of her sons went forward, their faces glowing with youthful enthusiasm, as they heard the President repeat their names, "John Simms,—Eli Simms." The widow involuntarily said it after him, her mother's heart whispering within her, "Isaac won't go. He's too young. I can't give Isaac up," and her eye wandered to where her youngest boy was sitting, twirling his old cloth cap, and occasionally exchanging a word with the young man next to him, William Baker, who, together with his brother, arose to follow John and Eli Simms.

Scarcely, however, had they risen to their feet, when a woman occupying the same seat with Widow Simms, uttered a cry more like the moaning howl of some wild beast, than like a human sound.

"No, Harry, no, Bill—no, no," and the bony arms were flung wildly toward the two young men, who, with a dogged, indignant glance at her, fell back among the crowd where they could not be seen, muttering something not very complimentary to "the old woman," as the called her.

But the old woman did not hear it, and if she had, it would have made no difference. It mattered not to her that they had ever been the veriest pests in the whole village, the planners of every grade of mischief, the robbers of barns and plunderers of orchards,—they were her boys, and she didn't want them shot, so she continued to moan and cry, muttering incoherently about the rich treading down the poor, and wondering why Judge Warner didn't send his own white-fingered sons, if he thought going to war was so nice.

"I wouldn't make such a fuss, let what would happen to me," said the Widow Simms, casting a half contemptible glance upon the weeping woman, whom she evidently considered far beneath her, and adding, "They had 'nough-sight better be shot than hung," as an aside to the young woman just behind her,—sweet Alice Graham, who was holding fast to her husband's hand, as if she would thus keep him, in spite of the speaker's eloquent appeals, and the whispers of his companions, who were urging him to join the company forming so rapidly before the altar.

There was a terrible struggle going on in Annie Graham's breast,—duty to her country and love for her husband waging a mighty conflict, the former telling her that, if the right would triumph, somebody's husband must go, and the wife-heart crying out, "Yes, somebody's husband must go, but not mine, not George."

Very tenderly George Graham's strong arm encircled the girlish form, and when he saw how fast the tears came to the great dreamy eyes of blue, and thought how frail was the wife of little more than a year, he bent down until his chin rested on her pale brown hair, and whispered softly to her:

"Don't Annie, darling, you know I will never go unless you think I ought, and give your free consent."

Had George Graham wished, he could not have chosen a more powerful argument than the words, "Unless you think I ought."

Annie repeated them to herself again and again, until consciousness of all else around her was forgotten in that one question of duty. She heard no longer the second speaker, whose burning eloquence was stirring up hitherto reluctant young men to place their names beside others already pledged to their country's cause. Leaning forward so that her forehead rested on the railing in front, she tried to pray, but flesh and strength were weak, and the prayer ended always with the unuttered cry, "I cannot let George go," while the fingers twined more and more closely around the broad, warm hand, which sought awhile to reassure her, and then was withdrawn from her grasp as George arose and politely offered his seat to a lady who had just arrived, and who, after glancing an instant at his coat, accepted his civility as a matter of course, but withheld the thanks she would have accorded to one whom she considered her equal.

Spreading out her skirt of rich blue silk so that it nearly covered poor Annie, she threw her crimson scarf across the railing in front, hitting Widow Simms, and so diverting the attention of Mrs. Baker, that the latter ceased her crying, while the widow turned with an expression half curious, half indignant. Annie, too, attracted by the heavy fringe and softly blended colors of the scarf, a part of which had fallen upon her lap, as the widow shook it from her shoulder with a jerk, stole a glance at the new comer, in whom she recognized the bride, the beauty, the envied belle of Rockland, Rose Mather, from Boston,—and wife of the wealthy and aristocratic William Mather, who three months before had ended the strife between the Rockland ladies as to what fair hand should spend his gold, and drive his iron grays, by bringing to his elegant mansion a fairy little creature with whose exquisite beauty even the most fastidious could not find fault. Childish in proportions, and perfect in form and feature, she would have been handsome without the aid of the dancing brown eyes, and chestnut curls which shaded her girlish brow. Rose knew she was pretty,—knew she was stylish,—knew she was fascinating,—knew she was just then the rage, and as such could do and say what she pleased. Sweeping back her chestnut hair with her snowy hand, she gave one rapid glance at the sea of heads around her, and then, in a half petulant tone, exclaimed to her companion:

"I don't believe Will is here. I can't see him anywhere."

"Didn't you know he had enlisted?" asked a young man, who had made his way through the crowd and joined her.

For an instant the bright color faded from Rose Mathers cheek, but it quickly returned, as she read in Mr. Wentworth's eye, a contradiction of his words.

"Will enlisted!" she repeated. "Such people as Will don't go to war. It's a very different class, such, for instance, as that one going up to sign. Upon my word, it's the boy who saws our wood!" and she pointed at the youth offering himself up that just such people as Rose Mather, radiant in silks and diamonds and lace might rest in peace at home, knowing nothing of war and its attendant horrors save what came to her through the daily prints.

Widow Simms heard the remark, and with a swelling heart turned toward the boy who sawed Rose Mather's wood, for she knew who it was, and did not need the loud whisper of Mrs. Baker to tell her that it was her boy, the youngest of the three, the one she loved the best, the baby, who kept the milk of human kindness from turning quite sour within her breast by his many acts of filial love, and his gentle, caressing ways. How could she give him up, her darling, her idol, the one so like his father, dead ere he was born? Who would comfort her as he had done? Who would give her the good-night kiss, timidly, stealthily, lest the older ones should see and laugh at his girlish weakness? Who would bring his weekly earnings, and empty them slily into her lap? Who would find her place in the prayer-book on Sunday, and pound her clothes on Monday, long before it was light? Who would split the nice fine kindlings for the morning fire, or bring the cool, fresh water in the summer from the farther well, and who, when her head was aching sadly, would make the cup of tea she liked so much? Homely offices, many of them, it is true, but they made up the sum of that mother's happiness, and it is not strange that, for a moment, the iron will gave way, and the poor widow wept over her cruel bereavement, not noisily, as Mrs. Baker had done, but silently, bitterly, her body trembling nervously, and her whole attitude indicative of keen, unaffected anguish.

Rose did not know the relationship existing between the widow and the boy who sawed her wood, but her better nature was touched always at the sight of distress, and for several minutes, she did not speak, except to tell Mr. Wentworth how much Brother Tom had paid for the crimson scarf, one end of which he was twirling around his wrist. To Annie it seemed an enormous sum, and a little overawed with her close proximity to one who could sport so expensive an article of dress, she involuntarily tried to move away, and avoid, if possible, being noticed by the brillian belle. She might have spared herself the trouble, for Rose was too much absorbed with the group of admirers gathering around her to heed the shrinking figure at her side, and, after a time, as Widow Simms recovered her composure, she resumed i gay badinage, bringing in Will with every other breath and showing how completely her heart was bound up in her husband, notwithstanding the evident satisfaction with which she received the flattering compliments of the gentlemen who, since her arrival at Rockland, had made it a point to admire and flirt with the little Boston belle, laughing loudly at speeches which—from one less piquant and attractive—would have been pronounced decidedly silly and meaningless.

Rose was not well posted with regard to the object of the meeting. She knew that Sumter or Charleston had been fired upon, she hardly could tell which, for she was far too sleepy when Will read the news to comprehend clearly what it was all about, and she had skipped every word which Brother Tom had written about it in his last letter, the one in which he enclosed five hundred dollars for the silver tea-set she saw in Rochester, and wanted so badly. Rose was an accomplished musician, tolerably proficient in both French and German, and had skimmered nearly all the higher branches, but, like many fashionably educated young ladies, her knowledge of geography comprised a confused medley of cities, towns and villages, scattered promiscuously over the face of the earth, but which was where she could not pretend to tell; and were it not that Brother Tom had spent three winters in Charleston, leaving at last his fair-haired wife sleeping there beneath the Southern sky, she would scarcely have known whether the waters of the Atlantic or of Baffin's Bay, washed the shore of the Palmetto State. And still Rose was not a fool in the ordinary acceptation of the term. She knew as much or more than half the petted belles of modern society, and could say smart foolish things with so pretty an air of childishness, that even those of her own sex who were at first most prejudiced against her, confessed that she was certainly very captivating, and possessed the art of making everybody like her, even if she hadn't common sense!

On this occasion she chatted on in her usual style, provoking from George Graham more than one good-humored smile at remarks which evinced so much ignorance of the matter then agitating the entire community.

"Will wouldn't go to the war, of course," she said, "supposing there were one, which was greatly doubted. Northern men, particularly those of Rockland, were so hateful toward the South. She didn't believe Boston people were that way at all. At least, Brother Tom was not, and he knew; he lived in Charleston, and described them as very nice folks. Indeed, she knew they were herself, for she always met them at Newport, and liked them so much. She didn't credit one word of what the papers said. She presumed Mr. Anderson provoked them. Tom knew him personally."

"You have another brother besides Tom—won't he join the army?" asked Mr. Wentworth, a smile curling the corners of his mouth.

Rose sighed involuntarily, for on the subject of that other brother she was a little sore, and the mention of him always gave her pain. He was not like Brother Tom, the eldest, the pride of the Carleton family. He was Jimmie, handsome, rollicking, mischievous Jimmie, to those who loved him best, while to the Boston people, who knew him best, he was that "young scapegrace, Jim Carleton, destined for the gallows, or some other ignominious end," a prediction which seemed likely to be verified at the time when he nearly broke a comrade's head for calling him a liar, and so was expelled from college, covered with disgrace. Something of this was known to Mr. Wentworth, and he asked the question he did just to see what Rose would say. But if he thought she would attempt to conceal anything pertaining to herself, or any one else, for that matter, he was mistaken. Rose was too truthful for anything like duplicity, and she frankly answered:

"We don't know where Jimmie is. They turned him out of college, and then he ran away. It's more than a year since we heard from him. He was in Southern Virginia, then. Mother thinks he's dead, or he would surely write to some of us," and a tear glittered in Rose's eyes, as she thought of recreant Jimmie, sleeping elsewhere than in the family vault at beautiful Mt. Auburn. Rose could not, however, be unhappy long over what was a mere speculation, and after a few moments she resumed the subject of her husband's volunteering.

"She knew he wouldn't, even if he did vote for Lincoln. She was not one bit concerned, for no man who loved his wife as he ought, would want to go and leave her," and the little lady stroked her luxuriant curls coquettishly, spreading out still wider her silken robe, which now completely covered the plain shilling calico of poor Annie, whose heart for a moment beat almost to bursting as she asked herself if it were true, that no man who loved his wife as he ought, would want to go and leave her. In a moment, however, she repelled the assertion as false, for George had given too many proofs of his devotion for her to doubt him now, even though he had expressed a desire to join the army. Then she wished she was at home, where she could not hear what Rose Mather said, and she was about proposing to George that they should leave, when Mr. Mather himself appeared, and she concluded to remain. He was a haughty-looking man, very fond of his little wife, on whose shoulder he laid his hand caressingly, as he asked "what she thought of war now?"

"I just think it is horrid!" and Rose's fat hand stole up to meet her husband's; "Mr. Wentworth tried to make me think you had volunteered, but I knew better. The idea of your going off with such frights! Why, Will, you can't begin to guess what a quer-looking set they are. There was our milkman, and the boy who saws our wood, and canal drivers, and peddlers, and mechanics, and——"

Rose did not finish the sentence, for something in her husband's expression stopped her. He had caught the quick uplifting of Annie Graham's head,—had noted the indignant flashing of her blue eye, the kindling spot on her cheek, and glancing at George, he saw at once how Rose's thoughtless words must have wounded her. He had seen the disgusted expression of Widow Simms, as she flounced out into the aisle, and knowing that the "boy who sawed his wood" was her son, he felt sorry that his wife should have been so indiscreet. Still, he could not be angry at the sparkling little creature chatting so like a parrot, but he felt impelled to say:

"You should not judge people by their dress or occupation. The boy who saws our wood has a heart larger than many who make far more pretensions."

Rose tried to pout at what she knew to have intended as a reprimand, but in the excitement of the jam as they passed out of the church, she forgot it entirely, only once uttering an impatient ejaculation as some one inadvertently stepped upon her sweeping skirt, and so held her for a moment, producing the sensation which nearly every woman experiences when she feels a sudden backward pull, as if skirt and waist were parting company.

With the hasty exclamation, "Who is stepping on me, I'd like to know?" she turned just in time to hear Annie Graham's politely spoken words of apology:

"I beg your pardon, madam; they push me so behind that I could not help it."

"It isn't the least bit of matter," returned Rose, disarmed at once of all resentment by Annie's lady-like manner and the expression of the face, on which traces of tears were still lingering.

"Who is that, Will?" she whispered, as they emerged into the moonlight, and George Graham's tall form was plainly discernible, together with that of his wife.

Will told her who it was, and Rose rejoined:

"He has volunteered, I 'most know. Poor, isn't he?"

"Not very rich, most certainly," was Mr. Mather's reply.

"Then I guess he's going to the war," was Rose's mental comment, as if poverty were the sole accomplishment necessary for a soldier to possess, a conclusion to which older and wiser heads than hers seemed at one time to have arrived.

Annie Graham heard both question and answer, and with emotions not particularly pleasant she whispered to herself:

"Rose Mather shall see that one man at least will not go, even if he is a mechanic and poor!" and clinging closer to George's arm, she walked on in silence, thinking bitter thoughts of the little lady, who, delighted with having Will on one side of her and Mr. Wentworth, his partner, on the other, tripped gaily on, laughing as if on the country's horizon there were no dark, threatening cloud, which might yet overshadow her in its gloomy folds, and leave her heart as desolate as that of the Widow Simms, or the wailing mother of Harry and Bill.

CHAPTER II.

Rose Mather's home was a beautiful place, containing everything which love could devise, or money purchase, and Rose was very happy there, dancing like a sunbeam through the handsome rooms of which she was the mistress, and singing as gaily as her pet canary in its gilded cage by the door. No shadow of sorrow or care had ever crossed her pathway, and the eighteen summers if her short life had come and gone like so many pleasant memories, bringing with them one successive round of joys, leaving no blight behind, and bearing with them, alas, no thanks for the good bestowed, for Rose was far too thoughtless to think that the Providence which shielded her so tenderly, might have dealt more harshly with her. But the shadow was creeping on apace, and Rose was conscious that the war-meeting had awakened within her a new and uncomfortable train of thought. Like many others, she had a habit of believing that nothing very bad could happen to her, and so, let what might occur, she was sure her husband would be spared. Still, in spite of her gaiety, an undefined something haunted her all the way from the church, and even when alone with her husband in her tasteful sitting-room, with the bright gas-light falling cheerily around her, and adding a fresh lustre to the elegant furniture, she could not shake it off, nor guess what it was that ailed her. At last, however, it came to her, suggested by the sight of her husband's evening paper, and laying her curly head upon his knee, she gave vent to her restlessness in the expression:

"I wish there wouldn't be any war. What is it all for? Tell me, please."

It was the first interest she had evinced in the matter, and glad to talk with any one upon the subject which was beginning to occupy so much of his own thoughts, Mr. Mather drew her into his lap, and endeavored, as far as possible, to explain to her what it was all for. Much of what he said, however, was Greek to Rose, who only gained a vague idea that the North was contending for a bit of cloth, such as she had often seen floating over the dome of the old State House in Boston, and with the remark, that men's lives were far more valuable than all the Stars and Stripes in the world, she fell away to sleep, leaving her husband in the midst of an argument not quite clear to himself, for, like his wife, he could not then see exactly what the war was for. Still, inasmuch as there was war, he would not play the coward's part, nor shrink from the post of duty if his country should need his services. But this Rose did not know, and secure in the belief that whatever might happen, Will would never go, she soon resumed her wonted cheerfulness, and, if she said anything of the war, was sure to startle her hearers with some remark quite unworthy of a New England daughter. She did wish they would stop having so many meetings, she said, or, if they must have them, she wished they'd get Brother Tom to come and set them righ. He had lived in Charleston. He could tell them how kind the people were to Mary, his sick wife, and were it not that it was beneath him to lecture, she'd surely write for him to come Rose Mather was growing unpopular by her foolish speeches, and when at last she was asked to join with other ladies of the town in making articles of clothing for the volunteers, she added the last drop to the brimming bucket, by tossing back her chestnut tresses, and "guessing she shouldn't blister her hands over that coarse stuff. She couldn't sew much, any way; and as for making bandages and lint, the very idea was sickening. She'd give them fifty cents, if they wanted, but she positively couldn't do more than that, for she must have a new pair of lavender kids. She had worn the old ones three or four times, and Will preached ecoromy every day."

With a frown of impatience, the matron who had been deputed to ask help from Rose, took the fifty cents, and with feelings anything but complimentary to the silly little lady, went back to the hall where scores of women were busily employed in behalf of the company, some of whom would never return to tell how much good even the homely housewife, with her pins and needles, and thread, had done them when far away where no mother or sister hand could reach them, nor yet how the thought that perhaps a dear one's fingers had torn the soft linen band, or scraped the tender lint applied to some gaping wound, had helped to ease the pain, and cheer the homesick heart. It was surely a work of mercy in which our noble women were then engaged, and if from the group collected in Rockland Hall, there was much loud murmuring at Rose Mather's want of sense or heart, it arose not so much from illnature as from astonishment that she could be so callous and indifferent to an object of so much importance.

"Wait till her husband goes, and she won't mince along so daintily, taking all that pains to show her Balmoral, when it isn't one bit muddy," muttered the Widow Simms, pointing out to those near the window, the lady in question, tripping down the street in quest of lavender kids, perhaps, or more likely bound for her husband's office, where, now that everybody worked all day long at the hall, she spent much of her time, it was so lonely at home, with nobody to call. "I hope he'll be drafted, and have to go, upon my word!" continued the widow, whose heart was very sore with thinking of the three seats at her fireside, so soon to be vacated by her darling boys—Eli, John and Isaac. "Yes, I do hope he'll be drafted, don't you, Mr. Graham?" and she turned toward Annie, who was rolling up bandages of linen, and weaving in with every coil a prayer that the poor soldier, whose lot it should be to need the band, might return again to the loved ones at home or else be fitted for that better home, where war is unknown.

Annie shook her head but made no answer. There was no bitterness now in her heart against Rose Mather. She had prayed that all away, and only hoped the anguish which had come to her, making her brain giddy and her heart faint, might never be borne by another, if that could be. George had volunteered,—was to be second lieutenant, and Annie, who shall tell of the gloom which had fallen so darkly around the cottage she had called here for one brief year. It was a neat, cosy dwelling, and to Annie it never seemed so cheerful as on that memorable night of the war-meeting, when she had lighted the lamp and sat down with George upon the chintz-covered lounge he had helped her make when first she was a bride. It is true the carpet was not of velvet, like that Rose Mather trod upon; neither was there in all the house one inch of rosewood or of marble, but there was domestic love, pure and deep as any Rose ever experienced, and there was something better far than that, a patient, trusting faith in One who can shed light upon the dreariest home, and make the heaviest trial seem like naught. It was this trusting faith which made Annie Graham the sweet, gentle being she was, shedding its influence over her whole life, and softening down a disposition which otherwise might have been haughty and resentful. Annie was naturally high-spirited and proud, and Rose's remarks concerning volunteeers in general, and George in particular, had stung her to the quick, but with the indignant mood there came another impulse, and ere the cottage had been reached, the bitter feeling had gone, leaving nothing but sorrow that it had ever been there. Like Rose, she wished there would be no war, but wishing was of no avail, and long after George Graham was asleep and dreaming, it may be, of glories won on battle-fields, Annie lay awake, questioning within herself whether she ought, by word or deed, to prevent her husband's going, if he felt, as he seemed to feel, that it was as much his duty as that of others to join in his country's defence. Annie was too great reasoner, logically; all her decisions were made to turn upon the simple question of right and wrong, and on this occasion she found it hard to tell, so evenly the balance seemed adjusted. More than once she stole from her pillow, and going out into the fresh night air, knelt in the moonlight, and asked for guidance to choose the right, even though that right should take her husband from her.

"If I knew he would not die, it would not be so hard to give him up," she murmured, as sickening visions of fields strewn with the dead, and hospitals filled with the dying, came over her, and for an instant her brain reeled with the thought of George dying thus, and leaving her no hope of meeting her again, for George's faith was not like hers.

Anon, however, something whispered to her that the God she loved was on the field of carnage and in the camp, and in the hospital, and everywhere as much as there in Rockland, that prayers innumerable would follow the brave volunteers, and that the evil she so much feared might be the means of working the great good she so desired. And thus it was that Annie came to a decision. Stealing back to her husband's side, she bent above him as he lay sleeping, and with a heart which throbbed to its very core, though the lip uttered no sound, she gave him to his country, asking, if it could be, that he might come back again, but if it were ordered otherwise—"God's will be done." There was no shrinking after that sacrifice was made, though when the morning came, the death-white face and the dark circles beneath the eyes told of a weary vigil, such as many and many a woman kept, both North and South, during the dark hours of the Rebellion. But save the death-white face and heavy eyes, there was no token of the inner struggle, as with a desperate effort at self-command, Annie wound her arms around her husband's neck, and whispered to him, "You may go,—I give my free consent," and George, who cared far more to go than he had dared express, kissed the lips which tried so hard to smile, little dreaming what it cost his brave young wife to tell him what she had. To one of his temperament, there was no danger to be feared for himself. The bullet which might strike down a brother at his side would be turned away from him. Others would, of course, be killed, but he should escape unharmed. In the language of one speaker, whose eloquent appeal had done much to fire his youthful enthusiasm, "He was not going to be shot, but to shoot somebody."

(To be continued.) 1414.

TWO HORSES AND A SMALL BOY.

A very pretty little incident was seen in the street the other day. The actors were a pair of fine bay horses in a bread-van, and a diminutive boy who stood at their heads.

The van stood at the kerbstone while the driver was in the adjacent baker's shop. The little fellow was apparently left in charge the while, and he stood in front with his back to the centre pole.

One of the horses began to play by stretching over with his lips plucking off the boy's cap. The little fellow recovered his bonnet, and while he was in the act of dealing the jocular animal a reproving pat, the other horse reached round and attempted to put his nose in the boy's pocket. The boy put on his cap again, turned to the second horse, and while he was slapping it in the most friendly fashion, the first animal reached over again and nipped off the youngster's head gear. The little man then turned towards both and spoke to them in what seemed to be stern remonstrance, whereupon both horses threw up their heads and if ever horses laughed, they did.

To appreciate the incident, however it was necessary to have seen the size of the animals and the size of the boy. It was a very remarkable instance of the good feeling which exists between mankind and the horse well treated.

The Anglo-Saxon race now increase at a little more than half the rate of the Germans, who are the most optimistic race in the world, and firmly believe that in the future ordering of the world their numbers will prove a decisive factor.

Silencing Hubby.

Young Father (in the future)—Great snakes! Can't you do something to quiet that baby? Its eternal squalling just drives me wild.

Young Mother (calmly to servant)—Marie, bring in my husband's mother's phonograph and put in the cylinder "At Ten Months." I want him to hear how his voice sounded when he was young.

His Last Proud Right.

Mrs. Henpeck—Do you dare to look me in the face and say that?

Mr. Henpeck—Not on your life. I propose to always reserve the right to dodge whenever I make a remark to you.

The rolling pin struck a corner of the mantel and fell harmlessly to the floor.—**Cleveland Leader.**

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A Game of Bluff.

By McALPIN J. WHEELER.

There were a dozen of us at the Swiss hotel who had planned to remain for a month or six weeks to enjoy perfect rest. The dozen of us were made up of Americans, Englishmen, French and Germans, and we formed a close corporation and would discuss nothing which might call out argument of a bitter nature. I don't remember that any of us were invalids, but, on the other hand, no one was in such good health as to seek for a row when elbowed by a bad-tempered tourist on one of the narrow paths.

We had been at the hotel for a week when two travellers of note appeared. The one called himself a count and had a Bavarian name a foot long; the other claimed to be the son of an Austrian nobleman. They were not only noted for their titles, but for their want of baggage In dress they were little better off than tramps. In demeanour the Count was a swashbuckler, and the Australian, as mild as a dove, They claimed to be making the tour on foot, something after the manner of the knights of old, and both carried swords with them. It seemed queer to us that two such men should have got together, as they were opposites in everything, and, queerer still, that the son of a nobleman should be lackey and valet to the other, but our ring gave them but little attention until forced to. We had as good as ignored the pair when the Austrian forced himself into our circle one evening to say:

"Gentlemen, I desire a word with you. As for myself I am not proud and do not care for public opinion but with the Count it is different. He must be treated with respect and consideration. You have ignored him. You have not sought his acquaintance. He feels the slight and he would fight with one of you to wipe out the stain. Which of you shall it be?"

The speaker retired and left us looking at each other in amazement. We were men of peace—lawyers, editors, bankers and professors—and duels were not in our line. Even the three Frenchmen who were supposed to be ready to resort to the code on the slightest provocation, didn't care to pick up the gauntlet. After considerable discussion it was agreed to continue to ignore the Count, and when the Austrian returned for his answer, it was:

"Tell the so-called Count that when we desire to make his acquaintance we will send him word by the bellboy."

We chuckled over that answer for a couple of hours, or until the Count sent a formal challenge to one of our coterie named Graham, and added that as soon as he had killed Graham he would take up the case of the rest. He meant to go right through the list and make a wholesale job of it. Here was a business. Mr. Graham was a solicitor, and had never drawn a sword or fired a pistol. He would have knocked a man down for pulling his nose, but he didn't care about a duel. The 11 of us insisted that he ought to accept and go out and kill the Count and save us trouble, but he couldn't see it that way. He had gone to his room to think it out when the Austrian knocked on the door to ask whether he had selected swords or pistols, and to him that he had best make his will. Graham protested that he had ofered no cause for a challenge and didn't propose to fight, and after a while the Austrian offered to stand his friend. It was to be for a consideration of course. The Count had killed seven men in duels and was a terrible fellow, but he might probably be brought to see that no insult was intended. He was given the sum of £250 with which to make the attempt, and after an hour or two it was announced that the Count had withdrawn the challenge. Graham didn't tell us at the time how things were settled, but we had an idea that he had sent an apology.

The next forenoon as one of the Germans sat smoking on the verandah, the Count walked up and down in front of him for a while and then halted and demanded:

"Why do you puff like that when I am present?"

"Because I am smoking," was the reply.

"But I object to your smoking."

"I have a right to smoke."

"Ah! ha! So you ignore and insult me! My friend will call upon you in half an hour!"

The German was a merchant and not a quarrelsome man. He was badly frightened at the idea of a duel, and was for appealing to the law or starting for home. Perhaps it was Graham that gave him a pointer, for when the Austrian came to arrange about the duel a matter of 300dol. changed hands and an apology was accepted. We talked matters over in our little circle, and came to the conclusion that the Count was a terrible fellow and his idioms must be respected. It was hoped that two challenges, and two apologies would satisfy him, but we were disappointed. It was hardly twenty-four hours after the affair with the German before the man who had killed seven men on the field of honour walked up to a Frenchman named Lasquez and thundered at him:

"Blood, sir, but why do you wear a snuff-brown suit in my presence?"

"Can't I wear a suit of any colour I wish?" queried the surprised Frenchman.

"Ah! Then you defy me! Knowing that I hate the sight of snuff-brown, you deliberately don it in defiance! My friend will wait upon you at once, and I will have the pleasure of slicing you up by degrees!"

The Frenchman wasn't scared, but he was a banker, and didn't want to be drawn into a duel and have notoriety forced upon him. He wouldn't run away and he didn't want to appeal to the law, and he hadn't yet made up his mind what course to take when the Australian threw out his hint that 500dol. and an apology would square matters. He didn't find an easy man to work. The banker decided to pay 200dol. and no more, and no apology went with it. It now became patent that the two men were bluffers and blackmailers, but the knowledge didn't help us much. We didn't want to fight and we didn't want to invoke the aid of the law and get before the public as victims. The landlord was informed of the character of his guests, and he set out to rid the house of them, but at the first word the Count wheeled on him and roared:

"So you would insult the best blood of Bavaria and Austria would you! You are a man. You must have sword or pistol. Come out among the rocks and give us satisfaction!"

The landlord didn't go. He made an abject apology instead, and on top of his apology he sent champagne to the rooms of the bluffers. This incident occurred in the morning. As soon as lunch was over the Count strode up to an American named Hill and exclaimed:

"Ah! You are the man! I saw you scowling at me across the dining-table and I marked you. The man who scowls at me must fight me."

Hill came down with 250dol. rather than fight a duel, and it was plain that the pair meant to take in the whole dozen of us before they finished. We were holding a meeting to decide on some new line of action when an American named Scott arrived by train. At home he was a railroad builder and had known all sorts of men, and you had only to look at him to size him up as a man who wouldn't take "sass" from anyone. As soon as he had heard our story he abused us for a lot of cowards, and then said he would take the affair off our hands. Next morning after breakfast the Count and his pal paced the verandah with cigars in their mouths. Scott waited for a few minutes and then began to pace in their direction He passed and repassed them without seeming to see them, and presently the Count halted in his path and shouted:

"You boor, but where are your manners? When you meet a nobleman, why don't you uncover?"

"I do not take off my hat to either noblemen or loafers!" quietly responded Scott.

"Blood! Blood! I will have blood for those words!" furiously exclaimed the Count.

"Then you'll go to the slaughter-house and buy it!"

"You—you will fight me!"

"With the greatest pleasure. Am I to understand that I am challenged?"

"You will be a dead man in half an hour! I will slice you up bit by bit!"

"Oh! but you won't. I have the choice of weapons. I choose revolvers, and I'll bet 5000dol. to a cent that I plug your heart out with my first bullet. In an hour, eh? I'll be on hand. Should your friend here suggest a money payment to square this thing I'll kick him over the border. Let me know when the shooting is to begin."

Most of us went up the hill to find a proper ground, but it was time thrown away. The pair had half an hour in which to pack up, settle up and get the morning train. And they got it. Scott saw them make their sneak, and he offered to fight them with his hands tied behind him—with his eyes blindfolded—with razors, or butcher knives or ice picks, but they had gathered their harvest and were ready to depart. The Count wouldn't even turn red in the face and bristle his moustache as the epithet of coward was hurled at him.

WAS NERVY.

And That's Why He Got a Cheap Dinner.

The longer I live the more convinced am I that it is just as fortunate to be born with presence of mind as to be born with presence of wealth, though it isn't always quite so handy in an emergency. I know, for example, a young man in the town, whose ready wit and a carefully cultivated habit of dining out practically multiply his slender salary by two. He went into a cafe one day at luncheon time and ordered roast duck. The duck was a good sized fowl, and the young man ate just about half of it. The bill was $1.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the young man. "A dollar for a duck! Outrageous!"

"That's the price," said the waiter, pointing out the thing on the bill of fare.

"Ah," said the young man, "that's for a whole duck. I've eaten only half of that one."

The attendant looked puzzled. The young man called the head waiter.

"See here," said he. "Isn't this a European plan cafe? Isn't a man expected to pay for just what he eats?"

"Yes, sir," said the head waiter.

"Well," the young man went on, "this waiter wants to charge me $1 for a whole duck, when I've eaten only half a duck. It's absurd. You might just as well have an American plan place and be done with it."

"But you ordered duck?" remarked the head waiter.

The young man appeared to relent.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'm disposed to deal fairly with you, even if you have been trying to gouge me, and this is what I'll do. I'll pay you right now for the half duck I have eaten. That's perfectly fair and square, and I'll do more. You just put away that other half there, and I'll come in this evening and eat it. Then I'll pay you for it, but I don't propose to pay for any half duck that I haven't had. When I've eaten it I'll pay for it, and I won't pay for it till then. That's fair, isn't it?"

The head waiter had arrived at the stage when he couldn't have told a half duck from a quartered humming bird. He gasped acquiescence. The young man stalked out. An untouched half duck still remains at that cafe to be served C. O. D. to a young man who cometh not, and the head waiter hasn't quite figured it out yet.

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THE COST of her SILENCE.

A Fascinating Romance of Love and Conspiracy.

By F. LE BRETON.

PART 1.

CHAPTER I.

It was early morning yet, and the dew lay thick and gleaming under the rays of a bright June sun.

The meadow-grass on each side of the field-path was long and ripe for falling under the ruthless scythe of the hay-cutters; but at present it bore itself bravely, and between the long green shoots the fair marguerites nodded their heads and clustered together in a white and gold confusion.

A young girl was coming slowly along between the tall scented grasses.

She was at first sight almost a child, having apparently but just escaped the boundary that divides the girl from the woman—

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet.

Her graceful, lissom figure was petite, though exquisitely graceful; her oval face framed in masses of rippling hair, was fine and subtle in its modelling; her deep, blue eyes from beneath their dark lashes, were lustrous and unfathomable, and their innocent gaze regarded the world with the untried, unshadowed whiteness of a little child.

As she reached the bridge which spanned the babbling brook beneath, the girl paused and gazed in silence into the clear depths of the water. A light step trod the grasses near her, and without turning her head she called out:

"Oh, Perry come here and see if you can't get me a bunch of forget-me-nots for mother. She—— Oh!"

A brilliant pink diffused the girl's face. She stood silent, gazing with wide-open, startled eyes at the sudden apparition of a man who ought to have been Perry, and yet was not

"I beg your pardon," broke in the man, raising his tweed cap as he spoke, "I am afraid I startled you. But could you direct me to Barston Towers? I was told it lay in this direction."

"Yes," answered the girl, concealing her surprise at the question. "You are in the grounds now. If you go across this next field and turn to the right you will come to the private road and come out by the house."

"Many thanks," replied the man, with a brilliant smile; and as he passed Margot it struck the girl that he was the handsomest man she had ever seen. She stood for a moment gazing after him till he was lost to sight round the curving field-path, then with a little sigh she came out of dreamland.

"I think Perry might have come, and on his last morning, too," she said with a little petulant pout. "But perhaps, poor boy, he has lots to do and think about. I wonder what that man can possibly want at home. Anyhow, I'll go back and see."

CHAPTER II.

Lady Wargrave sat idly toying with her breakfast.

She had no heart for anything, no thought of aught save the one great fact that to-morrow her son, the idol of her heart, would leave her; and her heart ached when she realized what the parting would be to her

True, it was chiefly at her own instigation that he was going. She had thought it best that before he settled down to his inheritance he should see the world and gain experience; also, most important fact of all, it would cause a break between Margot and Perry, and that must be effected at all hazards.

Lady Wargrave's eyes rested on Perry now, as he sat opposite her, a stalwart, well-set-up, perfect specimen of a high-bred young Englishman.

He caught his mother's doting gaze and smiled.

"Well, mother mine?" he said, brightly.

"I was only wondering who was the happy recipient of my boy's thoughts just then?" she said, softly "Of whom were you dreaming, Perry?"

Peregrine, Lord Wargrave, flushed a little as he answered frankly, with a slightly-embarrassed laugh.

"Of the girl I leave behind me."

Lady Wargrave's delicate brows contracted, her finely-cut lips tightened. She controlled her emotion, however, and said quietly:

"My dear boy, a few months hence you will look back and laugh at your own folly. I"—

"Pardon me, mother," interposed Lord Wargrave firmly, with a ring almost of sternness in his voice, "if by folly, you mean that I shall change in regard to Margot, it is as well that we should understand each other. From the day that Margot first came here, when Gilbert Carew first placed her in your care, I gave my heart to Margot. You may laugh! Of course I know it seems absurd to talk of a boy of ten giving his heart away. Nevertheless, I can never remember the time when I did not love Margot, and the feeling has only grown and strengthened as the years have passed. I think she loves me; at any rate will do so when the time comes for me to claim her. Till I can do so, mother I leave her in your care; and, mother, for my sake, deal tenderly with her, for, God willing, it is my future wife I am leaving in my mother's care."

Lord Wargrave was very earnest. All the laughter and careless levity had died out of his bright face, leaving an unwonted gravity and an added manliness about him.

His mother was silent, realizing the futility of further remonstrance.

"Tell me, have you spoken to Margot? Does she know what you have told me?" she asked.

Lord Wargrave smiled a happy, confident smile.

"She knows I love her, of course," he said, "but only as a child knows it. And more I scarcely wish her to know yet. She is quite happy dreaming about her own girlish dreams, and all the rest surely I can leave till I come home again. Even then she will be young enough, and I don't think anyone will steal a march on me. My pretty little child-wife that is to be! Mother, you will be good to her for your boy's sake."

Lady Wargrave rose from her seat, and going to Lord Wargrave's side, pressed a fervent kiss on his upturned face.

"My boy," she said brokenly, "need you ask? What is dear to you must of necessity become precious to me also. What have I in life but to care for you and yours? And, Perry, you must not think that I do not love little Margot for her own sake. As you know, I gave her almost a mother's love when she came to me. But, Perry, I am ambitious for my son's sake, and, forgive me, dear, the wife I would have chosen for you"—

"Would have to be created specially, and would be altogether 'a creature both too bright and good for nature's daily food,'" quoted Lord Wargrave, with his bright smile. "Oh, yes, I know you, mother mine. And now, since we've finished, I'll go off and hunt up my little girl. No, mother, don't be alarmed. I shall say no more—till I go. I shall be to Margot the same old Perry, whom she has alternately teased and loved since her advent. I shan't be very long as I want to see all I can of my pretty mother till I go."

"You flatterer!" answered Lady Wargrave with a fond smile, as he stooped his sleek, handsome head and submitted with a good grace to her loving caress "Now be off, or I shall get no furher in my preparations for your departure to-morrow"

As Lord Wargrave sauntered off through the open French window on to the terrace, a footman entered the room, bearing a card on a salver.

Lady Wargrave raised her eyebrows in amazement at the name inscribed thereon.

"And the gentleman—where is he?" she asked, in blank tones of astonishment.

"In the drawing-room, my lady."

Lady Wargrave rose, and astonished beyond further power of speech, swept from the room.

CHAPTER III.

The great drawing-room, darkened by the sun-blinds, made Lady Wargrave pause for one moment as she advanced to greet the tall stranger who came forward to meet her.

"Is it possible, Gilbert, after all these years!" she exclaimed, in tones of welcome, and half incredulous surprise.

"Is it possible?" answered the man, in a voice that had a strangely mocking ring in it.

Lady Wargrave started violently, then recoiled in horrified amazement whilst a dull pallor overspread her beautiful countenance.

"Oh, good Heavens! You!" burst involuntarily from her white lips.

The man laughed lightly, apparently quite unmoved by her invisible agitation.

"I!" he said. "And why not? Did you think that your kindly forbearance had mercifully removed me for ever from your path. No doubt, the wish was father to the thought, Lady Wargrave, as I have now more reason for knowing than I had eight or nine years ago."

Lady Wargrave raised her blanched face and scanned him with furtive, nervous eyes.

"What do you mean?" she asked, fearfully.

"Presently," he returned in genial tones, only too well aware of how the suspense was torturing her.

"First of all let me tell you why I have come, not in such questionable shape, but under such a questionable nom de plume," he proceeded lightly. "Possibly you are not aware that Gilbert Carew is dead?"

"No, I did not know," answered Lady Wargrave, mechanically. "I feared it from his long silence. And you? What possible interest can it be to you—what can you gain?"

"Nearly, if not quite, half a million of money, my dear Lady Wargrave," he answered, coolly. "The uncle to whom Gilbert Carew went out some twelve years ago is dead. Made his pile out there, and every farthing comes to"—

"Not to Margot!" exclaimed Lady Wargrave as she realized what that would mean to her idolized Perry.

"To Margot Carew, really; but I have no idea of letting Gilbert Carew miss his fortune, for the future I am Gilbert Carew; and I have this day come to claim my sister and to clasp her once more in the arms that have never ceased to yearn to embrace her."

The audacity of the man rendered Lady Wargrave speechless.

"You will not dare! You might be discovered at any moment," she said at length.

"How? Not a human being knows of Carew's death save myself," he answered, calmly. "He died in the bush, poor beggar, nearly starving, though he knew all the wealth was waiting for him to claim it, and even that knowledge could not give him back life enough to go back and claim it. I chummed with him for a bit and helped him all I could at the last, and then afterwards made my way to Sydney, proved my identity—an easy task, for not a soul knew him—and resolved to do the thing thoroughly, and seek my young sister out."

"But why should you want her. You have the money. Surely you can leave her and go your own way," expostulated Lady Wargrave.

"My dear lady, that wouldn't do at all," answered the man calmly. "Anyone interested in the matter knows that Gilbert Carew had a sister. Her proper place is by her brother's side, and"—

"I shall certainly not part with Margot. I will never be a party to such a fraud."

"Will you not? Pardon me, but I think you will when you hear all my story," he answered in suave tones. Besides everything will be done for her comfort. My wife will"—

"Your wife!" interposed Lady Wargrave in amazement. "Oh, poor woman—poor woman!"

"Thanks very much. All the same your pity is wasted, in one sense, for Madeleine adores me. Well, to proceed. My wife will do all she can for her comfort, and I shall be to her her long-lost and most affectionate brother. Quite touching, eh!"

"It is preposterous!" exclaimed Lady Wargrave. "You! Have you no conscience? I refuse absolutely to give Margot up to you."

"Oh, no, I don't think you will when you hear what I have to tell you still," went on the fictitious Gilbert Carew, blandly. "Before I came here a fancy took me to explore the land of my birth, and I spent six happy weeks in Erin's green isle. When there I penetrated into the wilds of a little place called Ballymeena—did you speak?"—as Lady Wargrave, with a faint cry sank back in her chair—"and there I learned"— he paused, and went on in low, impressive tones—"there I learned the secret which has for so many years baffled me—I learned why you, my Lady Wargrave, have from my boyhood constituted yourself my benefactress—why, when in a fit of absent-mindedness, I inadvertently signed your name for my own you shielded me—why from start to finish you have been my good angel"

He paused and looked with a mocking smile upon his curved lips at Lady Wargrave's terrified face.

"Shall I tell Perry?" he asked, lightly. "It will be charming news for Lord Wargrave to take with him round the world. Shall I tell Perry my lady?"

"For God's sake, no!" cried Lady Wargrave, springing to her feet and turning her anguished face up to the man's pitiless smiling countenance. "Are you a man at all? Have you no human feeling, no pity? Since you know this what steps do you intend to take? Let me know the worst at once, though the knowledge of it will be more bitter than death itself."

He slightly shrugged his broad shoulders.

"There is no need for these emotions," he said in cool faintly-amused tones. "You will find me very amenable so long as you accede to my wishes. Do as I state, give me Margot, and I for my part, willingly forego my claim of the rest. But I think you will see it is wisest to accept me henceforth as Gilbert Carew. Eh, my lady?"

Lady Wargrave rose from her seat and turned a haggard, wan face to him as she said wearily:

"God forgive me! What else can I do? For Perry's sake how is it possible for me to confess all to the world and defy you? You have us all at your mercy. And here they both come. What are you going to do!"

He smiled amusedly, and taking Lady Wargrave's reluctant hand, lightly kissed her white jewelled fingers.

"I am Gilbert Carew," he said, genially. "Come with me and see what sort of a welcome my little sister accords me."

CHAPTER IV.

"Margot!" said Lady Wargrave, tremulously. "Margot, come here, dear."

Silently the girl advanced into the room, followed closely by Lord Wargrave, who eyed the stranger with close and somewhat puzzled scrutiny which Carew bore with unflinching and smiling calm.

"Do you want me, mother?" asked the girl, wonderingly.

"I"— began Lady Wargrave, in hushed tones, then paused as the lump in her throat threatened to choke her.

"I want you, Margot," said Carew advancing to the surprised girl with both arms extended. "Margot, my little Margot, is it possible you have no recollection of me whatever?"

Margot flushed, and then paled, as Carew in tones of admirably simulated tenderness addressed her but no words came from her as, with parted lips and eyes wide with amazement, she gazed into his smiling countenance.

"Well?" continued Carew, taking both her hands in his.

"I am afraid it sounds very unkind," said Margot, with a little shake of her head, "but I can't say I do remember you—unless— But no that is impossible!" she wound up, quickly.

"Why?" he asked.

"You—you cannot be Gilbert!" she faltered, wonderingly.

He laughed a long, low, amused laugh, and encircling her slim form with one arm, lightly kissed her unresisting mouth.

"You see after all, you had a shadowy recollection of your graceless brother," he said, releasing her.

(To be continued.)

THE DUTCHMAN'S NODS.

An old Dutchman attended an auction sale, and stuck into a corner took a great interest in the proceedings.

When the sale was finished he was going off when the auctioneer demanded that he should first settle up for the articles he had purchased The Dutchman protested that he had bought nothing. An angry altercation ensued.

"But I saw you nod," asserted the auctioneer.

"Dat was so," assented the Dutchman; "you nod to me as much as to say, 'ain't I doing dose beoples?' and I nod and say 'that I tinks you vas."

A GALLANT DEED OF DARING.

During the Chitral and the North-Western Frontier campaign in India, in 1895, Colonel Aylmer, V. C., of the Engineers threw a suspension bridge across the Parrykora, the cables of which were improvised by twisting telegraph wire together and when finished, it was strong enough for the passage of camels, horsemen and mules laden with mountain guns While the bridge was being built, on April 12, Aylmer gallantly saved a soldier's life by a remarkable display of quick decision, pluck, and athletic effort, when one of the rafts with two men of the Devonshires on it, was swept down by the stream from the old crossing. One of the men tried to swim to the shore and was drowned; but the other stuck to the raft. General Gatacre, who saw the man's desperate plight, galloped rapidly down the unfinished suspension bridge, and was just in time to tell Aylmer that the raft was coming. Although it was in the middle of the river, Aylmer, without a moment,s hesitation, climbed along the slack wire, and, bending down, succeeded in seizing the man's coat, as he passed, and dragging him off the raft, which in a few minutes later was shattered on the rocks lower down. With great difficulty the Engineers pulled up the colonel and the man he had saved, although Aylmer's hands were badly cut by the wire. It was as gallant an act as the earlier deeds of daring on the battlefield which had won him the Victoria Cross.

HOW RADIUM IS OBTAINED.

In spite of the fact that the marvels of radium have been so widely discussed and have created such a flurry of excitement, not only in the scientific world, but also among the general public, probably very few people are acquainted with the method by which it is secured in the minute quantities that are yet available.

That the element is obtained from pitchblende is generally known, but some details of the exact process will be of interest. According to the "Lancet," operations for the extraction are commenced by crushing the pitchblende, and then roasting the powder with carbonate of soda. After washing the residue is treated with dilute sulphuric acid, then the sulphates are converted into carbonate of soda.

The residue contains radium sulphate, which is an exceedingly insoluble salt. The soluble sulphates are washed out, and the residue, or insoluble portion, is easily acted upon by hydrochloric acid, which takes out, among other things, polonium and actinium. Radium sulphates are then converted into carbonates by treatment with a boiling strong solution of carbonate of soda.

The carbonates of barium and radium are next dissolved in hydrochloric acid and precipitated again as sulphated by means of sulphuric acid. The sulphates are further purified and ultimately converted into chlorides, until about 15lb of barium and radium chloride are obtained by acting upon one ton of crushed pitchblende.

Only a small fraction of this mixed chloride is pure radium chloride, which is finally separated from barium chloride by crystallization, the crystals from the most radio-active of the solutions being selected. In this way the crystals ultimately obtained are relatively pure radium chloride of a very high degree of radio-activity.

WHERE THE PROVERB FAILED.

A number of customers in a shop in a country town were greatly amused a little time back. A tall youth came into the shop with a big jar, which he requested the shopkeeper to fill with the best treacle.

He carried a stout walking-stick in one hand and when he departed he hooked the jar on the handle of the stick and threw the stick across his shoulder. He was going out of the door when a shining pin at his feet caught his eye.

"See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck'"
he drawled out, and stooped to secure it, whereupon the treacle jar slid down to his shoulders and almost emptied itself down his neck.

Straightening himself hurriedly, the unfortunate youth, said:

"Well, I never thought much of that proverb, an' I think less on it now than I ever did."

FOUND HIM A PLACE.

An amusing story is told of a young doctor newly commenced in practice, whose appearance did not indicate either his position or his ability, being short, slight, and clean-shaven, and his voice a light tenor.

He wanted a page-boy and went one day to a registry office to obtain one. He gave the mistress of the establishment what he wanted.

She heard the words "page-boy," and jumping to conclusions asked:

"What age?—about fifteen? Ever been in a place before?"

"No," he replied not understanding the question, and in too great a hurry to ask explanation.

"Very well; call again to-morrow and I'll see what can be done for you."

He called next day in cycle attire as before.

"Well," said the lady, "we've found a place for you. Mrs. So-and So wants a lad, and I think you'll suit; weekly wages 8s. and all found. Here's the address; go and see her."

The face of the young doctor was a study; but, like the oyster, he "wasn't okal to it."

He said he would call again and hastened outside to explode his wrath.

He went to another registry and this time put on his frock coat and silk hat, so there could be no further mistake.

A RUSSIAN HERO.

THE BEGINNING OF THE CZAR'S ASIATIC EMPIRE.

Go where you will into the cabins of Russian peasants, and you will find on the walls pictures of one Yermak, a Cossack, who after the lapse of more than 300 years, still holds rank as the greatest of popular heroes.

The story of Yermak and what he did for the empire throws light on the great contest between Russia and Japan.

The struggle between the Russians and the Mongols is older than the discovery of America by 200 years.

In the thirteenth century, Genghiz Khan overran Southern Russia with his hordes of Mongols, and captured and burned Moscow and other Russian cities. Still in the minds of the Russian people burn memories of the awful scenes of slaughter and rapine which followed.

Again in 1382 the Tarters captured and sacked Moscow, and for a hundred years after, the Russians paid an annual tribute in money to the Tarter Khan. During this period the princess of Poland and Lithuania formed an alliance with the Tartars, and helped them to enforce the subjection of the Prince of Moscow. This and other similar facts in Russian history help to explain the later policy of Russia in dealing with Poland.

In 1582 Yermak came upon the scene. He was a cossack officer of irregulars, in the service of the rich Russian trading family of Strogonof.

Just on the other side of the Ural Mountains lived a lot of nomadic, savage tribes, who were continually making predatory expeditions over the mountains and raiding the scattered Russian settlements. The Strogonofs were fur dealers, and were tired of having their trading posts raided by the savages, and they communicated with Yermak and commissioned him to cross the mountains and chastise them.

Yermak knew his business. He organized a corps of 800 men. They were picked for their qualities as fighting men. Yermak's chief lieutenant was an outlaw under sentence of death, named Koltso.

Yermak crossed the low Ural Mountains, and then embarked his whole party, with great stores of provisions, on a fleet of home-made boats, and by dint of incredible labour, poled these boats for miles up the Chusovaya River and its tributaries.

At a narrow place in the Tura the Tarter chief, Kutchum, prepared an ambuscade for the party of invaders. Kutchum stretched chains across the stream and posted his forces on the banks on either side, armed with great stones and bows and arrows. But the crafty cossack, Yermak, was fully equal to the situation.

He made bundles of sticks wrapped them in garments of his Cossacks, and filled his boats with these dummies. He then sent the boats, guided by daring and heroic pilots, to go on down the river and face the ambuscaded forces. Meantime, with almost his complete force of 800 men, armed with firearms, he landed and crept down the bank to attack the Tartars in the rear.

Kutchum, the Tartar chief was completely deceived by the stratagem While he was attacking the empty boats, Yermak fell upon him and his men from behind, and sent them flying in confusion.

If you will look on the map, you will see a city called Tobolsk.

Twelve miles from its present location, there stood, in the days of Yermak, a little Tartar town named Sibir—historic name, for from it has been derived the title of all the vast Russian Empire of Asia.

To the city of Sibir the dauntless Yermak now advanced. At some distance from it a Tartar army, numbering thirty times his own little band, was waiting to meet him.

But the Tartars, brave though they were, could not stand before men who had the power of sending thunder and lightning against their enemies, and the firearms of the cossacks were responsible for an overwhelming victory.

By this time Yermak was 50 days' journey away from the source of supply, and the terrible Siberian winter was beginning to come on.

Yermak's men naturally wanted to go back to safety while they could, but their dauntless leader would not listen to them. He pointed out that they could not hope to get back before the winter set in, and that if they tried, they would certainly be cut to pieces by the Tartar hordes.

He insisted that they go on and capture the city of Sibir

Before the little army of Yermak lay the town of Sibir, and all about it the great Tartar Kutchum had built rough fortifications. Behind these walls the Tartars lay in overwhelming numbers. Yermak led his little force boldly forward to the attack.

Out from their abattis the Tartars rushed to meet the Cossacks in immense numbers so that presently Yermak's men were entirely surrounded by the horde, and it appeared that this was to be their last battle But the god which watches over the fortunes of the brave, sent a single bullet which took the life of the greatest of the Tartar chieftains next to Kutshum himself, and his followers, seeing their leader fall, fled in terror. Superstition won where valour was ineffectual.

From that day Yermak was exalted to the position of a great national hero.

To-day the visitor to Tobolsk, the nearest city of importance to the site of the ancient Sibir, may see his monument, appropriately standing in the centre of the city's square.

But Yermak did not live long to enjoy the honour which he had won. Koltso, who had come back with a pardon from the Czar, was waylaid and killed by the Tartars, who then Sibir. Yermak, with a little band, broke through the lines, attacked them from the rear, and again drove them to flight.

A month or two later Yermak left the town with only 50 men for the purpose of rescuing a party of Russian traders. While encamped on the Irtish River the Tartars surprised Yermak and his men, and massacred all but three of them. One of those who escaped was Yermak; but in attempting to swim the river, he was carried down by the weight of his armour and drowned.

The Tartars found his body and buried it with special honours, distributing the pieces of his armour among their chiefs, with the idea that they might absorb from it some of the bravery of its original owner.

RACE PREJUDICE.

Race-prejudice is in one sense a superficial matter.

It is called out primarily by the physical aspect of an unfamiliar people—their colour, form and feature, and dress—and by their activities and habits in only a secondary way.

The general organic attitude, growing out of experience (though reflex rather than deliberative experience), is that the outside world is antagonistic and subject to depredation, and this attitude seems to be localised in a prejudice felt for the characteristic appearance of others, this being most apprehensible by the senses.

There is no stronger contrast among the races than that between the black and white, but travellers relate that after long residence with African blacks, they look upon the white skin with something akin to prejudice.

"One feels ashamed of the white skin; it seems unnatural, like blanched celery—or white mice," stated Livingstone in "The Zambesi and Its Tributaries."

Stanley reports his feelings on first meeting white men after crossing Africa: "As I looked into their faces, I blushed to find that I was wondering at their paleness . . . . . . The pale colour, after so long gazing on rich black and richer bronze had something of an unaccountable ghastliness. I could not divest myself of the feeling that they were sick; yet, when I compare their complexions to what I now view, I should say they were olive, sunburnt and dark."

The Chinese are to-day regarded by many as the most repulsive race in physical appearance—more shocking to the sensibilities than the negro even. The Japanese, on the other hand, are also a yellow race and have all the physical marks of aliens, but contact with them has revealed a surprising fund both of charm and ability, and it is an interesting fact that they have many enthusiastic white admirers, and that the sympathy of a large part of the white world is with them in their war against a white group.

PAINFUL POLITENESS.

This is how a Chinese editor rejects a contribution:—"Thy manuscript we have perused with delight, and we swear by the Bones of our Ancestors that never was there such a masterpiece. But, should we print it, the Emperor would assuredly order us to take it as a standard, and require that we should never again print anything of less taste.

As this would be impossible, all trembling we return thy manuscript, begging of thee ten thousand pardons. Our hand rests upon thy feet, and we are thy Slave."

A century ago or so painful politeness appears to have been rather more on the side of the customer than this indicates it to be nowadays. Thus, an actor, being dunned for a bill, which a tradesman wrote to say had been long standing, replied as follows: "Sir,—When your bill is tired of standing, it is welcome to sit down."

WRECKED SUBMARINE RAISED.

The ill-fated submarine boat, A1 on being raised was towed into Portsmouth dockyard. It will be remembered that she foundered during some naval manoeuvres in the fairway of the Channel after a collission with the Berwick Castle. Her crew of 11 perished with her.

The Neptune Company, of Stockholm, carried out the work of salvage, which was greatly impeded by the rough weather and tides. Divers patched the leaks in the vessel, and then deep in the hull a hole was blown by dynamite. Then compressed air was blown into the vessel, and enough water pressed out of the dynamited hole to raise her from the bed of sand, with the help of steel hawsers attached to tugs.

In this way, as in a cradle of hawsers she was brought, still under water, into Portsmouth Dockyard, this itself being a work of great difficulty.

THE REAL CAUSE OF THE DISASTER.

The First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Selborne, said it was known exactly how the accident to the submarine A1 occurred.

The officer in charge ought, at frequent intervals, to have scanned the horizon, but he had orders to look out for the torpedo cruiser, Juno. In his anxiety to observe her he forgot too long to scan the horizon, and did not observe the ship until she was right on top of him. He made his submarine dive, and to show the tragedy of the thing it appeared that there were only three seconds between the crew and safety. Three seconds more, it was believed, would have taken the submarine under the ship, and the boat would have been saved.

A novel use has been found for the talking machine in applying it to exploration. M. Chevalier, who has lately returned to Paris from Central Africa, whither he went on a mission of discovery, has brought with him, in addition to documents and photographs of the country, a number of phonographic records of the native languages.

GENERAL INFORMA T ION

779 parts in every 1,000 of human blood are water.

The earth's population doubles in about 260 years.

The average Frenchman eats 428 pounds of bread a year.

It takes 3,600,000 grains of oats to sow an acre; 2,800,000 of barley.

An ordinary horse's strength, roughly speaking, is equal to that of five men.

More than a million people are treated in the hospitals of London each year.

The guinea-pig holds the odd record of being full grown when six weeks old.

Architects estimate the weight of a crowd on a floor at 80lb. to 100lb. the square foot.

Germany boasts the healthiest army in Europe. Belgium comes second, and Great Britain third.

Cremation establishments, under the control of the government, are to be found in the chief cities of Japan.

While man has approached the North Pole within 238 miles, no one has yet stood within 772 miles of the South Pole.

The principal garments of the Japanese infantry regiments are composed of specially prepared paper of a yellowish colour.

The smallest oak trees are to be found in China. They are not an inch and a half high, and will take root in thimbles.

There are now living in the Royal Aquarium in Russia several carp that are said to be more than 600 years old.

A French professor has been inquiring into the comparative criminality of the professions. He finds that the conviction for every 100,000 of each are as follows:—Lawyers, 100; artists, 33; doctors, 25; lay teachers, 19; clerical teachers, 7; Catholic clergy, 4.

A Continental writer has recently stated that each city has its own peculiar odour. Paris is pervaded by a faint smell of charcoal. London smells of soot. The aroma of garlic greets the new arrival at Calais. Moscow has a perfume of its own, cranberries of peculiar pugnancy. St. Petersburg suggests old leather boots.

"Meteorit" is the name given to the new metal of Herr W. Rubel, a German chemist, which is said to be aluminium hardened by a chemical process. The specific gravity is practically the same as that of aluminium; the metal is not affected by weak acids, the atmosphere, or sea water; it can be cast like iron, and has eight per cent. greater tensile power than cast iron, and it can be recast indefinitely. It can be rolled cold, it is nearly as conductive as copper, retains a high polish, and can be plated.

Belgium is probably the most democratic of all the Monarchical States. The King of the Belgians not only does not wear a crown but has not even got a crown to wear! No coronation ceremony is known to the Constitution, the Sovereign inaugurating his reign simply by taking an oath to govern according to the laws. Moreover, the births of his children, if he has any, must be registered in exactly the same phraseology and in the same set of books as the births of the humblest of his subjects, and anyone who likes to pay a small fee is entitled to obtain a copy of the certificate.

The standard of commercial honour at Lloyd's, the great underwriting office, is almost unequalled anywhere. The various contracts entered into between brokers and underwriters, merely consist, in the first instance, of initials on a slip of paper. No money passes. Yet if a loss occurred five minutes after a "slip" has been initialled, the loss would be paid without question on the strength of the initials. A failure at Lloyd's is a rare event. The liabilities of an underwriter are in comparatively small amounts over a large number of risks, and unless the failure is a very serious one any deficiency if often made up to a shipowner or shipper by the broker who has transacted his buniness.

A peculiar feature of the Russian defence of Port Arthur is the history attached to some of the heavy guns which are at present in the forts. These guns were sold originally to the Chinese authorities by a German firm, shortly before the Boxer trouble, when the Chinese were buying arms on every available occasion They bought on the three-year system, paid so much down, and the balance divided between the second and third year. The firm had to pay the regular "cumshaw" to the lowest officials out of the money they received the first year. The guns were delivered at once and deposited in the Shiku Arsenal, where Admiral Sir Edward Seymour made his grand stand with the wounded, when returning from his futile endeavour to rescue the Pekin Legations. Some of these guns were not even unpacked. Before the second and third instalments were paid, fighting began, and the guns were captured by the Allies, and handed over to the Russians for custody. The Russians always seem to have men to take charge of everything, and they took such great care of these guns in the Shiku Arsenal that they were sent over to Port Arthur; so that although Germany has not received a penny for the honest work done in her country, she has unwittingly provided Russia with the means to defend Port Arthur. 1414.

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Get one, fill it
Sept. 30th, 19

Football.

ARARAT v. BEAUFORT.

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BEAUFORT v. BUANGOR

This match was played at Buan
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THE NEXT ITEM ON OUR BUSINESS PROGRAMME IS OUR GREAT WINTER SALE.

IT STARTS TO-DAY.

And continues for 3 Weeks only.

THIS IS A RINGING of Bells to summon you to a feast of Bargains. Under no pretence do we let the bells ring without good cause.

A "SALE" with us means that the whole of our Splendid Drapery Stock will be reduced to less than wholesale prices. A most successful season's trade enables us to do this without actual loss. See our Sale Circulars.

SOME PEOPLE think that "Sales" are got up just to coax you in. And so they are. We like to get you in, and to treat you well when you get there. Could we succeed otherwise?

THERE IS A HEAP OF MONEY EXHIBITED IN OUR WINDOWS.

THE LOT IS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

With each and every cash purchase of 5s. we give away Blank Cheque Form. Get one, fill it in, sign it, and send to us before Sept. 30th, 1904.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,
UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,
BEAUFORT and BUANGOR.

The person guessing the nearest to the correct amount of this money will be presented with the lot intact. The amount is not a mean one. It's worth owning.

Football.

ARARAT v. BEAUFORT.

The *Advertiser* states:—Wednesday's continuous and heavy showers put an end to all thoughts of football, and consequently the fixture between Ararat and Beaufort at the Recreation Reserve had to fall through. In the morning when rain was falling so heavily the Ararat executive came to the conclusion that the Beaufort team would not think of making the trip, and consequently some of the wearers of the red and white were notified that they would not be wanted. Apparently it takes more than the watery favors of Jupiter Pluvius to daunt the fiery ardor of the men from Fiery Creek and Raglan who were evidently prepared to meet their Waterloo even in an aquatic exhibition, for such the game must have degenerated into. The visitors arrived by the afternoon train, bringing with them a strong combination. They were ready stripped at the Recreation Reserve at the appointed time, but only a few of the red and white were in attendance, the other players having recognised that it would be utterly futile to attempt football under such conditions until nature had adorned them with webbed feet. It was certainly very unfortunate for the visitors after having gone to the trouble of making arrangements to get a good strong team together, and then make the trip, to be debarred the pleasure of a match, but football under such conditions was an impossibility, and it would have been the heighth of folly to send players out into the field to make a pretence of achieving the impossible. Some of the visitors seemed a little sore on the point, and perhaps this was due to the fact that they appeared very confident of victory, though the win over the nondescript crowd who represented the red and white at the beginning of the season at Beaufort would not justify such a conclusion. It was stated on behalf of the visitors that they would again make the trip provided Ararat guaranteed £5 for expenses. Some supporters of the red and white have intimated that they are prepared to advance the necessary £5, so that arrangements will now be made for the match.

[Our contemporary has gone to considerable pains in glossing over the unsportsmanlike conduct of the Ararat footballers under the weak excuse of bad weather. But no justification is given for the discourtesy shown in allowing the Beaufort team to travel to Ararat without wiring them that Ararat would be unable to carry out their engagement in consequence of the weather. As a matter of fact, football has been played in very much worse weather at Beaufort, and had the Ararat footballers visited Beaufort under similar circumstances, certain it is that "our boys" would have shown sufficient manliness as to have given them a game if they desired it. We are informed by the Beaufort captain that the secretary of the Ararat club, on hearing of the arrival of the visiting team, journeyed to Moyston, a distance of 3 miles, and brought his captain (P. *Carroll*) *into* Ararat. This clearly proves that the weather could not have been the sole reason for the undoubted "funk" shown by the Ararat players. Beaufort probably has never taken a stronger team to Ararat, and the home team evidently were afraid of a defeat. The visitors were induced to "strip" twice in the expectation of a game, and it really is not surprising that they speak so strongly when the "white feather" was so palpably shown by Ararat. They consider that they not only have a just claim against the Ararat Club for expenses incurred—that £5 spoken of would about wipe out the debt—but they also have honest grounds for the opinion that if the Ararat footballers are not afraid of Beaufort they should lose no time in challenging "our boys" to a friendly game at Beaufort.

BEAUFORT v. BUANGOR.

This match was played at Buangor last Saturday, and as the day was wet and the ground heavy, a rough scrambling game resulted, and although Beaufort only played with 9 of the regular team, and 15 altogether, they continued their unbeaten career, and defeated their opponents by 2 goals 6 behind to 3 behinds. J. McDonald was the best player on the ground, but a well-known public man of corpulent proportions who amply filled a vacancy in the Beaufort team created the most interest. A diminutive player of the opposing team upon whom the giant sat thought Mt. Cole had fallen upon him. The goal-kickers were Cheeseman and Young. Mr H. J. Richards acted as field umpire.

STOCKYARD HILL v. STREATHAM.

The above clubs (writes our Stockyard Hill correspondent) played a closely contested game on Saturday last at Streatham, when the local club succeeded in defeating Stockyard Hill (who were playing short-handed) by a single point. The scores were:—Streatham, 2 goals 7 behinds; Stockyard Hill, 2 goals 6 behinds. The winners (who had the assistance of the wind in the first quarter) scored 2 goals 5 behinds before the change of ends, to the visitors' nil; but from that out the game was mostly in favor of the Hill team. The goal-kickers were—For Streatham, Wright and Matheson; for Stockyard Hill, Tait and W. Anderson. The players who were most prominent for their respective clubs were—Tait, Anderson (2), A. Hannah, B. Kirkpatrick, for Stockyard Hill; and Gange, Wright, Brophy, Anders, for Streatham. At the conclusion of the game, the visiting team were entertained by the Streatham club at Brown's hotel.

Stockyard Hill play Beaufort to-day (Saturday), at the Hill.

The Carngham and Skipton footballers played a match in the Skipton Recreation Reserve on Saturday, resulting in a win for Skipton by one point. Mr B. Cornish acted as field umpire.

The Middle Creek schoolboys easily defeated a weak team from the Beaufort school at Middle Creek on Saturday last. The Beaufort boys are not certain about the scores, but one of them informs us that Middle Creek won by eight points. The visitors were most hospitably entertained by the home team.

The Waterloo and Beaufort schoolboys play a match in the Beaufort Park this (Saturday) afternoon.

Ararat and Stawell Mining Board.

A meeting of the above Board was held at the Town Hall, Stawell, on Monday last, when there were present—Messrs Earle (chairman), Hodgetts, Curnick, McDonald, Bath, Browne, Humphreys, Holly, Williamson, and Burton.

APPLICATIONS.

From the Secretary of Lands, requesting reports upon the following applications for leases, viz.—No objection—E. Whitfield, 20a, Burambeen; R. Wangler, 20a, Beaufort. Suspensions—Wm. J. Martin, 3 weeks' suspension of the labor covenants on lease No. 1861, Raglan.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Department of Mines, enquiring whether there was any reason why the department should continue to pay £20 per annum for the services of office-keeper to the board, in view of the amounts paid for this work in the following cases:—Beechworth, £12 per annum; Maryborough and Castlemaine, £9 each.—Mr Holly thought it would be very wrong of them to suggest making any alteration. The charwoman had to attend daily, for which she got less than 1s per day, and considering the state she kept the offices in, it was very little. If they did anything they should strongly protest against the department making any reduction. The reason the price seemed so high was because the other places were so low.—The clerk—The allowance has always been the same.—Mr Curnick thought it should be pointed out that the office was used by the mining registrar, and also for the issue of miners rights. He moved that a reply to this effect be forwarded.—Mr McDonald seconded.—It was stated that Ballarat was allowed a similar amount to the Ararat board.—The proposition was then put and carried.

APPOINTMENT OF AUDITOR.

The following appointment was made:—Beaufort United Common—Mr J. E. Humphreys.

THE MINES ACT.

Mr Burton moved that this bill be considered in camera, by a committee consisting of the whole of the members of the board. This was agreed to, and the bill having been discussed for upwards of an hour, the consideration was adjourned.

THE NEXT MEETING.

This having been fixed for August 22nd, the Board adjourned.—Abridged from *Ararat Chronicle.*

FACTS IN FITZROY.

The Proof by Others Tests

The Case of Mr. G. J. FIELD.

(By a Melbourne Reporter.)

In the sunshine of his own happiness who is there that does not feel for the miseries of others? "It is then," said Mr. George James Field, of No. 48 Atherton-street, Fitzroy, "that we should be most sympathetic, and now that my days are so much brighter than they were twelve years ago, I must try to make other people's the same."

"Is it so long as that since you made the recovery I've heard mentioned?" enquired a reporter.

"Quite," was Mr. Field's brisk reply, "and for that very reason I ought to be all the more thankful, as all these years I have been perfectly free from the complaints with which I formerly suffered so much. It was whilst I was living in Hanover-street, near here, that my liver and kidneys played up with me with more than usual severity, and I may tell you that during my many years of suffering the agony I endured would have killed most men. From twelve stone I had got worn down to ten stone and half-a-pound exactly, so imagine what a wreck I was, and, strange to say, although I was so weary always, I could not rest when I turned in, for I seldom dozed off until I had fairly worn myself out by turning about in bed most of the night, and when I got up I was quite unfit for anything. My mouth had a bad taste, and the unhealthy condition of my stomach could be seen by the coating on my tongue, and another sign of my internal disorders was evidenced by the severe pains I suffered."

"When did you usually feel them?"

"Always, but after taking food they were terribly acute. The stomach soon felt over-loaded, even before I had eaten anything worth speaking of, and it was remarkable what a nasty, heavy, suffocating feeling affected my chest. The pains across my loins and between my shoulders fairly crippled me, and my life was made quite dismal by the intensity of my headaches. If I slept for an hour I had awful dreams, when I fancied I was falling from a great height, or something equally terrible, and my nerves were so shattered that I could not keep them still. Indeed, nervousness troubled me so much that I always imagined somebody was standing behind me with evil intent, and my life was a perfect misery. My eyes felt double their proper size, and my sight was very bad; I grew giddy at intervals, my appetite had left me long ago, and even what I ate I could not always keep down. Fits of dry retching came on frequently, and I really don't know how I escaped breaking a blood-vessel, the straining was so severe. Heaven knows that I never expected to recover, and but for Clements Tonic I would have been dead long ago, as the doctors could do positively nothing for me, and I had been under dozens of them. Every medicine available I had tried in vain, and I tell you frankly that I got Clements Tonic just in the nick of time. Thank God, that remedy completely conquered my ailments."

"And have you remained cured for twelve years?"

"I am happy to say I have, for Clements Tonic eradicated my liver and kidney troubles so thoroughly that they have never since returned and for that reason I recommend the same remedy wherever I go, for I know there is nothing like it to cure nervousness and weakness, and to destroy those headaches that had made me wretched so long. Often I had had my back and shoulders rubbed with liniment, thinking I had lumbago, but Clements Tonic was the only medicine which brought entire relief, which, after all the unavailing treatment I had received, including a fortnight in hospital, speaks for itself. The vomiting and dry retching also ceased, giddiness never occurred again, and my sight became as clear as ever. My sleep became regular, peaceful, and refreshing, and the appetite I got through using Clements Tonic was remarkable. After thinking my ailments were incurable, and that I was surely going to die, just fancy how grateful I was, and how astounded, too, at what Clements Tonic had done for me, which amounted to nothing more nor less than an entirely new lease of life. I was born at sea on board the 'Oliver Lang' on July 11, 1830, so I am getting on in years, yet my health has remained better since Clements Tonic cured me than ever it was, and you can publish these facts in any manner you choose."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

"I, GEORGE JAMES FIELD, of Atherton-st., Fitzroy, 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 is a genuine and 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 testimonials—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 liable to punishment for wilful and corrupt perjury.

George J. Field.

Declared at Fitzroy, in the State of Victoria, this 20th day of January, 1904, before me, W. R. BENEFITS, J.P., a Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

Beaufort Rifle Club.

The annual muskery course of the Beaufort Rifle Club for the year ending 30th June has now been completed by members. The course is altogether different this year to previous years. Seven shots each were fired at 200, 300, 500 and 600 yds. ranges, and seven shots each at 100 yds. disappearing head and shoulder target, and at 100 yds. fixed head and shoulder target. In the vanishing target practice the rifleman is allowed four seconds in which to fire, and in the fixed head and shoulder target practice seven seconds, a hit in each case counting two. The possible score was 168, and the highest tally was made by Mr W. T. Hill, viz., 141, Mr J. McKeich coming second with 138, and Mr A. J. McDougall third with 134. Six members obtained marksmen's badges, while a like number were classed as 1st class shots, seven as 2nd class, and seven as 3rd class. The complete scores were as follow:—

	1st practice, 200 yds.	2nd practice, 200 yds.	3rd practice, 200 yds.	4th practice, 500 yds.	5th practice, Vanishing target, 100 yds.	6th practice, Fixed head and shoulder target, 100 yds.	Total.	Class Rifle Club.
W. T. Hill	29	27	28	31	12	14	141	Marksman.
J. McKeich	31	24	28	31	10	14	138	Marksman.
A. J. McDougall	22	25	30	29	14	14	134	Marksman.
E. Buchanan	26	25	19	26	14	14	124	Marksman.
A. McDonald	26	22	25	17	10	12	122	Marksman.
T. E. Sands	26	23	27	26	8	12	122	Marksman.
H. H. Mezzie	31	17	26	21	12	14	118	1st class.
E. Oulton	26	15	27	25	10	13	116	1st class.
C. Lofts	25	22	17	19	10	10	103	1st class.
D. Ferguson	23	18	19	24	8	12	103	1st class.
Rev. J. A. Barber	21	18	20	21	12	10	102	1st class.
J. McDonald	22	17	22	21	8	10	101	1st class.
A. J. Wotherspoon	24	15	19	22	12	12	99	2nd class.
Rev. W. J. Bottoms	21	18	22	17	8	12	98	2nd class.
S. Young	19	16	23	16	10	10	94	2nd class.
W. J. Stevenson	17	17	19	22	8	10	93	2nd class.
J. N. Brooks	20	14	20	14	10	14	92	2nd class.
J. M. Carroll	12	14	20	24	10	8	88	2nd class.
E. J. Munts	15	13	18	15	12	14	87	2nd class.
H. Brewer	7	8	20	14	12	14	85	3rd class.
W. J. Hill	16	8	18	12	8	10	77	3rd class.
G. Peery	11	16	16	18	8	12	76	3rd class.
T. Schlicht	14	12	19	12	8	8	73	3rd class.
L. Watkin	20	17	4	13	8	10	72	3rd class.
G. H. Cuggle	14	18	17	8	10	5	72	3rd class.
D. McDonald	17	12	14	9	6	12	70	3rd class.

PNEUMONIA

Always results from a cold, or from an attack of influenza. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy not only cures these diseases, but counteracts any tendency to pneumonia. Sold by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Another shocking disaster to shipping is reported from Newcastle. The schooner Western Star, a wooden vessel of small tonnage, collided with the steamer Tagliaferro about 10 miles south-east of The Nobby, and the hole which was torn in her port side caused her to sink almost immediately. The captain, his mate, and one of the hands were afterwards picked up by the Tagliaferro, which was only slightly damaged by the collision. Three seamen and the cook went down with the doomed schooner, which was owned by Mr Corrigan, a Sydney merchant.

LINSEED COMPOUND. The 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

B. R.

Electoral District of Ararat:—Beaufort Division.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY LIST for the above Division is now printed, and copies may be inspected, free of charge, until the day appointed for revision, at my office, at every Post Office in the Division, and at the offices of my deputies, viz., at Linton, Raglan, Skipton, Snake Valley, and Waterloo.

C. W. MINCHIN, Registrar.

Beaufort, 14th July, 1904.

Application for a Gold Mining Lease.

IT is intended to grant the undermentioned lease, subject to such exclusions, modifications, and reservations as may be necessary.

ARARAT DISTRICT, RAGLAN DIVISION.

No. 1914. W. B. Schlicht; 20a. 0r. 20p.; parish of Beaufort; sections allotments 9a 1, 2, 3 of E, and 9, 10, 1, 2, 3 of H.

D. McLEOD,
Minister of Mines.

Melbourne, 7th July, 1904.

IMPOUNDED AT BEAUFORT.—Bay Filly, like 87 near side of neck, white on near hind and off fore feet. If not claimed and expenses paid, to be sold on 8th August, 1904. W. G. STEVENS, Poundkeeper.

LICENSING ACT 1890.

Notice of Application for Transfer of License.

WE, WILLIAM JAMES HILL, of Beaufort, the holder of a Victualler's License for the house and premises known as the Camp Hotel, situate at Beaufort, in the Licensing District of Beaufort, transferror, and MARIANNE HALPIN, of Yarra Street, Geelong, proposed transferree, do hereby give notice that it is our intention to apply to the Licensing Court for the said Licensing District on the twenty-sixth day of July, 1904, at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon, at Beaufort, for a transfer of the said license from the said WILLIAM JAMES HILL to the said MARIANNE HALPIN.

Given under our hands this thirteenth day of July, 1904.

WILLIAM J. HILL, Transferror.
MARIANNE HALPIN, Proposed Transferree.
Witness—SAMUEL YOUNG, Beaufort, Solicitor for the applicants.

"The Land is the Source of all Wealth."

A FREE LECTURE ON Land Settlement in Western Australia

Will be given by MR. J. H. WILBUR, in the SOCIETIES' HALL, BEAUFORT, MONDAY, JULY 18, Commencing at 8 p.m. sharp.

He will tell how to secure FREE HOMESTEADS of 160 Acres, and there are millions of acres in the S.W. Division. Drought and Frost Proof Lands suitable for Fruit, Trees, Vines, Dairy and General Farming, Conditional Purchase Lands, Sixpence per Acre per Annum for Twenty Years, without Interest. The Agricultural Bank gives Financial Aid to Settlers. The Agricultural Department gives Expert Advice and other assistance Free of Charge. Production, Markets, &c., &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY A FINE SET OF LIMELIGHT VIEWS.

SONS OF FREEDOM CENTRAL GOLD MINING COMPANY, No Liability, Raglan.—Notice.—A DIVIDEND (No. 28) of Sixpence per Share has been declared in the above company, payable to registered shareholders, at the office of the company, on Thursday, 28th July, 1904.

J. H. CUNNINGHAM, Manager.

No. 1 Lydiard-street, Ballarat.

N.B.—Transfer Books close on Thursday, 21st inst., until after date of payment of dividend.

MONDAY, 18th JULY, 1904.
POSTPONED SALE.

BARTON QUARTZ COMPANY, No Liability, Beaufort.—Notice.—The undermentioned shares, forfeited for non-payment of 11th call of threepence (3d.) per share, will be sold by public auction, at Mining Exchange, Sydney-street, Ballarat, on Monday, 18th July, 1904, at 12.30 p.m.:—Nos. 1 to 24,000, inclusive of those upon which said call has been paid.

J. A. CHALK, Manager.

22 Lydiard-street, Ballarat.

BARTON QUARTZ COMPANY, No Liability, Beaufort.—Notice.—An EXTRAORDINARY MEETING of the company and of the shareholders therein is hereby convened to be holden on THURSDAY, 28th day of JULY, 1904, at 1.30 p.m., at Methodist Institute, Beaufort.

Business.

To increase the capital of the company by increasing the amount payable in respect of each share in the company to such amount as may be decided on at such meeting.

To confirm the minutes of the meeting.

J. A. CHALK, Manager.

22 Lydiard-street, Ballarat.

ALL NATIONS CONSOLS GOLD MINING COMPANY, No Liability, Beaufort.—The half-yearly GENERAL MEETING of Shareholders in above-named company will be held on Thursday, 21st July, 1904, at 3 o'clock, at George Hotel, Ballarat.

Business.

Receive reports and balance-sheets.
Elect directors and auditors.
General.

W. D. THOMPSON, Manager.

Exchange, Ballarat.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the BEAUFORT BEAUNOR PROTESTANT UNION OF VICTORIA will be held in the METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL ROOM, BEAUFORT, at 8 p.m., on WEDNESDAY, JULY 20th, 1904.

THOS. W. C. DEELEY, Hon. Secy.

I HEREBY convene a PUBLIC MEETING to be held at the SHIRE HALL, BEAUFORT, on SATURDAY, 16th JULY, 1904, at 2 p.m., to nominate a TRUSTEE for the BEAUFORT PUBLIC CEMETERY in the place of the late Hugh Cushnan.

DONALD STEWART, Shire President.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

DIXON BROS.,
Stock Station, Grain and Commission Agents, Valuators, and Export Produce Merchants,

Wish to notify the farmers of the surrounding district that they have leased the premises lately occupied by Mr. J. Cuthbertson, as Steam Chaff Mills,

OPPOSITE CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

MONTHLY STOCK SALES

WILL BE CONDUCTED BY THEIR AUCTIONEER, MR. W. H. HALPIN, EVERY THIRD THURSDAY. SEVENTH SALE, THURSDAY, JULY 21st, 1904. Good yarding advised.

Sales Conducted in any part of the State. Entries received by Mr. R. G. KIRKPATRICK, Local Agent, or Mr. Hill, Camp Hotel.

For PRIVATE SALE, Single-seated ABBOTT BUGGY, two WAGGONETTES, and a second-hand DOUBLE AND TREBLE FURROW PLOUGH. Several FARMS in GEELONG district for SALE or LEASE.

Horse Rugs, Tarpaulins, Water Bags, and Coach Buggy Rugs a specialty.

Agents for Mitchell's Agricultural Implements, Wood's New Century Binder, also agents for the famous Barger Discs.

DIXON BROS., Lawrence Street, BEAUFORT.

The Ratepayers of the West Riding.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

A seat for the above Riding becomes vacant by effluxion of time next month. I beg to inform you that I will again be a Candidate for the seat, and trust that my actions have been such during the past nine years that you will again do me the honour of returning me as one of your representatives.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE LEWIS.

Stoneleigh, 2/7/04.

L. BRAVO,
Hairdresser, Tobacconist, and Fancy Goods Depot,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
SHAVING, 3d.; HAIRCUTTING, 6d.
CHILDREN, 3d.

Every satisfaction guaranteed. Cleanliness and Civility.

A Good Assortment of PIPES, TOBACCO, and Cigars kept in Stock.

Why Complain About the Bad Roads?

When you can enjoy comfort and luxury by sleeping on one of

HAWKES BROS.'

Lovely Java Kapok Beds.

We have them in all Sizes, and Prices to suit all purses, or you can refill your own beds with some choice

SAMARANG JAVA KAPOK

(the best quality imported), at 9d. per single pound, or eight shillings (8s.) per doz. lbs.

OUR NEW WIRE MATTRESSES

Are a perfect marvel of strength, finish, and good value. We have them at all prices, but like to sell you a line you can recommend to your friends. FANCY!

A Full Size Woven Wire Mattress,

RAISED SIDES, STRONG FRAME, and THREE (3) PLY (Firm as Steel can make them), for 16s. 6d., and 4-ply for 21s.

These are articles that give every satisfaction, and are samples of the many other good lines we have to offer.

No Need to Carry Mud into your Homes

When you can leave it on a good

BRUSH DOOR MAT,

Bought at

HAWKES BROS.

Prices range from 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d., and are worth more as Economists and Worry-Savers.

HAWKES BROS.,
For FURNITURE,
BEAUFORT.

MAKE YOURSELF AND OTHERS HAPPY.

When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the person who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do much good in the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum; look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that would be three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. Supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events for a time.

FORECASTING THE FUTURE IN FOALS.

The ability to tell how a colt may be expected to turn out is a quality much envied by horsemen. With some men such a possession is almost intuitive; others may put themselves in a favourable position by studying the foal's formation. Depth of a body and closeness of that body to the ground are good indications to go by. If good height is desired, it must be got, not by extreme length of leg, but by depth through the middlepiece. The way the legs are set on and the development of the joints, large size and squareness being desirable, will afford some indication at least as to future form.

PIG-EATING SOWS.

One of the safest preventives against the highly objectionable habit possessed by some sows of eating their young is to keep the bowels of the animals rather lax as the time of parturition approaches. Some of our best authorities attribute this unnatural habit on the part of sows to a too feverish condition of the system, and in order to prevent it the administration of small doses of laxative medicine given at regular intervals of 10 days to a fortnight before the young are born, is often found productive of very satisfactory results.

MASH FOR HORSES.

A mash composed of two quarts of oats, one quart of bran and half a pint of linseed meal is good for horses. If the horses are to secure the greatest amount of benefit from their feed, give them sufficient time to masticate it before putting them to work. A horse should never be fed more than it can digest readily. It is not what is eaten, but what is digested and assimilated, that furnishes strength and muscle.

HOW TO BREED PIGS SUCCESSFULLY.

Too many ought not to be kept in a limited space, and the conditions should be favourable—that is, the styes should be so situated that they are sheltered from winds, and have plenty of light, air, and sun in the front. It is an erroneous idea that pigs will flourish under any conditions of dirt and mismanagement in feeding. A wide, open paddock, where the sows can wander at will from the time the little ones are weaned until within a fortnight of the time that they are expected to give another litter, is an ideal spot for breeding sows.

The food for breeding pigs may consist of a wide variety. It is a mistake to feed with expensive barley or oatmeal at any time. When sows are what is known as empty, they may have a variety of food, such as chopped raw potatoes, mangolds, swedes, and turnips once daily, or even more. This is best given them at midday, with bran and water morning and evening.

HOW HE CURED JIBBING.

Upon jibbing horses, a farmer writes that he drove a horse for a load of wood, and when ready to return he showed himself an aggravating jib. He declined to "pull a pound." Instead of trying to persuade him with a whip, the owner tied the refractory animal to a tree, and "let him stand." At sunset he was again vainly invited to draw. The rest of the story is thus related:—"I made up my mind that when that horse went to the stable he would take that load of wood. The night was not cold. I covered him warm, and he stood until morning. Then he refused to draw. At noon I went down and he was probably hungry and lonesome. He drew that load of wood the first time I asked him. I returned and got another load before I fed him. I then rewarded him with a good feed. I have drawn several loads since. Once he refused to draw, but as soon as he saw me start for the house he started after me with the load.

THE BORDEAUX MIXTURE.

The "Indiana Farmer" gives the following account of the origin of the famous Bordeaux mixture:—"Years ago an old Frenchman near Bordeaux, France, began spraying his orchards with the solution, for the purpose, he said, of stopping the depredations of passers-by. The trees were left with a most uninviting, dirty-green coat. The neighbours noticed that while the solution was in use the trees bore better fruit and more of it. This led to an investigation of causes and the discussion of the utility of germicide sprays that has led to a widespread knowledge of different species of destructive parasites. The Bordeaux mixture still remains a standard preparation after years of test.

"Here is an instance of the benefit of spraying this mixture. A large peach orchard was affected with a fungus which was destroying the foliage. The owner concluded to make a test of the value of a fungicide solution; he sprayed one-half the trees with the Bordeaux mixture. When he harvested his crop the sprayed portion of the orchard netted him £50 an acre, while the balance netted but £5 an acre.

"The formula for the mixture is as follows:—Four pounds blue stone, 4 pounds lime, 50 gallons of water."

A FAVORITE REMEDY FOR BABIES.

It's pleasant taste and prompt cures have made Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a favorite with the mothers of small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds and prevents any danger of pneumonia or other serious consequences. It not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears will prevent the attack. Sold by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

AFGHANS AND AFGHANISTAN.

Afghans have been rightly described as having a countenance partly Jewish, partly Spanish in character, and have receding foreheads, straight black hair, hooked noses, and black eyes, with a defiant and warlike bearing. Russian officers say that, but for one grave fault, which nullifies all their good points, the Afghans would make the finest soldiers in the world. Courage, daring, coolness in danger, powers of endurance, all are theirs; but with all this, they are unstable as water.

As long as it suits his purpose, the Afghan will be true to his leader, his master, or his brother, as the case may be; but there is no sense of honour in his heart, no nobility of soul. He is ready to rob, cheat, or murder even his nearest kin, if it serves his purpose to do so. His fiery blood is up on the most trivial provocation, and, in spite of the manliness, politeness, and modesty of his outward bearing, which compares so favourably with that of his neighbours he will stoop, when provoked, to the most dastardly of crimes.

Schwartz, a German writer, tells us that the soldiers of Bokhara are looked upon by Central Asians generally as the worst fighters on the face of the earth, but that the Afghans have a still greater contempt for the English, whom they, the Afghans, would have crushed long ago but for the lack of proper weapons.

"Afghanistan," says Townsend, "which the English think about as a turbulent little kingdom on the skirts of their own dominion, is 40,000 square miles larger than France."

It is a strange thing that while there is no love lost between the Afghan and the Jew, the former will tell you with pride that he is a descendant of those Israelites who were carried captives by Nebuchadnezzar into Babylon.

SOMEWHAT CONTRADICTORY.

In one of the bedrooms of a hotel in South Lancashire, says an English exchange, is displayed the text:

"I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest, for it is Thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety."

Immediately under it comes this notice, showing that in the opinion of the proprietor, Providence guards best those who guard themselves:

"Owing to the frequency of hotel robberies, you are requested to bolt your door."

THE CHILDHOOD OF MOZART.

About a century ago, Wolfgang Mozart, who afterwards became one of the world's greatest musicians, was a little child who well knew the pinch of poverty. He inherited his talent from his father, who was a musician, and at a very early age gave evidence of his marvellous gift. At four years old he played the piano, and at seven or eight he had mastered the violin. A little instrument was made for him, and he used to spend many happy hours improvising upon it, to the wonder and joy of his family.

Soon his father began to take him about the country to play at the houses of the nobility, and everywhere the little lad was applauded and loaded with presents. From Royalty he received costly marks of favor in the shape of trinkets, but though he owned jewelled miniature swords, snuff-boxes, etcetera, given by his patrons, yet he and his father very often went hungry to bed, for these tokens of favor could not be turned into coin of the realm. A few years later young Mozart wrote an opera, which relieved him and his family from poverty.

DO VEILS INJURE THE SIGHT?

Every now and then, when there seems to be nothing particular to talk about, the merits and demerits of the veil come under discussion. The subject has cropped up pretty strongly lately, and little wars of words have frequently been waged by fair ladies over afternoon tea as they lauded the evil or held it up to scorn.

It would be difficult to say who generally comes off victor, but the ladies who vow that veils impair the sight and fade the complexion are not a whit less emphatic than those who declare that no penalties would make them forego wearing such an important addition to woman's charms.

There is hardly a woman living who does not think that a good, well-arranged veil adds to her attractiveness, and when that is said—well, the doctors and complexion specialist may as well spare their breath to cool their porridge, for it is useless for them to inveigh against it.

Even the strong minded lady who is convinced of the harmfulness of the veil, cherishes a sneaking hope that some day it may be brought to such perfection as to be harmless as well as beautifying for the moment.

Certainly there has been a great improvement since the time of heavy lace "falls," and the thick green and blue gauze ones which succeeded them, to the delicate, flimy meshes of to-day. Perhaps we may yet hope for a veil so perfect that Dame Fashion, oculists and complexion specialists will all combine in recommending their uses, and then, oh, happy woman!

LOW VOICES.

The charm of a low yet distinct voice can hardly be over-stated. Shrill voices, nasal voices, voices which lack sweet tones and refined inflections, can be heard on every hand, but the gentlewoman's voice has melody of its own. It should carry well, and make itself heard across a room or in a throng, but it should be never loud or jarring, never rise to a scream or grate on the ear of the hearer. A low and perfectly modulated voice will rest rather than tire those who listen to it, either in speech or in reading. Of course a great deal depends on the ennunciation, the giving of every word and syllable its true emphasis, and the absence of slurring or elision in the manner of pronouncing familiar names and finishing sentences.

In the invalid's chamber, blessed is the woman whose custom it is to speak in a low voice, not in a whisper which is almost certainly irritating to those who are ill and weak, and who fancy, very naturally, that something is being concealed from them, but in a low, quiet manner.

To little children and to servants speak invariably in a low voice. We have high authority for declaring it to be "an excellent thing in woman."

WHEN YO HAVE A COLD.

The first action when you have a cold should be to relieve the lungs. This is best accomplished by the free use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This Remedy liquefies the tough mucus and causes its expulsion from the air cells of the lungs, produces a free expectoration, and opens the secretions. A complete cure soon follows. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Closer Settlement.

THE GOVERNMENT BILL.

ITS MAIN PROVISIONS.

A LANDS PURCHASE BOARD.

COMPULSORY ACQUISITION CLAUSES.

One of the principal measures of the State session—the Closer Settlement Bill—has been placed in the hands of members. It consists of 65 clauses, of which some are very lengthy.

In the interpretation clauses it is set forth that none in the bill shall apply to or affect lands comprised in the Mallee country or Mallee border.

LANDS PURCHASE BOARD.

The constitution of a Lands Purchase and Management Board, consisting of three members, one of whom is to be chairman, is provided for, and powers now held by the Board of Land and Works in regard to the purchase of estates for closer settlement are to be transferred to this new body. Any member of the Lands Purchase Board who is not in the public service is to be paid at the rate of four guineas a sitting if chairman, and three guineas a sitting if a member. A secretary to the Board is to be appointed subject to the provisions of the Public Service Act.

Power is given the Lands Purchase Board to acquire land from private persons for closer settlement either by agreement or compulsory. Land so required is to be paid for either in cash obtained from the sale of stock or debentures issued under the bill or (if all parties are agreeable) in stock or debentures. In the latter case the Governor-in-Council is to determine the rate of interest and the price—at, above, or below par.

FINANCIAL ASPECT.

For the pupose of the bill authority is given to increase the amount of Victorian Government stock by an additional amount not exceeding £500,000 in any one financial year, or debentures may be issued for the whole or portion of that sum in lieu of increasing stock. The rate of interest is to be fixed by the Governor-in-Council.

When less than half-a-million is raised for closer settlement purposes one year the amount short of that sum may be raised in the subsequent year in addition to £500,000.

Principal and interest in respect of all borrowings for the purposes of the bill are to be a charge on a "Closer Settlement Fund" provided for. This fund is to be applied to the redemption of loans under the Act, and payment of interest theron; payment of compensation for the acquisition of private land and costs connected therewith; survey, sub-divisions, clearing, draining, fencing or improving of such land, or the making or improving of roads or access thereto; the cost of administration under the bill, the payment of fees to members of the new Board, and the making of advances to lessees as provided for in another part of the bill.

All moneys standing at the commencement of the proposed new Act to the credit of the "Farm Settlement Fund" are to be transferred to the "Closer Settlement Fund." Should the fund have in it more than sufficient for working purposes power is given to redeem stock or debentures by purchase in the open market. Annual accounts of all transactions are to be presented to Parliament.

In so far as they are applicable the provisions of the Lands Compensation Act 1890 relating to the acquisition of lands for public purposes are incorporated in the bill.

INSPECTION OF THE LAND.

When the Minister of Lands "thinks that there is a legitimate demand by desirable applicants for land for the purpose of closer settlement, and that it is desirable to acquire land," it is provided that "he may so inform the Lands Purchase and Management Board." Thereupon the Board "may" direct an officer of the Public Service "to inspect and report as to the suitableness of otherwise" of any land in any district.

Authority is given in the bill to a Public Service officer and his assistants "to enter any private land forming the whole or any part of an estate" and make an inspection and surveys "during daylight."

On receiving the officer's report the Purchase Board is to decide whether the land so reported on is suitable for closer settlement. The Board is authorised to make an independent inspection if it pleases.

MAKING A BARGAIN.

"If the Board is of opinion that any estate is suitable, it may," says the bill, "after taking the evidence of any officers of the said Department, and also of any two or more competent valuers not being members of the public service, fix what is in the opinion of the Board the value of the estate." Then if the Minister agrees with the value so fixed by the Board he may direct the Board either—(a) to employ an agent to attend any auction or other sale of the estate and purchase the same for the Crown at any price not exceeding the value so fixed by the Board, or (b) to make to the owner of the estate an offer to purchase the same for the Crown, and thereupon the Board is to make to the owner an offer to purchase at a price not exceeding the value so fixed.

If within a time notified to the owner by the Purchase Board he accepts the offer made to him, then the Board is to proceed to acquire the land.

If, however, the owner, within the time given him to decide—which period is not to exceed eight weeks—does not accept the offer, then "if the Board decides that it is desirable to acquire such land, or any part thereof," and the owner wants a higher price, the question "may" be referred to the Compensation Court for determination.

COMPULSORY ACQUISITION.

Clause 22, in its last three sub-sections, deals with compulsory purchase. Those sub-clauses are as follow:—

1. If the owner refuses to sell the land, or if it appears to the Board that no agreement for sale can be arrived at, the Board shall report accordingly to the Minister.

2. On receiving such a report the Minister may thereupon submit a resolution to Parliament affirming that it is desirable to take such land compulsorily.

3. If both Houses of Parliament pass such a resolution, the Minister shall thereupon direct the Board to acquire the land compulsorily, and the Board shall acquire the same accordingly.

The owner of an estate which it is proposed to take compulsorily is to be allowed to retain £10,000 worth, irrespective of buildings. Where more than one person own an estate the right to retain so much may be exercised by one of the owners. Such right to retain part of an estate is to be deemed to be waived, unless the owner asserts his right in a manner provided in the Bill. Provision is made against disposition of an estate proposed to be purchased for the purpose of evading the Act, but if the Purchase Board does not take the land within a year the restriction on disposition is to cease.

When the Purchase Board is authorised to take land compulsorily, a "requisition" is to be published in the "Government Gazette," giving particulars, and requiring every claimant to serve his claim for compensation on the Purchase Board within a prescribed period.

Even at this stage the Purchase Board may come to an agreement with the owner, or the matter may be referred to the Compensation Court.

There are elaborate provisions for serving on the owner, still unwilling to sell, a copy of the requisition, and for the owner serving a copy of claim. Where the owner lives in Australia, he is to be allowed thirty days to serve a claim, and 100 days when he lives outside the Commonwealth.

The particulars to be supplied in the claim are set out in the bill. The owner is to file with the Prothonotary the name of his arbitrator. The Purchase Board is then to nominate an arbitrator in the same way. If the owner makes default in appointing an arbitrator, a judge of the Supreme Court is empowered to do so, or give such directions as he thinks necessary to enable the claim to be heard and an award made.

COMPENSATION COURT.

A Compensation Court is, under the bill, to be constituted, consisting of the two arbitrators already mentioned, representing the land owner and Purchase Board, and an umpire. This court is to decide all claims under the Act. The umpire is not to be selected by the two arbitrators, but is to be one of the Supreme Court judges.

FUNCTIONS OF THE COURT.

The court is to determine what land the Purchase Board is entitled or required to take, what land the owner is entitled to retain, what sum is to be paid as compensation, and to whom; and whatever else may be necessary for adjusting the rights of parties.

The court is to have regard only to the value of the land, and the value of the land in every case is to be assessed as at the date of the "Gazette" "requisitions" to take it.

The award of the Compensation Court, it is specifically provided, is to be final and conclusive, and without appeal. A supplementary award may, however, be made for the purpose of remedying any defect, or of giving fuller effect to the original award.

After the award the Governor is to proclaim that the land is taken, and it is then to vest in the King. Before publication of the proclamation, however, an arrangement may be made to allow possession for a period not exceeding twelve months.

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 Smytheedale 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."

Police Magistrate's Fixtures.

The following are the police magistrate's 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.

Creswick—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.

Smytheedale—Noon, 3rd Tuesday.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colds. Gives instant relief to Asthma and Bronchitis.

Bonnington's Irish Moss. The Universal Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis and Influenza. Sole Proprietors.

FOLLOW THE RIGHT TRACK.

Here is a Safe Leader.

The Case of Mr. T. J. HOLLAND.

(*By a Special Reporter.*)

Mr. Thomas James Holland, of No. 155 Bridge-street, Port Melbourne, is a native of that suburb, and has always been in business there. "I am also," he explained to a reporter, "athletic instructor at the Council's gymnasium, having held that position for the past three years."

"That ought to keep you in good fettle," said the scribe.

"Oh, yes, but even exercise can be overdone. For instance, some years ago I was overtrained and thoroughly run down, and you would hardly believe the misery it led me into. I did not have to knock off work altogether, but what I did was only accomplished with great difficulty, for I had lost all my energy. One doctor whom I consulted said I had heart weakness, and that I had better give up all violent exercise and rest as much as possible. This alarmed me, as you may well believe, and in order to make sure I went to another doctor, who said my heart was as sound as a bell, but that I was run down completely. He said I wanted six months constant rest, but I asked him what about my work, as I could not afford to neglect it as long as that. Well, he gave me some medicine which was to do me good; but it didn't. It did me harm, probably, for my teeth started to ache, and kept on till I had four of them extracted. Afterwards, when my teeth were gone, I discovered it was neuralgia I was suffering from."

"How unfortunate you were to lose them."

"Yes; but it can't be helped now, and at the time I thought more about my sufferings than anything else. I wasted away from ten stone six down to eight stone eleven, so that will give you an idea of how weak I was, and wasn't I languid, too?—had no thought or inclination for anything. My nerves were all of a throb, and whilst being in bed my heart seemed to give little jumps and miss a beat now and then, and the feelings that ran through me were dreadful, as though I was going to shuffle off. Often I thought it was all up with me, especially when I used to get so giddy that I would reel against my bench and for three or four hours would have to take a spell. It was enough to scare anybody. And I was troubled a lot with a feeling that I wanted to retch and could not, and when I had had some food the oppressiveness in my chest was unbearable, and what with that and the pains between my shoulders no wonder I felt so wretched and tired of everything. After my restless nights I got up with a taste in my mouth as if I had been drinking bitter ale; all the time I was drowsy and had severe headaches, while, to crown all, I was for ever tortured by the knowledge that apparently medicine was no use to me, and so a heavy oppression of mingled sorrow and dread weighed down my heart."

"You still attend to your business and your athletic engagements, don't you?"

"I do, I am thankful to say; but that's owing to Clements Tonic, not through any other medicine, and I also have to thank a friend for giving me advice which led to me using that remedy. Would you believe that I had only taken two or three bottles of Clements Tonic when I felt as sure of getting well again as I am of seeing you sitting there with your note book. The increase of vigor was really remarkable, and it would have done your heart good to see the way I could eat. I never saw anything like it in my life—going to bed and sleeping as well as if nothing had ever been wrong with me, and getting up with a freshness in my mouth that was delightful. My folks were greatly pleased to see me getting along so speedily, and when once the right remedy had been found you may bet I did not neglect taking it till I was a sound man again. A month after starting on Clements Tonic I was a pound ever weight, and now I go eleven four, so the good done to me speaks for itself. In or out of training the secret of success for all athletes is to keep the brain clear, the nerves sound, and the blood free from all impurities, and to do each of these I always advise the use of Clements Tonic, which thoroughly cured me, and you are at liberty to publish this conversation in any way it suits you.

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, THOMAS JAMES HOLLAND, of No. 155 Bridge-street, Port Melbourne, 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 authorise 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.

Thos. J. Holland

Declared at Port Melbourne, in the State of Victoria, this 18th day of January, 1904, before me, E. N. EDWARDS, J.P., a Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

Railway Time-Table.

The following is the new railway timetable, which took effect on Monday, 2nd May, 1904:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.20 a.m., Trawalla at 12.7 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12.22, and taking its departure at 12.30. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.54, and Buangor at 1.4. The Adelaide express still leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Ballarat at 7.50, and Beaufort at 8.44 (arriving here at 8.39). On the return journey to Melbourne (Monday excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.25 a.m. (arriving here at 6.20). The afternoon mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Buangor at 4.45 p.m., Middle Creek at 4.55, Beaufort at 5.30 (arriving here at 5.20), Trawalla at 5.54, and Burrumbeet at 6.9. A mixed train will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5.10 a.m. (arriving here at 6.50 a.m., and leaving at 6.55 a.m.), and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 5.15 p.m., Burrumbeet at 6.9, Trawalla at 6.35, Beaufort at 7 (arriving here at 6.50), Middle Creek at 7.30, and Buangor at 7.42. The morning mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat leaves Stawell at 6 a.m. instead of 6.15 a.m., and is timed to leave the district stations every week day as follows:—Buangor, 7.48; Middle Creek, 8; Beaufort, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Trawalla, 8.50; Burrumbeet, 9.16.

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 Greyer White hair* to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Ask your Chemist for "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Wholesale depôt 33, Farrington Road, London, England.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In thanking the public for the support accorded me for the past 4½ years, I beg to announce that I have taken the

Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort,

And trust by keeping the very

Best Liquors in Stock,

to receive a share of public patronage.

I will be in possession on and after Saturday, January 30th.

MEALS a Specialty, from 1s.

A careful Groom always in attendance.

C. W. JONES.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD

(LATE W. EDWARD NICKOLS),

Auctioneers and General Commission, House, Land, and Insurance Agents,

BEAUFORT, ARARAT, AND PITTFIELD.

MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneer.

MONEY TO LEND.

AUCTION SALES CONDUCTED in any part of the State of Victoria.

Every attention, and prompt returns.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers.

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 two years, 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

F. G. PRINCE

Begs to intimate that he has STARTED BUSINESS as a BUTCHER in premises in

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT

(next door to Mr. T. Sands), and hopes by strict attention to business and by keeping the Primest Meat, to merit a fair share of public patronage.

Small Goods a Speciality.

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, an Cigarettes.

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.

W. EDWARD,

Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier

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

REFERRING TO THE NEW

REGAL CLUB WHISKY,

Which since its importation to Victoria, within the last six months, has established itself in public favor to an extent HITHERTO UNEQUALLED PROBABLY BY ANY OTHER WHISKY THAT HAS COME INTO THE STATE, the following Certificate from one of the most eminent of English analysts gives it at once a hall-mark of superiority, which must recommend it to the confidence of every consumer:—

CERTIFICATE.

I hereby certify that I have submitted to a very careful Chemical Analysis a sample of the REGAL CLUB WHISKY received from the Imperial Glenlivet Distillery, Strathspey, N.B., and the analytical data I have obtained proves it to be, in a conclusive manner, a product of high quality and purity. It possesses a mellow and creamlike flavor that is only to be found in the choicest whiskies, and is entirely free from all acrid or undesirable admixture. It has been thoroughly and naturally matured by age, and contains restorative and dietetic properties of a high order.

GRANTVILLE H. SHARP, F.C.S., Analyst, London, E.C.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Agents.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

SEASON 1904-1905.

GEORGE HAGUE & Co.

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

EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES,

built expressly for the storage of Wool.

SHOW ROOMS

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

Railway and Shipping right at the doors.

FARMERS' CLIPS

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

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

Charges the lowest ruling in the colony.

Account Sales and Proceeds rendered invariably three days after sale.

Act strictly as Selling Brokers only.

Forty Years' Practical English and Continental and Colonial Experience of the Wool Trade.

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

LINCOLN STUART & Co.

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Write for Patterns and Measure Forms

SAY.....

Their clothes are made so as to give the best possible value and satisfaction.

The reasons for buying their clothes are—1st, they're good clothes; 2nd, they cost them enough to be good; 3rd, if you don't think they're as good as they cost, you can have your money back

FAMOUS TWO-GUINEA SUITS

The only Machine that leaves Land Perfectly Level.

This Patent Style of Machine is the only machine perfectly and completely controlled by Compound Levers to instantly set machine in and out of cut, or deeper or shallower when travelling. Made all size.

6ft. Premier.

PATENT MALLEE KING STEEL OR WOOD-FRAMED DISC.

Renowned for immense quantities and quality of work done.

Leads Everywhere.

ORCHARDIST'S EXTENSION DISC

Patent Extension and Reversible Double Beam Steel Frame Orchard Cultivator, will extend out to 10ft. or 12ft. wide, and close up to 5ft. 6in. Simple and easy managed in every particular.

ONE-HORSE or PONY DOT,

For smaller Growers, suitable for Vineyards, Nursery Growers, Small Orchards Potato and Onion Growers, is built on Reversible and Extension Principle.

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

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RELIABILITY.
RELIABILITY.
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RELIABILITY.

What a lot in that one word when *associated with* any business whatever, and what a vast amount there is in it when bracketed with a WATCHMAKER'S and JEWELLERY BUSINESS.

YOU MUST HAVE NOTICED

Our business going ahead while others were standing still or going backwards.

YOU MUST HAVE AN IDEA

Of what our business is now compared to what it was a few years back.

YOU MUST GUESS

That there is something powerfully convincing about our method of doing business. ARE YOU ONE OF PAYNE'S CUSTOMERS? If not, we respectfully ask for your patronage, and if afterwards you do not think we are worthy of it, we are perfectly willing to lose it.

Whatever is done here is done properly. Whatever we sell you is "Right" in the full sense of that word.

Our stock embraces everything in the Watch, Clock, and Jewellery line, and a good selection is shown in everything. If there is one lot of goods more than any other we would like you to inspect it is our fine selection of Rings—either Wedding Rings and Keepers, Dress and Engagement Rings, or Gent's. Rings.

We have a beautiful stock of Diamond Marquise, Diamond Half-hoop, and Gipsy-set Dress and Engagement Rings, at all prices.

Another thing we wish you to bear in mind is that all PAYNE'S RINGS are made by Expert Ring-makers only. You can buy a ring here with confidence, and rest assured that it has passed through hands whose owners have made ring-making a life-long study. Of course, you can see from the foregoing that this is undoubtedly our specialty; but a splendid selection of other goods is shown as well, including Brooches, Links, Bracelets, Muff Chains, Photo Pendents, Gent's. Gold and Silver Chains, Lockets, Medals, Necklets, Gold, Silver, Nickel, and Gun-metal Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, &c.

Sight Tested and Spectacles Made to Measure. We can guarantee you satisfaction in every description of Watch, Clock, and Jewellery REPAIRS. Expert workmen employed in each branch of the trade.

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GEORGE PAYNE,

WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER,

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Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

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A well-assorted stock of Softwood Timber, Picture Framing, Paints, Oils, and Window Glass kept on hand.

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 ord

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

SUPPORT

LOCAL INDUSTRY,

AND

SUBSCRIBE

TO THE

LOCAL PAPER,

THE

RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

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

3s per Quarter

It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

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

14-Column Supplement

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR

Plain and Ornamental

JOB * PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

Bear in mind that

ADVERTISING

ALWAYS PAYS.

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

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the Blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. This medicine has 40 years' reputation, and is to-day more popular than ever, the reason of this being undoubtedly because this wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—it cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For

SCROFULA,	BAD LEGS,
SCURVY,	BLOTCHES,
ECZEMA,	SPOTS,
BLOOD POISON,	BLACKHEADS,
ULCERS,	PIMPLES,
SKIN-and BLOOD DISEASES,	and SORES OF ALL KINDS,

it is a safe and permanent remedy.

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

NOTE.—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, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

TRIED MANY THINGS WITHOUT BENEFIT UNTIL I TOOK CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE.

Mr F. E. Lewis, 48 Bridge Street, Row, Chester, writes:—"Just a line in favour of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I had eczema for seven months, and tried many things without benefit until I took your remedy. After the eighth bottle I was quite well again. Please accept this letter as a token of gratitude to your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'"—June 18, 1903.

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

Mr W. G. Weston, care of Messrs Knott, of 49, Essex-street, Kingsland-road, N.E., writes:—"Gentlemen,—"I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit in health I have received through taking your famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I have been a sufferer from eczema and an irritating skin trouble since the age of thirteen. While an out-patient at one of the big London hospitals a doctor informed me that my disease was the result of looking after foreign horses. I have had as many as thirty horses under my care, my father being a horsedealer and jobmaster. He (my father) was speaking one day to a friend of mine who mentioned that he was being cured of an ulcerated leg, due to a horse-kick, by 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I continued, however, to suffer until April 4 last, when my friend told me he was completely cured. Then I started to take 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' myself, and I am now completely cured, after suffering and being disfigured for several years. I am able to follow my employment, and am very pleased to think there is such a valuable remedy obtainable for such a small sum. I should be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case."—July 17, 1903.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES.

Mr James Waring, of Clay Coton Lodge, near Rugby, writes:—"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' For a long time I suffered with bad legs and abscesses. I was under a doctor for five months, and, not getting much better, I went as an out-patient to the local hospital for nine weeks. The doctor then told me I should have to go inside before he could do anything for me. I went in and stayed for thirteen weeks, and after undergoing two operations I got a little better. Before I had been out of hospital a week I became worse than ever, so my wife told me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and after taking five bottles and using four pots of your salve I was completely cured. I have waited twelve months to see if my legs broke out again, but, thanks to your 'Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture,' I am as well to-day as I have ever been in my life. You can make whatever use you like of this letter."—Oct. 15, 1903.

IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD.—"We have seen hosts of letters from all sorts and conditions of people, in which the writers acknowledge the benefit they have received from Clarke's Blood Mixture, which as a curative agent cannot be too highly estimated, since it cleanses and clears the blood from all impurities, and restores it to its normal condition." This is a good testimonial from the *Family Doctor*, the popular medical weekly, which goes on further to say:—"It is certainly the finest blood purifier that science and skill have brought to light, and we can with the utmost confidence recommend it to our subscribers and the public generally."

Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture,

and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

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.

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J's.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday.—Messrs F. Beggs, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridges. 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.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Possess the following qualities in a high degree:

They Strengthen the Stomach, They Regulate the Bowels; They Purify and Enrich the Blood, and they give tone to the whole Nervous System.

They contain no drugs of mineral or metallic origin, but are purely vegetable, mild, beneficent, and sure. They will restore you to health if you give them a chance.

BEECHAM'S PILLS are perfect in quality and plentiful in quantity; they last longest, go furthest, and produce the best results.

Sold everywhere, in Boxes labelled to 1½d., containing 56 Pills, and 2s. 9d., containing 168 Pills.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.	Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne ...	...	8 and 4.50
Ballarat ...	...	8 and 4.50
Geelong ...	...	8 and 4.50
Trawalla ...	...	8 and 4.50

Registered mail and parcels post close 20 minutes prior.

Ararat, 11.50 a.m., and 8 p.m. (including Sundays.)

Stawell ...	11.50	8 p.m. Sundays,
Middle Creek,	11.50	Tuesdays, and
Murtoa ...	11.50	Thursdays.
Buangor ...	11.50	

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

English mail per Mail Steamer, via Adelaide, 8 p.m. every 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., 9 a.m.

Eurambeen ...	12.45
Shirley, ...	12.45

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

MAILS INWARD.

Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—12.20 p.m. daily and 8.40 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. From Melbourne and Ballarat, 7 a.m. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

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

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.

From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Two deliveries by postman daily.

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 Urane 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 "KEATINGS," 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.

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 14-column supplement containing well-selected reading matter) to 3s per quarter, an trust that this concession will be appreciated 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

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 get 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.

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 sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

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

The greatest and 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.

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 Wetherspoon & Co.

STEVENSON BROS.,

BUILDERS

AND

CONTRACTORS,

HAVELOCK STREET,

BEAUFORT.

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

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.

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.

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 depôt 33 Farring-don Road, London, England.

To our Readers and Patrons.

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

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

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

"*Subscribers and Advertisers*"

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

"The Riponshire Advocate"

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

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

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

The Circulation

of the

Riponshire Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing,

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

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an

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

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

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

And another writer has said that—

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

And advertisers cannot do better than make to *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.

PAPAVERACEOUS,

PLUVIWEATHERAL,

PROTOTYPICAL

WINTER SALE.

COUGLE'S

HALF-YEARLY SALE IS NOW ON.

Seasonable Goods in all Departments are being sacrificed.

We have made the **PRICES LOW**, and will let them **SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.**

Great Surprises.

Wonderful Bargains.

G. H. COUGLE,

The People's Draper,

BEAUFORT.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Tuesday.

Fat Cattle—Another light yarding, numbering only 184 head, came to hand for to-day's sale, and, excepting a few odd pens of medium descriptions, consisted of quality ranging from useful to good and prime. There was a good muster of the trade, and throughout the sales competition was fairly animated, last week's rates being fully maintained, whilst towards the close sales firmed, closing very strong, with an upward tendency. Quotations:—Prime pens bullocks, £13 to £14 5s; odd beast, to £15 2s 6d; good, £11 to £12; useful, £9 to £10; good cows, £7 to £8 15s. Calves—Only 7 forward, which sold well. Best, to 78s. Sheep—3417 was the supply yarded for to-day's sale, consisting principally of useful to good and prime descriptions. There was a good attendance of buyers, still at the outset competition lacked the spirit of the previous week, prices ruling easier; but as sales progressed the demand became keener, whilst towards the close all trade descriptions were in eager demand at fully last week's high rates, closing firm. Quotations:—Prime crossbred wethers, 23s to 26s 9d; odd sheep, to 28s; good, 21s to 22s; useful, 18s to 19s; prime crossbred ewes, 21s to 22s 1d; good, 19s to 20s; prime merino wethers, 20s to 22s; good, 17s to 18s. Lambs—Only 315 to hand, which were in eager request at somewhat higher prices. Prime, 17s to 18s; extra, to 20s 9d; good, 15s to 16s; useful, 13s to 14s.

The following district sales are reported:—By Messrs Stephen Holgate & Co.—50 comeback ewes for Mr Arch. McCook, Chepstowe, at 15s 11d; 3 crossbred wethers for same owner, 19s 7d. By Messrs Hepburn, Dowling & Crawford.—121 merino wethers and ewes, Mr Thos. Phillips, Carngham, wethers to 16s 3d, ewes to 13s 9d; 3 crossbred ewes, Mr J. Nunn, Chepstowe, 16s 7d; 8 lambs, same owner, 10s 8d to 12s 11d. By Messrs Macleod & Booth.—251 sheep, executors late Mr Alex. Bain, St. Enoch's, Stockyard Hill, comeback wethers, 20s 1d to 22s 9d, averaging 21s 2d, comeback ewes, 18s 1d to 20s 3d, averaging 19s 2d, crossbred ewes, 18s 10d to 22s, averaging 20s, two-tooth wethers, 17s to 20s, ewes 16s 2d to 17s 3d; 100 comebacks, Mr Geo. Exell, "Glenholme," Stockyard Hill, wethers 20s 9d to 22s 1d, averaging 21s 4d, ewes 19s 11d to 22s 1d, averaging 20s 6d.

BALLARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Thursday.

Wheat, prime milling, 2s 9d to 3s. Oats, 1s 1d to 1s 2d; prime Algerian, 1s 3d. Peas. 3s. Barley, malting, 3s 6d; good, 3s; Cape, 1s 10d. Potatoes, 40s to 45s; reds, 40s to 45s; Snowflakes, 30s to 35s. New Zealand pink eyes, 15s to 20s; Hay, prime chaffing, 20s to 22s 6d; medium, 17s 6d to 20s; manger, 25s to 80s. Straw, 15s to 20s. Bran, 8d to 8½d. Pollard, 8d to 8½d. Flour, roller, L7 to L7 10s. Dairy butter, 7d; factory prints, 10½d; lump, 9d to 10d; separator, 8d to 9d. Eggs, 1s to 1s 1d. Honey, 3d to 4d. Bacon sides, 9½d. Cheese, 4½d to 5d.

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. Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

A CARD.

CLEGG & MILLER,

ARCHITECTS,

LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.

Mr. Miller visits Beaufort periodically. Appointments made by letter.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 24TH JULY, 1904.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Main Lead, 7 p.m.—Mr A. McLeod. Middle Creek, 11 a.m.; Trawalla, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 7 p.m.; Chute, 3 p.m.—Supply. Shirley, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. R. Yeo.

Mr J. W. HARRIS,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, REGISTERED DENTIST, AND DRUGGIST,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

In this established profession the first attention is devoted to the DISPENSING DEPARTMENT.

Every care is ensured in the art and preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical Tinctures and British Pharmacopœa Preparations, the Purest Chemicals and Drugs being used. Medicines at Ballarat Prices, sent to all parts of the State by post, rail, coach, &c., and all letters receive prompt and careful attention.

HARRIS'S ANÆMIA MIXTURE, an excellent and invaluable remedy.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HERBS, Homœopathic Medicines. Horse and Cattle Medicines.

Mr J. W. HARRIS, R.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 thyl, laughing gas, &

☞NOTE THE ADDRESS.—

HAVELOCK-STREET

(Next Mechanics' Institute),

BEAUFORT

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.

DULL WET WEATHER in no way interferes with the success of

RICHARDS & CO'S. NEW INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS.

The Newest Styles in Photography.

The Art Folio, The Wallet Photograph, Artist Proofs.

BRIDAL PORTRAITS.—Our Studio has become famous for successful Bridal Portraits. Bridal Veils, Wreaths, and Bouquets kept at the studio.

ENLARGED PHOTOS from any Old or Faded copy, in the newest solid art wood frame, 20s. each.

RICHARDS & CO.,

PHOTO ARTISTS,

23 STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

United Ancient Order of Druids.

THE usual FORTNIGHTLY MEETING will be held in the LODGE ROOM, SOCIETIES' HALL, on TUESDAY Evening next, at 8 o'clock sharp.

L. A. JAENSCH, Secy

E. R.

Electoral District of Hampden.—Beaufort Division.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY LIST for the above Division is now printed, and copies may be inspected, free of charge, until the day appointed for revision, at my office, at every Post Office in the Division, and at the offices of my deputies, viz., at Linton, Raglan, Skipton, Snake Valley, and Waterloo.

C. W. MINCHIN, Registrar.

Beaufort, 14th July, 1904.

Death.

HUMPHREYS.—On 17th July, 1904, at Beaufort, Richard Humphreys, aged 78 years.

Bereavement Card.

THE relatives of the late Richard Humphreys desire to convey their sincere THANKS to their many friends for sympathy shown during their recent sad bereavement.

THE Riponshire Advocate

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1904.

IT is cheering to a degree to note the progress that agriculture in this State has made during the past ten years, as it is an indication of what great things to expect in the next decade under ordinary conditions, but with more scientific modes of application and the throwing open of larger areas of land to the numerous industries of the soil. We have our heritage lying at our very doors, so to speak, and it needs but energy and enterprise on the part of the Government and the people to allow us to realise it. A glance over a few statistics dealing with the period embraced in the term between 1894 and the present year will convince anyone where Victoria's best and most sustained efforts should be directed, and the story is such that he who runs may read. The number of cultivated holdings has increased from 34,594 to 40,859, or 18.2 per cent.; land under tillage has increased from 2,700,000 acres to 3,900,000 acres, or 42 per cent., while the annual wealth production has gone up from 14 to 20 millions. God speed the plough, was a fervent wish oft expressed by one of our State Governors, and in giving effect to this desire the latent wealth of the State is being turned into hard coin of the realm. At the present rate of agricultural increase it will only take 13 years to equal the whole gold output of the State for half a century, and leave the country in the splendid position of being able to still further increase its monetary returns. The number of persons employed on farms, orchards, vineyards and dairies, not counting temporary harvest hands and excluding domestic servants, is 109,000, made up of 70,000 males and 39,000 females. For every hundred acres under cultivation in 1894 we have now a hundred and forty-two, the increase being as follows:—Wheat, from 1½ million to 2 million acres; hay, from 400,000 to 700,000 acres; oats, from 218,008 to 430,000 acres; maize, from 6,000 to 11,000 acres; potatoes, from 40,000 to 45,000 acres; and onions, from 2,000 to 4,000 acres. The strides made by the great dairying industry are sufficiently explained by the fact that in 1895 109 million gallons of milk were produced, which in 1902 had increased to 155 million gallons. In the ten years agricultural produce increased from £5,065,000 to £7,600,000; pastoral produce, notwithstanding the increased area devoted to cultivation and dairying, from £4,956,000 to £6,254,000; and dairy produce, from £2,050,000 to £2,726,000. Miscellaneous produce fell from £2,616,000 to £2,536,000. The loss here occurred entirely under the heads of poultry products. Poultry returned to the State £2,257,300 in 1894, and only £2,094,484 in 1904. This should all go to confirm the Government in doing all they can to forward our primary industries and leave no stone unturned to get people to embark in these pursuits and keep them so engaged. Our future is to a large extent in our hands, and it is for us to mould it to the most fitting advantage.

Local and General News.

For Chronic Chest Complaints,
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

Attention is directed to Mr. G. H. Cougle's winter sale of drapery, and to his announcement that seasonable goods in all departments are being sacrificed.

The Riponshire Revision Court, to revise the voters' lists for the several ridings, sits at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, on Monday next.

Persons having claims against the estate of the late Mr Richard Humphreys' must, on or before Monday, 1st August, render their accounts to Mr J. B. Humphreys, otherwise they will not be recognised.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' of 38 years' proven efficacy, for Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis, &c.

In connection with the celebration of Arbor Day in this district, the head teachers of the various State schools have received a letter from the Secretary for Education, asking them to convey to the parents and others who co-operated the thanks of the Director of Education for the assistance in the matter kindly rendered by them.

Mr Theodore Beggs, whose seat as a representative of the North Riding in the Riponshire Council becomes vacant by effluxion of time next month, announces in our advertising columns that he will offer himself for re-election, and hopes that his actions in the past may merit the continued support of the ratepayers. Should they again return him to the council, Mr Beggs promises that the welfare of the shire will continue to receive his best attention.

For Bronchial Coughs take
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

The fortnightly meeting of the Progress Tent, I.O.R., Beaufort, was held in the lodge room, Societies' Hall, on Friday night, 15th inst. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Sick pay amounting to £7 was passed for payment. Three full benefit members and five hon. members were initiated. After the business had been dealt with, a musical hour was spent, followed by light refreshments, which were provided by the male members. A debate, entitled "Should bachelors be taxed?" will be held at next meeting.

Bonnington's Irish Moss. Cures Whooping Cough, Croup, All Chest Affections.

Bonnington's Irish Moss. The Universal Remedy for Colds, Bronchitis and Influenza.

A member's sparrow match was shot off on Wednesday afternoon under the auspices of the Beaufort Gun Club, in the show grounds. The weather being fine and the birds good, a capital day's sport resulted. There were 13 competitors. The conditions were 10 birds each, to be decided by points of 3 for the first barrel and 2 for the second. T. Ellis (19yds.) and R. Kirkpatrick (18yds.) tied with 24 points, and on shooting off Ellis missed his first bird, while Kirkpatrick killed with the first barrel and won a trophy valued at £1 1s. The other scores were—T. E. Sands (19yds.), 23; J. W. Harris (18yds.), 20; E. Trompf (16yds.), 18; S. Boyle (17yds.), 14; G. Whitehead (19yds.), 13; A. L. Wotherspoon (18yds.), 13; F. W. Rogers (19yds.), 12; C. W. Jones (15yds.), 12; W. Topp (19yds.), 11; D. Maher (19yds.), 11; T. Whelan (16yds.), 2. Whelan retired after the fourth round, and Boyle, Rogers, Topp, Wotherspoon, Maher, Whitehead, and Jones after the eighth. A single barrel sweepstake for 25s was won by A. L. Wotherspoon with three kills.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' Trade Mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linseed, for Coughs and Colds.

A public meeting, convened by Cr. D. Stewart, President of Riponshire, was held at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, on Saturday afternoon last, for the purpose of nominating a trustee of the Beaufort Public Cemetery in the place of the late Mr Hugh Cushing. There were only six persons present. Cr. R. A. D. Sinclair was voted to the chair, and read the advertisement convening the meeting. He said he understood it was the practice for each religious denomination in the town to be represented on the trust, and as he thought that was a good practice, it would be as well perhaps for someone to move that a member of the Roman Catholic denomination (which denomination the late Mr Cushing had represented), be nominated for the position. In answer to Mr Muntz, the chairman said that the present trustees were Messrs J. Humphreys, D. Cameron, J. R. Wotherspoon, and A. Parker, and added that Mr W. O'Sullivan had agreed to allow himself to be nominated. Mr Muntz then moved that Mr W. O'Sullivan be nominated as a trustee of the Beaufort Public Cemetery, which was seconded by Mr H. F. Watkin, and carried. The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chair.

We regret having to record the death of Mr Richard Humphreys, an old and respected resident of Beaufort, the sad event occurring on Sunday last, from senile decay, at the ripe age of 78 years. He had been ailing for about 18 months, but was only confined to his bed for 7 weeks. Deceased was a native of Montgomeryshire, Wales, and prior to coming to Australia, was engaged as a policeman and fireman at Liverpool. He landed in Victoria in February, 1854, and after visiting several of the goldfields, he settled on Fiery Creek in 1855. Here he followed the avocation of a miner for some time, and then took to carting, which he was engaged in till failing health caused his retirement about 18 months ago. He was one of the founders of the Loyal Beaufort Lodge, M.U.I.O.O.F., in 1864, and took an active and intelligent interest in the working of the lodge. He filled the various chairs, was a P.G., and at the time of his death occupied the position of trustee of the lodge. He was the first captain of the now defunct Beaufort Volunteer Fire Brigade. Deceased, who was of a very genial disposition, and was esteemed by all who knew him, leaves three grown-up sons and a number of grandchildren to mourn their loss. His eldest son, Mr John B. Humphreys, is the local correspondent to the Ballarat "Courier," and the second son, Mr Richard Humphreys, is managing a business at Horsham. The remains of the deceased were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery on Tuesday afternoon, a large number of residents attending the funeral. The hearse was preceded by about 20 members of the Loyal Beaufort Lodge, M.U.I.O.O.F. Captain Sinclair, Brigadiers Hellyer, A. Welsh, L. Hains, W. and A. Baker acted as pall-bearers; the deceased being buried with fire brigade honors. The coffin, which was borne to the grave by Brigadiers Hellyer, Welsh, Hains, and W. Baker, was covered with beautiful floral tributes of sympathy. The Methodist burial service was conducted by the Rev. R. Yeo, Bro. D. F. Troy read the Oddfellows' burial service at the grave.

'LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS' of Mountain Flax. Agreeably Aperient. Worthy of trial.

Mr J. H. Wilbur delivered an interesting lecture in the Societies' Hall, Beaufort, on Monday evening, on the subject of land settlement in Western Australia. There was a large attendance. The lecturer described at length the nature and capabilities of the country and the very liberal terms offered by the Western Australian Government to encourage settlement. He showed that they had the essentials for building up a great nation, but lacked population. Great stress was laid on the productiveness of the soil, the fine climate, and the splendid home markets, of the wonderful success achieved by pioneer settlers, and of the excellent prospects before men with little capital but with the energy and determination to succeed. No government in the world offered such inducements to people to settle on the land, the lecturer said, as that of Western Australia. Many striking instances were given of accumulation of wealth by persevering agriculturalists, orchardists, and dairymen. He pointed out that except in heavily timbered country clearing could be effected for from 20s to 30s per acre. He explained that he was not there for the purpose of attracting men who were doing well, but those who could not get land except at an exorbitant rent, he urged to go to Western Australia and they would be treated well. The resources of the country were illustrated by means of some very fine views of farms, stock, produce, orchards, and views of public buildings, rivers, artesian wells, caves, &c., were also shown.

THE ONLY COUGH MEDICINE FREE FROM POISON.

After the enactment of the Poisons Act the Pharmacy Board of New South Wales had an analysis made of all that were sold on the market. Out of the entire list they found only one that they declared was entirely free from all poisons. This exception was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which proves it to be the safest and best that can be had. It is especially recommended for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and may be given to the little ones with absolute security. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' The 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

There was a small yarding at Messrs Dixon Bros.' monthly stock sale at Beaufort on Thursday. A pen of comeback ewes were disposed of at 15s 3d; Lincoln and merino rams sold up to £1; a pen of comeback ewes and wethers at 18s 5d; do. merino do., at 16s 7d; cows at £5 10s and £4. Two heifers and a steer were passed in at what appeared to be satisfactory prices. At the conclusion of the sale, Mr W. H. Halpin, the auctioneer, having thanked those present for their attendance, intimated that he had taken the Camp Hotel and intended continuing the stock sales every third Thursday, and if sellers would only advise him early of the stock to be brought forward, he guaranteed to get buyers.

For Children's Hacking Cough at Night,
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Beaufort branch A.N.A. was held in the lodge room, Societies' Hall, on Tuesday evening last; the president (Mr J. M. Carroll) in the chair, and a large number of members and visitors, including ladies, present. A letter was received from Mr M. J. N. Breen, apologising for his absence. The secretary reported that two members were on the sick list, and that three others had declared off since last meeting. Sick pay amounting to £10 13s 4d was passed for payment. The secretary intimated that Dr. Jackson might be unable to deliver his promised lecture at next meeting, and it was decided that should Dr. Jackson be unable to attend, a "Magazine Night" would be held; the press correspondent (Mr J. M. Prentice) to edit the magazine. The president requested members wishing to contribute articles to hand same to editor. The item on the syllabus was a debate, "Should bachelors be taxed?" The teams were as follow:—Affirmative—Messrs Menzies (leader), Barr, Eastwood, and Sands. Negative—Messrs Carroll (leader), Muntz, Nicholson, and Prentice. Messrs E. W. Hughes and C. J. C. Baker adjudicated, with Mr Sinclair as chairman. After an interesting and amusing debate, the judges announced the negative team as winners; the points being—Negative, 300; affirmative, 225.

The annual general meeting of the Raglan branch A.M.A. was held on Monday night last; the president (Mr W. G. Davis) in the chair, and about 15 members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Correspondence.—From Eye and Ear Hospital, Melbourne, soliciting donation.—Resolved that £2 2s be donated; also that £3 5s be donated to the Ballarat Hospital. The half-yearly balance-sheet, showing a credit balance of £120 9s 9d, was received and adopted. Resolved that secretary's salary remain the same as last term, viz., 10s per week. Election of officers.—Result of ballot for president—W. G. Davis (elected), 63; C. Sutherland, 42. For vice-president—W. D. Smith (elected), 61; J. Sargent, 43. Secretary, A. Stevenson (re-elected); treasurer, W. Moysey (re-elected); trustees, P. Padfield, P. Morris, and R. Thomson (re-elected); auditors, R. Stevenson and C. S. Ball (re-elected); committee, W. Millar, J. A. Skewes, J. Sargent, and F. Eva. Re daily labor paper—To be brought up for discussion six months hence. Pursuant to notice, Mr J. Sargent moved—"That the president of the branch be only elected for 12 months, and not eligible for re-election for a period of 12 months after vacating the presidential chair." Carried. Resolved that secretary get slips of the above new rule printed. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded all the retiring officers, as also the chairman, and the meeting terminated.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' The 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Of 38 years' proven efficacy.

The following is the text of a petition which is being extensively signed in the Beaufort district against the proposed abolition of mining boards:—"To the Honorable the Speaker and Members of the Legislative Assembly,—We, the undersigned miners and others interested in mining, residents of the Raglan division of the Mining District of Ararat and Stawell, humbly prayeth that the proposed abolition of the mining boards in our opinion would be detrimental to the mining industry of the State. It would do away with local representation, and conduce to centralisation—the bane of all legislation—nor would it be any saving, but an additional burden to the industry. We would therefore urge your honorable House to strenuously oppose the abolition of the boards. And your petitioners will ever pray."

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,
for Coughs and Colds never fails. 1s. 6d.

The rainfall at Beaufort for the week ending yesterday amounted to 25 points.

One day a microbe found a nest,
In a broad, expansive, full-grown chest;
He chuckl'd and laughed aloud with glee,
"A happy home I've found," said he.
"Ho! ho! Mr. Microbe, not so fast,
Your cosy lodging will not last,
Your swift eviction I'll ensure
With a bottle of WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE."

Alleged Indecent Assault.

An alleged indecent assault upon an old woman named Eliza Kreuger, a widow and an old-age pensioner, living by herself in a cottage at Southern Cross, outside the township boundary, was reported to the police on Wednesday morning as having been committed at about 10.30 p.m. on the previous Monday by a young man. Mrs Kreuger, who is 75 years of age, states that after retiring to rest, she remembered that the back door was insecurely fastened, and got out of bed with the object of making the door secure at about 10.30 p.m., when to her surprise she found that the door had been burst open, and saw a man in the kitchen. She at once screamed for help, but as the nearest house is fully 100 yards away, her cry did not bring any one to her assistance, and her assailant put his hand over her mouth and threatened to choke her if she did not keep quiet. He then lifted her on to a sofa in the dining-room, and despite her struggles, is said to have succeeded in effecting his purpose. Mrs Kreuger's wrists bore the marks of ill-usage. The miscreant dropped a pipe on the floor. Mrs John Phillips, a daughter of the outraged woman, visited her mother the following morning, and finding her ill in bed, was informed of the cause. She consulted her husband before reporting the matter to the police. Detective Armstrong (of Ballarat) and Senior-constable Nicholson have been prosecuting inquiries in the neighborhood, and as the result of a clue obtained, the arrest of a suspect is hourly expected.

Bonnington's Irish Moss. To Cure a Cough or Cold. Once tried, always used.

FARM AND GARDEN.

The strongest chicks are produced by hens one year old or over. Mate six, eight, or ten with a mature cockerel or vigorous cock of medium size if you would have chicks of strong constitution. The eggs will be fertile and little difficulty will be experienced in raising such chicks if the fowls are properly cared for and fed.

There are a number of conditions that disturb the percentage of fat in milk; sometimes by increasing it, and at other times by decreasing it generally, by increasing for one, and sometimes several milkings, but a decrease in quality follows the gradual return to normal condition, and there is, on the whole, a considerable falling off in the total production of milk and butter fat. These conditions are: Rough treatment, exposure to rain and bad weather, change of feed, change of milkers, rapidity of milking, unusual excitement or sickness.

The Berkshire is still the favourite breed of pigs in the colonies, as we find that the demand for skins of it is greater than all other breeds put together. In some parts of the State the Berkshire and Yorkshire cross is largely favoured, but over the greater portion the pure Berkshire is mostly bred. The Berkshire has always proved to be exceptionally well suited for our climate, being hardy, a good grazer, easily fattened, and rarely suffering from sunscald. The small Yorkshire is also a very good breed for the farmer, for although it is small it is always ready to fatten, and matures very early. This is essentially a breed for porkers, being too small and fattening too much for baconers.

With proper management pig-raising is a very profitable industry. In order to obtain the greatest success regular and liberal feeding is necessary. Cleanliness is also a very strong factor. The success of the pig-farmer will certainly depend to a great extent upon the selection of his breeding stock, and the care that they get. The boar is a very important member of the herd, and intending breeders should secure a pure bred animal of the best type obtainable. When the same herd has been kept for some time, introduce a fresh strain into it, as the advantages of this will show more quickly than in any other kind of live stock. The selection of breeding sows is also of much importance; choose long, deep and roomy ones, with broad loins and strong back. They will then have the capacity of carrying large litters. Many farmers keep their breeding sows in poor condition, but this is a mistake, as badly fed pigs produce stock of an inferior quality.

It is apparent that the percentage of fat in milk of individual cows and herds fluctuates widely. The causes of most of the variations are known, but some variations seem to be unaccountable in the present state of our knowledge on the subject. A great variation of the tests is due to the individuality and breed of a cow. The difference in the percentage of fat is as great between two cows of the same breed as between the averages of any two different breeds.

The variations may be divided into three classes:

First, those that are natural and progressive.

Second, those that are rather accidental, and usually temporary.

Third, all the variations whose cause is unknown.

The widest and most common variation is due to the period of lactation. It is well known that a fresh cow's milk tests low, and that her test rises as she becomes a stripper. A young cow's milk usually tests lower than an old cow's; but a very old cow sometimes tests quite low. So much for the first-class.

The second class of variations is produced by a number of different causes. There is usually a difference between morning's and evening's milk, the milk drawn after the shortest period is the richest, although when cows lie still the milk will test less. The variation in the test of milk first and last drawn is very great. The first drawn milk is poorer in butter fat. Differences as wide as 1 and 10 per cent. butter fat in the first and last few pints have not infrequently been noticed.

Alfalfa should be cut when not more than one-tenth of the plants have come into bloom. Cut at this early stage, the yield of hay for the season will be much greater than if the alfalfa is cut near maturity, and every pound of hay secured will be worth more for food.

At the Kansas Experiment Station a strip through a field of alfalfa was cut when one-tenth was in bloom, another strip was cut after full bloom had past. The strip cut early was nearly ready to cut the second time when that cut after full bloom was being harvested the first time. The strip cut early grew vigorously through the season, and made three cuttings and a good aftermath. The strip cut after full bloom gave a low yield the first cutting, and did not grow sufficiently to yield a good second cutting. Early cuttings seem to invigorate the plant.

The late cutting of the first crop seems to injure the plant more than at any other time, and we have found it profitable to cut alfalfa the first time as soon as one-tenth was in bloom, even though the weather was bad, and we knew that the crop would spoil in curing. The increased yield from succeeding cuttings over that cut late much more than makes up for the loss of the first crop.

All horses in work should be in the bloom of health. This is indicated by the coat, action, and countenance.

With proper care they should never be otherwise, and when they are it is a loss to the owner.

It costs no more to keep a horse fat and healthy than to keep him lean and heartbroken, and it makes your credit better.

See that the mangers are sweet and clean, and the water is pure.

The little pigs should not be kept on a board floor for any length of time, or they will become crippled in their feet and legs.

Where practicable, let each brood sow have an acre or two of pasture ground in separate lots. In this way the sow and litter are kept quiet, and the feeder can cater to their special needs.

Aim to keep the pigs growing. If they are getting fat, lighten or change the ration. But we must not mistake mere thrift for overfatness.

William Hayward was cutting wood on Monday, at Snake Valley, and as the axe was descending it struck the limb of at tree. Being thrown out of its course, it came in contact with his leg below the knee, making a nasty gash, severing one of the main arteries. Hayward was driven to Dr. Donaldson, who after considerable difficulty succeeded in stopping the flow of blood.

TO ENRICH PASTURES.

The dairying industry has come to stay—are the farmers prepared? It must be admitted that without pastures dairying would be impossible. But there are pastures and pastures. Some are naturally rich, many are not; it remains therefore to the farmer to bring the poor pasture up to the standard of the rich pasture, and to prevent the good pasture from deteriorating. But what means shall be adopted? It is a well-established fact that pastures rich in fertility pay better than those which are poor. This is to be seen every day by the prices ruling for the different lands. Even virgin soils are not all of the same value; there are certain indications of fertility in a greater or less degree obvious to an ordinary passer by, but still more apparent to the dairy farmer. If therefore virgin land differs in value, too great a stress must not be placed upon the fact that the soil is virgin. Many agriculturists, however, when asked why they do not properly cultivate land that has already been cropped, point in glee to the virgin soil; soil that may lack in fertility absolutely.

The only way to prevent rich soil from going back is to return some of the plant foods withdrawn in the production of milk, stock, or produce. If these plant foods be not replaced, the rich soil will cease to be rich, and must eventually starve the farmer in return for his starving the soil. Inferior land can be enriched by the use of fertilisers. By enriching pastures a larger quantity of stock can be grazed on a small area than on a very much larger area of unfertilised land. A very simple means whereby fertility can be maintained without breaking up pastures is to use a fertiliser specially prepared for top-dressing. Apply as a minimum 1 cwt. of such fertiliser to an acre, and lightly harrow it in; the fertiliser can be scattered broadcast by hand, or by machines, specially made for the purpose.

Growing crops intended for hay should be top-dressed at once. The results will prove conclusively that by the addition of fertilisers pastures and green fodder crops will produce richer and more abundant yields. Manuring does pay, but it is necessary to consult a well-known firm, should information be required. Try 10 acres, and compare with 10 acres unmanured. The only regret will be that the whole lot had not been properly fertilised.

BUSINESS FIRST.

Fussy Man (hurrying into a newspaper office): "I've lost my spectacles somewhere, and I want to advertise for them, but I can't see to write without them, you know."

Advertising Clerk (likely to be business manager some day): "I will write that ad. for you, sir. Any marks on them?"

Fussy Man: "Yes, yes. Gold-rimmed lenses different focus and letters L. O. C. on inside. Here is the money."

Advertising Clerk: "Thanks. It gives me, sir, great pleasure to inform you, sir, that your spectacles are on the top of your head."

Fussy Man: "My stars! So they are. Why didn't you say so before."

Advertising Clerk: 'Business before pleasure, you know."

HIS LAST REQUEST.

The old organ-blower of Pinkleburg lay dying; the curate was visiting him.

"Would you mind, sir, asking our organist to play the 'Dead March' over me?" said the sick man.

"Certainly I will, Jones," said the curate.

"Thankee, sir. None o' that 'ere tweedledum Beethoven, you know, sir; only Handel's."

"I am sure he will do it," responded the curate.

The old man lay placidly for a while, then exclaimed with fervour:

"How thankful I be that I shan't have to blow for him when he plays the loud part at the end!"

A TREE AS A BELL TOWER.

What is probably the quaintest bell tower in the world is still standing in the suburbs of the American city of Tacoma. A little wooden edifice, now St. Peter's Chapel, was built, almost in a night, many years ago, and standing beside the chapel was a magnificent fir tree, three hundred or more years old. The topmost branches were cut off, leaving the trunk, forty feet high, smooth and shapely. On the top of this a bell tower was built, surmounted by a cross.

A short ladder reaches from roof to tower. The bell-ringer need not ascend the tower to sound the call to worship; a rope is attached, by means of which the bell may be rung from the ground.

For many years the trunk of this tree was a mass of living ivy, which never lost its colour throughout the year. English ivy, which thrives in that moist climate, was planted about the church, and, trained to grow through the windows and spaces left for it, until the whole interior was more or less decorated with it. The space behind the altar was a great sheet of vivid green.

The church is still a Mecca toward which many travellers turn their footsteps when in search of quaint and curious sights.

THE TIRED FARMER.

"Yes, sir; you simply start our motor-plough and leave it to itself while you sit on the fence here and enjoy your weekly paper and a jug of hard cider. The plough will go ahead and break up your field better than you could possibly do it, and when it has finished, all you have to do is to press the button here and stop it."

"Wall, couldn't you make it so it would steer up here close to the fence, so's I could press the button without gettin' down?"

Farmer Jones: "Well, my boy, what profession are you going to take up?"

Jones, junior: "Pharmacy, I think?"

Farmer Jones: "Farmacy? Why, you could have stayed at home on the farm fer that, instead of spendin' time an' money at school and college!"

"That policeman reminds me of a rainbow." "Why?" "Always round after the storm."

The difference between a long and short yarn is very well illustrated by the difference of one's feelings in holding a skein for one's grandmother and one for one's sweetheart.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' The 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

James Allan, whilst rabbiting on Monday at Chepstowe, was drawing a rabbit out of a log, when he slipped, and his face came in contact with the jagged end, a splinter from which entered the eye-ball. He was taken to Dr. Donaldson, who cannot yet state whether the sight will be adversely affected.

(All Rights Rese

THE C
— of her —
SILEN

A Fascinating
• • • of •
Love and Con

By F. LE BRE

PART 2

Then he turned to Lo who stood a silent spe scene.

"Is this Perry?" he feigned surprise. "I hope after—let me see, is it not?—that you re aught but a name, Per

"Not much," answ frankly, taking Carew's hand in a hearty clasp "but I'm uncommonly you again, Carew; and anything to go by, you luck on your side, at late years."

"Through no virtue returned Carew, with openness. "Fortune wa mistress to me, until by sudden revolutions of uncle, John Carew, had heard of for over died worth half a mil me, his unworthy neph heir. So here I am, a and needless to say, I share it alone with my Margot. Not quite alo you will have another learn to know and love wife, Madeleine, the be wife man ever had."

He was an admirabl man! Lady Wargrave, covertly, was filled wonder and an unwilli for his talents.

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"Well!" answered Per through the window, up as she spoke. "What abo

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"What now?" demand

ENRICH PASTURES.

rying industry has come to the farmers prepared? It mitted that without pastures would be impossible. But pastures and pastures. Some lly rich, many are not; it erefore to the farmer to oor pasture up to the stan- rich pasture, and to prevent asture from deteriorating, ueans shall be adopted? It tablished fact that pastures ility pay better than those poor. This is to be seen by the prices ruling for the nds. Even virgin soils are the same value; there are ications of fertility in a ees degree obvious to an or- er by, but still more ap- he dairy farmer. If there- land differs in value, too ss must not be placed upon at the soil is virgin. Many ts, however, when asked why properly cultivate land that been cropped, point in glee in soil; soil that may lack absolutely.

way to prevent rich soil back is to return some of ods withdrawn in the produc- lk, stock, or produce. If foods be not replaced, the ll cease to be rich, and must starve the farmer in return ying the soil. Inferior land, ched by the use of fertilisers, g pastures a larger quantity be grazed on a small area very much larger area of land. A very simple means rtility can be maintained, aking up pastures is to use specially prepared for top- pply as a minimum 1 cwt. liser to an acre, and lightly ; the fertiliser can be scat- ast by hand or by machines, ade for the purpose. crops intended for hay op-dressed at once. The re- rove conclusively that by of fertilisers pastures and r crops will produce richer bundant yields. Manuring it it is necessary to consult n firm should information Try 10 acres, and com- 0 acres unmanured. The will be that the whole lot n properly fertilised.

USINESS FIRST.

(hurrying into a newspaper- lost my spectacles some- want to advertise for them, see to write without them,

Clerk (likely to be busi- some day): "I will write you, sir. Any marks on,

: "Yes, yes. Gold-rimmed, ut focus and letters L. O. Here is the money."

Clerk: "Thanks. It gives, t pleasure to inform you, r spectacles are on the top, ."

: "My stars! So they are. ou say so before."

Clerk: 'Business before, know."

LAST REQUEST.

rgan-blower of Pinkleburg, e curate was visiting him. u mind, sir, asking our or- y the 'Dead March' over e sick man.

I will, Jones," said the sir. None o' that 'ere, Beethoven, you know, sir; ."

he will do it," responded n lay placidly for a while, ed with fervour: kful I be that I shan't have im when he plays the loud nd!"

AS A BELL TOWER.

robably the quaintest bell world is still standing in of the American city of little wooden edifice, now hapel, was built, almost in y years ago, and standing apel was a magnificent fir undred or more years old. branches were cut off, trunk, forty feet high, napely. On the top of this as built, surmounted by a

lder reaches from roof to bell-ringer need not ascend sound the call to worship; ached, by means of which be rung from the ground. ears the trunk of this tree of living ivy, which never ur throughout the year. which thrives in that moist planted about the church, o grow through the win- ces left for it, until the was more or less decor- The space behind the eat sheet of vivid green. is still a Mecca toward travellers turn their foot- search of quaint and curi-

TIRED FARMER.

you simply start our and leave it to itself on the fence here and en- y paper and a jug of hard plough will go ahead and r field better than you do it, and when it has ou have to do is to press o and stop it."

Don't you make it so it p here close to the fence, press the button without

es: "Well, my boy, what you going to take up?" r: "Pharmacy, I think?" nes: "Farmacy? Why, e stayed at home on the instead of spendin' time school and college?"

conman reminds me of a Why?" "Always round m."

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THE COST — of her — SILENCE.

A Fascinating Romance ... of ... Love and Conspiracy.

By F. LE BRETON.

PART 2.

Then he turned to Lord Wargrave, who stood a silent spectator of the scene.

"Is this Perry?" he asked in well-feigned surprise. "I can scarcely hope after—let me see, twelve years is it not?—that you remember me as aught but a name, Perry."

"Not much," answered Perry, frankly, taking Carew's outstretched hand in a hearty clasp as he spoke; "but I'm uncommonly glad to see you again, Carew; and if looks are anything to go by, you've had the luck on your side, at any rate, of late years."

"Through no virtue of my own," returned Carew, with well-feigned openness. "Fortune was a bad taskmistress to me, until by one of those sudden revolutions of Fate my old uncle, John Carew, whom nobody had heard of for over twenty years died worth half a million, and left me, his unworthy nephew, his sole heir. So here I am, a moneyed man and needless to say, I have come to share it alone with my little sister, Margot. Not quite alone either, for you will have another relation to learn to know and love, Margot—my wife, Madeleine, the best and truest wife man ever had."

He was an admirable actor—this man! Lady Wargrave, watching him covertly, was filled with a great wonder and an unwilling admiration for his talents.

"May I so far trespass on your goodness, Lady Wargrave," he went on turning to his hostess, "as to beg that you will extend your hospitality to my wife before I claim Margot? I should wish that so true a friend as you have ever been to me should meet my wife, and it would be more comfortable all round if Margot, when leaving here, should go back with her sister, whom I trust she will by that time feel at home with."

Lady Wargrave bowed her stately head.

"I shall be delighted to receive Mrs.—Carew," she said, halting over the name; but the hesitation was unnoticed save by Carew.

"Then if you are willing I will run down with her one day next week for a few days," he said; "and as I know how every moment counts to-day with you, as I have already heard that Perry leaves to-morrow, I shall go now. Au revoir, my little sister, and when I come next week, give a warm welcome home to your long-lost brother."

Lightly laughing, he kissed her shy up-turned face, bowed with courteous and smiling grace over Lady Wargrave's hand, which lay listless and inert in his own, and, linking his arm in Perry's, sauntered off with him, apparently deep in a discussion regarding Perry's approaching departure, and absorbingly interested in it.

Margot stood silent, a vast amazement pervading her whole being.

"It doesn't seem possible," she said at length, in low, awe-struck tones. "And yet how glad, how very glad I am!"

"Glad," echoed Lady Wargrave in an indescribable tone—"glad!"

"Yes," returned the girl, too absorbed in the marvel of it all to note the strangeness of Lady Wargrave's manner. "Are you not glad too, for my sake, mother dear?" she went on, softly.

A little grating, mirthless laugh broke from Lady Wargrave.

"Glad for you!" she exclaimed, hysterically. "Oh, of coarse, Margot!—I am very glad for you!"

This time Margot's attention was arrested. She turned and looked intently at Lady Wargrave for a moment, then she spoke.

"Mother, dear, what is it?" she cried. "How ill, how very ill, you look. Is it— Oh how selfish I am in this new, wonderful joy that has come to me! Of course you are grieving over Perry?"

Lady Wargrave threw her arms around the girl as she knelt by her chair.

"That is it, dear," she said, catching at a straw. "Of course I am thinking of my boy, and what I shall do without him."

"But you will not send me away?" Margot asked, anxiously. "Gilbert said something about my leaving you. Oh, dear mother, the only mother I have ever known, you will not let me leave you, leave you now when you will be so lonely, and after all your kindness to me."

"Margot," said Lady Wargrave, tremulously, "will you always try and remember in the future, if strange things happen, if—if—though I fervently trust not—that you will be separated from me, that I always did mean to be kind to you, that you are to me as a daughter. I think—I believe you do love me, Margot?"

"Of course I do," answered the girl, unhesitatingly. "You and Perry are all my world. I can't love Gilbert yet, for though he is my brother, how can I love anybody I have only just seen? The whole thing is rediculous. Whilst Perry"—

"Well!" answered Perry, coming through the window, up to her side as she spoke. "What about Perry?"

"Just that you're the dearest boy in the world, that is all about you" she returned with a saucy look. "But oh, Perry just turn your head round a little more to the right!"

"What now?" demanded Perry, obeying her request, and looking laughingly down at the little figure from his superior height.

"It's very funny, but I never saw anyone so like!" returned Margot, slowly. "As you stand there, like that, Perry, you and Gilbert might be—brothers!"

Perry burst into an infectious roar of laughter. Lady Wargrave started violently, and her already pale face assumed almost a grey hue of fear.

"Margot!" she said, angrily, almost harshly, "are you mad? How could there possibly be any resemblance between the two."

"I don't know, mother," answered the girl, gently, "but the likeness certainly was unmistakable, only of course there's but one Perry!"

And as the luncheon bell sounded Margot linked her arms through Lady Wargrave's and Perry's and gaily marched them off to the dining room.

And the next morning Perry went, but not before he had found time to get Margot all to himself for one bitter-sweet five minutes.

"Margot," he said, looking tenderly down upon her lovely childlike face and lips tremulous with the thought of their near parting. "Margot, I don't know how things are going to be; possibly this return of Gilbert will alter your life altogether, and you may go away from all this, and take your part in the gay whirl of fashionable life; and, if things are so, you won't quite forget me, will you dear? And Margot, will you wear this, for 'auld lang syne?"

He drew a small, simple ring, set with a turquoise forget-me-not, from his pocket, and slipped it on her slim finger.

"Wear it, dear, and think sometimes of Perry," he said tremulously then forgetting his cautious resolves on a sudden impulse he clasped her to him.

"Margot, Margot, I love you," he said under his breath. "When I come back please God, I shall find you understand and remember, and are waiting to give me the love that I dare not ask for now; for you are so young, darling, how can you tell whether you love me or not?"

A sudden light sprang into Margot's blue eyes, her lovely face glowed with a strange, sweet shyness.

"I love you, Perry," she whispered so low that he had to bend his tall head to catch the murmured words, and his lips met hers for one brief moment, whilst a sigh that was suspiciously like a sob, broke from him.

And then they started apart as Lady Wargrave entered, and soon, terribly soon it seemed to the aching hearts of the two loving women, the man that each loved best in the world had gone from out their midst, and a shadow of loneliness and desolation seemed to settle over the grey old pile, Barston Towers, the home for so many generations of each socceeding Lord Wargrave.

CHAPTER V.

A man stood hesitating outside a shabby-looking door in a small street in an obscure part of Paris under the shadow of Notre Dame.

He was a tall and supremely handsome individual, and he wore his clothes with the air of a man who had found his right tailor, and valued him accordingly.

Just now he looked strangely out of place in this obscure and evil-smelling street, and the thought of the incongruity of it all appeared to strike him, for a somewhat sardonic smile hovered over his good-looking features.

"Maddy will be somewhat surprised, to put it mildly," he commented inwardly, as he mounted the dark, rickety stairs which led to his destination. "I hope she won't make a scene; but I think she knows me well enough by this time to control all unnecessary emotions.

His hand was out to knock at the door of No. 15, when it suddenly opened, and a woman with a pale set face came hastily out.

"Good gracious, Maddy!" exclaimed the man, with a smile, putting out his arms as if to bar her progress.

For a moment a great light sprang into the woman's sombre eyes and her firm, clear-cut lips trembled; then a mask-like composure settled over her features as she said, in a level voice which betrayed no sign of emotion:

"So you have come back after four years? Why? Curiosity, I suppose, as to whether I was still starving here, living the life of a dog, or had ended it all, and been finally taken to the Morgue? I"—

She paused as Carew with a light laugh, laid one hand forcibly on her mouth, and gently but firmly pushed her back into the room.

"That will do!" he said, in cold, decided tones, as he shut the door on the inside, and turned to face her. "Now, Madeleine, before I listen to your reproaches, hear me. I am a rich man—rich ma cherie, beyond your dreams of avarice, and I have come back to claim my wife. Never mind how it has been managed; it is all safe and above suspicion, and all you have to do is to recover your temper, and your good looks, both of which appear to have suffered during your lengthened sojourn in this salubrious retreat, to order the best clothes for yourself—I give you carte blanche in regard to expense—and to come back with me to England, where, if you behave yourself and do as you are told, I promise you, you shall have every attention from your prodigal husband!"

The girl—for she was little more—stood motionless as a statue, the colour coming and going in her face

"Do you mean it," she asked then, "Do you mean that at last you will acknowledge me as your wife before your own people, and I shall know and bear your right name, that I shall be every truth your wife such as I have always hoped and dreamed I would be?"

"Exactly," he said, smiling down upon her. "And you have nothing to do but look pretty, and be a good girl and enjoy yourself. Your hardworking days are over, Mrs. Gilbert Carew!"

She faced him with a lovely radiant smile—a smile that transfigured her handsome features, and irradiated it into more than its ordinary beauty.

"Mrs. Gilbert Carew!" she said in low, tones. "At last— after waiting all these years, I know and bear my husband's name!"

"Everything comes to him or her who knows how to wait," he quoted lightly, "and you have waited a long time for yours, my poor Madeleine. Now, come here closer to me, and let me look at my wife, and see how the years have dealt with her."

He tilted her face upwards, and, framing it between his hands, looked searchingly at her.

"You have not lost your looks after all," he said after a searching scrutiny. "At any rate, nothing but what rest and comfort will bring back; and that you will have. Now, give me a kiss and tell me—are you glad after all to see me?"

Such a wild wave of emotion seemed to pass over the girl, as she quivered in his arms, that speech was beyond her. Then she spoke in low, uneven tones:

"Glad! Glad! Oh, Jack can't you see? Don't you know?"

Her agony of joy was painful in its intensity, but Carew laughed a light, well-satisfied laugh as he said:

"I know the question was superfluous. Had I not guessed it would be so, you may be very sure I should never have come back to you as I have; for I have use for you, my girl. In the first place when you have got together a decent outfit with as little delay as possible, you must come with me to Barston Towers and make yourself as charming as possible to my little sister."

A wild amazement rose in Madeleine's face.

"Your sister?" she said. "And all these years I believed that, like me you had nobody belonging to you Oh Jack, if only I can make her fond of me!"

Carew laughed amusedly.

"She is quite prepared to do so," he said then. "She is very pretty, very young, and has lived all her life since her fifth year at Barston Towers with Lady Wargrave, under whose care I placed her when I first went abroad to Australia, from whence I have only just returned now because my uncle, John Carew, has died lately, leaving me his sole heir, in possession of a quarter of a million of money. Margot's place now is, of course, by my side. You and I are bound to take her to our hearts and our home. I tell you all this that there may be no hitch, no mistake—that you may understand. Are you quite sure, Madeleine, that you do understand?"

He spoke in cold, firm, meaning tones, and as she remained silent, with bowed head, he advanced and laid one hand on her arm.

"Let there be no mistake," he said sternly. "You do understand?"

Madeleine raised her bowed head and looked wistfully at him, with a face out of which all the brightness and joy had fled, as the sun is shadowed by the black cloud.

"I understand," she said, very quietly; "and what I do not quite grasp now, I shall very shortly. Be sure that I shall not fail you. What you wish I will make up my mind to understand."

Carew stooped and laid his lips on her cold cheek.

"There's my good girl," he said in light, easy, tones. "I thought you would see the wisdom of a good understanding. And now, let us, if possible, have a light here, for I have many things to arrange and do and it is imperative that, as matters are now, you should be with me."

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Carew were driving up the broad avenue that led to Barston Towers. Carew sank back on the broad-cushioned seat of the barouche which had met them at the station, and turned with a slight smile to his wife.

"After all, what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh," he soliloquized. "Now for the first time in my life I feel I am in my right sphere, as if I were in very truth a —Wargrave of Barston."

He laughed with a strange note of meaning in his laugh; then, as his eyes rested on his wife a slight frown passed over his cauntenance.

"Madeleine," he said, coldly, "do not be a little fool."

Madeleine turned her face towards him and showed it white and quivering under the shadow of her elaborate Parisian confection, crowning the masses of her black hair.

"Jack," she said, pitifully, with a pathetic little quaver in her voice, "don't be hard on me; remember it is all so new to me, and I am frightened! Oh Jack, bear with me a little till I can feel my way by myself a bit!"

Carew took her delicately-gloved hand into his own.

"Do your best, Maddy," he said in softer tones. "and I shall not be hard on you. Laugh, talk—be anything except scared, and if you feel any way out of your depth, don't let them see it. You'll do, little woman. You've plenty of native sense and wit, and you've good looks enough to make every other woman jealous, especially now you've the wherewithal to set them off with. Why, Maddie, a few months, and you'll be one of the beauties of the season, and I shall sink into Mrs. Gilbert Carew's husband!"

(To be Continued.)

INSTEAD OF IRON.

In Iceland horses are shod with sheep's horns. In the Soudan a kind of sock made of camel's skin is used for the purpose.

A German not long ago invented a horse shoe of paper, prepared by saturating with oil, turpentine, and other ingredients. Thin layers of such paper are glued to the hoof until the requiset thickness is attained and the shoes thus made are said to be durable and impenetrable by moisture.

Aluminium is superior to any stone for sharpening cutlery.

THE VILLAGE BURGLAR.

Under the spreading gooseberry bush
The Village burglar lies.
The burglar is a crafty man,
With whiskers on his eyes,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Keep off the little flies.

He goes on Sunday to the church
To hear the parson shout.
He puts a shilling in the bag,
And takes a sovereign out;
And when he reaches home again
He smiles without a doubt.

And going home one winter's night
He sees an open door,
An overcoat hangs in the hall,
And he creeps along the floor;
A moment later out he comes
And then the deed is o'er.

He proudly gazes on his prize
And holds it out a stretch,
He hurries down the lighted street,
And ah! the crafty wretch,
He takes it to the pawnshop
To see what it will fetch.

Howe'er, a policeman passing 'long,
With measured beat and slow,
Has seen the burglar's little game,
And quickly lets him know,
And he takes him to the prison cell
When the evening sun is low.

Boozing, borrowing, burglaring
Have told an awful tale,
And now at leisure he repents
With many a mournful wail—
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned six months in gaol.

HOODWINKING A LION.

Lions, it seems, take to man-eating only as a means of self-defence, or when they become too old to be a match for the wild prey, the flavour of which they so much prefer. Old hunters declare that they never knew a lion really to "stalk" a man, that, as a rule, they rather "turn up their noses" at civilised flesh, and are more or less easily diverted from the scent. In "Days and Nights by the Desert" Parker Gilmore tells of a trick he once played on one of these animals.

"I was hunting ostriches," he says "at a bend in the ravine the bird disappeared, and I was about to follow it, when, by the merest chance I looked behind me, and to my surprise and horror, saw that a large lion was not over seventy yards behind me, and evidently stalking me as carefully as I was stalking the bird. If I could have gained a tree I should certainly have climbed it in a hurry; but no tree was near. To make a run for it would have brought the lion upon me at once. I kept steadily along the edge of the ravine till I came to a place that promised shelter; it was a drop of four feet to a ledge about thirty inches wide, and afterwards a perpendicular descent of fifty to sixty feet, terminating in a quantity of broken boulders and jagged stones.

"With as little appearance of alarm as I could assume I sat down on the edge of the precipice, ever and anon I took a careful glance behind to see where my foe was. About twenty rods behind me were a few ragged bushes. Behind these the lion had taken shelter and was keeping a careful survey upon my every movement. Darkness was coming on, when I slipped from my seat and dropped down on the ledge Instantly I slipped off my coat and hung it on the muzzle of my musket and shoved it up over the upper ledge, where I had so lately been sitting. Scarcely was this done when my coat was torn away, and my gun hurled to the bottom of the gully. But they did not go alone. No; my assailant was with them, and there he remained all night, grumbling over his disappointment at not having me for supper. A colder night I have never passed but I had to make the best of it. In the morning I found that my assailant had smashed his foreleg in his fall. The musket was not injured, and I soon ended his suffering."

BIRD-WATCHING.

Some interesting ornithological discoveries have recently been made on the island of Laysan, a tiny out-of-the-way place in the Pacific, situated in latitude 25deg. 42min. south. This island, which belongs to the United States, has for many centuries been the home of thousands of birds. Until the recent visit of several scientific gentlemen these birds had probably never seen any human beings. For this reason the birds showed no fear. The tern and albatrosses, which were found in great numbers, were much tamer than pigeons; in fact they were too tame, and frequently got in the way when they were not wanted. The birds' island is only three miles long by one and a half wide, and the whole place is covered with nests. Many of these nests are underground, those of the white-breasted petrel being six feet in length. The naturalists were not able to avoid falling into some of these subterranean passages. One of the scientists who wished to photograph a nest of rail had a curious experience. Having focussed the camera about two feet from the nest, he was about to take the picture, when the hen bird quietly returned and covered the eggs. Several photographs were taken of her in that position, and then, as she showed no fear of her human companions, and no desire to leave her natural resting place, she was quietly lifted off the nest and carried away for some little distance. Even then, although the camera cloth was waved to frighten her away, she suceeded in scuttling back to her nest, and taking up her old position before her nest and eggs could be photographed.

In the past ten years the tonnage of shipping entering Hamburg yearly has increased nearly 3½ million tons In the same period London's trade increased only 2½ millions of tons.

THE BLINDNESS OF THE SUBMARINE.

AN AMERICAN VIEW.

The loss of the British submarine that was recently struck by a merchant steamer and sent to the bottom with its hapless crew of eleven officers and men, proves once more in a very dramatic way, that the most serious fault of the submarine in its present stage of development is that it it blind. In saying this, remarks a scientific American, we refer to submarines as a whole, and do not wish to be understood as saying that in the great activity which is now being shown in the development of this most interesting craft, there may not be some one type that is able to manoeuvre under water with its eyes open most of the time; indeed, there is reason to believe that in America the "Lake" submarine, which was recently endorsed so strongly by a United States army board, is provided with an improved form of "periscope," that is greatly superior to anything of the kind that has been used up to the present at least in these waters.

The British submarine disaster happened to one of the new and larger vessels of the Holland type, which had recently been constructed by the Admiralty. It was lying submerged off the Nab lightship, awaiting the approach of a battleship, when it was run down by a South African liner. Inasmuch as the accident happened at a time when a special lookout was being kept, it is natural to conclude that the future of the submarine to detect the approach of the liner was due to the limited range of her periscope. We are not aware what means of vision is being used by the British submarines; but if it is the same as that of America, the field included by the glass is limited to a narrow angle of vision ahead. It can readily be understood that if the instrument was of this type, and was being directed steadily towards the approaching battleship, the merchant steamer might have run down the submarine from astern, the crew of the submerged boat having no warning of the impending disaster until they were struck and rolled over by the big ship.

An improved type of periscope, recently described in the "Scientific American Supplement," contains five separate lenses, four of which look to the four quarters of the compass and convey a reduced image, sufficient for observation all around the horizon, to the navigator in the submarine, while the fifth lens looks ahead and presents the image in its true size, without distortion. So far so good—provided the weather be clear, and the water calm; but the troubles of blindness begin to overtake all submarines when the winds freshen and the sea rises. Then, with the pitching of the boat, which even when submerged, must be more or less affected by the waves, the periscope tube begins to rock with a reversed pendulum motion, and the field of vision caught by the lenses varies from sky to water and from water to sky, while the salt spray blown against the glass begins further to destroy the sight of the little submerged fighting ship. It will be a brave step in the right direction when someone discovers a means of automatically maintaining the line of sight of the periscope lens in the level position.

The recent disaster will necessarily for a time at least, shake the public faith in the submarine; but that it will seriously hinder its development we do not believe. It was only a few days before this accident, during another series of submarine manoeuvres in which a fleet of British battleships was attacked, that a decision was given in favour of the submarine; some of the battleships being ruled as torpedoed and put out of action. Moreover the crowded ed condition of the field of operations when the boat was lost, the manoeuvres being carried out in one of the most busy maritime thoroughfares, would never occur in war time except on the rare occasion of a general melee at the close of a hard-fought naval engagement.

HOW A TORPEDO IS FIRED.

The Whitehead torpedo is undergoing constant development, the latest improvement being the introduction of the gryoscope for the purpose of keeping the torpedo more accurately upon its true course.

The latest pattern includes this device, and is of larger diameter and greater length than the earlier types The Schwartzkopff torpedo, which is the type used in the Russian navy is merely a modification of the Whitehead, and operates upon the same principles. It is driven by a three-cylinder engine, with cylinders 120 degrees apart, acting on a common crank. The engine is started by means of a valve, which is opened by a lever striking a projecting lugg on the launching tube, when the torpedo is fired.

The torpedo is fired from a launching tube by the explosion of a small charge of gunpowder behind it. This compresses the air which surrounds the rear half of the torpedo, and thrusts it out of the tube without any serious jar. The range and speed of the torpedoes vary with the size. Whitehead torpedoes are 16ft. 7½in. in length, and carry a charge of 220lbs. of guncotton, and have a speed of 31 knots for 1,000 yards.

SAVOURY POTATOES.

Peel some potatoes, put them in a pie dish, with a large chopped onion chopped very fine, half a teaspoonful of dried sage, powdered, two ounces of butter, and enough water to cover the bottom of the dish, pepper and salt to taste. Bake in a slow oven.

—ooo—

RASPBERRY SNOW.

Take 1lb of raspberry jam, the whites of two eggs. Beat together until quite stiff, pile on top of some soaked sponge cake.

HOW THE JAPS MADE THEIR SWORDS.

In no country of the world, perhaps, has the sword played so great a part in the history of the people or been regarded with such reverence as in Japan. Nowhere has the "white arm" reached such a pitch of excellence in quality, shape, and efficiency, as in the Empire of the Sun.

A correspondent recently paid a visit to a Japanese sword-maker's establishment, and thus describes it. The forge was a square, one-roomed edifice about 18ft. each way. On one side of the room was the bellows and directly in front of the nozzle of the bellows was scooped a trough in the earth, which served to contain charcoal and constituted the furnace in which the steel was heated. The anvil was a block of iron about 5 by 16 by 20 inches in size, let into the earth, and the top of which was hardened.

No woman or female child is allowed to enter the building in which is the forge, for women are supposed to be attended and followed by troops of demons whose presence would be detrimental to the quality of the swords manufactured. The chief instruments used are two large sledge hammers weighing 12 pounds each and a smaller one weighing 2 pounds, which is used by the chief swordsmith.

The metal used is Japanese steel, which is made by melting iron ore in a charcoal furnace and dropping it in cold water. The carbon derived from the charcoal causes the formation of steel. It comes in lumps which average about 1½lbs. a piece, and about 15 of them are required to make a sword blade weighing when finished, without sheath or mountings, from 1½ to 2 pounds.

One of the original lumps of steel is heated to a very high degree of temperature and beaten out into a flat slab. This slab, when red-hot is plunged into cold water, which treatment renders it brittle. It is then broken up into twenty or thirty small pieces. Each of these bits of steel is then inspected. If its edge of fracture is dense, granular, and homogeneous in structure and of a dull grey colour, the steel is regarded as good. If, on the other hand, the edge of fracture is cracked glistening and of uneven colour, the bit of steel is condemned and rejected. It is this retention of good and elimination of bad steel which is the reason that so much steel is necessary for making a good sword.

After a sufficient number of these small pieces of steel have been accumulated another of the original lumps of steel is heated and beaten out into a flat slab. This slab, while red-hot, is creased in two parallel straight lines by pounding the edge of a hatchet into the flat surface of the slab with a hammer. The slab of steel is then rendered brittle and broken along these creases, forming a rectangular slab some 2½ or 3 inches wide.

This piece is then taken, and upon it are piled up as closely as possible a number of the small fractured bits of steel. When enough of these have been piled up to make a heap about 2 or 3 inches high, the whole is sprinkled first with coal ashes and then a mixture of earth and water is poured over it. The latter process serves to cake the little bits of steel together and keeps them in poeition.

This is seized with the tongs, heated up to a very high temperature, removed from the surface, sprinkled with straw ashes and beaten with sledge hammers until the small bits of steel are united with each other and with the slabs upon which they rest, into one mass. The ultimate result of all this pounding is an ingot of steel from four to five inches in length by about one and a half in width and three-fourths of an inch thick.

Three such ingots are taken and welded together, and to a bar of old iron, which serves as a handle. This is then taken in hand by the chief swordsmith, who, with his small hammer, and aided by his assistants gradually beats this mass of steel into the shape of a sword blade. The sword is finally hardened and tempered with many invocations and prayers to the diety who is supposed to be the patron of swordsmiths, and when finished is one of the most perfect weapons obtainable.

MURDER WILL OUT.

The following story goes far to prove that there is a good deal of truth in the old adage, "Murder will out." It appears that some twenty-five years ago a newly-married couple, natives of Germany, started on foot from Mundooran, a small township in the west of New South Wales, intending to make their way to Coonamble, some few miles distant, but were never heard of. After a lapse of eight years a human skeleton was found in a cave on the track taken by the missing couple, and sufficient clothing remained to make identification of the wife positive. No trace was found of the husband. An aboriginal was suspected at the time, but proof was insufficient. The disappearance of the husband, and the "swags" led many to suspect him of the crime. Now, after nearly twenty-five years, a human skeleton has been found by a kangaroo hunter in a hollow log, close to where the wife's remains were discovered, and but little doubt exists that the discovery reveals the fate of the husband. The scene of the double murder is about twenty-five miles from Mundooran, in a wild and most inaccessible part of the country, rarely visited even by hunters, and for the most part unexplored. Here are materials for a bush romance.

The remains of mammoths are very abundant in Northern Russia and there is a large export trade in fossil ivory, consisting of the tusks of these extinct animals from the islands of New Siberia.

HOW SOME CUSTOMS ORIGINATED.

Most people of an inquiring turn of mind like to know the origin of everyday customs, or of things of everyday use. There are probably few who know that the lace veil which hides the face of blushing brides originated in the Anglo-Saxon custom of performing the nuptial ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held at each corner by a tall man, over the bride and bridegroom. The throwing of a shoe after a bride was a symbol of renunciation of dominion and authority over her by her father or guardian; and the receipt of the shoe by the bridegroom even if accidental, was an omen that the authority was transferred to him

THE BARBER'S POLE.

The origin of the barber's pole, itself now almost a thing of the past, originated in the days of barber-surgeons, when blood-letting was considered a panacea for most of the ills that flesh is heir to. The pole was used for the patient to grasp during the operation, and a fillet or bandage for tying up the arm. When the pole was not in use the tape was tied to it, and twisted round it and then it was hung up as a sign. At length, instead of hanging out the actual pole used in operations, a painted one with stripes round it in imitation of the genuine article and its bandages was placed over the shop.

PAWNBROKERS' SIGNS.

The sign of the three balls hanging over pawnbrokers' shops was taken from that of the Italian bankers, known generally as Lombards; hence the name Lombard Street. They were the first to open loan shops in England for the relief of temporary distress. The greatest of the Lombards were members of the celebrated and eventually princely, house of the Medici, of Florence. They bore pills on their shield—and those pills, as usual, were gilded—in allusion to the professional origin from which they had derived the name of Medici. Their agents in England and elsewhere placed the armorial bearings of the house on their doors, and later others adopted the sign.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

France has now 4,288,037 acres of vineyard.

France is believed to be the best cultivated country in Europe.

Shaving is first mentioned in Genesis Xii. 14. Joseph shaved himself before going before the king.

An admiral flys his flag at the main mast, a vice-admiral at the fore, and a rear-admiral at the mizzen.

The remarkable echo at Eagle Nest, on the banks of Killarney, Ireland, repeats a bugle-call 09 times, each clear and distinct.

Almost the whole of the Dutch city of Amsterdam is built upon piles driven forty or fifty feet deep through soft peat and sand to a firm substratum of clay.

It is said that in London there are no fewer than 10,000 professional musicians of various grades, and that more than half of them are women.

Gold crosses and diplomas were presented by the German Empress last year to 176 women servants who had been forty years with the same family.

While a bridal wreath in England is usually composed of orange blossoms, Germany uses myrtle, Italy white roses, Spain red roses, Greece vine leaves, and Bohemia rosemary.

Inability to see at night is a curious affection of the eye, in which the patient sees very well during the day, but becomes blind as night approaches. It is mostly prevalent in warm countries, and usually gives way to mild treatment.

In the United States, spoiled postal-cards which have not been sent through the post are redeemed at the rate of seven cents (3½d.) for ten cards. Postcards in that country are sold at a halfpenny apiece.

In several respects the Albanians are the most interesting people in Europe. They commit no crimes but murder. Among them human life has an even smaller value than in Sicily, and the vendetta prevails even more rigidly.

In the public schools of Japan the English language is required to be taught by law. The Japanese youths in the open ports and commercial cities are all eager to learn English as a passport to wealth, position and employment.

Lobsters cannot be persuaded to grow up together peaceably. If a dozen newly-hatched specimens are put into an aquarium, within a few days there will be only one—a large, fat, and promising youngster. He will have eaten all the rest.

In 1850 the consumption of distilled spirits—brandy and whisky—in the United States averaged about two and one quarter gallons for each person, while to-day the average is about one and one third gallons. In 1850 the consumption of beer was a gallon and a half for each individual; now it is about 17.4 gallons.

At an evening party in a Stockholm residence, the heat became almost intolerable. The window sashes were found frozen, and a pane of glass was shattered. A current of cold air rushed in, and at the same instant flakes of snow were seen to fall to the floor in all parts of the room. The atmosphere was so saturated with moisture that the sudden fall in temperature produced a snow-fall indoors. 1416.

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LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

A STORY OF LOVE AND • • • WAR. • • •

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

Author of "Lena Rivers," "Edna Browning," "Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc.

PART 2.

This was his idea, and ere the clinging arms had unclasped themselves from his neck,his imagination had leaped forward to the future, and in fancy George Graham wore, if not a colonel's, at least a captain's uniform, and the cottage on the hill, which Annie so much admired, and for the purchase of which a few hundreds were already saved, was his,—bought with the money he would earn. The deed should be drawn in her name, too, he said, and he pictured her coming down the walk to meet him, with the rose-blush on her cheek, just as she looked the first time he ever saw her. Something of this he told her,—and Annie tried to smile, and think it all might be. But her heart that morning was far too heavy to be lightened by a picture of what seemed so improbable. Still, George's hopeful confidence did much to reassure her, and when, a few days after, she started for the hall, she purposely took a longer walk for the sake of passing the cottage on the hill, thinking, as she leaned over the low iron fence, how she would arrange the flower-beds more tastefully than they were now arranged, and teach the drooping vines to twine more gracefully around the slender columns supporting the piazza in front. She would have seats, too,—willow-twisted chairs beneath the trees, where she and George could sit at twilight, and watch the shadows creeping across the hollow where the old cottage was, and up the opposite hill, where the cupola of Rose Mather's home was plainly visible, blazing in the April sunshine. It was a very pleasant castle which Annie built, and for a time the lead of pain which, since George volunteered, had lain so heavy at her heart, was gone; but it returned again when, as she passed a turn in the road, her eye wandered down to the hollow, and that other cottage standing there so brown and small, and looking already so desolate, because she knew that ere many days were over, she would wait in vain for the loved footsteps coming down the road,—should miss the pleasant, cheery laugh, the teasing joke and words of love which made the world all sunshine. The cottage on the hill became a worthless thing as poor Annie forced back her tears, and with quickened steps hurried on to join the group of ladies busy at the hall.

Taking her seat by the window, she commenced the light work imposed on her, that of tearing and winding bandages for those who might be wounded.

"Maybe there'll never be no fight, but it's well enough to be prepared," was the soothing remark of the kind-hearted old woman who gave the work to Annie, noting, as she did so, how the lip quivered and the cheek paled at the very idea.

"What if George should need them?" kept suggesting itself to her as she worked industriously on, hoping that, if he did, some one of the rolls she was winding might come to him, or, better yet, if he could only have the bit of soft linen she had brought herself—a piece of her own clothing, and bearing on it her maiden name, Annie Howard. He would be sure to know it, she said, it was written so plainly with indelible ink, and it would make him feel so glad. But there might be other Annie Howards, it was not an uncommon name, was suggested next to her, as she tore the linen in strips, and quick as thought her hand sought the pocket of her dress for the pencil which she knew was there. Glancing around to see that no one observed her, she touched the pencil to her lips and wrote after the name: "It's your Annie. George. Try to believe I'm there. Rockland, April, 1861."

There were big tear-drops on the bit of linen, but Annie brushed them away and went on with her rolling, just as Widow Simms called her attention to Rose Mather, as mentioned several pages back.

Annie could not account for it to herself, but ever since Rose's arrival at Rockland, she had felt a strange inexplicable interest in the fashionable belle; an interest prompted by something more than mere curiosity, and now that there was an opportunity of seeing her without being herself seen, she straightened up and smoothing the soft braids of her pale brown hair, waited for the entrance of the little lady, who, with her pink hat set jaunttily on her chestnut curls, and her rich fur collar buttoned gracefully over her handsome cloth cloak, tripped into the room, doing much by her sunny smile and pleasant manner to disarm the ladies of their recent prejudice against her. She was nothing but a child, they reflected; a spoiled, petted child; she would improve as she grew older and came more in contact with the sharp corners of the world, so those who had the honor of her acquaintance received her with the familiar deference, if we may be allowed the expression, which had always marked their manner toward William Mather's bride. Rose was too much accustomed to society to be at all disconcerted by the hundred pair of eyes turned scrutinizingly toward her. Indeed, she rather enjoyed being looked at, and she tossed the coarse garments about with a pretty playfulness, saying tthat "since the ladies had called upon her she had thought better of it, and made up her mind to martyr herself one afternoon at least, and benefit the soldiers. To be sure there wasn't much she could do. She might hold yarn for somebody to wind, she supposed, but she couldn't knit, and she didn't want to sew on such ugly, scratchy stuff as those flannel shirts, but if somebody would thread her needle, and fix it all right, she'd try what she could do on a pair of drawers."

For a time no one seemed inclined to volunteer her services, and Widow Simms's shears clicked spitefully loud as they cut through the cotton flannel. At last, however, Mrs. Baker, who had more than once officiated as washerwoman at the Mather mansion, came forward and arranged some work for Rose, who, untying the strings of her pink hat, and adjusting her tiny gold thimble, labored on until she had succeeded in sewing up and joining together a long leg with one some inches shorter, which had happened to be lying near. Loud was the shout which a discovery of this mistake called forth, nor was it at all abated when Rose demurely asked if it would not answer for some soldier who should chance to have a limb shot off just below the knee.

"The little simpleton!" muttered the widow, while Mrs. Baker pointed out to the discomfited lady that one division of the drawers was right side out and the other wrong!

There was no alternative save to rip the entire thing, and with glowing cheeks Rose began the task of undoing what she had done, incidentally letting out, as she worked, that Will might have known better than to send her there,—she shouldn't have come at all if he had not insisted, telling her people would call her a secessionist unless she did something to benefit the soldiers. She didn't care what they called her; she knew she was a Democrat, or used to be before she was married; but now that Will was a Republican, she hardly knew what she was; any way, she was not a secessionist, and she wasn't particularly interested in the war either; why should she be?—Will was not going, nor Brother Tom, nor any of her friends.

"But somebody's friends are going,—somebody's Will, somebody's Tom; as dear to them as yours are to you," came in a rebuking tone from a straightforward, outspoken woman,who knew from sad experience that "somebody's Tom was going."

"Yes, I know," said Rose, a shadow for an instant crossing her bright face, "and it is dreadful, too. Will says everything will be so much higher, and it will be so dull at Saratoga and Newport next summer, without the Southern people. One might as well stay at home. The war might have been avoided, too, by a little mutual forbearance from both parties, until matters could be amicably adjusted, for Brother Tom said so in his letter last night, and a heap more which I can't remember."

Here Rose paused quite exhausted, with the effort she had made to repeat the opinion of Brother Tom. She had read all his letter, fully indorsing as much of it as she understood, and after a little she went on:

"Wasn't it horrid, though, their firing into the Massachusetts boys?—and they were from right round Boston, too. Tom saw them when they started. They were fine-looking men, he says, and Will thinks I ought to be proud that I'm a Bay State girl, but it isn't as if my friends had gone. Tom is a Democrat, I know, but it's quite another kind that join the army."

Widow Simms could keep silent no longer, and brandishing her polished shears by way of adding emphasis to what she said, she began:

"And s'posin' 'tis folks as poor as poverty struck, haint they feelin's I'd like to know? Haint they got bodies and souls, and mothers, and wives, and sistors? And s'posin' 'tis Democrats, more shame for t'other side that helped get up the muss. Where be they now, them chaps that wore the big black capes, and did so much toward puttin' Lincoln in that chair? Why don't they help to keep him settin' there, and not stand back with their hands tucked in their trouses' pockets? Both my boys, Eli and John, voted t'other ticket, and Isaac would, but he wasn't twenty-one. They've all jined, and I won't say I'm sorry, for if there's anything I hate it's a sneak! It makes me so mad!" and the big shears again clicked savagely, as Widow Simms resumed her work, after having thus delivered her opinion of the black Republicans, besides havin, in her own words, given "that puckerin' Miss Mathers a piece of her mind."

Obtuse as Rose was on many points, she saw there was some homely truth in what the widow had said, but this did not impress her so much as the fact that she had evidently given offence, and she was about trying to extricate herself from the dilemma when George Graham appeared, ostensibly to bring some trivial message to the president of the society, but really to see if his wife were there, and speak to her some kind word of encouragement. Rose recognized him as the young man she had seen at the war-meeting, and the moment he left the hall she broke out impetuously:

"Isn't he handsome?—so tall, so broad-shouldered, and such a splendid mark for a bullet,—I 'most know he will be shot."

"Hush-sh!" came warningly from several individuals, but came too late. The mischief was done. Ere Rose could collect her thoughts a group of frightened women had gathered around poor Annie, who had fainted.

"What's the matter? do tell!" cried Rose, standing on tip-toe and clutching at the dress of Widow Simms, who angrily retorted:

"I should s'pose you'd ask. It's enough to make the poor critter faint clean away to hear a body talk about her husband's being a fust rate mark for a bullet!"

With all her thoughtlessness, Rose had the kindest heart in the world; and forcing her way through the crowd, she knelt by the white-faced Annie, and taking the drooping head in her lap, pushed back the thick braids of hair, noticing, with her quick eye for the beautiful, how soft and luxuriant they were, how pure was the complexion, how perfect were the features,how small and delicate the fingers, and how graceful was the slender neck.

"I'm so sorry! I wish I'd stayed at home; I am so sorry," she kept repeating; and when at last Annie returned to consciousness, Rose Mather's was the first voice she heard. Rose's the first face she saw.

With an involuntarily shudder she closed her eyes wearily, while Rose anxiously asked of those about her how they should get her home. "Oh, Jake," she suddenly exclaimed, as, towering above the female heads, she saw her colored conchman looking for her, and remembered that her husband was to call and take her out to ride, "oh, Jake, lift this lady up, carefully as you can, and put her in our carriage. Is Will there? Well, no matter, he'll just have to get out. Stand back, won't you, and let Jake come?" she continued, authoritatively to the group of ladies, who, half amused and half surprised at this new phase in Rose Mather's character, made way for burly Jake, who lifted Annie's light form as if it had been a feather's weight, and bore it down the stairs, followed by Rose, who, with one breath, told Annie not to be a bit afraid, for Jake certainly would not drop her, and with the next asked Jake if he were positive and sure he was strong enough not to let her fall.

Lazily reclining upon the cushions of his carriage,William Mather was smoking his Havana, and admiring the sleek coat of his iron grays, when Rose appeared, and, seizing him by the arm, peremptorily ordered him to alight and help Jake lift the lady in.

"I don't know who 'tis, but it's somebody I made faint away with my silly talk," she replied in answer to Mr. Mather's question, "Who have you there?"

"You made faint away!" he repeated, as he found himself landed rather unceremoniously upon the flagging stones, his Havana rolling at his feet, and his wife preparing to follow Annie, whom Jake had placed inside.

"Yes; I talked about her husband's being a splendid mark for a bullet, and all that, without ever thinking she was his wife. He looked so tall, and big, and nice, that I couldn't help thinking his head would come above all the rest in a fight, but I don't believe it will. There Jake, we are ready now, drive on," said Rose, while poor Annie groaned afresh at this doubtful consolation.

"Drive whar?" asked Jake. "I dun know whar they lives.'

"To be sure, nor I either," returned Rose, turning inquiringly to her husband, who gave the information, adding, as he glanced down the street:

"Mr. Graham himself is coming. I see. I think, Rose, you had best give your place to him."

Rose, who was fond of adventures, wanted sadly to go with Annie, but George, when he came up, seemed so concerned, and asked so many questions, that she deemed it best to leave it for his wife to make the necessary explanations, merely saying, as she stepped upon the walk:

"I am so sorry, Mr. Graham, I really did not mean anything wrong in saying I knew you'd be shot, for you are so——"

"Rose, your dress is rubbing the wheel," interrupted Mr. Mather, by way of diverting Rose from repeating the act for which she was expressing sorrow.

"No it ain't rubbing the wheel, either. It isn't anywhere near it," said Rose, wondering what Will could mean; while George, taking a seat by Annie, smiled at what he saw to be a ruse.

Bent upon reconciliation, Rose pressed up to the carriage, and said to Annie, "You won't be angry at me always, will you? I shouldn't have thought of it, only he does look so——"

"Go on, Jake," Mr. Mather called out, cutting short Rose's speech, and the next moment Annie was driving down the street in Rose Mather's carriage, and behind the iron grays, an honor she had never dreamed in store for her when she saw the stylish turnout passing the door of her cottage in the Hollow.

CHAPTER III.

The 13th Regiment was ordered to Elmira, and the day had arrived for the departure of the volunteers. Bright was the sun and cloudless the sky which shone on Rockland that spring day; but cloudless sky nor warm spring sun could comfort the hearts about to part with her treasures, some forever, and some to meet again, but when, or where, or how, none could tell save Him who holds the secrets of the future.

There were mothers who had never felt a pang so keen or a pain so sore, as when with hearts too full of anguish for the dry, red eyes to weep, they watched their sons pass from the threshold of the door, and knew that when the golden sunlight, falling so brightly around them, was purple in the west, they would look in vain for that returning step, and listen in vain for tones which were the first, perhaps, to stir the deep fountains of maternal love. Fathers, too, were there, with heads bent down to hide the tears they deemed it weak to shed, as they gave their farewell blessing to their boy, praying that God might be over and around him, both when the deafening battle roar was sounding in his ear and when, in the stilly night, he wrapped his blanket about him and laid him down to rest, sometimes with the southern stars shining upon him and sometimes with the southern rain falling on his unsheltered head, for all these vicissitudes must come to a soldier on the field. Wives and sisters, too, were there, who shuddered as they thought how the dear ones to whom they said good-bye, would miss the comforts they were leaving, miss the downy pillow, the soft, warm bed made with loving hands, and the luxuries of home never prized one-half so much as now, when they were to be exchanged for a life within the camp. And there were maidens, from whose cheeks the roses faded, as they gave the parting kiss, and promised to be faithful, even though the manly form the lover bore away should come back to them all maimed and crushed and crippled with the toll of war. Far better so than not to come at all. At least so Annie Graham thought, as, winding her arms around her husband's neck, she whispered to him:

"If the body you bring back has my George's heart within it, I shall love you just the same as I do now," and with her fair head lying on his bosom, Annie wept piteously.

Not till then had she realized what it was to let him go. She had become somewhat accustomed to thinking of it,—accustomed to see him pass in and out, dressed in his stylish uniform, which made him look so handsome, and then she had hoped the regiment would not be ordered for a long, long time, never, perhaps; but now that dream was over; the dreaded hour had come, and for a moment Annie felt herself too weak to meet it. Through the livelong night she had prayed, or if perchance sleep for a moment shut the swollen lids, the lips had moved in prayer that her husband might come back to her again, or, failing to do so, that he might grasp, even at the eleventh hour, the Christian's faith, and so go to the Christian's home, where they would meet once more. She had given him her little Bible, all pencil-marked and worn with daily usage,—the one she read when first the spirit taught her the meaning of its great mysteries,—and George had promised he would read it every day,—had said that when he went to battle he would place it next his heart, a talisman to shield him from the bullets of the foe. And Annie, smiling through her tears, pointed him again to the only One who could stand between him and death, asking that when he was far away, he would remember what she said, and pray to the God she honored.

"It's time now, darling," he said, at last, as he heard in the distance the beat of the drum.

But the clinging arms refused to leave his neck, and the quivering lips pressed so constantly to his murmured:

"Wait a little minute more. 'Tis the last, you know."

Again the drum-beat was heard, mingled with the shrill notes of the fife; the soldiers were marching down the street,and he must go, but oh, who can tell of the love, the pain, the grief, the tears mingled with that parting,—or the agony it cost poor Annie to take her arms from off his neck, to feel him putting her away, to hear him going from the room, across the threshold, down the walk, through the gate, and know that he was gone.

As a child in peril instinctively turns to the mother who it knows has never failed to succor, so Annie turned to God, and with a moaning cry for help sank on her knees just where George had left her. Burying her face in the lounge, she prayed that He who heareth even the raven's cry would care for her husband, and bring him home again if that could be. So absorbed was she as not to hear the gate's sharp click, nor the footstep coming up the walk. Impelled by something he could not resist, George had paused just by the garden fence, and yielding to the impulse which said he must see Annie's face once more, he stole softly to the open door, and stood gazing at her as she knelt, her hands clasped together, and her face hidden from his view, as she prayed for him.

"Will the kind Father keep my George from peril, if it can be, but if, oh, God, how can I say it?—if he must die, teach him the road to Heaven."

That was what she said, and George, listening to her, felt as if it were an angel's presence in which he stood. He could not disturb her. She was in safer hands than his, and he would rather leave her thus,—would rather think of her when far away just as he saw her last, kneeling in her desolation and praying for him.

"It will help to make me a better man," he said, and brushing aside the great tears swimming in his eyes, he left his angel Annie, and went on his way to battle.

Just off from Rockland's main street, and in a cottage more humble than that of George Graham, the sun shone on another parting,—on Widow Simms giving up her boys, and straining every nerve to look composed, and keep back the maternal love throbbing so madly at her heart. Rigid as if cut in stone were the lines upon her forehead and around her mouth,as she bustled about, doing everything exactly as it should be done, and coming often to where Isaac sat trying to look unconcerned and whistling "Dixie" as he pulled on the soft, warm pair of socks she had sat up nights to knit him. Eli and John had some, too, snugly tucked away in their bundle, but Isaac's were different. She had ravelled her own lamb's wool stockings for the material composing his, for Isaac's feet were tender; there were marks of chilblains on them; they would become sore and swollen from the weary march, and his mother would not be there with soothing lint and ointment made from the blue poke-berries. Great pains had the widow taken with her breakfast that morning, preparing each son's favorite dish and bringing out the six china cups and damask cloth, part of her grandmother's bridal dower. It was a very tempting table, and John and Eli tried to eat, exchanging meaning smiles when they saw their mother put in Isaac's cup the biggest lump of sugar, and the largest share of cream. They did not care,—for they, too, loved the fair-haired, smooth-faced boy sipping the yellow coffee he could not drink for the mysterious bunches rising so fast in his throat. The breakfast was over now. Isaac was trying on his socks, while Eli and John, knowing their mother would rather be alone when she said good-bye to her baby, prepared to start, talking quite loud, and keeping up stout courage till the last moment came, when both the tall six-foot young men put thier arms around the widow's neck, and faltered a faint "Good-bye, mother, good-bye."

There were no tears in the mother's eyes nor in the sons', but in the breast of each there was a whirlpool of raging waters, hurting far more than if they had been suffered to overflow in torrents. Eli was the first to go, for John lingered a moment. There was something he would say, something which made him blush and stammer.

"Mother," he began, "I saw Susan last night. We went to Squire Harding's together; and,—and,—well, 'taint no use opposing it now.—Susan and I are one; and if I shouldn't come back, be good to her, for my sake; Susan's a nice girl, mother," and on the brown, bearded cheek, there was a tear, wrung out by the thoughts of only last night's bride, Susan Ruggles, whose family the widow did not like, and had set herself against.

There was no help now, and a sudden start was all the widow's answer. She was not angry, John knew; and, satisfied with this, he joined his brother in the yard, where he was cutting his name upon the beech tree. Thrice the widow called them back, failing each time to remember what she wanted to say. "It was something, sure," and the hard hands worked nervously, twisting up the gingham apron into a roll, smoothing it out again, and working at the strings, until Eli and John passed from the yard, and left her standing there, watching them as they passed down the road. They were a grand-looking couple, she thought, as she saw how well they kept step. They were to march together to the depot, she knew, and nobody in town could turn out a finer span, but who would go with Isaac?—"Stub," his brothers called him. She hoped it might be Judge Warner's son,—it would be such an honor; and that brought her back to the fact that Isaac was waiting for her inside; that the hardest part of all was yet to come, the bidding him good-bye. He was not in the chair where she had left him sitting, but was standing by the window, and raising often to his eyes his cotton handkerchief. He heard his mother come in, and turning toward her, said, with a sobbing laugh:

"I wish the plaguy thing was over."

She thought he meant the war, and answered that "it would be in a few months, perhaps."

"I don't mean that, I mean the telling you good-bye. Mother, oh, mother!" and the warm-hearted boy clasped his mother to his bosom, crying like a child; "if I've ever been mean to you," he said, his voice choking with tears, —"if I've ever been mean to you, or done a hateful thing, you'll forget it when I'm gone? I never meant to be bad, and the time I made that face, and called you an old fool, when I was a little boy, you don't know how sorry I felt, nor how long I cried in the trundle-bed after you were asleep. You'll forget it, won't you, when I am gone, never to come back, maybe? Will you, mother, say?"

Would she? Could she remember aught against her youngest born, save that he had ever been to her the best, the dearest, most obedient child in the world? No, she could not, and so she told him, caressing his light brown hair and showering upon it the kisses which the compressed lips could no longer restrain. The fountain of love was broken, and the widow's tears dropped like rain on the upturned face of her boy.

Suddenly there came to those ears the same drum-beat which had sounded so like a funeral knell to Annie Graham. Isaac must go, but not till one act more was done.

"Mother," he whispered, half hesitatingly, "it will make me a better soldier if you say the Lord's Prayer with me, just as you used to do, with your hand upon my head. I'll kneel down, if you like," and the boy of eighteen, wearing a soldier's dress, did kneel down, nor felt shame as the shaky hand rested once more on his bowed head, while his mother said with him the prayer learned years ago, kneeling as he knelt now.

Surely to the angels looking on there was charge given concerning that boy, —charge to see that no murderous bullet came near him, even though they should fall round him thick and fast as summer hail. It would seem that some such thought as this intruded itself upon the Widow Simms, for where the swelling pain had been there came a gentle peace. God would care for Isaac. He would send him home in safety, and so the bitterness of that parting was more than half taken away.

Again the drum beat just as Annie heard it. Another pressure of the hand, another burning kiss, another "good-bye, mother, don't fret too much about us," and then the last of the widow's boys was gone.

Turn we now to the shanty-like building down by the mill, where the mother of Harry and Bill rocked to and fro upon the unmade bed, and rent the air with her dismal howls, hoping thus to win at least one tender word from the two youths, voraciously devouring the breakfast she, like Widow Simms, had been at so much pains to prepare, watching, even through her tears, to see "if they wan't going to leave her one atom of the steak she had spent her yesterday's earnings to buy."

No they didn't. Harry took the last piece, growling angrily at Bill, who, kinder hearted than his brother, suggested that "Hal shouldn't be a pig, but leave something for the old woman."

"Leave it yourself," was Harry's gruff response, and, turning to his mother, he told her not to make a fool of herself, when she knew she was glad to be rid of them. At any rate, if she were not, the whole village were"; adding, by way of consolation, that "he should probably end his days in State Prison if he stayed at home, and he had better be shot in a fair fight, as there was some credit in that."

Around Hairry Baker's childhood there clustered no remembrance of prayers said at the mother's knee, or of Bible stories told in the dusky twilight, and, though reared in New England, within sight of the church spire, he had rarely been inside the house of God, and this it was which made the difference in that scene and the one transpiring in the house of Widow Simms. All the animal passions in Harry Baker's case were brought to full perfection, unsubdued by any softer influence, and rising from the table, after having filled his stomach almost to bursting, he swaggered across the room, and, opening his bundle, began to comment upon the different articles, he having been too drunk to notice them when given to him on the previous night.

"What in thunder is this for-" he exclaimed,holding up the calico housewife, and letting buttons, scissors and thread drop upon the floor. "Plaguy pretty implements of war these!" and he began to enumerate the articles. "Fine tooth comb, black as the ace of spades. Good enough idea that; hain't used one since I can remember"; and he passed it through his shaggy hair, whose appearance fully verified the truth of his assertion. "Half a paper of pins. Why didn't the stingy critters give us more? An old brass thimble, too. Here, mother, I'll give you that to remember me by," and he tossed it into her lap. The drawers then took his attention; the identical pair Rose Mather made, and though they were better than any he had ever worn, he laughed at them derisively. Trying them on, he succeeded in making a long rip in one of the seams, for Rose's stitches were none the shortest. Then, with a flourish, he kicked them off, uttering an oath as he felt a sharp scratch from a needle which Rose had broken, and failed to extricate. The woollen shirt came next, but any remarks he might have made upon that were prevented by his catching sight of the little brown book which lay at the bottom of the bundle.

"Hurrah, Bill, if here ain't a Testament, with 'Harry Baker' inside. Rich, by George! Wonder if they s'posed I'd read it. Let us see what it says. 'Come unto me all ye that labor.' That means you, mother, scrubbin' and workin', you know. Keep the pesky thing. I enlisted to lick the Southerners, not to sing himes and psalms!" and he threw the sacred book across the floor, just as the first drum-beat sounded. "That's the signal," he exclaimed, and, hastily rolling up the shirt and drawers, he started for the door, carelessly saying, "Come Bill, take your Testament and come along. Good-bye, old lady, you needn't wear black if I'm killed. 'Twon't pay, I guess."

"Oh, Harry, Harry, wait. Wait, Billy boy, do wait. Give your old marm one kiss,' and the poor woman tottered toward Harry, who savagely repulsed her, saying 'he wasn't going to have her slobberin' over him."

"You, Billy, then, you'll let me kiss you, won't you?" and she turned toward Bill, who hesitated a moment, for Harry was in the way.

(To be continued.) 1415.

HE DIDN'T BUY.

The henpecked man was worried to death, and was in no very amiable mood when he prepared to receive a caller who had waited long in the outer office.

He was still less pleased to learn that his visitor was a traveller in the employ of a photograph company. Further, that the man was of the importunate order, whose determination was proof against all but sheer physical force. The henpecked one leaned back in his chair, prepared for the worst.

"Have you a talking machine at home?" inquired the tout.

"Yes." was the reply.

"And may I ask of what company you bought it?" persisted the agent. "Is it an old brand? Is it the best?"

"I didn't buy it; I married it. It's certainly the oldest brand, and the most efficient. But you can judge for yourself," he explained as the door opened and his wife appeared.

One look was sufficient, the agent had no time to hear.

Twin Nightmares.

"Would you have sandwiches and coffee for your opera luncheon?"

"No; Welsh rabbit is the only thing to go with Wagner."

(Copyright.)

A Race for a School-house.

BY JOSEPH BAUGHER.

Monkton was a western village, built in a miasmatic wood, about a mile from a small railroad station. Back of it, divided by a swamp, was Stockton, where the wood was not so dense, but miasma more prolific.

A great rivalry existed between the "twin cities" from their first settlement. Monkton boasted the first grave-yard. To "get even," the Stokeonians, aided by their mayor and constable, inveigled a negro into stealing a hog. The next day, Stockon looked with pride on its own "plant."

Studying day and night how one could get ahead of the other both towns guarded jealously and secretly their respective enterprises

The railroad station was used in common, but rather than go through Monkton, the Stocktonians built a corduroy road through the marshes east of their rivals, with planks on either side for foot passengers.

When the school-house was needed, both towns made their claims for the building. Stockton offered the stone and sent the commissioners a keg of brandy. Monkton put in its bid with a gift of the lumber and threw in a half barrel of apple-jack. Each succeeding day increased the inducements, until both towns "went dry."

After due consideration the commissioners decided to award the school-house to the town showing the greater population, according to the forth-coming United States census.

Both towns completed a thorough canvass the day prior to the official count, with the following startling result:

Monkton . . . . . 437.
STOCKTON. 437

The excitement was intense, but there was an under-current, foretelling victory for Monkton.

Groups of men, women and half grown boys congregated here and there, talking in whispers as I approached, or were silent until I passed out of hearing. Strangers were looked upon with suspicion. My many visits to Monkton's hostelry had won my landlord's confidence a little, but only a very little.

"In spite of the tie," I said to him, "Monkton seems sure of the school-house. But what is all this mystery about?"

"Hush!" he whispered, taking my arm. "Come with me to 'Carrots'"

On our way we passed piles of barrels, boxes and brushwood ready for the match. Eight or nine strangers lounged about the tavern.

"The band has just arrived," said mine host, answering my inquiring look.

"What in the world——" I began, laughing.

"Hist!" he interrupted me, as a waggon-load of boxes approached.

"Fire-works," he said under his breath, when the wagon had passed.

Following close, an ox cart jogged along, laden with barrels and kegs.

"Rum," he continued laconically.

"Commissioners got all that was in the district."

"No freight for Stockton?" I cautiously inquired.

"Nop. 'Less it's a coffin. Old Hobbs ought to be dead by this time, but it's just like them galoots over there to keep him alive till the census is taken. Oh, you don't know the meanness of them varmints," he continued with a look of utter disgust.

By this time we had arrived at 'Carrots,' the telegraph office, where we found a score of men around the operator, a youth with a very red head and nose, who was "guying" his neighbour at Stockton, over the wire.

"Wot's he sayin', Carrots?" asked my landlord, entering the room.

"He's jest been sayin' he'd stay with us all night if need be," replied the youth taking a drink from a handy jug.

"We'll soon send him home sick," laughed one of the men.

"He says," continued 'Carrots' wiping his mouth on his sleeve, as he finished jotting down the message "that if it weren't for improving our grave-yard plant, they'd come over and rid the country of half of its varmints."

'Carrots' closed the key and took another drink.

Although the men laughed derisively I could see that the tension was almost unbearable. One of them was stationed at a window, where every now and then he peered out through the darkness, and then made a negative sign to the expectant crowd within.

'Carrots' was about to take another drink when a mighty shout went up from without.

Twenty bonfires lighted the sky, and amid the report of guns, pistols, and fireworks, and the din of the imported band, the mayor of the town rushed breathlessly in.

"Gentlemen!" he cried, vainly attempting to control his excitement, "I'm deputized by Mr. Bill Plunkett, who is too full to speak for himself, to say not only in my official capacity, but as a friend and fellow-citizen, that Mrs. Plunkett's doin' fust-rate. It's a gal!"

The secret was out. The men threw up their hats and answered the yells of the crowds outside. Their joy was infectious, and I gave a ball-game rooter's yell of sympathy. For a moment I was one of them.

After toasting the "Metropolis" —Carrots doing it several times during the excitement—the Mayor said:

"Pick the news to Stockton! Give it to 'em, Carrots! Give it to 'em hot!"

Thereupon the youth wired his neighbour, that Monkton's population had just been increased to 438.

After waiting some time for a reply, Carrots taking a drink or two during the lull I noticed, the Mayor shouted:

"Give it to 'em agin, Carrots! Give it to 'em agin!"

The message was repeated many times regardless of the unanswered attention calls, but met with no better results.

"Wot's the matter with the darned skunk? Is he dead?" the men were bawling, with patience exhausted.

"Try him once more, Carrots!" urged the Mayor.

"Oh! it ain't no use," the operator grumbled, with an expression of infinite weariness and scorn. "It ain't no use. He's gone home, dead beat. We've got the school-house—and I think I'll take a snifter."

He was about to raise the jug to his mouth, when the sounder rattled off in a lively manner. Reluctantly releasing the vessel, he staggered over to his desk.

"Wot's he sayin' now?" asked the men as they gathered round him.

We watched Carrots as he wrote, and waited until he had taken down the last word. As he did so, his jaw fell, his eyes protruded, and yelling "Hellen Blazes!" he leaped without taking a drink, through the open window.

"He's got 'em agin!" laughed the Mayor, as he took up the message Carrots had just received, and read it aloud:

"Mr. Tom Rusher says stop that damned racket over thar. Mrs. Rusher ain't feelin' very peart tonight. It's twins."

A FALLEN METEORITE.

There is something fascinating about meteorites—those wanderers from the sky which now and again fall to the earth—because we are never certain of what planet or comet they form a part.

To one who has not attempted to follow a meteorite, it might seem an easy matter to trace it. The papers generally announce the fall, and after weeks of pursuit the hunter determines the locality according to the report of the last man who witnessed the fall. He invariably states that it is on his own farm, and doubtless believes it, when in reality the spot is 10 or more miles distant.

Many of the notable falls of history have been discovered accidentally, as those in Arizona, near the Canyon Diablo and the great Mexican stone found by a Mexican farmer in the first instance.

The meteorite has undoubtedly been lying in the ground for some time, and was found in a forest in Clacaamas rounty, Oregan, near Oregon City, U. S. A., by Mr. William Dale. He observed it projecting from a mass of gravel when clearing the land of trees, and after great difficulty had it taken to his farm, about a mile distant. The stone, a huge hat-shaped object, was found in a deep forest, and was excavated only after a vast amount of labour, as its estimated weight is between 10,000lb. and 15,000lb. It was jacked up inch by inch, and finally placed upon a rude cart, and hauled with blocks and tackle down to the farm, where it has been visited by thousands.

It has been examined by Professor Paul Baumel, of Portland, Oregon, an expert, who pronounces it one of the largest meteorites ever found. As to where it fell there is no data.

NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Professor Sommeffield, of the University of Berlin, is using a new remedy for consumption. This remedy consists in a combination of flour with sulphur powdered charcoal and pulverised eucalyptus leaves impregnated with the essential oil of eucalyptus a preparation which has been christened "sanosin." It is put up in hermetically sealed tubes. When used the tube is broken and the contents are placed in an earthenware plate, heated by a spirit lamp. The volatile eucalytpus speedily evaporates, and in combination with the sulphurous anhydrous fumes," medicates with an aromatic odour the air of the closed room in which the tuberculosis patient is placed, so that this new cure is applied in an easy manner. Some remarkable results have recently been claimed for this method, but whether the claims are based on a sufficient number of cures, we have not yet heard.

First of the Kind.

"What have you there?" asked the proprietor of the museum.

"A prize of inestimable value," replied the collector of curiosities. "He is a cartoonist who is able to draw a rifle that doesn't look like a popgun."

Truly, he was a prize, wasn't he?—

Not So Very Cross.

Visitor (feeling his way)—And I suppose sister Ethel was cross that she was out when I called?

Effie—Dunno. She flumped into a chair and said, "Thank heaven!"

Visitor becomes thoughtful.

Love at First Sight.

Cora—I loved you at first sight.

Big Nuggets—An when was that?

Cora—The night at the theater when you was pointed out as the man who had made $10,000,000 in the Klondike.

Did It.

Spanish General—But why did you retreat?

Spanish Colonel—My orders were to keep the Yankee pigs at the proper distance, and there was no other way.

Her Prompt Reply.

He—I saw a beautiful smile illuminate your face as my arm stole around you. Tell me, darling, what were you thinking about?

She—About the pins in my waist.

In a Job Lot.

Dason—What sort of a policy do you think Spain ought to adopt now?

Mason—Accident, fire, marine and as many other kinds of policy as she can lay hands on.

Football.

Our remarks as to the unpo[illegible] like treatment meted out to the [illegible] fort footballers last week by the [illegible] club, and, to the decided funk sh[illegible] the home team in not entering t[illegible] after inducing the visitors to [illegible] twice under promise of a gam[illegible] caused the *Advertiser* to indulg[illegible] splenetic attack upon our knowl[illegible] football, and of the Beaufort [illegible] "temporary mental aberratio[illegible] foolishly imagining that such [illegible] able exponents of the game [illegible] Ararat[illegible] as Beaufort [illegible] hysterical contemporary ev[illegible] chooses to forget that Beaufort [illegible] already this season badly beaten [illegible] "combination" as were unwilling [illegible] on the occasion referred to, an[illegible] the only logical conclusion the B[illegible] players and independent specta[illegible] the sorry figure cut by Ararat [illegible] arrive at was that the home team [illegible] no risk another defeat, even [illegible] specially sending a man to Mo[illegible] secure the services of their capta[illegible] so fell back on the lame excuse [illegible] weather. Ararat can hardly [illegible] the Beaufort players to travel s[illegible] second time to perhaps receive [illegible] treatment—particularly if the w[illegible] looks at all threatening—and pr[illegible] will find that if they want to wi[illegible] laurels from Beaufort they wi[illegible] to do their fair share of trav[illegible] The *Advertiser* having admitte[illegible] Beaufort should have been advi[illegible] the unfavorable climatic conditio[illegible] vailing at Ararat, entirely ignori[illegible] possibility of the weather being [illegible] gether different at Beaufort, [illegible] that journal will be generous enc[illegible] also admit that, despite the i[illegible] "deluge," there were even a few [illegible] players who were sufficiently r[illegible] and manly as to desire to play a fr[illegible] game with their opponents.

A meeting of the committee [illegible] Ararat Football Club was held [illegible] Albion Hotel last Monday ev[illegible] It was decided (says the *Advertis*[illegible] offer a guarantee of £5 to the Be[illegible] Club to cover expenses for a mat[illegible] be played with Ararat on the R[illegible] tion Reserve on 17th August.

BEAUFORT, v. STOCKYARD HI[illegible]

(From our Stockyard Hill Correspon[illegible]

This match, which was very even[illegible] tested, was played last Saturday [illegible] Hill, and resulted in a victory f[illegible] Beaufort Club by a narrow majorit[illegible] points. Scores—Beaufort, 2 goa[illegible] points); Stockyard Hill, 1 goal 3 b[illegible] (9 points.). The game, which was a [illegible] rather rough, was nevertheless we[illegible] tested from the bouncing of the bal[illegible] final bell, some splendid football [illegible] shown by individual members of each [illegible] The most prominent being for Bea[illegible] Young, E. Hannah, Tyrrell, McD[illegible] Cheeseman, and Holdsworth; and [illegible] (whose high-marking was a feature [illegible] game), Tait, Anderson (2), Dar[illegible] Whelan, A. Hannah, B. Kirkpatri[illegible] Burns, for the Hill Club. Darcy [illegible] Stockyard Hill's goal, and McKinn[illegible] L. Lilley did likewise for the visitor[illegible] the conclusion of the match the Be[illegible] players were the guests of the Sto[illegible] Hill Club. At a dinner at Kirkpa[illegible] Hotel, Cr. D. Stewart, president [illegible] local club, welcomed the visitors on [illegible] of his club, and expressed the wis[illegible] all would enjoy themselves, and any [illegible] matches played between the two [illegible] would be as enjoyable as the one [illegible] that afternoon. He also stated tha[illegible] Beaufort met the Skipton Club he [illegible] donate a prize of £1 to the winners [illegible] S. Young, captain of the visitor[illegible] responded on behalf of the visiting tea[illegible] congratulated Stockyard Hill playe[illegible] the splendid game played. Mr [illegible] Hannah, captain of the local clu[illegible] pressed the wish that many games [illegible] be played like the one contested [illegible] afternoon. During the evening son[illegible] recitations were given by the fol[illegible] gentlemen:—Messrs H. Stuart, E. Ha[illegible] White, Osborne, Baker

THE NEXT ITEM ON OUR BUSINESS PROGRAMME IS OUR GREAT WINTER SALE.

IS NOW ON.

THIS IS A RINGING of Bells to summon you to a feast of Bargains. Under no pretence do we let the bells ring without good cause.

A "SALE" with us means that the whole of our Splendid Drapery Stock will be reduced to less than wholesale prices. A most successful season's trade enables us to do this without actual loss. See our Sale Circulars.

SOME PEOPLE think that "Sales" are got up just to coax you in.
And so they are. We like to get you in, and to treat you well when you get there. Could we succeed otherwise?

THERE IS A HEAP OF MONEY EXHIBITED IN OUR WINDOWS.

THE LOT IS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

With each and every cash purchase of 5s. we give away a Blank Cheque Form.
Get one, fill it in, sign it, and send to us before Sept. 30th, 1904.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,
UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,
BEAUFORT and BUANGOR.

The person guessing the nearest to the correct amount of this money will be presented with the lot intact. The amount is not a mean one. It's worth owning.

Football.

Our remarks as to the unsportsmanlike treatment meted out to the Beaufort footballers last week by the Ararat club, and to the decided funk shown by the home team in not entering the field after inducing the visitors to "strip" twice under promise of a game, has caused the *Advertiser* to indulge in a splenetic attack upon our knowledge of football, and of the Beaufort players' "temporary mental aberration" in foolishly imagining that such redoubtable exponents of the game as the Araratonians could be beaten by so insignificant a place as Beaufort. Our hysterical contemporary evidently chooses to forget that Beaufort have already this season badly beaten such a "combination" as were unwilling to play on the occasion referred to, and that the only logical conclusion the Beaufort players and independent spectators of the sorry figure cut by Ararat could arrive at was that the home team would not risk another defeat, even after specially sending a man to Moyston to secure the services of their captain, and so fell back on the lame excuse of bad weather. Ararat can hardly expect the Beaufort players to travel so far a second time to perhaps receive similar treatment—particularly if the weather looks at all threatening—and probably will find that if they want to wrest the laurels from Beaufort they will have to do their fair share of travelling. The *Advertiser* having admitted that Beaufort should have been advised of the unfavorable climatic conditions prevailing at Ararat, entirely ignoring the possibility of the weather being altogether different at Beaufort, perhaps that journal will be generous enough to also admit that, despite the implied "deluge," there were even a few local players who were sufficiently rational and manly as to desire to play a friendly game with their opponents.

A meeting of the committee of the Ararat Football Club was held at the Albion Hotel last Monday evening. It was decided (says the *Advertiser*) to offer a guarantee of £5 to the Beaufort Club to cover expenses for a match to be played with Ararat on the Recreation Reserve on 17th August.

BEAUFORT v. STOCKYARD HILL.

(From our Stockyard Hill Correspondent.)

This match, which was very evenly contested, was played last Saturday at the Hill, and resulted in a victory for the Beaufort Club by a narrow majority of 3 points. Scores—Beaufort, 2 goals (12 points); Stockyard Hill, 1 goal 3 behinds (9 points.) The game, which was at times rather rough, was nevertheless well contested from the bouncing of the ball to the final bell, some splendid football being shown by individual members of each team. The most prominent being for Beaufort—Young, E. Hannah, Tyrrell, McDonald, Cheeseman, and Holdsworth; and Martin (whose high-marking was a feature of the game), Tait, Anderson (2), Darcy, J. Whelan, A. Hannah, B. Kirkpatrick, and Burns, for the Hill Club. Darcy kicked Stockyard Hill's goal, and McKinnon and L. Lilley did likewise for the visitors. At the conclusion of the match the Beaufort players were the guests of the Stockyard Hill Club. At a dinner at Kirkpatrick's Hotel, Cr. D. Stewart, president of the local club, welcomed the visitors on behalf of his club, and expressed the wish that all would enjoy themselves, and any future matches played between the two clubs would be as enjoyable as the one played that afternoon. He also stated that when Beaufort met the Skipton Club he would donate a prize of £1 to the winners. Mr S. Young, captain of the visitors, responded on behalf of the visiting team, and congratulated Stockyard Hill players on the splendid game played. Mr D. R. Hannah, captain of the local club, expressed the wish that many games would be played like the one contested that afternoon. During the evening songs and recitations were given by the following gentlemen:—Messrs H. Stuart, E. Hannah, White, Osborne, Baker, Daniels, Harvy, and Macdermott.

The return match between the above clubs will be played in the Beaufort Park on Wednesday. The Beaufort selection committee have decided upon some changes in the personnel of the team, which they hope will materially strengthen their side, and the following 18 have been selected, comprising 6 who were not playing in the last match:—Adams, Cheeseman (2), Hannah (2), Harvy, Holdsworth, Lilley (2), McDonald, McDougall, Robinson, Sheedon, Tyrrell, R. Welsh, White, Wright, and Young.

Mining News.

ALL NATIONS CONSOLS COMPANY.

The half-yearly meeting of the above company was held at the George hotel, Ballarat, on Thursday afternoon. The chairman of directors (Mr C. E. House) presided.

Directors' Report.—"Three dividends of threepence each per share have been disbursed during the half-year. Messrs A. J. Hare and E. L. Vince retire from the board, in accordance with your deed of association, but are eligible for re-election. Your auditors, Messrs G. King and D. T. Bosher, seek re-appointment.—C. E. House, Chairman; W. D. Thompson, Manager."

Mining Manager's Report.—"No. 1 party—Extended a drive north-west off the bottom level to 260 feet, where the wash dipped underfoot, with good payable prospects. All the payable wash has now been taken out from this level, with good returns from a width averaging 50 feet. In order to work a continuation of this tributary the shaft has been deepened to 182 feet, and the reef drive extended to 70 feet, in good country, 485½ fathoms of dirt have been washed for 698oz. 9¾dwt. No. 2 party—Have sunk a shaft 111 feet; opened and driven a west reef drive 80 feet; put up a rise, and drove north and south in wash to 50 feet and 170 feet respectively, through irregular quality wash. 55 fathoms have been washed for 33oz. 13¾dwt. No. 3 party—Continued blocking and panelling the wash to an average width of 30 feet, until the payable ground became exhausted. A new shaft has since been sunk in the south end; opened out at 72 feet, and drove 20 feet, the last few feet approaching the payable wash left from the old shaft and worked with splendid profit. 130½ fathoms treated have yielded 41½oz. 4¾dwt. No. 4 party having lost level and worked out all the wash at 72 feet, have been succeeded by another party, who intend sinking a new shaft to 150 feet; they are now down 20 feet, in fair sinking country; 2oz. 6dwt. were secured from the machine bottoms and cleaning up. Altogether 671 fathoms have been treated for 114½oz. 4½dwt. For further information, I refer you to the plan of the surface and underground workings. In conclusion, let me assure you that the prospecting work now in progress should promise well for the future of your property. The No. 1 party are following a rich run of wash about 50 feet wide till now within close proximity to the main gutter; and considering that you have about 5000 feet of the main Beaufort Lead with a network of tributaries, all future operations should be watched with much interest, as they greatly enhance the value of your lease.—N. Davey, Mine Manager."

The financial statements showed the receipts to have amounted to £5161 12s 1d, including £5016 0s 3d from the sale of gold, and £113 12s 10d, a credit balance from the previous half-year. On the side of expenditure, contracts accounted for £4521 7s 2d, dividends £307 10s, and wages £54 10s. The credit balance was £74 0s 6d.

In moving the adoption of the reports, the chairman said he had much pleasure in saying that during the past half-year they had had a successful time. They were at present developing a lot of new country, and he was of opinion that in the near future they would have something better than they had before. He thought that the Fiery Creek Lead ran through the property, and this, together with several tributaries, made the lease all the more valuable. He had no doubt that before the next half-yearly meeting they should have something pretty good to show.

The motion was seconded by Mr Hare, and carried.

The retiring directors, Messrs A. J. Hare and E. L. Vince, were nominated together with Messrs Fred Ingle and T. A. Wild. Subsequently Messrs Vince and Wild were withdrawn, and Messrs Hare and Ingle were declared elected for 12 months.

The retiring auditors were re-appointed.

The matter of donations to the charities was held over till next meeting.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman.—"Star."

The splendid results achieved by the Sons of Freedom Central (which has proved to be one of the most profitable alluvial mines in Victoria) is no doubt in some measure responsible for the attention that is being paid to the Raglan goldfield by speculators. The future prospects of the Sons of Freedom Junction are considered to be of so promising a nature that notwithstanding the expectation of at least six months' calls before the wash is reached, there is a strong demand for shares, and sales have this week been effected at 3s 9d. A lease of 1500 acres, commencing at about 2,000ft. from the Sons of Freedom Junction shaft, and running south-west through the lead, is being applied for by Mr E. Milligan, on behalf of a strong Melbourne syndicate, who intend to start boring operations immediately the lease is granted. Another lease of 10 acres, south of Raglan township and west of the old South Sons of Freedom mine, is being applied for by Mr Robt. Stevenson, of Raglan.

All Nations Consols, Beaufort.—Troy and party's tribute—Cut over the chamber, and driven the main drive to 94 feet. Lowered the pumps and put on 30 feet of new column and rods. Grant and party's tribute—Driving in the south end in payable dirt. Yield, 6oz. from 3 set of ground. Adamthwaite and party's tribute—Driven main west to 86 feet; the last 50 feet in poor wash. Morris and party's tribute—Sunk main shaft to 60 feet; last 20 feet in reef.

Barton Quartz Co., Beaufort.—S.E. drive extended to 65½ feet from plat through clean country. Water a little easier, about 700 gallons per hour.

Sam Slick Co.—Jaensch and party's tribute—Engaged blocking back the south end with payable returns. Yield, 8oz. 11dwt. W. D. Thompson and party—Have sunk a main shaft to 136 feet, put in opening set, and driven 4 feet in reef. Now engaged erecting a whim.

Sons of Freedom Junction, Raglan.—Preparing for cistern in shaft, and getting everything in readiness for putting in plunger workings.

Sons of Freedom Central, Raglan.—Blocking and truck-loading in No. 1 rise; ground of average quality. Yield for week, 102oz. 8dwt. of gold.

Daughters of Freedom, Main Lead.—Yield for fortnight, 2oz 11dwt.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sons of Freedom Central, 102oz. 13dwt.; Sam Slick (Jaensch and party's tribute), 23oz. 1½dwt.; Last Chance, 7oz. 3dwt.; Brusher's Co., 4oz. 16dwt. 13gr.; sundries, 15oz.

Rifle Shooting.

LEXTON v. BEAUFORT.

A friendly match was fired between the above clubs on the Beaufort range on Wednesday afternoon last, and resulted in a victory for Beaufort by 12 points. The shooting was of a very high order. Scores of 65 out of a possible 70 were made by J. McKeich (Beaufort) and W. Karslake (Lexton); while the Beaufort team averaged 58 points per man, as against 57.5 by Lexton. Beaufort totalled 472, and Lexton 460. Luncheon was provided by the Beaufort Club on the range, the catering being satisfactorily done by Mr J. R. Hughes. At the conclusion of the match, Rev. J. A. Barber, president of Beaufort Club, said that the members of his club were very pleased at having a visit from the Lexton Club, and hoped that they had enjoyed themselves. The match had been keenly contested from the start, and the scores made by each team were a credit to their clubs. He hoped that at no distant date a return match would be fired at Lexton, and that it would be as enjoyable as the one they had had that day. Three cheers were then given for the Lexton team. Mr W. Simpkin, the captain of the visitors, returned thanks for the manner in which they had been treated by the Beaufort Club, and extended a hearty invitation to them to visit Lexton, promising them a cordial welcome, and hoping his club would then be able to turn the tables on Beaufort. He called for three cheers for the Beaufort team, which were lustily given. Appended are the scores:—

LEXTON.

	Yds.	400.	500.	T'tl.
W. Karslake ...	...	32.	33.	65.
E. Karslake ...	...	29.	32.	61.
J. Smith ...	...	31	25.	56
J. J. Gray ...	...	31	25.	56
F. Gilham. ...	...	32.	24	56
A. Prentice ...	...	28.	28.	56
McDonald ...	...	30.	25.	55
L. Ransome ...	...	28.	27	55
W. Simpkin ...	...	25	28.	53
T. Smith ...	...	27.	23.	50
Grand total. ...	...	...	...	563
Two lowest scorers counted out —				103
Total ...	...	...	...	460

BEAUFORT.

J. McKeich ...	...	33	32	65
W. T. Hill ...	...	32.	31.	63
D. F. Troy ...	...	33	29	62
A. J. McDougall ...		31	31	62
E. Dawson ...	...	32	25.	57
B. Oulton ...	...	28	27	55
H. Dawson ...	...	29	27	56
E. Buchanan ...	...	30.	22	52
A. McDonald ...		29	23.	52
Rev. J. A. Barber ...		27	20.	47
Grand total ...	...	...	...	571
Two lowest scorers counted out —				99
Total ...	...	...	...	472

COAGULINE. Transparent Cement for broken articles.

Beaufort United Common.

The managers of the above Common met at the secretary's office on 18th 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:—Balance in bank, £41 2s 8d; cash in hand, £1 10s; making a total credit of £42 12s 8d; fees received to date for current half-year, £40 4s; unpaid fees due on stock registered, £5 18s; making the total assessment to date, £46 2s. All the arrears for the half-year ended 31st Jany. last have been collected.

From the herdsman, reporting that 500 sheep and 20 head of cattle passed through the common since last meeting; that the assessment of stock for the half-year ending 31st of current month is very low compared with previous years, the recent high prices ruling the market having tempted people to get rid of their surplus stock. The next half-year will probably show a slight increase in the number of stock in the district.

The reports were received.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Secretary for Lands, stating under date 24th ult., that it has been decided to except from occupation under miners' rights or business licenses certain land in the parish of Trawalla, and that action is proceeding accordingly.

From same, under date 13th July, intimating that the block of land in the parish of Trawalla, referred to in former letter, has been excepted from occupation under any miner's right or business license (*vide Government Gazette* of 6th instant.)

The correspondence was received.

In reply to a question the Secretary informed the meeting that the block of land referred to is shown on litho. plan as 73p, 16 acres, parish of Trawalla.

The following accounts were passed for payment:—Herdsman, £9 0s 6d; Secretary, £2; petty cash, 14s 2d.

PNEUMONIA

Always results from a cold, or from an attack of influenza. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy not only cures these diseases, but counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. Sold by by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

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 and 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."

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colds. Gives instant relief to Asthma and Bronchitis.

WANTED, Girl as Parlor-maid. Apply, MRS. FRANCIS BEGGS, Euramboen East.

RE THE ESTATE OF THE LATE RICHARD HUMPHREYS.—I hereby appoint my brother, JOHN B. HUMPHREYS, to receive all Accounts in the above Estate incurred up till July 17th, 1904. Accounts must be rendered on or before Monday, 1st August, 1904, otherwise they will not be recognised.
RICHARD HUMPHREYS, Executor.

FOR PRIVATE SALE, the FARM of E. W. VANCE, near Waterloo, consisting of 214 acres, with option of leasing 240 acres (one hundred and ten acres under crop); machinery and horses complete.

FOR SALE, several young PIGS. Apply, J. E. LORT.

FOR SALE, a double-seated WAGGONETTE, in good order. Apply to M. KENNEDY, Beaufort.

IMPOUNDED AT BEAUFORT.—Bay Filly, like 87, near side of neck, white on near hind and off fore feet. If not claimed and expenses paid, to be sold on 13th August, 1904. W. G. STEVENS, Poundkeeper.

Preliminary Notice.

MR. W. H. HALPIN, Auctioneer, will hold a CLEARING SALE of surplus HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, at the CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT, on SATURDAY, 6th prox. Particulars in future advertisement.

SCHEDULE A.—[RULE 4 (b).]

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A MINING LEASE.

I, the undersigned, hereby give notice that, within ten days from the date hereof, I will leave with the Warden of the Mining Division of Raglan an application for a Lease, the particulars whereof are hereunder set forth:—

Name in full of applicant or applicants, and style under which it is intended that the business shall be carried on—Robt. Stevenson; "South Sons Extended."

Full address of each applicant—Raglan.

Supposed extent of ground applied for, and whether on or below the surface, or both, or a lode—About ten acres; both.

Name and address of each person (if any) who is owner of and who is in occupation of the land, so far as the applicant has been able to learn—None; Crown lands.

Full description and precise locality of the ground—South of Raglan township, and west of South Sons of Freedom Co.

Term required—Fifteen years.

Time of commencing operations—When lease is granted.

Whether the boundaries of the land applied for will include any river, creek, deposit of permanent water, spring, artificial reservoir, public road, or subject to any public rights—None.

General remarks—Nil.

Date and place—Raglan, July 21st, 1904.

The metals or minerals for the winning of which this application will be made are—Gold.

If for gold, state whether it is intended to work for quartz or alluvial—Both.

If of private land state whether a prospecting area is required.—No.

Signature of Applicant — ROBT. STEVENSON.

SCHEDULE A.—[RULE (4b).]

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A MINING LEASE.

I, the undersigned, hereby give notice that, within ten days from the date hereof, I will leave with the Warden of the Mining Division of Raglan an application for a Lease, the particulars whereof are hereunder set forth:—

Name in full of applicant or applicants, and style under which it is intended that the business shall be carried on—Edward Milligan; "Sons of Freedom Consols G.M. Co."

Full address of each applicant—Victoria Avenue, Ballarat.

Supposed extent of ground applied for, and whether on or below the surface, or both, or a lode—1500 acres; both on and below the surface.

Name and address of each person (if any) who is owner of and who is in occupation of the land, so far as the applicant has been able to learn— — Jess, senr., Middle Creek; J. Star, Euramboen; M. Kelly, Euramboen; W. Gibbons, Raglan; W. Welsh, Raglan; E. Panther, Raglan; J. Wotherspoon, Beaufort; E. Stevens, Raglan; R. Stevens, Raglan; G. Clark, Middle Creek; E. Welsh, Raglan; W. G. Stevens, Beaufort; J. Panther, Raglan; W. Ball, Raglan; A. Ball, Raglan; J. Ball, Beaufort; P. Millan, Raglan; J. Ryan, Raglan; T. Welsh, Raglan; T. Caulfield, Euramboen; M. O'Brien, Euramboen.

Full description and precise locality of the ground—West and south of the Sons of Freedom Junction mine, Raglan.

Term required—Fifteen years.

Time of commencing operations—On the granting of the lease.

Whether the boundaries of the land applied for will include any river, creek, deposit of permanent water, spring, artificial reservoir, public road, or subject to any public rights—None.

General remarks—None.

Date and place—15th July, 1904, Raglan.

The metals or minerals for the winning of which this application will be made are—Gold.

If for gold; state whether it is intended to work for quartz or alluvial.—Both.

If of private land state whether a prospecting area is required—No.

Signature of Applicant—E. MILLIGAN.

NOTICE.—WANTED to Buy, second-hand LIGHT WAGGON, to carry 4 tons. Apply, WM. C. PEDDER, Wheelwright, Beaufort.

SONS OF FREEDOM CENTRAL GOLD MINING COMPANY, No. Liability, Raglan.—Notice.—An extraordinary MEETING of the above-named company and of the shareholders therein will be held at the Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort, on Thursday, 11th August, 1904, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Business—

1. To pass resolutions requiring the company to be voluntarily wound up, under section 303 of the Companies Act 1890, and to determine the course to be pursued by the directors for that purpose.
2. To determine on the disposition of the books and documents of the company.
3. To confirm the minutes of the meeting.

J. H. CUNNINGHAM, Manager.
No. 7 Lydiard-street north, Ballarat.

SONS OF FREEDOM JUNCTION GOLD MINING COMPANY, No Liability, Beaufort.—The postponed sale of shares, forfeited for non-payment of the 13th Call of 4d. per share, will positively take place at the Mining Exchange, Ballarat, on Tuesday, 26th July, 1904, at 12.30 o'clock p.m., unless calls and expenses be previously paid.

A. J. PEACOCK, Manager.
Lydiard street north, Ballarat.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Re Camp Hotel, Beaufort.

HAVING sold my interest in the above Business to MR. W. H. HALPIN, I take this opportunity of thanking the public for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon the House during the past three years, and respectfully solicit a continuance of same on behalf of my successor.

W. J. HILL.

IN reference to the above, I have much pleasure in stating that I have purchased the above Business, as announced. I trust by strict attention to business, and keeping only the VERY BEST LIQUORS and providing GOOD ACCOMMODATION, to merit a continuance of the support accorded my predecessor.

W. H. HALPIN.

To the Ratepayers of the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

MY term as one of your representatives in the Council expiring by effluxion of time next month, I beg to offer myself for re-election, and hope that my action in the past may merit your continued support. Should you again return me to the Council, the welfare of the Shire will continue to receive my best attention.

I have the honour to be,
Ladies and Gentlemen,
Yours sincerely,
THEODORE BEGGS.

Euramboen, 20th July, 1904.

The Ratepayers of the West Riding.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

AS my seat for the above Riding becomes vacant by effluxion of time next month, I beg to inform you that I will again be a Candidate for the seat, and trust that my actions have been such during the past nine years that you will again do me the honour of returning me as one of your representatives.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE LEWIS.

Stoneleigh, 2/7/04.

L. BRAVO,
Hairdresser, Tobacconist, and Fancy Goods Depot,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
SHAVING, 3d.; HAIRCUTTING, 6d.
CHILDREN, 3d.
Every satisfaction guaranteed. Cleanliness and Civility.
A Good Assortment of PIPES, TOBACCO, and CIGARS kept in Stock.

Why Complain About the Bad Roads?

When you can enjoy comfort and luxury by sleeping on one of

HAWKES BROS.'

Lovely Java Kapok Beds.

We have them in all Sizes, and Prices to suit all purses, or you can refill your own beds with some choice

SAMARANG JAVA KAPOK

(the best quality imported), at 9d. per single pound, or eight shillings (8s.) per doz. lbs.

OUR NEW WIRE MATTRESSES

Are a perfect marvel of strength, finish, and good value. We have them at all prices, but like to sell you a line you can recommend to your friends. FANCY!

A Full Size Woven Wire Mattress,

RAISED SIDES, STRONG FRAME, and THREE (3) PLY (Firm as Steel can make them), for 16s. 6d., and 4-ply for 21s.
These are articles that give every satisfaction, and are samples of the many other good lines we have to offer.

No Need to Carry Mud into your Homes

When you can leave it on a good

BRUSH DOOR MAT,

Bought at

HAWKES BROS.

Prices range from 3s. to 7s. 6d., and are worth more to Economists and Worry-Savers.

HAWKES BROS.,

For **FURNITURE,**

BEAUFORT.

CANDIED ORANGE AND LEMON PEEL.

Candied peel of the citron, lemon and orange is prepared in large quantities in Europe, and more especially in Italy, and the industry is of some importance. It is also worthy of attention in Australasia, as there is locally a demand for considerable quantities, and if a surplus is produced outside markets can always be found. In preparing the peel the first process is to halve or quarter the fruits and remove the pulp from the rind. The rind is then boiled in a copper vessel for from one to three hours in order to soften it and to allow the sugar to be readily absorbed up to regular standards throughout the whole period. After the rind has passed through the soakings in the jars it is slowly boiled for an hour in a syrup for forty degrees' density. When removed from the fire the material is poured upon trays composed of coarse wire netting placed over wooden troughs, and the syrup that has not been absorbed drains off, and the peel is allowed to dry. Another operation has now to be performed, and this is to cover the peel with a layer of crystals. This is done by dissolving sugar in water, so as to form a thick syrup, and immersing the peel in it. The peel is again allowed to dry upon the trays, and the candying is complete. The prepared peel is then carefully packed in small boxes, lined with white paper.

The next process is the gradual absorption of the sugar, and this goes on for eight or ten days. The Italian method is to use earthenware jars about four feet high and two feet six inches in diameter. A jar is filled with the rind, and a weak solution of syrup is poured over it. A weak solution is more rapidly absorbed at first than a thicker syrup. The next day the syrup is drawn off and a somewhat stronger one used. This process is repeated for eight days, and each time a stronger syrup is used. To facilitate operations a jar is filled with fresh rind every day, and the syrup from the one commenced yesterday is used for the new lot, and so on. As a matter of course, the strength of the syrup is kept

'CUTE SHOPPING.

It may be thought that to give women any instruction about shopping is somewhat superflous. Well, we must believe that most of us fancy we know how to go shopping; but, at the same time, there is always something to be learnt, even on that subject.

A gentleman broke a piece of porcelain, and went to the dealer from whom he purchased the set of which it formed a part. "Have you any objection to selling one piece out of the set?" said he. "I bought a set from you very recently, and one piece is smashed. How much will you take for that sugar-bowl there, without the cover?" "Well, said the dealer, "the price is fifteen shillings with the cover, but I'll let you have the same bowl by itself for fourteen. You see, the cover doesn't amount to much—in point of fact, I may say it is worthless—but it would look absurd not to make some reduction, so I will take off one shilling for the cover." "What! one shilling only! Surely, the cover must be worth more than a shilling?" "No, sir. In reality it is not worth more than sixpence; but seeing that it is you, I will call it a shilling, and let you have the bowl for fourteen." "Why, by Jove!" said the customer, looking at his memorandum-book, "What a donkey I have been? It wasn't the bowl that my wife told me she had broken—it was the cover! How funny of me; how stupid. It isn't the bowl I want, it's the cover! Here is your shilling. Never mind wrapping it up: I'll take it as it is." Saying which, he marched off with his bargain. That's shopping, if you like!

EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS.

A young sailor named Joe was so very green that even the captain could not forbear to take a rise out of him.

"Joe!" he cried, one day as the vessel was passing off Sheerness.

"Yes, sir," gasped Joe.

"Set the foghorn going."

The foghorn on a bright, clear mornin' like this!" gasped Joe.

"Yes!" roared the captain. "We're off Sheerness, and if we don't salute the forts with the foghorn they'll fire on us. Quick! Set it going or you'll be too late. There! you've done it now!"

Just then the nine o'clock gun was fired at Sheerness, and with a yell poor Joe dived below to escape the expected shot, while the captain hugged himself at his little joke.

"I want to be sure that I understand you rightly," said the lawyer, who was cross-examining the locomotive engineer. "At the time the accident happened to the plaintiff, at what rate were you running? Please repeat your statement as to that particular."

"I had slowed down to about six miles an hour," replied the engineer.

"You are positive as to that, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You want the jury to understand that you had slowed down to six miles an hour, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Once again, you had slowed down to six miles an hour, had you?"

"Yes."

"Now, sir!" thundered the lawyer, rising to his feet and glaring fiercely at the witness, "did you not testify in your direct examination that you had slowed up?"

"Of course, but—"

"That will do, sir! Gentlemen of the jury, that's our case'"

And the jurymen, without leaving their seats, brought in a verdict against the railway company.

A certain lord bishop was once going from Bedford to London, says an exchange. The train having to stay a few minutes after time, the following conversation ensued between two porters:—

"I say, Bill, the bishop is in one of these carriages."

"Oh, is he?" responded the other. "Well, I could give him a nut to crack, with all his religion."

The bishop, hearing this, put his head out of the carriage window, and said, "I am the bishop. Now, what nut do you want cracked?" The porter looked amazed, but drawing himself together, said, "Well, sir which is the nearest way to heaven?"

The bishop replied, "Turn to the right and keep straight on."

Absence of occupation is not rest. A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

A FAVORITE REMEDY FOR BABIES.

Its pleasant taste and prompt cures have made Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a favorite with the mothers of small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds and prevents any danger of pneumonia or other serious consequences. It not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears will prevent the attack. Sold by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

CAPTURED BY TELESCOPE.

The telescope and opera glass have more than once lent valuable aid for the purpose of detection, if not espionage, notably on the occasion of the arrest, three years ago, of an East Coast bank manager, who having absconded in 1895, leaving serious defalcations, evaded arrest for no less than three years. The capture of the gentleman "wanted" was brought about through the agency of a quarter-master of a man-of-war stationed in the Hamoaze, off Plymouth. When scanning the shore through his telescope, this man, a native of the East Coast and familiar with the features and history of the whilom manager, recognised the absconder promenading Cremyll Beach. To obtain leave to go on shore and inform the police was no lengthy matter, and the police records showing that the individual in question was really required, he was very promptly arrested at Stonehouse, on the opposite side of the fateful Hamoaze.

Almost four years ago an experience as tragic befell Chief Officer Drowley, of the Coastguard Station at Shakespeare Cliff, Dover, when he saw through his telescope, some distance away, an altercation taking place between a man and woman. The feelings of the Chief Officer can hardly be imagined, they certainly cannot be described, when he saw the man knock his victim down and attempt to inflict a mortal wound with a knife. Fortunately the man was in drink, and before he could do any material damage three Coastguardsmen, immediately despatched to the scene of the encounter, secured and handcuffed him.

A rather amusing capture was brought about last August at Rochester, U.S.A., through the agency of a telescope, when the instrument was being subjected to the customary tests at the Bausch Works. In the course of the trials, the operator turned the instrument on a distant bridge at the very moment when a young thief was appropriating a tub of butter from a waggon. Having watched the youth conceal his booty, the police were informed, and the capture was duly made when the prisoner was about to carry off his prize later in the day.

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

The author of "Where Three Empires Meet" took some Kaffirs from their desolate inland home in the Himalayan gorges beyond the mountain ranges to the more civilised south. Like most savages, they looked with stupid indifference at the marvels about them, and once only were they excited by an incident which opened their eyes to what they considered a most extraordinary and unnatural state of things.

They were descending a road, he said, when one of them chanced to remark that he was hungry, and the English "sahib" brought him some food at a way-side shop. The Kaffir saw the money change hands.

"How is this?" he inquired, in surprise. "Do you have to pay for food in this country?"

"Certainly."

"What a country!" cried the man, in amazement. Then after pondering awhile he continued, doubtfully, "Suppose a man had no money in this country: he might starve!"

"It is quite possible."

The Kaffir shook with uncontrollable laughter. It was the best joke he had ever heard. He then explained the ridiculous system to his companions, and they roared in chorus.

THE BREEDING SOW.

The starting point of success in the sow meant for ordinary pork raising is to see that she comes from a mother that is an easy feeder and a good nurse Take care to see that she has not been stunted in the earliest stages of growth for want of enough to keep her in comfort. These are essential. What breed to work on will depend mainly on individual taste and judgment. She should not be bred so early as to injure her own growth or the vitality of her young. If her first litter is fairly numerous, say from seven to ten good pigs, and she nurses them well, that is a sow to retain as long as she is fit to breed. Such a sow, properly managed, will bear and nurse twenty pigs in a season, and pay her way with a good profit on all the skill and feedshe gets. If she does not keep to her heredity, is a poor breeder, or a poornurse, she may have another trial, and should that also prove unsatisfactory, she cannot too soon be made into pork. No matter how good she looks, she has failed in the main purpose of her existence. Heredity and selection by a man who knows at the same time how to manage his stock are the foundation principles of pork raising for profit. In a year or two, by careful management, a splendid breeding herd can be established, and all the cheaper products of the farm can by this means be readily turned into good money.

FARM POULTRY.

Why is poultry valuable to the farmer? is answered by Professor Gilbert as follows:—

1. Because he ought by their means to convert a great deal of the waste of his farm into money in the shape of eggs and chickens for market.

2. Because, with intelligent management, they ought to be all-year revenue producers, with the exception of perhaps two months during the moulting season.

3. Because poultry will yield him a quicker return for the capital invested than any of the other departments of agriculture.

4. Because the manure from the poultry house will make a valuable compost for use in either vegetable garden or orchard.. The birds themselves, if allowed to run in plum or apple orchard, will destroy all injurious insect life.

5. Because, while cereals and fruits can only be successfully grown in certain sections, poultry can be raised for table use or layers of eggs in all parts of the country.

6. Because poultry raising is an employment in which the farmer's wife and daughters can engage and leave him free to attend to other departments.

7. Because it will bring him the best results in the shape of new laid eggs during the winter season, when the farmer has most time on his hands.

8. Because to start poultry raising on the farm requires a little or no capital. By good management poultry can be made with little cost a valuable adjunct to the farm.

The secret of winter eggs is early chickens, comfortable roosting quarters, wholesome food and exercise. Nothing equals green cut bone to put an edge on after good grain has been supplied.

WHEN YO HAVE A COLD.

The first action when you have a cold should be to relieve the lungs. This is best accomplished by the free use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This Remedy liquefies the tough mucus and causes its expulsion from the air cells of the lungs, produces a free expectoration, and opens the secretions. A complete cure soon follows. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

TWO GUESTS.

It was once Causeur's good fortune to spend a few days in the modest home of a friend of slender means. A home that was all that its owner could afford to make it, yet lacked many things that would have made it more comfortable and convenient. During Causeur's stay two guests were entertained at tea, both of them men of means and wide acquaintance, accustomed to all the luxury that wealth can give. But they were widely different in their behaviour. The first dwelt upon the fact that the house was in an out-of-the-way spot, and that there were few or no neighbours. At table he told of the delicious tea he had drunk at the house of one friend, of the rich tea service that he had seen upon the table of another, of the rare old china that was used in his own household, and of the dainty meals he had eaten from it. In the cramped little sitting-room, after tea, he sat by the stove and talked of the delights of an open wood fire, of his enjoyment of rare and costly books and pictures, and of twenty other things that the host of whose hospitality he had partaken did not and could not possess. When he had gone it was clear, although nothing was said, that his visit had caused pain, that it made the wife feel her straitened circumstances more keenly than ever, and cast a shadow over her husband's thoughts. The next evening came the other visitor. He brought good cheer in his very face. The room, he said, felt so warm and comfortable after his walk, which, he added, was just the thing to give a man a good appetite for his supper. At table he spoke of everything that was nice, congratulated his host on having such a snug little home, apologised for eating so much, but couldn't help it, because it was "so good," and tasted "so homelike"; liked the old black tea pot because it was just like the one his mother had when he was a boy; and told his hostess, who was all smiles and as happy as a queen, that she ought to thank her stars that she had no gas or furnace to ruin the flowers that made her room so cheerful. After tea he insisted that the children should not be sent to bed "just yet"; said he wanted to tell them a story, as he did; and when he had done, and had kissed them good-night, they trudged off upstairs with beaming faces, under the guidance of a mother who felt that a ray of real sunshine had entered her home, making it better and happier for all time

TIRED FEET.

The best treatment for tired feet is a prolonged nightly foot bath in tepid water, to which a good sized lump of ordinary washing soda may be added. A handful of bran in the bathing water will also make a restful foot bath. There should be a frequent change of foot wear, and the shoes and stockings should be changed upon coming in from the street. The feet need a great deal of ventilating, and for this reason a change of footwear is very advisable. It is a good practice to keep several pairs of shoes ready for wear. It is a little more expensive at first, but it is cheaper in the end. The shoes will wear longer.

WASHING LACE.

In washing lace great care should be taken not to rub it. A lather should be made and the lace moved up and down in the water until all dirt is removed. It is a good plan to roll the lace round a bottle, previously covered with calico or flannel, but this is not essential. As regards tinting or colouring the lace, cold tea is much used, as also is coffee. If a yellow tint is required, saffron is the best medium, but this is not very much used. If lace is ironed, a piece of cloth should always be placed between the iron and the lace.

TAKING CARE OF THE KEY.

"Joseph," said the merchant to the bright young man with the best references, "the bookkeeper tells me that you have lost the key of the safe, and he cannot get at the books."

"Yes, sir, one of them. You gave me two, you remember."

"Yes, I had duplicates made in case of accident. And the other?"

"Oh, sir, I took care of that. I was afraid I might lose one of them, you know."

"And is the other all right?"

"Yes, sir. I put it where there was no danger of it being lost. It is in the safe, sir."

THE BOY WHO SAVED INDIA.

Have you heard of the lad who was employed in the Delhi telegraph office at the great mutiny? The native troops had seized the arsenal, and were slaughtering all the Europeans they could find. The telegraph office was deserted, all the clerks had fled, all but this boy. He signalled Lahore, then clicked out the following:—"Native troops in open rebellion, murdering all Europeans, all arms in their possession." That was his last act; dark, cruel faces surged in, and he was cut down. When Colonel Edwards told his story, he always added, "That boy saved India."

"It's simply impossible for me to find bread for my family," said the loafer. "That is my experience," answered the unsentimental individual appealed to; "I have to work for it."

When is a soldier not half a soldier? —When he is in quarters.

What is most like a man looking out of door?—A man looking in.

Why is a bad hat like a snarling lapdog?—Because its rap's awful.

Tea Loaves.—Half a pound of flour, pinch of salt, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 egg, 1 ounce butter, ½ gill milk, 1 teaspoon castor sugar. Sift flour, salt and baking powder, rub in the butter, then add sugar, pour in milk and mix with the hand into a nice wet dough. Turn on to a floured board and knead lightly; divide into six and cut a third off each. Sprinkle flour on a clean oven sheet and put larger pieces on smaller pieces on oven sheet, rub over with egg, and then add smaller pieces to the larger ones. Put finger through so as to form loaves, and wash over with egg. Bake in a very hot oven from eight to ten minutes. 1½ gills—1 cupful.

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

BETTER THAN WHIPPING.

"It is a problem to know how to punish my boy when he is naughty," I said to a clergyman some time ago. "I dislike to whip him, and very seldom do so, for a few minutes after he is laughing as gaily as ever, evidently not impressed by the punishment as soon as the momentary smart is gone."

The good man replied, "I never whip my boy, but, instead, I put him to bed. That is a terrible punishment for him." He then cited some examples which showed that it had indeed been effective.

It must not be employed for every trivial offence. I keep it as a grand reserve measure for extreme cases. Indeed, I do not believe I have resorted to it a dozen times since I heard of it. When I begin to undress him he fairly roars; then he pleads and begs, with great tears rolling down his cheeks, that I let him stay up, for he will "never, never do so again." But I firmly and quietly put on his nightdress, partially darken the room, and do not allow him any playthings or diversion of any kind. He must just lie there and think, and he doesn't like it.

It is, indeed, a real punishment. But there he is, safe and comfortable, his feelings not harrowed up by any angry words or smarting blows, and I have escaped the nervous irritation and excitement that striking blows would be sure to cause.

When I think he has lain there long enough I sit down by his side and have a little talk, I find that he is truly penitent, and it is seldom that that particular offence is repeated; I am very grateful that I have found such a happy solution to this important question.

In regard to slight offences and little naughtinesses that are coming up nearly every day, I confess I have not learned as I hope to learn, that there are some little things that we must be blind to, which will pass away of themselves. Happy the mother whose judgment will prove a safe guide in this regard.

WORK.

In a family, all of us are, or ought to be, workers in one way or another. But by far too much of the work done in the house is done in a very half-hearted manner. How many of us, whether in cooking a meal, or making a bed, or dusting a room, are filled with an earnest desire that the work we do shall be a thorough, honest, faithful performance, that shall properly fulfil its purpose The great difference in labour of all kinds is not so much in what is done, as in how it is done; not so much in the kind of work we perform as in the spirit we put into it. From the cleansing of a room to the formation of a government, from the humblest work of the hands to the noblest work of the head and heart, it is the determination to make it of the best quality that places it, and the person performing it, in the front rank.

RESPECT TO PARENTS.

One of the most remarkable traits in the character of the people of antiquity was filial respect. The most violent and most impetuous heroes submitted, without reluctance, to the most severe dictates of parental authority. There is, perhaps, no language which can express, without circumlocution, the meaning of one word among the Greeks —it meant the obligation of children to repay the maintenance, the education, and the tender care of their parents. The amiable expressions of filial respect were extended into a more general sentiment of regard for the infirm and aged. Even among brothers who were nearly of the same ages the younger was obliged to yield in every instance to the elder, and it was an acknowledged principle of religion that the rights of superior years should always be respected.

SIX CENTURIES OLD.

The north transept, the finest and most imposing portion of Hereford Cathedral, was specially built to receive the Shrine of St. Thomas de Cantilupe, who was Bishop of Hereford in the thirteenth century, and who died near Florence on his way to Rome. His bones were brought to Hereford and deposited in the Lady Chapel.

The pedestal of the Shrine alone remains. This is in shape a lovely parallelogram, and the material used is Purbeck marble. It has two divisions, the lower closed like an altar tomb, the upper, a flat canopy supported on small, open arches. Upon this rested the actual Shrine, containing relics of the Saint, which was once literally covered with jewels, the gifts of rich pilgrims.

The lower division was a series of cinque foiled niches and fourteen figures of Templars, all fully armed in chain mail, for the Bishop was Provincial Grand Master of the Knights Templars in England. Inside the open arcade is a slab, which still bears the brass of an Episcopal figure, having traces of the arms of Cantilupe.

THE PLEASURES OF EDITING.

Editing a paper (says a provincial editor) is a pleasant thing.

If the paper contains too much political matter, people won't have it; if it contains too little, they won't have it.

If the type is too large, it doesn't contain enough reading matter; if the type is too small, they can't read it.

If telegraphic reports are published, some folks say they are nothing but hashes up; if they are omitted, they say there is a lack of enterprise.

If we put in jokes, folks say they are nothing but a rattle-head; if we omit jokes, they say we are an old fossil.

If we publish original matter, they condemn us for not giving them selections; if we publish selections, folks say we are lazy for not giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a man complimentary notices, we are censured for being partial; if we do not, all hands say we are a great boor.

If we insert an article which pleases the ladies, men become jealous; if we do not cater for the ladies, the paper is not fit to be in their houses.

The highest inhabited spot on the earth is Galera, a Peruvian village, which is 15,635 feet above the level of the sea

ENJOY YOUR MEALS.

Your food does little good when you have no desire for it; when you dread the meal time Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will sharpen your appetite and strengthen the organs. They are just what you need to make you relish and enjoy your meals. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

A STORY FOR WEARY AND Downcast Sufferers.

The Case of Mrs. C. RUSSELL.

(*By a Melbourne Reporter.*)

This is just the story that many a weary and downcast mortal will relish reading, for in it contains the very information which should inspire that delicous thrill of hope which Mrs. Charlotte Russell felt when she read something similar on the occasion in reference to which a conversation took place at her residence, 67 Buckley-street, Footscray. To our representative Mrs Russell remarked:—

"For years I had been ailing from various distressing complaints, and I was singularly unfortunate in not being able to get anything to do me good."

"Where did you seek your remedies?" interrupted the reporter.

"From what I then considered the best sources—the doctors," was the reply. "But what a sorry mistake I made! Why, their medicines did not mend my health in the least, and I fear to say how badly off I would be now if I had not chanced to drop across a reference to Clements Tonic, the particulars concerning which so fitted in with my own troubles that I became inspired with hope at once. I straightway bought some of that remedy, and, to my unspeakable delight, from that time on my condition improved. Just fancy what a glorious surprise it was to me to realise so much after living in suffering and despair so long, and I have no doubt there are plenty of people who are situated like I was before my hopes were raised."

"More than likely," assented the writer. "But what were your troubles mainly composed of?"

"For one thing I was never without headaches, and only those who continually suffer from them know how completely they can wreck one's happiness; and giddiness often attacked me. Once I went up Collins-street, and was taken so giddy that I nearly fell backwards, and besides being affected like this I was awfully nervous. The least thing upset me, and caused a fit of fretfulness, and I almost felt ashamed to let people see how easy it was to frighten me, but I couldn't help it. Oh, I got very ill in the end. So weak that I could hardly get about for months, it being almost too much for me to walk even a very short distance, and all the while my chest and back were giving me the utmost agony. In regard to food there were lots of things I could not touch, and even after the lightest diet the pains in my stomach and along my right side were unbearable."

"How did you fare at nights?"

"Very badly," said Mrs. Russell, with a sigh, "for if I slept a little while I always woke up in a fright and all of a tremble from some dream or other, but most of the time I spent in bed was in a wearying, wakeful and restless state, turning about with sharp pains between my shoulders as if somebody had stabbed me, and with severe aches in my loins that were enough to keep anybody awake. No wonder, I felt so lonely and miserable, and had no interest in anything, and there is no wonder, either, that after suffering like this for years, I should think so much of Clements Tonic for releasing me in the effective manner it did when no other medicine could do so. It is because of this that when customers come to my store and ask advice concerning their various ailments my answer is always the same—'Try some Clements Tonic,' and I have never known it to fail. Shall I ever forget how greatly strengthened I felt after the first few bottles? Never. And the way it restored my appetite and cured my headaches was wonderful. Moreover, my nervous system was thoroughly re-organised, and in my sleep at nights, which soon became sound and refreshing, I never dreamt, and on arising the old feelings of weariness and despondency never again troubled me."

"What about the other pains you spoke of?"

"Well, I can say in all sincerity that every one of them left me in peace, and not only was this so, but the bitter taste I used to have of a morning left me, and I could walk about or work with the utmost energy without the slightest sense of giddiness affecting me. Yes, it was a grand thing to be so healthy and strong again, and nothing save Clements Tonic helped me in the least, so I can candidly give that medicine all the credit it is entitled to for making a sound woman of me."

"Shall I announce this in the usual way?"

"You may publish what I've told you in any manner you please."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, CHARLOTTE RUSSELL, of No. 67 Buckley-street, Footscray, 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.

Charlotte Russell

Declared at Footscray, in the State of Victoria this 15th day of January, 1904, before me, F. E. SHILLABEER, J P, a Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

Railway Time-Table.

The following is the new railway timeable, which took effect on Monday, 2nd May, 1904:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.20 a.m., Trawalla at 12.7 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12.22, and taking its departure at 12.30. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.54, and Buangor at 1.4. The Adelaide express still leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Ballarat at 7.50, and Beaufort at 8.44 (arriving here at 8.39). On the return journey to Melbourne (Monday excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.25 a.m. (arriving here at 6.20). The afternoon mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Buangor at 4.45 p.m., Middle Creek at 4.55, Beaufort at 5.30 (arriving here at 5.20), Trawalla at 5.54, and Burrumbeet at 6.9. A mixed train will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5.10 a.m. (arriving here at 6.50 a.m., and leaving at 6.55 a.m.), and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 5.15 p.m., Burrumbeet at 6.9, Trawalla at 6.35, Beaufort at 7 (arriving here at 6.50), Middle Creek at 7.30, and Buangor at 7.42. The morning mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat leaves Stawell at 6 a.m. instead of 6.15 a.m., and is timed to leave the district stations every week day as follows:—Buangor, 7.48; Middle Creek, 8; Beaufort, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Trawalla, 8.50; Burrumbeet, 9.16.

Bonnington's Irish Moss for Relieving Colds and Chronic Bronchial Coughs.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In thanking the public or the support accorded me for the past 4½ years, I beg to announce that I have taken the

Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort,

And trust by keeping the very

Best Liquors in Stock,

to receive a share of public patronage.

I will be in possession on and after Saturday, January 30th.

MEALS a Specialty, from 1s.

A careful Groom always in attendance.

C. W. JONES.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD

(LATE W. EDWARD NICKOLS),

Auctioneers and General Commission, House, Land, and Insurance Agents,

BEAUFORT, ARARAT, AND PITFIELD.

MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneer.

☞ MONEY TO LEND.

AUCTION SALES CONDUCTED in any part of the State of Victoria.

Every attention, and prompt returns.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers.

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 two years, 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

F. G. PRINCE

Begs to intimate that he has STARTED BUSINESS as a BUTCHER in premises in

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT

(next door to Mr. T. Sands), and hopes by strict attention to business and by keeping the Primest Meat, to merit a fair share of public patronage.

Small Goods a Speciality.

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, an Cigarettes

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.

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.

REFERRING TO THE NEW

REGAL CLUB WHISKY,

Which since its importation to Victoria, within the last six months, has established itself in public favor to an extent HITHERTO UNEQUALLED PROBABLY BY ANY OTHER WHISKY THAT HAS COME INTO THE STATE, the following Certificate from one of the most eminent of English analysts gives it at once a hall-mark of superiority, which must recommend it to the confidence of every consumer:—

CERTIFICATE

I hereby certify that I have submitted to a very careful Chemical Analysis a sample of the REGAL CLUB WHISKY received from the Imperial Glenlivet Distillery, Strathspey, N.B., and the analytical data I have obtained proves it to be, in a conclusive manner, a product of high quality and purity. It possesses a mellow and creamlike flavor that is only to be found in the choicest whiskies, and is entirely free from all acrid or undesirable admixture. It has been thoroughly and naturally matured by age, and contains restorative and dietetic properties of a high order.

GRANTVILLE H. SHARP, F.C.S., Analyst, London, E.C.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Agents.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

SEASON 1904-1905.

GEORGE HAGUE & Co.

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

EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES,

built expressly for the storage of Wool.

SHOW ROOMS

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

Railway and Shipping right at the doors.

FARMERS' CLIPS

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

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

Charges the lowest ruling in the colony.

Account Sales and Proceeds rendered invariably three days after sale.

Act strictly as Selling Brokers only.

Forty Years' Practical English and Continental and Colonial Experience of the Wool Trade.

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

LINCOLN STUART & CO. PTY. LTD. Flinders St. Melbourne. For MENS & BOYS Clothing, Ties, Shirts, Underwear, Hats, Boots, Etc. Etc.

NO MATTER WHERE

you live, we fit you without your leaving your fireside, and with no more trouble than the writing of a letter. You can, through the post office, bring our warehouse to your door.

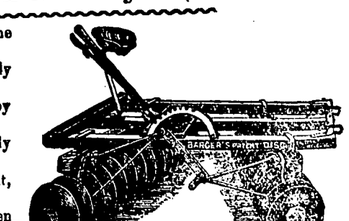
FAMOUS

Two Guinea to Measure Suits

THE BEST VALUE IN THE COMMONWEALTH

Write for self-measurement forms and patterns of our New Season's Goods. Magnificent selection

The only Machine that leaves Land Perfectly Level.



This Patent Style of Machine is the only machine perfectly and completely controlled by Compound Levers to instantly set machine in and out of cut, or deeper or shallower when travelling. Made all size.

6ft. Premier.

PATENT MALLEE KING STEEL OR WOOD-FRAMED DISC,

Renowned for immense quantities and quality of work done.

Leads Everywhere.

ORCHARDIST'S EXTENSION DISC

Patent Extension and Reversible Double Beam Steel Frame Orchard Cultivator, will extend out to 10ft. or 12ft. wide, and close up to 5ft. 6in. Simple and easy managed in every particular.

ONE-HORSE or PONY DOT,

For smaller Growers, suitable for Vineyards, Nursery Growers, Small Orchards Potato and Onion Growers, is built on Reversible and Extension Principle.

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☞ AGENTS FOR BEAUFORT AND DISTRICT—DIXON BROS.

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

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1392 | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1904 | PRICE THREEPENCE

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AND BOORT.
—DIXON BROS.
at the office of The
Victoria

RELIABILITY.
RELIABILITY.
RELIABILITY.
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RELIABILITY.
RELIABILITY.
RELIABILITY.

What a lot in that one word when associated with any business whatever, and what a vast amount there is in it when bracketed with a WATCHMAKER'S and JEWELLERY BUSINESS.

YOU MUST HAVE NOTICED

Our business going ahead while others were standing still or going backwards.

YOU MUST HAVE AN IDEA

Of what our business is now compared to what it was a few years back.

YOU MUST GUESS

That there is something powerfully convincing about our method of doing business. ARE YOU ONE OF PAYNE'S CUSTOMERS? If not, we respectfully ask for your patronage, and if afterwards you do not think we are worthy of it, we are perfectly willing to lose it.

Whatever is done here is done properly. Whatever we sell you is "Right" in the full sense of that word.

Our stock embraces everything in the Watch, Clock, and Jewellery line, and a good selection is shown in everything. If there is one lot of goods more than any other we would like you to inspect it is our fine selection of Rings—either Wedding Rings and Keepers, Dress and Engagement Rings, or Gent's. Rings.

We have a beautiful stock of Diamond Marquise, Diamond Half-hoop, and Gipsy-set Dress and Engagement Rings, at all prices.

Another thing we wish you to bear in mind is that all PAYNE'S RINGS are made by Expert Ring-makers only. You can buy a ring here with confidence, and rest assured that it has passed through hands whose owners have made ring-making a life-long study. Of course, you can see from the foregoing that this is undoubtedly our specialty; but a splendid selection of other goods is shown as well, including Brooches, Links, Bracelets, Muff Chains, Photo Pendents, Gent's. Gold and Silver Chains, Lockets, Medals, Necklets, Gold, Silver, Nickel, and Gun-metal Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, &c.

Sight Tested and Spectacles Made to Measure. We can guarantee you satisfaction in every description of Watch, Clock, and Jewellery REPAIRS. Expert workmen employed in each branch of the trade.

The Address is—

GEORGE PAYNE,

WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER,

BALLARAT

(Two doors down Sturt-street from the Post Office.)

FUNERAL REFORM.
Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS
(Late Wm. Baker),
UNDERTAKER,
Opposite the State School,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,
Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, and Picture Framer.

A well-assorted stock of Softwood Timber, Picture Framing, Paints, Oils, and Window Glass kept on hand.

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.

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

SUPPORT

LOCAL INDUSTRY,

AND

SUBSCRIBE

TO THE

LOCAL PAPER,

THE

RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

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

3s per Quarter

It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

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

14-Column Supplement

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR

Plain and Ornamental

JOB * PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

Bear in mind that

ADVERTISING

ALWAYS PAYS.

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

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the Blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. This medicine has 40 years' reputation, and is to-day more popular than ever, the reason of this being undoubtedly because this wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—it cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For

SCROFULA,	BAD LEGS,
SCURVY,	BLOTCHES,
ECZEMA,	SPOTS,
BLOOD POISON,	BLACKHEADS,
ULCERS,	PIMPLES,
SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES,	and SORES OF ALL KINDS,

it is a safe and permanent remedy.

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

NOTE.—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, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

TRIED MANY THINGS WITHOUT BENEFIT UNTIL I TOOK CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE.

Mr F. E. Lewis, 48 Bridge Street, Row, Chester, writes:—"Just a line in favour of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I had eczema for seven months, and tried many things without benefit until I took your remedy. After the eighth bottle I was quite well again. Please accept this letter as a token of gratitude to your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'"—June 13, 1903.

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

Mr W. G. Weston, care of Messrs Knott, of 49, Essex-street, Kingsland-road, N.E., writes:—"Gentlemen,—"I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit in health I have received through taking your famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I have been a sufferer from eczema and an irritating skin trouble since the age of thirteen. While an out-patient at one of the big London hospitals a doctor informed me that my disease was the result of looking after foreign horses. I have had as many as thirty horses under my care, my father being a horsedealer and jobmaster. He (my father) was speaking one day to a friend of mine who mentioned that he was being cured of an ulcerated leg, due to a horse-kick, by 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I continued, however, to suffer until April 4 last, when my friend told me he was completely cured. Then I started to take 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' myself, and I am now completely cured, after suffering and being disfigured for several years. I am able to follow my employment, and am very pleased to think there is such a valuable remedy obtainable for such a small sum. I should be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case."—July 17, 1903.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES.

Mr James Waring, of Clay Coton Lodge, near Rugby, writes:—"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' For a long time I suffered with bad legs and abscesses. I was under a doctor for five months, and, not getting much better, I went as an out-patient to the local hospital for nine weeks. The doctor then told me I should have to go inside before he could do anything for me. I went in and stayed for thirteen weeks, and after undergoing two operations I got a little better. Before I had been out of hospital a week I became worse than ever, so my wife told me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and after taking five bottles and using four pots of your salve I was completely cured. I have waited twelve months to see if my legs broke out again, but, thanks to your 'Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture,' I am as well to-day as I have ever been in my life. You can make whatever use you like of this letter."—Oct. 15, 1903.

IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD.—"We have seen hosts of letters from all sorts and conditions of people, in which the writers acknowledge the benefit they have received from Clarke's Blood Mixture, which as a curative agent cannot be too highly estimated, since it cleanses and clears the blood from all impurities, and restores it to its normal condition." This is a good testimonial from the *Family Doctor*, the popular medical weekly, which goes on further to say:—"It is certainly the finest blood purifier that science and skill have brought to light, and we can with the utmost confidence recommend it to our subscribers and the public generally."

Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture,

and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

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.

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J's.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday.—Messrs F. Beggs, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridges. 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.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Possess the following qualities in a high degree:

They Strengthen the Stomach. They Regulate the Bowels. They Purify and Enrich the Blood, and they give tone to the whole Nervous System.

They contain no drugs of mineral or metallic origin, but are purely vegetable, mild, beneficial, and sure. They will restore you to health if you give them a chance.

BEECHAM'S PILLS are perfect in quality and plentiful in quantity; they last longest, go further, and produce the best results.

Sold everywhere, in Boxes, labelled 1s. 1½d., containing 56 Pills, and 2s. 9d., containing 168 Pills.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.	Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne ...	...	8 and 4.50
Ballarat ...	...	8 and 4.50
Geelong ...	...	8 and 4.50
Trawalla ...	...	8 and 4.50

Registered mail and parcels post close 20 minutes prior.

Ararat, 11.50 a.m., and 8 p.m. (including Sundays.)

Stawell ... 11.50 } 8 p.m. Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays.
Middle Creek, 11.50
Murtoa ... 11.50
Buangor ... 11.50

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

English mail per Mail Steamer, via Adelaide, 8 p.m. every 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., 9 a.m.

Eurambeen ...	12.45
Shirley, ...	12.45

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

MAILS INWARD.
Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—12.20 p.m. daily and 8.40 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. From Melbourne and Ballarat, 7 a.m. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

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

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.

From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Two deliveries by postman daily.

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. CRESAGH, 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 "KEATINGS," *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.

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 14-column supplement containing well-selected reading matter) to 3s per quarter, in trust that this concession will be argel 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

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.

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 sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

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

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

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.

STEVENSON BROS.,
BUILDERS
AND
CONTRACTORS,
HAVELOCK STREET,
BEAUFORT.

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

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, *ff 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.

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.

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, 53

To our Readers and Patrons.

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

Therefore,

Support Local Industry, and Local Enterprise.

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

"Subscribers and Advertisers"

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

"The Riponshire Advocate"

is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts, Tenders, 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 for the welfare of this district, it has a claim for considerably greater amount of support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a radius of the Shire Offices.

The Circulation

of the

Riponshire Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing,

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

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an

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

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

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

And another writer has said that—

"He who in his "biz" would rise,
Must either 'beat' 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 RECORDS, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.

Prepared on the shortest notice.

PAPAVERACEOUS,

PLUVIWEATHERAL,

PROTOTYPICAL

WINTER SALE.

COUGLE'S

HALF-YEARLY SALE IS NOW ON.

Seasonable Goods in all Departments are being sacrificed.

We have made the PRICES LOW, and will let them SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

Great Surprises.

Wonderful Bargains.

G. H. COUGLE,

The People's Draper,

BEAUFORT.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT LIVE STOCK MARKET.
Tuesday.

Fat Cattle—283 head came to hand for to-day's sale, the bulk of the supply consisting of middling and useful descriptions, a small proportion ranging from good to prime. There was an average attendance of the trade, and whilst quality met with brisk competition at fully last week's best values, other descriptions were hardly so firm; for such a slight decline in prices had to be accepted. Quotations:—Prime pens bullocks, £13 to £14 17s 6d; good, £11 to £12; useful, £8 10s to £9 10s; prime pens cows, £8 10s to £9 12s 6d; good, £6 10s to £7 10s. Calves—Only 7 penned, which met a very keen demand. Best to 91s. Sheep—2937 was the number penned for to-day's sale, about one-third consisting of middling to useful quality, balance ranging from good to prime. There was a good muster of buyers, and for all trade descriptions competition was active, last week's best prices being fully maintained, whilst for other sorts the demand was inactive, prices for such showing a slight decline. Quotations:—Prime crossbred wethers, 23s to 26s; extra, 28s to 33s 3d; good, 21s to 22s; useful, 18s to 19s; prime crossbred ewes, 21s to 23s 1d; good, 19s to 20s; prime merino wethers, 20s to 23s 1d; good, 17s to 19s. Lambs—350 to hand. All suitable trade lots were spiritedly competed for, prices showing an improvement, closing firm. Prime, 17s to 18s; extra to 20s 9d; good, 15s to 16s; useful, 13s to 14s.

The following district sales are reported:—By Messrs Hepburn, Dowling & Crawford.—200 merino wethers for Mr Philip Russell, Mawallok, Beaufort, to £1 3s 1d, averaging 19s 3d, top price of the market.

BALLARAT PRODUCE MARKET.
Thursday.

Wheat, prime milling, 3s to 3s 1d. Oats, 1s 1d to 1s 3d; prime Algerian, 1s 3d. Peas, 2s 9d. Barley, malting, 3s 6d; good, 3s 1d; Cape, 1s 10d. Potatoes, 40s to 45s; reds, 42s 6d to 45s; Snowflakes, 27s 6d to 35s; New Zealand pink eyes, 15s to 20s. Hay, prime chaffing, 20s to 22s 6d; medium, 10s to 15s; manger, 22s 6d to 27s 6d. Straw, 17s 6d to 20s. Bran, 3d to 3½d. Pollard, 3d to 3½d. Flour, roller, 1.7 6s to 1.7 10s. Dairy butter, 7d; factory prints, 10½d; lump, 9d to 10d; separator, 8d to 9d. Eggs, 1s to 1s 1d. Honey, 3d to 4d. Bacon sides, 7½d. Cheese, 4½d to 5d.

MELBOURNE PRODUCE MARKET.
Thursday.

Wheat, 3s 1d. Oats—Prime milling 1s 3d; feed, 1s 2d to 1s 2½d; stout white, 1s 6d to 1s 10d. Hay—Manger, £3 to £3 10s; chaffing, 30s to 40s. Chaff—Prime, £2; good, 35s; inferior, 25s. Bran, 7½d. Pollard, 7½d. Barley—Malting, 3s 6d to 3s 9d; medium, 2s 6d to 3s; thin English, to 2s. Cape, 1s 9d to 1s 10d. Straw, £1 10s for Victorian, and £2 2s 6d for Tasmanian. Potatoes—Prime, 45s to 47s 6d; inferior, 20s. Onions, to 35s. Peas, 2s 9d. Flour, £7 10s.

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. Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

A CARD.

CLEGG & MILLER,
ARCHITECTS,
LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.

Mr. Miller visits Beaufort periodically. Appointments made by letter.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 31st JULY, 1904.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. (children's service), and 7 p.m.; Chute, 3 p.m.—Rev. J. A. Barber, B.A. Middle Creek, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Lexton, 7 p.m.—Mr A. McLeod.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. R. Yeo. Raglan, 7 p.m.—Supply.

Bonnington's Irish Moss
Cures Whooping Cough, Croup, All Chest Affections.
1910 EVERYWHERE.

Bereavement Card.

MR. and MRS. BENJAMIN BAKER wish to convey their sincere THANKS to their many friends for their sympathy and kindness, also floral tributes, during their recent sad bereavement.

THE
Riponshire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1904.

Norman Vowles, son of Mr C. Vowles, of the Skipton hotel, met with an accident on Friday last (says the "Courier.") A sheet of iron slipped from a roof, and striking him in the fleshy part of the leg, inflicted a nasty wound. He is progressing favorably.

Donald Matheson, of Snake Valley, farmer, who died on June 7, under a will dated February 19, 1898, left estate valued for probate at £2,240, including realty £350 and personalty £2,890, to children and grandchildren.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' The 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

Percy Henry Levett Jackson, late of Ararat, draper, who died on June 24, under a will dated April 14 last, left estate valued for probate at £3,766, including realty £400 and personalty £3,366, to his brothers and sisters in equal shares.

Detective Armstrong, who has been making inquires into the case of alleged outrage on an old woman named Eliza Kreuger, Beaufort, has presented his report to Superintendent Young. He says that he is convinced from what he has heard and seen that Mrs Kreuger, who is aged 70 years and is a widow, was really the victim of the assault as she states. She is, however, quite unable to furnish any description of her assailant. The local police still have the matter in hand.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' of 38 years' proven efficacy, for Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis, &c.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Progress Tent, I.O.R., No. 43, was held in the lodge-room on Wednesday evening last; Bro. J. R. Hughes, C.R., in the chair, and 60 members present. The minutes of previous meeting were read and confirmed. Sick pay amounting to £6 18s. 4d. was passed for payment. One honorary member was initiated, and three full benefit and two honorary members were proposed. After the business had been dealt with a debate was entered upon, the subject being, "Should Bachelors be taxed?" Bros. J. M. Carroll (leader), G. Pringle, and H. Buchanan took the negative side, and H. Cheeseman (leader), J. Prentice, and J. R. Hughes the affirmative. After an hour's debating a vote was taken, resulting in an easy victory for the negative side,—57 votes to 3. A vote of thanks to the chair terminated a very enjoyable evening.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Beaufort Lodge, U.A.O.D., was held in the lodge-room on Tuesday evening; Bro. D. McDonald in the chair, and 37 members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. The following accounts were passed for payment:—Sick pay, £3; Kewley Bros., 12s. 6d. One new member was initiated, and five proposed. The secretary's action in forwarding a letter of condolence to Bro. B. Baker was endorsed, on the motion of Bro. Andrews, seconded by Bro. L. Bravo. At the conclusion of the ordinary business the members enjoyed an hour of harmony, when the following items were rendered:—Overture, Bros. Loft and R. Jackson; instrumental duet, Bros. Jaensch and F. Day; duet, Bros. G. Whitehead and C. Jones. Songs were given by Bros. Whitehead, Jones, J. Lilley, W. Baker, M. Tyrrell, and Mr T. Thomas. The singing of the National Anthem concluded the meeting.

When an old codger shivers and shakes,
As he hears the wild winter winds roar,
That ancient mistake he continues to make,
And swallows "hot rum" in galore;
Till some friend, like an angel of light,
Introduces a solace more sure;
And soothes his old throttle by bringing a bottle
Of "Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

Although the annual elections in Riponshire take place in less than a month, very little interest is being shown in the matter, except in the East Riding, where the retiring representative (Cr. J. O'Shaughnessy) is being opposed by Mr A. C. Roddis (of Snake Valley), who on two former occasions unsuccessfully essayed the task of gaining municipal honors. It is thought there will be no opposition to the retiring members for the North and West Ridings, viz., Crs. T. Beggs and G. Lewis.

The matter of appointing a successor to the late Rev. J. R. MacMillan, a minister of the Hamilton Presbyterian Church, was brought before the congregation on Wednesday. Several candidates have preached at Hamilton, but the voting was in favor of Revs. J. A. Barber, of Beaufort, and G. H. Balfour, of Brighton. Mr Barber was elected by 200 votes to 80, and will in all probability accept the call.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' the 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Of 38 years proven efficacy.

The usual committee meeting of the Raglan branch A.M.A. was held on Monday night last. Present—Messrs W. G. Davis (president), E. Cordy, J. Sargent, J. H. Wills, W. Millar, R. Padgeld, J. A. Skewes, and A. Stevenson. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. The secretary's action in paying the accounts for the past fortnight was endorsed. The following accounts were passed for payment:—J. Pope, £2; A. Crocker, £2; D. Lilley, 6s 9d; secretary, £1. The secretary was instructed to draw the interest from savings bank and place same to current account in Bank of Victoria.

Mr W. Dickson, P.M., sat as a Licensing Court at Beaufort on Tuesday, and granted the application of Mrs Marianne Halpin for the transfer of the license of the Camp Hotel, Beaufort, from Wm. J. Hill to her. Mr S. Young appeared in support of the application, to which there was no objection by the police.

PNEUMONIA

Always results from a cold or from an attack of influenza. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy not only cures these diseases, but counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. Sold by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colds. Gives instant relief to Asthma and Bronchitis.

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

The Railway hotel business at Beaufort is changing hands, Mr J. E. Loft having disposed of it at a highly satisfactory price and at a good rental to a Mr Ridgewell, a publican from Murtoa.

Mr W. H. Halpin announces the sale of his surplus household furniture and effects by public auction, at the auction rooms opposite the Camp Hotel, Beaufort, on Saturday next, 6th prox.

For Chronic Chest Complaints,
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

A cheque for £137 0s 4d having been received from the Under-Secretary by Mr T. A. Oddie, the returning officer for Hampden, in settlement of the expenses incurred in connection with the recent Hampden and Nelson Province (within the Hampden boundaries) elections, the various accounts (exclusive of advertising, which have been referred to the Government printer) will be paid to the claimants in the course of a few days.

'LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS.' of Mountain Flax. Agreeably Aperient. Worthy of trial.

During this week the Government Statist, Mr W. McLean, has posted cards to the farmers in the wheat-growing districts with a request that they will furnish the area sown with wheat this season and the stocks on hand. As it is a matter of great interest to the public, and especially to growers, to know the total area under crop, each farmer has been requested to fill in his card and return it immediately after the 31st inst., so that the information may be compiled and published as early as possible. Schedules have also been sent through the Railway Department and by post to railway stations, mills, and wheat stores, with a view of ascertaining the quantity on hand at the end of the month. Holders of wheat in bulk who have not received a schedule should communicate direct with the Statist's Department.

There has been a great deal of sickness in and around Beaufort of late. A number of residents have been affected with sore throats, while influenza has also been very prevalent. We regret to hear that Mr Fred. Martin (of Raglan), who has been a great sufferer from miner's complaint, is so seriously ill that not the slightest hopes are entertained of his recovery. Miss Dickman (of Main Lead), who has been very ill with a throat affection, is, we are pleased to hear, now out of danger. Mr Herbert Parker (of Beaufort) has also been causing his relatives considerable anxiety this week. He contracted pleurisy, and pneumonia supervened. Although very much better, he is still in a critical condition.

The grim tyrant, Death, has been busy in Beaufort this week. On Monday, Mr and Mrs David Jones had the misfortune to lose their infant daughter Gwendoline P., at the age of 4 months 19 days; the child being a victim to acute pneumonia. The funeral took place on Thursday; the Rev. R. Yeo conducting the Methodist burial service at the grave. The funeral arrangements were carried out by Mr A. H. Sands, undertaker, Beaufort. Mr and Mrs Benjamin A. Baker also suffered a sad bereavement on Monday by the death of their son Benjamin A. J., from quinsy, at the age of 3 years 1 month. The remains of the deceased were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery on Wednesday, a large number of sympathising friends attending the funeral. Messrs L. Hains, L. Jaensch, F. Glenister, and A. Baker acted as coffin-bearers. The obsequies at the grave were conducted by the Rev. R. Yeo. The mortuary arrangements were carried out by Mr A. H. Sands. Still another very sad death occurred at Beaufort on Wednesday, the victim being Mrs Finch, the wife of Mr Alfred Finch, junr. Deceased, who had been ailing since her confinement about three months ago, was 38 years of age. Besides the bereaved husband, two children are left to mourn their loss. A large number of friends showed deceased the last token of respect by attending her funeral at the Beaufort Cemetery yesterday. The coffin (which was borne to the grave by Messrs P. Morris, S. Thorn, F. Finch, and Geo. Morris) was covered with beautiful floral tributes of sympathy. The Rev. R. Yeo read the burial service, and the funeral arrangements were carried out by Mr A. H. Sands.

Sub-letting and Tributing.

HOLDERS OF A BEAUFORT LEASE CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

THE MINISTER WANTS A FULL EXPLANATION.

A question of considerable general interest to the mining community was discussed on Tuesday in Melbourne before the Minister of Mines. It appears that the Sam Slick Mining Company, at Beaufort, was reported to the Mines Department to have cut up its lease into three portions, and farmed it out to three different companies, and that these companies in their turn farmed out portions of their leases to parties of tributors. The department accordingly called upon the Sam Slick Company for an explanation, and on Tuesday representatives of the company appeared before the Minister. Their plea was that although the statement as to sub-leasing and tributing was true, yet they had spent a large sum of money on opening up the mine and providing machinery, and that the tributors were getting the use of their shaft and plant. Ultimately the Minister thought it was better they should send in a distinct statement with regard to each subsidary company, setting forth the amounts paid by the tributors to the companies and that received by the original company.—"Star."

Bonnington's Irish Moss
Relieves Pain. The Universal Remedy for Colds, Bronchitis and Influenza.
1910 EVERYWHERE.

Beaufort Police Court.

TUESDAY, 26TH JULY, 1904.
(Before Messrs W. Dickson, P.M., M. Flynn and G. Topper, J's.P.)

Vaccination cases against A. Holdsworth, P. Caulfield, H. Bennett, and J. Wills were adjourned till 23rd August; Senior-constable Nicholson stating that medical certificates as to the children being unfit to vaccinate had been received. A similar case against George Hellyer was withdrawn, as the child had been successfully vaccinated.

Seven lads named John Day, Stanley Saunders, Ernest Stewart, Herbert Baker, Ernest Buchanan, Anthony Driver, and Edward Hannah were charged by Constable Deeley with playing football in Willoby-street on 22nd June, to the annoyance of persons.

Senior-constable Nicholson stated that Hannah was ill in Ballarat, and that his brother asked him to apologise for his absence.

The defendants present pleaded guilty.

Constable Deeley gave evidence to the effect that at about 3 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, 22nd June, the defendants were playing football in Willoby-street. Several complaints had been made to him about this practice.

The P.M.—What about this particular day?

Witness said he had cautioned them. A great deal of traffic was going past this street, and the playing of football there was very dangerous, as horses might be frightened by it. He saw them playing and took their names and addresses, and said he would summon them.

To the P.M.—No one was annoyed by them on this particular day.

The P.M.—It might be that on this particular day there was no traffic.

Senior-constable Nicholson remarked that it was near the post-office, where there was a lot of traffic.

Witness said it was a half-holiday and was very quiet that day. All of the defendants had been cautioned before.

One of the lads said he had not been cautioned.

Saunders also said the same thing, remarking that he was a stranger to Beaufort, and had only been here a few weeks.

In answer to the P.M., Constable Deeley said there were plenty of places where the boys could play.

Mr S. Young, solicitor, said that in fairness to these young lads he would like to say that the place where they were playing had been a recognised practice ground for years, and that on the previous Saturday there were 30 men playing there. It was half on the street and half on an allotment. This happened on a Wednesday half-holiday, when the town was very quiet. The men had played there for years, and it seemed a pity that these boys should suffer for the faults of their elders.

The P.M.—They may be the fourth generation.

In reply to the P.M., Constable Deeley said there was a recognised park where the boys could play.

Senior-constable Nicholson said that if they had taken the trouble to walk a couple hundred yards they could have played without being interfered with. They had been cautioned by the police before, and taken no notice of it.

The P.M.—Now that action has been taken, the play has stopped, I suppose. There has been none of it since.

Constable Deeley—No.

The P.M. asked defendants why they did not go on to a vacant allotment to play instead of on the road, and not receiving any reply, said the boys had no more right to play in the streets of Beaufort than in Ballarat. The boys all knew they should not play in the streets. Turning to Senior-constable Nicholson, he said, "Now that the boys have been cautioned, you have no desire to press the charge?"

Senior-constable Nicholson replied in the negative.

The P.M. said there was a £20 penalty attached to playing football in the streets, so that the boys ought to be careful. But they had not played since, and no great harm had been done. But if a horse came along and somebody was injured then it would have been more serious. He wondered if a lady was coming along whether the boys would have stopped playing. Of course, if she were playing there would be no harm done; but boys as a rule would not move out of a lady's way. They must understand that this was not only a caution to them but to everybody. The police had only done what they had to do. He hoped these boys would tell all the boys and their mates not to play football in the street, and not only football, but any game. With so much vacant land about Beaufort, what was to prevent the boys going a mile to play? They had not yet got that Australian tired feeling, but that they could run a mile without feeling it. "Very well," concluded the P.M., "you may go now; but don't come back."

Charles Lennon was charged by Senior-constable Nicholson, under the 13th schedule of the Local Government Act, with driving a waggonette on 25th June without having a light. The summoning officer said he had the authority of the shire council to take proceedings generally and in this case particularly. After an adjournment of ten minutes he produced the gazettal of the bye-law.

Constable Deeley deposed that at about 20 minutes past 11 o'clock on the night of the 25th June defendant was driving a waggonette past the railway gates opposite the Camp Hotel, Beaufort, without having a light. When he called on him to stop, defendant whipped up his horse and tried to drive over the top of him; but he (witness) ran to the horse's head and caught hold of it. He asked him why he had not a light, and defendant said he was only going to Waterloo. He also said that the reason he did not stop was because he thought it was someone wanting a ride to Waterloo. Defendant was sober. He gave no explanation as to why he had no light. Had he been carrying a lamp witness would certainly have seen it. There were not many people about.

Senior-constable Nicholson said this was not the first case, a cyclist named Ramsay having been fined about three months ago.

Defendant, who did not appear, was fined 2s 6d; in default distress.

Football.

BEAUFORT v. STOCKYARD HILL.

On Wednesday afternoon last the above match was played in the Beaufort Park, and resulted in the defeat of Beaufort by seven points. This was Beaufort's first defeat for the season out of eight matches, and the Stockyard Hill players were naturally much elated at their success. Beaufort had not their full strength in the field, but the Hill players deserve every credit for their victory, notwithstanding that they received good assistance from Skipton players; Stodart (a Geelong player at present on holidays at Skipton) particularly rendering good service. The play was too rough, and the umpire (Mr Thomson, of Ballarat) should have been stricter. In the first half Sneddon did some good work for Beaufort and secured a goal, while A. Hannah rendered similar service for Stockyard Hill. When the ball rang for half time the scores were—Stockyard Hill, 1 goal 4 behinds; Beaufort, 1 goal 1 behind. In the third quarter, W. Hannah, marking the ball within kicking distance, had a shot for goal, but only increased Beaufort's score by a point. Tyrrell was also unsuccessful in an attempt to score. D. Hannah twice tried by long kicks to increase the Hill score, but failed. At the end of the third quarter the scores were—Stockyard Hill, 10 points; Beaufort, 9 points. In the last quarter Stodart added a goal to the visitors' score, and thus made the difference 7 points in favor of the Hill. The game all through was fast, but the ground was in a very sloppy condition, as several players found to their cost. The Stockyard Hill's most prominent players were Stodart, A. Hannah, Darcy, Martin, Tait, and the two Andersons; while Sneddon, W. Cheeseman, Tyrrell, Young, Hardy, W. Hannah and Holdsworth showed to most advantage for Beaufort.

The visiting team were entertained by the local club at a dinner at the Camp Hotel at the conclusion of the match. The Stockyard Hill players were welcomed, in a few appropriate words, by Mr S. Young, the captain of the home team, for which Mr D. Hannah, the visiting captain, suitably returned thanks.

BEAUFORT v. SKIPTON.

This match will be played to-day, in the Beaufort Park, commencing at 3 p.m., and supporters of both teams are looking forward to a great struggle for supremacy, as the teams have not materially changed since the close contests of last season. Mr W. Battye, of Ararat, will umpire. The Beaufort eighteen are Adams, Cheeseman (2), Hardy, Hannah, Harris, Holdsworth, Lilley, McDonald, Rowe, Tyrrell, Robinson, Schlicht, Sneddon, Welsh (2), Wright, and Young. The Skipton team will be picked from McIntyre, Tait, Rowe (2), Keating, Rawlings, Stodart, Chirnside, Stoddart, Osborne, Daly, Darcy, Shannon, Elder, Wilkie (2), Wilson, McKurney, Notman, and Costello.

ARARAT v. BEAUFORT.

Re that disappointing football match which did not come off between Beaufort and Ararat, and the indignation expressed by us at the unsportsmanlike conduct meted out to the visitors, the insufferable egoist running the "Advertiser" has made another virulent attack upon us. His effusion is worthy of a place in the lowest ranks of journalism, and is so devoid of argument and common sense that we would indeed be an "idiot" to treat it otherwise than with the contempt it deserves.

THE ONLY COUGH MEDICINE FREE FROM POISON.

After the enactment of the Poisons Act the Pharmacy Board of New South Wales had an analysis made of all that were sold on the market. Out of the entire list they found only one that they declared was entirely free from all poisons. This exception was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which proves it to be the safest and best that can be had. It is especially recommended for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and may be given to the little ones with absolute security. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Beaufort Gun Club.

The above-named club held a sparrow match in the show yards on Wednesday last. The weather was fine, and there was a fair attendance of the public. The prizes for the principal match amounted to £20, and 22 shooters nominated. As a whole the shooting was very good, Messrs. W. Hamilton, H. J. Taylor, and T. E. Ellis showing good form. Of the local "knights of the trigger" only Ellis got into the final division. Mr J. W. Harris, however, was going very strong when he missed his bird in the seventh round. Mr G. Clarke, of Ballarat, provided some strong sparrows. The pigeons, however, were a poor lot, as they did not rise at all well. The traps were too small for pigeons, which may account for their tameness on being released. The betting fraternity was well represented, and seemed to be doing a good business. Mr J. R. Hughes, baker, provided refreshments for those who wished to replenish the inner man. The meeting was a financial success, thanks to the energy displayed by the hon. secretary, Mr T. Sands, to whom, in conjunction with Mr J. A. Harris, is praise due for the complete arrangements made on the ground. The following are the results:—

Open Handicap, of 20 sovs.—There were twenty-two nominations for this event, and at the seventh round the following shooters agreed to divide:—W. Hamilton, two nominations (18yds.), "Bungo" (20yds.), J. Grist (17yds.), T. E. Ellis (19yds.), H. J. Taylor (19yds.), and J. Woods (19yds).

Sweepstake, of 2s. 6d. each; only one barrel to be used.—There were 23 nominations for this event, and the prize was divided between P. Haine and T. Sands, with three kills each.

Sweepstake, of 10s. each (at pigeons).—Fourteen shooters competed, and at the eighth round G. Smith, G. Kent, "Burrumbeet," and P. Haine divided.

A sweepstake of 5s. each (at pigeons), for which there were nine nominations, was won by A. L. Wotherspoon with nine birds.

For Children's Hacking Cough at Night,
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

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 thyl, laughing gas, &c.

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

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.

The New Photography
AT
RICHARDS & CO'S.
—BALLARAT STUDIO.—

Everybody says that nothing hitherto shown can be compared to the present exhibit.

Every Photograph is an Art Study.

THE SUBJECT PICTURES ARE MAGNIFICENT.

Those who have not yet seen this exhibition, and are interested in the progress of Photography, should make a point of inspecting these Art gems.

BRIDAL PORTRAITS.—Our Studio has gained a world-wide reputation for Bridal Pictures, Veils, Wreaths, and Bouquets; the latest kept at the studio.

ENLARGED PHOTOS from any Old or Faded copy, in the newest gold art wood frame, 20s. each.

RICHARDS & CO.,
23 STUBT STREET, BALLARAT.

A. N. A.
BEAUFORT BRANCH.
Meets at 8 p.m. on TUESDAY next, at the SOCIETIES' HALL.
Item on Syllabus.—Lecturette (continued), Dr. A. Jackson, M.D., L.L.C.S.N.
Ladies invited.
All meetings open to the public.
W. T. HILL, Secretary.

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE."

Notice to Advertisers.

OWING to the inconvenience caused by Advertisements being received after the appointed time, we beg to notify that unless ALTERATIONS TO STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS reach us by WEDNESDAY Morning, such alterations will not be made till the following issue.

In future this rule will be strictly enforced, in fairness to our employees.

Correspondents are also requested to send reports by Thursday.

A. PARKER, Proprietor.

WHAT A PEDDLER DISCOVERED.

The magnificent Lerderal palace at Leghorn has a singular work of art in one of its numerous galleries. This is a huge coronet made of borax, and mounted on a high gilt pedestal, and the story attached to it is a very interesting one.

It begins a long way back, and the principal figure in it is a very ordinary-looking peddler. Wearied with his tramp, he took off his pack one day under the trees in the Maremma woods, and spread out his humble dinner of bread and meat. He was hungry enough, but even more tired than hungry, and while he was eating he went fast asleep. Down rolled the bread and meat on the ground, which certainly did not improve it; but the weary peddler would not have exchanged that restful sleep for the choicest viands on the Grand Duke's table.

Finally, however, he awoke, and remembered that he was hungry. He could not afford to be squeamish, and, picking up his neglected food, he began again to eat it. Perhaps he had been dreaming of delicate turbot and macaroni, or turkey stuffed with chestnuts, for his bread and meat no longer tasted good, and he was unable to swallow the mouthful he had taken. Some queer change had passed over it while he was asleep, for it was actually bitter, and the poor man wondered who could have played him so shabby a trick.

But presently light began to dawn upon him. He was quite intelligent for a peddler, and his favourite study was chemistry. So he roused himself up and tasted a little of the earth on which his dinner had fallen. It was just as he anticipated, bitter, and, scraping up a small quantity of it, he stowed it away in his pack. Then back he tramped to Leghorn as fast as his feet would carry him, without ever thinking of the journey he had already taken; and, once in the city again, he went straight to a crony of his who was quite a learned chemist, and who had taught him all he knew of that interesting science.

Like other chemists, this one was quite accustomed to putting unpleasant tasting things in his mouth, and he seemed to enjoy a pill of the peddler's earth as though it had been a choice bonbon. He knew at once that it would buy all the bonbons in Leghorn and a few other things besides. Yes, his humble friend was right in his suspicion. Soda and borax were there in great force, and the peddler could not do better than to buy up all that his savings would cover of the cheap land where his bread and butter had fallen.

Perhaps he had the money tied up in an old stocking that was kept in a corner cupboard, or perhaps he had buried it in some secret spot from prying eyes; but wherever it was, he speedily dislodged it, and bought the waste land at a very low price. He lost no time, either, in starting his manufactories, and, thanks to his knowledge of chemistry, he made a princely fortune. His descendants inter-married with the noblest families of Italy; and, as it was chiefly to borax that they owed their coronets, they honoured this product of the earth in one of their finest palaces.

The moral of this subject is that a knowledge of chemistry sometimes leads to great discoveries; and if all students do not find soda and borax in unsuspected regions, they cannot fail to find much that is interesting and well worth the study.

HOW A BOY SUCCEEDED.

Boys sometimes think they cannot afford to be manly and faithful to the little things. A story is told of a boy of the right stamp, and what came of his faithfulness.

A few years ago a large drug firm in New York City advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this waif, the advertiser said: "Can't take him; places all full. Besides, he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkling in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered the remark that he "did not see what they wanted with such a boy; he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation, the boy was set to work.

A few days after a call was made on the boys in the store for someone to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of the others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered this useful protege busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said he, "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know you did not tell me to, but I thought I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he is willing."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rushed to see the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by a diminutive clerk aforesaid, and, after a struggle, was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, he replied: "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once more: "Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful."

To-day that boy is a member of the firm.

Nearly everybody remembers how the expression "Hardly ever!" became a catchword during the height of H.M.S. Pinafore's popularity. It is related that an editor, now dead, was much annoyed by the constant use of the catchword. Calling his staff together, he threatened dismissal to any offender. "This thing occurred," said he, "twenty times in as many articles in yesterday's paper. Never let it be used again!" "What, never!" exclaimed the staff in chorus. "Well, hardly ever," replied the distracted editor, surrendering to the inevitable.

After all, every man is the architect of his own Hall of Fame, and may do it to suit his own taste.

For Bronchial Coughs take
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s. 6d.

Bonnington's Irish Moss
Relieves Pain. To Cure a Cough or Cold.
ONCE TRIED, ALWAYS USED.

The rainfall at Beaufort for the past week amounted to 58 points.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' Trade Mark of Ky's Compound Essence of Linseed, for Coughs and Colds.

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LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

A STORY OF LOVE AND ... WAR. ...

BY MARY J. HOLMES,

Author of "Lena Rivers," "Edna Browning," "Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc.

PART 3.

Bill was afraid of Harry's jeers, and so he, too, refused, while the wailing cry rose louder.

"Oh, Billy, do just once, and I've been so good to you! Just once, do, Billy."

"Shan't do it," was Billy's reply, as he followed Harry, who, as a farewell parting had hurled a stone at a cow across the street, set the dog on his mother's kitten, stepped on the old cat's tail, and then left the yard, slamming after him the rickety gate his mother had tried in vain to have him fix before he went.

Billy, however, waited. There was something more human in his nature than in his brother's. He had not thrown his Testament away, and the sight of it in his bundle had touched a tender chord, making him half resolve to read it. Watching his brother till he was out of sight, he went back to where his mother sat, moaning dolefully:

"Oh, that I should raise sich boys!—that I should raise sich boys!"

"Mother," he said, and Mrs. Baker's heart fairly leaped at the sound, for there was genuine sympathy in the tone—"mother, now that Hal has gone, I don't mind kissin' you, or lettin' you kiss me, if you want to."

The doleful moan was a perfect scream as the shrivelled arms clasped Bill, while the joyful mother kissed the rough but not ill-humored face.

"There, now, don't screech so like an owl," he said, releasing himself from her, and adding, as he glanced at a huge silver watch, won by gambling, "Maybe, seein' I've a few minutes to spare, I'll drive a nail or so into that confounded gate, and I don know, but while I'm about it, I'll split you an armful of wood. I had or'to cut up the lull on't. I s'pose, but when Hal is 'round I can't do nothin'."

It was strange how many little things Bill did in these few minutes he had to spare,—things which added greatly to his mother's comfort, and saved her several shillings, besides making a soft warm spot in a heart which knew not many such. Glancing at the tall clock brought from New England, when Mrs. Baker first moved to Rockland, Bill remarked:

"The darned thing has stopped agin. I or'to have iled it. I s'pose. It would kind of been company for you, hearin' it tick. I vum, if I hain't a mind to give you this old turnep," and again he drew out the silver watch. "You'll lay abed all day without no time. Like enough I'll nab one from some tarnal rebel,—who knows?" and with his favorite expression, "Nuff said." Bill laid the watch upon the table, his mother moaning all the while:

"Billy boy, Billy boy, I never sot so much store by you before. How can I let you go? Stay, Billy, do, or else run away the first chance you git. Will you, Billy boy?"

"Not by a jugful!" was the emphatic response. "I hain't none of that kind. I'll be shot like a dog before I'll run. The Baker name shall never be disgraced by my desertin'. It's more like Hal to do that; but don't howl so. I'm kinder puttin' on the tender, you know, 'cause I'm goin' away. I should be ugly as ever if I'd stay to hum. So stop your snivelin'," and having driven the last nail into a broken chair, Bill gathered up his bundle, and with the single remark, "Nuff said," darted through the open door, and was off ere his mother fairly comprehended it.

There was a great crowd out that morning to see the company off. Fathers, mothers, wives and sisters,—those who had friends in the company and those who had none. The Mather carriage was there, and from its window Rose's childish face looked out, now radiated with smiles as its owner bowed to some acquaintance, and again shadowed with sympathy as the cries of some bereaved one were heard amid the throng.

Widow Simms, too, was there, drawn thither by a desire to see if Isaac did march with Charlie Warner, as she hoped he would, notwithstanding that he had told her he was probably too short. She didn't believe that,—he was taller than he looked, and inasmuch as Charlie was the most aristocratic of the company, she did hope Isaac would go with him. So there she stood waiting, not far from Mrs. Baker, who had dried her eyes, and come for a last look at her boys.

Onward the soldiers came, slowly, steadily, onward, the regular tread of their feet and the measured beat of the drum making solemn music as they came, and sending a chill to many a heart; for 'twas no gala day, no Fourth of July, no old-fashioned general training, they were there to celebrate. Every drum-beat was a note of war, and they who kept time to it were going forth to battle. Onward, onward, still they came, George Graham's splendid figure towering above the rest, and eliciting more than one flattering compliment from the lookers on.

There were John and Eli, side by side,—John eagerly scanning the female forms which lined the walk for a sight of last night's bride, and Eli looking for his mother, if perchance she should be there. She was there, and what to John was better yet, she stood with her hand on Susan's shoulder, showing that thus early she was trying to mother her.

"That's him,—that's John," and Susan's voice faltered as she pointed him out to the widow, whose heart gave one great spasm of pain as she saw him, and then grew suddenly still with wrath and indignation. For alas, her Isaac, who was to have gone with Charlie Warner, son of Rockland's judge, was marching with William Baker,—Bill,—who had been to the workhouse twice, to say nothing of the times he had stolen her rare-ripes and early melons! She had not looked for anything like this, and could scarcely believe her senses. Yet there they were, right before her eyes, Isaac and Bill, the former hoping his mother would not see him, and the latter trying not to see his mother, who was quite as much delighted to see him with Isaac Simms as the widow would have been had Isaac been with Charlie Warner, just in front.

Mrs. Baker had followed her sons to the hall, had heard the reasons for the captain's decision, and she called out in a loud exultant tone:

"Miss Simms! Miss Simms do you see your Ike with Billy? Cap'n Johnson would have put him with Charlie Warner if he hadn't fell short two inches. Look kinder nice together, don't they? only Ike stoops a trifle, 'pears to me."

It didn't "'pear" so to Widow Simms, but then her eyes were blurred so that she could not see distinctly, for, strange to say, the sharpest pang of all was the knowing that Isaac, so pure, so gentle, so girl-like, must be a companion for reckless, swearing, gambling Bill, and for a time she could not quite forgive her youngest born that he had not been just two inches taller. Blind, ignorant Widow Simms, the hour will come when, on her bended knees, she'll thank the over-ruling hand which kept her boy from growing just two inches taller.

Onward, still onward they moved, until they turned the corner and paused before the depot.

A little apart from the rest George Graham stood, wishing that the cars would come, and building airy castles of what would be when he returned, covered with laurels, as he was sure to do, if only opportunities were offered. He would distinguish himself, he thought, with many a brave deed, so that the papers would talk of him as a gallant hero, and when he came back to Rockland, the people would come out to meet him, a denser crowd than was assembled now. Their faces would not then be so sad, for they would come to do him honor, and in fancy he heard the stirring notes of the martial music, and saw the smile of joy steal over the weather-beaten features of the leader of the band, the man with the jammed white hat, as he fifed that welcome home. There would be carriages there, too, more than now, and maybe there would be a carriage expressly for him, and the dreamer saw the long procession moving down the street,—saw the little boys on the walk, the women at the doors, and heard the peal of the village bells. It would be grand, he thought, if he could have a crown, just as the Roman victors used to do,—it would please Annie so much to see him thus triumphant. She would not come up to the depot, he knew. She would rather be alone when she met him, while he, too, would prefer that all those people should not be looking on when he kissed his little wife. Just then the train appeared, and the confusion became greater as the crowd drew nearer together, and the man with the jammed white hat, who was to fife George's welcome home, redoubled his exertions, and tried his best to drown his own emotions in the harsh sounds he made. But above the fife's shrill scream, above the bass drum's beat, and above the engine's hiss, was heard the sound of wailing, as one by one the Rockland volunteers stepped aboard the train.

Bill was the last to go, for as a parting act he had fired the old cannon, which almost from time immemorial had heralded to Rockland's sleeping citizens that twelve o'clock had struck, and it was Independence Day. Some said it was no good omen that the worn-out gun burst in twain from the heavy charge with which Bill had seen fit to load it, but Bill cared not for omens, and with three cheers and a tiger for Uncle Sam, he jumped upon the platform just as the final all aboard was shouted.

There was a ringing of the bell, a sudden puffing of the engine, a straining of machinery, a sweeping backward of the wreaths of smoke, and then, where so lately one hundred soldiers had been, there was nothing left save an open space of frozen ground and iron rails, as cold and as empty as the hearts of those who watched until the last curling ring of vapor died amid the eastern woods, and then went sadly back to the homes left as desolate.

CHAPTER IV.

A letter from Brother Tom,—I am so glad. It's an age since he wrote, and I've been dying to hear from home. Dear old Tom!" and dropping parasol in one place, gloves in another and shawl in another, Rose Mather, who had just come in from shopping, seized the letter her husband handed her, and, seating herself upon an ottoman near the window, began to read without observing that it was dated at Washington instead of Boston, as usual.

Gradually, however, there came a shadow over her face, and her husband saw the tears gathering slowly in her eyes, and dropping upon the letter she had been "dying to get."

"What is it, Rose?" Mr. Mather asked, as a sob met his ear.

"Oh, Will," and Rose cried outright, "I didn't believe Tom would do that! I thought people like him never went to war. I 'most know he'll be killed. Oh, dear, dear. What shall I do?" and Rose hid her face in the lap of her husband, who fondly caressed her chestnut hair as he replied:

"You'll bear it like a brave New England woman. We need just such men as your brother Tom, and I never respected him one-half so much as now that he has shown how truly noble he is. He was greatly opposed to Lincoln, you know, and worked hard to defeat him; but now that our country is in danger, he, like a true patriot, has thrown aside all political feeling and gone to the rescue. I honor him for it, and may success attend him."

"Yes," interrupted Rose, as a new idea struck her, "but what will his Southern friends think of him? and he has got a heap of them. There are the Birneys and Franklins from New Orleans, the Richardsons in Mobile, and those nice people in Charleston,—what will they say when they hear he has taken up arms against them? and he always used to quarrel so with those stiff Abolitionists in Boston, when they said the Southerners had no right to their slaves. Tom insisted they had, and that the North was meddling with what was none of its business, and now he's turned Abolitionist; and joined, too,—dear, dear."

Mr. Mather smiled at Rose's reasoning, and, after a moment, replied, "I have no idea that Tom has changed his mind in the least with regard to the negroes, or that he loves his Southern friends one whit the less than when defending them from abuse. Negroes and Southern proclivities have nothing to do with it. A blow has been struck at the very heart of our Union, and Tom feels it his duty to resent it. It's just like this: suppose you, in a pet, were trying to scratch your mother's eyes out, and Tom should try to prevent it. Would you think him false to you, if he took the part of his mother? Would you not rather respect him far more than if he stood quietly by and saw you fight it out?"

"It's not very likely I should try to scratch out mother's eyes," said Rose, half laughing at her husband's odd comparison, and adding, after a moment, "I don't see how folks can fight and love each other too."

Mr. Mather didn't quite see it either, and without directly replying to Rose, he asked, by way of diverting her mind from the subject of her brother's volunteering, if she noticed what Tom said about the Rockland company in general, and George Graham and Isaac Simms in particular.

This reminded Rose of Annie, who had been ill most of the time since her husband's departure.

"I meant to have called on Mrs. Graham right away," she said. "The poor creature has been so sick, they say, but would not let them send for George, because it was his duty to stay where he was. I'd like to see duty or anything else make me willing to part with you. I don't believe Mrs. Graham loves her husband as I do you, or she would never consent to be left alone," and Rose nestled close to her husband, who could not find courage to tell her what he meant to do when he handed her Tom's letter. It would be too much for her to bear at once, he thought, as he saw how greatly she was pained because her brother had joined the army, and was even then in Washington.

To Rose it was some consolation that Tom was captain of his company, and that his soldiers were taken from the finest families in Boston. This was far better than if he had gone as a private, which of course he would not do. He was too proud for that, and she could never have forgiven him the disgrace. Still, viewed in any light, it was very sad, for Tom had been to Rose more like a father than a brother. He was the pride, the head of the Carleton family, upon whom herself and mother had leaned, the one since the day of her widowhood, and the other since she could remember. He it was who had petted and caressed and spoilt her up to the very hour when, at the altar, he had given her to Will. He it was, too, who had been the arbiter of all the childish differences which had arisen between herself and Jimmie, teasing, naughty Jimmie, wandering now no one knew where, if indeed he were alive. And at the thought of Jimmie, with his saucy eyes and handsome face, her tears flowed afresh. What if he were living and should join the army, like Tom? It would be more than she could bear, and for a long time after her husband left her, Rose sat weeping over the picture she drew of both her brothers slain on some bloody battlefield. The shadow of war was beginning to enfold her, and brought with it a new and strange sympathy for those who, like herself, had brothers in the army.

Again remembering Annie Graham, she sprang up, exclaiming to herself:

"I'll go this very afternoon. She'll be so glad to know what Tom thinks of George!" and ere long Rose was picking her way daintily through the narrow street which led to the cottage in the Hollow. It was superior to most of the dwellings upon that street, and Rose was struck at once with the air of neatness and thrift apparent in everything around it, from the nicely painted fence to the little garden with its plats of flowers just budding into beauty.

"They have seen better days. I am sure, or else Mrs. Graham's special position was above her husband's," was Rose's mental comment, as she lifted the gate-latch and passed up the narrow walk, catching a glimpse, through the open window, of a sweet pale face, and of a thick, stout figure, flying through the opposite door, as if anxious to avoid being seen.

Poor Annie had been very sick, and more than once the physician who attended her had suggested sending for her husband, but Annie, though missing him sadly, and longing for him more than any one could guess, always opposed it, begging of Widow Simms, who of her own accord went to nurse her, not to write anything which would alarm him in the least. So George, ever hopeful, ever looking on the sunny side, thought of his blue-eyed wife as a little bit sick, and nervous it might be, but not dangerous at all, and wrote to her kind: loving, cheering letters, which did much to keep her courage from dying within her. Annie was better now,—was just in that state of convalescence when she found it very hard to lie all day long, watching Widow Simms, as she bustled out and in, setting the chairs in a row with their six backs square against the wall, and their six fronts opposite the table, stand and bureau, also in a row. She was just wishing some one would come, when the swinging of the gate and the widow's exclamation, "Oh, the land, if that stuck-up thing ain't comin'," announced the approach of Rose Mather.

"I'll make myself missin', for mercy knows I don't want to hear none of your secession stuff. It fairly makes my blood bile!" was the widow's next comment; and gathering up her knitting she hurried into the kitchen, leaving Annie to receive her visitor alone.

Not waiting for her knock to be answered, Rose entered at the open door, and advanced at once into the room where Annie was, her fair hair pushed back from her forehead, her blue eyes unusually brilliant, and her face scarcely less white than the pillow on which it lay.

Rose had an eye for the beautiful, and after the first words of greeting were over, she broke out in her impulsive way—

"Why, Mrs. Graham, how handsome you are looking! just like the apple blossoms. I wish your husband could see you now. I'm sure he wouldn't stay there another hour. I think it's cruel in him, don't you?"

The tears came at once to Annie's eyes, and her voice was very low as she replied:

"George does not know how sick I have been, neither do I wish to have him. It would only make his burden heavier to bear, and I try to care more for his comfort than my own."

This was a phase of unselfishness, wholly new to Rose and for an instant she was silent, then remembering Tom's letter, she seated herself upon the foot of the bed, and throwing aside her bonnet, took the letter from her pocket, telling Annie as she did so that she too was interested in the war, and in everyone whose friends had gone.

"I never knew how it felt before," she said; "and I've made a heap of silly speeches, I know. Don't you remember that time in the Hall, when I talked about your husband being shot? I am sorry, but I do think he's more likely to be picked off than Tom, who is not nearly so tall. You are faint, ain't you?" she added, as she saw how deathly pale Annie grew, while the drops of prespiration stood thickly about her lips.

"Simpleton, simpleton!" muttered Widow Simms, listening through the keyhole in the kitchen, while Annie whispered:

"Please don't talk that way, Mrs. Mather. I know George is very tall, but unless God wills it otherwise, the bullets will pass by him as well as others."

Rose saw she made mischief again by her thoughtless way of speaking, and to repair the wrong, she bent over Annie and said:

"I am sorry. I'm always doing something foolish. You are faint; shan't I tell the servant to bring you some water? She's in the kitchen, I suppose," and ere Annie could explain, Rose had darted into the neat little kitchen where Widow Simms was stooping over the stove and kindling a fire, with which to make the evening tea.

"Girl, girl, Mrs. Graham wants some water. Hurry and bring it quick, will you?"

Rose called out a little peremptorily, for there was something rather suggestive of defiance in the square straight back which never moved a particle in answer to the command.

"Deaf or hateful," was Rose's mental comment, and as it might be the former, she wished she knew the girl's name, as that would be more apt to attract her.

Most every Irish girl is Bridget," she thought to herself, "and I guess this one is. Any way she acts like the girl that used to order mother out doors, so I'll venture upon that name."

"Bridget, Bridget!" and this time the voice was decidedly authorative in its tone, but what more Rose might have added was cut short by the widow, who dropped the griddle with a bang, and turning sharply round replied:

"There's no Bridget here, and if it's me you mean, I am Mrs. Joseph Simms!"

Rose had good reason for remembering Mrs. Simms, and coloring crimson, she tried to apalogize:

"I beg your pardon, I did not see your face. I supposed everybody kept a girl; and your back looked like——"

"Don't make the matter any worse," interrupted the widow, smiling in spite of herself at Rose's attempt to excuse her blunder. "You thought from my dress that I was a hired girl, and so I was in my younger days, and I don't feel none the wus for it neither. Miss Graham's faint, is she? She's had time to get over it, I think. Here's the water," and filling a gourd shell she handed it to Rose, who, in her admiration of the (to her) novel drinking cup, came near forgetting Annie.

But Annie did not care, for the reencounter between the widow and Rose found her laughing the first really hearty laugh she had enjoyed since George went away.

"It's just like this," Rose said, as she resumed her seat by Annie, listening intently while she told how kind the Widow Simms had been, coming every day to stay with her, and only leaving her at night because Annie insisted that she should.

"I like Mrs. Simms!" was Rose's vehement exclamation, "and I am glad Tom said what he did about Isaac, who used to saw our wood. I did not tell you, did I? And there's something real nice about your husband, too. I mean to call her in while I read it," and Rose ran out to the wood-shed, where the widow was now splitting a pine board for kindling, the newspaper she at first had used, having burned entirely out.

Rose's manner and voice were very conciliatory as she said:

"Please, Mrs. Simms, come in and listen while I read what brother Tom has written about Mr. Graham and your Isaac—something perfectly splendid. Tom has volunteered and gone to Washington, you know."

It was strange how those few words changed the widow's opinion of Rose. The fact that Thomas Carleton, whom the Rockland people fancied was a Secessionist, had joined the Federal army, did much towards effecting this change, but not so much as the fact that he had actually noticed her boy, and spoken of him in a letter.

"Miss Mather ain't so bad after all," she thought, and striking her axe into the log, she followed Rose to the sitting-room, listening eagerly while she read the few sentences pertaining to George and Isaac. They were as follows:

"By the way, Will, I find there's a company here from Rockland. Fine appearing fellows, too, most of them are, and under good discipline. I am especially pleased with the second lieutenant. He's a magnificent looking man, and attracts attention wherever he goes."

"That's George, you know," and Rose quite as much pleased as Annie herself, nodded towards the latter, whose pale cheek flushed with pride at hearing her husband thus spoken of by Rose Mather's brother.

"Yes, but Isaac," interrupted the widow. "Whereabouts does he come in?"

"Oh, pretty soon I'll get to him. There's more about George yet," answered Rose, as she resumed her reading.

"I had the pleasure of talking to him yesterday, and found him very intelligent and sensible. If we had more men like him, success would be sure and speedy. He has about him a great deal of fun and humor, which go far towards keeping up the spirits of his company, and some of the poor fellows need it sadly. There's a young boy in the ranks, Isaac Simms, who interests him greatly."

"Oh-h!" and the widow drew a long sigh as Rose continued:

"I wonder he was ever suffered to come, he seems so young, so girl-like, and so gentle. Still he does a great deal of good, Lieut. Graham tells me, by visiting the sick and sharing with them any delicacy he happens to have. He's rather homesick, I imagine, for when I asked him if he had a mother, his chin quivered in a moment, and I saw the tears standing in his eyes. Poor boy, I can't account for the interest I feel in him. Heaven grant that if we come to open fight he may not fall a victim."

"Yes, yes, my boy, my darling boy," and burying her face in her hard hands, the widow sobbed aloud. "I thank you, Miss Mather, for reading me that," she said, "and I thank your brother for writing it. Tell him so, will you. Tell him I'm nothing but a cross, sour-grained, snappish old woman, but I have a mother's heart, and I bless him for speaking so kindly of my boy."

Rose's tears fell fast as she folded up the letter, and Annie's kept company with them. There was a bond of sympathy now between the three, as they talked together of the soldiers, Mrs. Simms and Annie devising various methods by which they might be benefited, and Rose wishing, she too, could do something for them.

"But I can't," she said, desparingly. "I never did anybody any real good in all my life—only bothered them," and Rose sighed as she thought how useless and harmless was her present mode of life.

"You'll learn by and by," said the widow, in a tone unusually soft for her; then, as if the sock she held in her lap had suggested the idea, she continued, "Can you knit?"

Rose shook her head.

"Nor your mother, neither?"

Again Rose shook her head, feeling quite ashamed that she should lack this accomplishment.

"Well," the widow went on, "'taint much use to learn now. 'Twould take a year to get one stocking done, but if when winter comes, that brother of yours wants socks and mittens, or the like of that, tell him I'll knit 'em for him."

"Oh, you are so kind!" cried Rose, thinking to herself how she'd send some pineapple preserves, such as she had with dessert that day.

They grew to like each other very fast after this, and Rose staid until the little round table was arranged for tea and rolled to Annie's bedside. There was no plate for Rose, the widow having deemed it preposterous that she should stay, but the table looked so cosy, with its tiny black teapot, and its nicely buttered toast, that Rose invited herself, with such a pretty patronizing way, that the widow failed to see the condescension it implied. It did not, however, escape Annie's observation, but she could not feel angry with the little lady, touching her bone-handled knife as if she were afraid of it, and looking round in quest of a napkin she failed to find, for Widow Simms had banished napkins from the table as superfluous articles, which answered no earthly purpose, save the putting an extra four cents into the pocket of the washerwoman, Harry Baker's mother.

It was growing late, and the sunset shadows were already creeping into the Hollow when Rose bade Annie good-bye, promising to come again ere long, and wondering, as she took her homeward way, whence came the calm, quiet peace which made Annie Graham so happy, even though her husband was far away in the midst of danger and death. Rose had heard that Annie was a Christian, and so were many others whom she knew, but they were much like herself,—good, well-meaning people, amiable, but let their husbands once join the army and they would make quite as much fuss as she, who did not profess to be anything. And then, for the first time in her life, Rose wished she, too, could learn from Annie's teacher, and so have something to sustain her in case her husband should go. But he wouldn't go,—and, if he did, all the religion in the world could not make her resigned; and the tears sprang to Rose's eyes as she hurried up the handsome walk to the piazza, where Will sat smoking his cigar in the hazy twilight. She told him where she had been, and then sitting upon his knee told him of Annie, wishing she could be like her, and asking if he did not wish so, too.

Will made no direct reply. His thoughts were evidently elsewhere, and after a few minutes he said, hesitatingly:

"Would it break my darling's heart if I should join Tom at Washington?"

There was a cry of horror, and Rose hid her face in her husband's bosom.

"Oh, Will, Will, you shan't, you can't, you mustn't and won't! I didn't know you ever thought if such a cruel thing. Don't you love me any more? I'll try to do better, I certainly will!" and Rose nestled closer to him, holding his hands just as Annie Graham had once held her husband's.

"You could not be much better, neither could I love you better than I do now, Rose, darling," Mr. Mather replied, kissing her childish brow. "But Rose, be reasonable once, and listen while I tell you how, ever since the fall of Sumter, I have thought the time would come when I should be needed, resolving, too, that when it came, it should not find me a second Sardanapalus!"

The sudden lifting of Rose's head, and her look of perplexed inquiry, showed that, notwithstanding the fanciful ornament styled a diploma lying in her writing-desk, Sardanapalus had not the honor of being numbered among her acquaintances. But her heart was too full to ask an explanation, and her husband continued:

"Besides that, there was a mutual understanding between Tom and myself that if one went the other would, and he has gone,—nobly laying aside all the party prejudice which for a time influenced his conduct. Our country needs more men."

"Yes, yes," gasped Rose; "but more have gone. There's scarcely a boy left in town, and it's just so everywhere."

Mr. Mather smiled as he replied:

"I know the boys have gone,—boys whose fair, beardless faces should put to shame a strong, full-grown man like me. And another class, too, have gone, our laboring young men, leaving behind them poverty and little helpless children, whereas I have nothing of that kind for an excuse."

"Oh, I wish I had a dozen children, if that would keep you," cried Rose, the insane idea flashing upon her that she would at once adopt a score or more of those she had seen playing in the muddy Hollow that afternoon.

(To be continued.) 1416.

Out of Practice.

Briggs—A man might sit with that Pilter girl for hours and she wouldn't say a word.

Griggs—No. She's been engaged so much during the past year that she has forgotten how to talk.

Evidently.

Percy—Gee, but how many lives did Washington have?

Harold—Just one, of course.

Percy—One nothing! Why, we've got three in our library.

Here's a Scheme.

Denman—Do you inclose stamps when you send your stuff to the editor?

Penman—Not on your life! I don't want to offer him any temptation to return my manuscript.

Occasionally.

"I'm sorry for Jack. He hasn't been the same man since Miss Marbleheart rejected him."

"Well, Cupid sometimes uses poisoned arrows."

A Treaty of Peace.

"Have Scribbler, the author, and his wife made it up?"

"Oh, yes! She now reads what he writes and he eats what she cooks."—

Two Sorts.

Hostess—Please play something classic, professor. Play something pretty.

Professor—Vich vill you half virst, ma'am?

The Outward Rush.

Hoon—You did not stay long at the elocutionary entertainment last night?

Broadhead—No, I left early to avoid the rush.

THE TOWN OF FROWN.

If you happen to go some day
Anywhere near to the town of Frown,
Some one on guard, so the travellers say,
Orders the windows and curtains down,
And at a signal the streets are bare—
Highway and byway, and thoroughfare.

For it is said that the town of Frown
Hides many smiles in its dreary halls,
And a grim watchman, in sober gown
Paces his rounds on the outer walks,
Warning intruders to keep away,
Having but little beside to say.

But we are told there's a way to win
Smiles from the dungeons of Frown again.
Once let the magic of kindness in,
Kindness of word, of deed and then
Gates shall be opened and wall fall down,
Never to use in the town of Frown

(Copyright.)

HOO-HOO.

AS TOLD AT NIGHT BY A HOO-HOO OWL

THE STORY OF A ROBBER.

"Oh, what an old blinker he is!" is frequently shouted after me by the crow, the buzzard, the hawk, and other birds, but I pay no attention to such rudeness. It is true I can hardly see when the sun shines, and my eyes are large and give me a solemn look, but if you'll ask the farmer or the hunter they'll tell you that I know a thing or two beyond most birds. The crows may tell you of some few things that happen in the daytime, though he's a careless bird and pays little attention to anything going on, but all the best things to make stories of happen at night, and I'm always around with my eyes and ears open. Why, bless you, I'm only four years old, and yet I've had more adventures than any bird three times my age. Just sit down under this tree and let me give a hoot or two to clear my voice, and I'll tell you a story.

I was driven out of the nest soon after I could fly, and father went with me to an old barn and helped me to find a safe hiding-place among the beams. There was a farm house not far away, and it was empty at that time. I found plenty of mice and bats about the barn, and it was two weeks before anyone came to disturb me. Then a young farmer, who had just got married, moved into the farm. He worked around the barn for two or three days fixing up doors, and nailing on loose boards, and he whistled and sang songs as he worked. I was afraid he might catch sight of me, but he was too happy over his new wife to think of owls. The wife came out to the barn now and then, and the two would sit down and tell how hard they were going to work, and how saving they would be to get well off. Sometimes she'd come to call him to dinner, and then he'd put his arm around her as they walked to the house.

I got to like the young couple first-rate, and after dark I'd fly up to the house and alight on a big cherry-tree near a window, and I could hear them talking and laughing and laying their plans. I had the company of two horses in the barn at night, and during the day I felt that I was perfectly safe and used to sleep like a top. Father came over to see me one night, and after a look around, he said:

"Look here, Hoo-Hoo, you are living in clover and ought to be a happy owl. I don't believe there's a bird for twenty miles around that has a home like this. Let me tell you something. Don't do any hooting around the house. Those people may be very kind and nice, but the hoot of an owl has a lonesome sound, and they won't care to hear it. When you want to hoot come into the woods."

Things went along all right for several weeks, and I grew as big as my mother and as fat and slick as my father. Every night I visited the cherry tree, and sometimes I sat there long after the family had gone to bed. I was there one night when it was dark and rainy, and as the wind tossed my branch about I almost fell asleep. An owl pays no attention to rain you know, as the water glides off his feathers, but still he sleeps better under a roof than under a tree. I was about to spread my wings and fly to the barn when I heard footsteps and caught sight of a man prowling around. It had got to be near midnight, and I knew the man couldn't be there for any good. As I watched him he came creeping up to the window below me, and then I saw he was an evil-looking fellow. The window was shut but not fastened, and pretty soon the man began pushing up the sash. By and by he was ready to creep in and he took a big knife from his clothes and looked very wicked and determined.

I knew the man was going to rob the house, but what could an owl do to stop him? He had his head and part of his body in the window before the thought came to me to hoot. I lifted myself up on my toes and cried out at the top of my voice "Hoo-Hoo! Hoo-Hoo! Hoo-Hoo!" It was the loudest I had ever hooted, and it was no wonder the robber was scared. In his hurry to back out he fell to the ground, and as he got up and ran away he bumped into a tree and was knocked senseless, and he was lying there when a man came out and found him.

"Oh-ho!" says he, "but here is an open window, and here lies the man! He must be a robber, and I will bind him fast. Wife, bring out a lantern and help me. I wonder who it was that cried out and gave the alarm?"

They tied the man hand and foot and had him taken to jail, but though they talked about it for many days after, and though other people came and talked, and went out to look at the window, no one ever suspected that I was the one who saved the house with my Hoo-Hoo.

AN INGENIOUS ROBBERY.

There is a firm of jewellers in the city that have reasons for remembering how efficient a detective may be in certain circumstances.

One day a bishop entered their shop, and asked to be permitted to see some jewellery—nothing very expensive, which he could not afford—but something that he might ask his wife to accept, say of seventy or eighty pounds in value.

Charmed, of course, the obliging shopman displayed his wares, and the bishop, with his carriage at the door, did not hurry, but was persuaded eventually to take a bracelet at one hundred pounds. He produced a note for one hundred pounds; that happened to be all the money he had with him. It seemed all right to the shopman, but the good bishop, a stranger to the firm, was scrupulous and said to the shopman:

"Send along to the bank and have it examined while I wait. I prefer that you should do so."

Nothing simpler! An assistant was at once despatched to the bank, and returned to say that the note was one of the best, and everything was quite satisfactory. The bishop took the bracelet, the man behind the counter popped out to usher him into his carriage, when up strode an unmannerly varlet of a policeman in uniform, and tapped the bishop on the shoulder, exclaiming:

"Hello, Jim! Up to your old tricks again, are you? You'll just come along with me."

So saying, he roughly handled the poor bishop back again into the shop.

The proprietor said that a very grave mistake had been made. The gentleman upon whom the constable had laid hands had just bought a bracelet for one hundred pounds, and paid for it with a note whose excellence had been duly attested by the bank authorities.

"Just let me look at that note, sir," said the constable, unconvinced. He scrutinised it closely

"Ah, just as I thought!" he exclaimed. "This note is one of a particularly clever batch of forgeries which are very difficult to detect, and the man is no more a bishop than you are. We will go off to the station at once. I will take the note and go on with the prisoner in the carriage, and you must send your men in a cab to meet us and give evidence."

So the policeman took his prisoner and the note and the bracelet, and whirled away in the carriage.

Neither the bishop, the policeman, the note, nor the bracelet has been seen or heard of since.

HOW TIGERS ARE TRAPPED.

One of the simplest methods of capturing ferocious beasts, is that used by the East Indians in trapping a tiger.

On the news of the coming of a "wild animal agent" the natives prepare to hunt this huge beast, only four sturdy men being necessary to secure a maneater, providing they know how.

A fine specimen having been located, its habits and watering places are studied, and a hole ten feet square, is dug, and bridged with network of limbs and branches and twigs and leaves, a kid or a goat being tied in the middle of the frail covering.

Aroused by the bleating of the anxious bait, the old jungle monarch is attracted, steals nearer and nearer, and finally with a big spring, lands upon his prey, only to bear it with him to the bottom of the pit.

Next morning he is found snarling madly, outwitted, and once more to be made the victim of a ruse. How to get the live tiger out of the pit is a problem that would puzzle anyone but an East Indian thoroughly acquainted with the fierce temper of the dangerous brute. A net of heavy rope is procured, and this is thrown into the hole. Like a flash the ferocious animal is "all over it at once," biting it, clawing it, tangling himself up in it, and biting and clawing the more he gets tangled, and becoming tangled the more he fights, until at last he lies securely bound, when a hunter descends into the trap. Here he ties the mighty paws with rattan rope, fastens a collar about the fine, thick neck, and proceeds to haul out the grim captive with the help of three assistants.

IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

Two Scotch tourists were one day going on a long journey, when one suddenly looked up very gloomily.

"What's the matter?" asked his friend.

"Why, I've lost the better part of my luggage," replied the other in a tone of disgust.

"Was it stolen, or did you leave it at the hotel?"

"Worse than either—the cork came out."

Sensations Said to Be Similar.

"What a strange expression on the face of the gentleman at the foot of the table!"

"Yes; he has either committed a murder or he expects to be called on for a speech.'

Which Was It?

Hewitt—"Me." is the abbreviation for Maine, isn't it?

Jewett—Yes. Why do you ask?

Hewitt—A girl wrote to me saying, "Remember me," and I don't know whether she meant for me to remember her or the Maine.

Synopsis elsewhere of previous parts.

THE COST of her SILENCE.

A Fascinating Romance of Love and Conspiracy.

By F. LE BRETON.

PART 3.

His words effected just the change in Madeleine's countenance he had desired and calculated upon.

The rare pink rose in the creamy pallor of her face, her dark eyes grew soft and glowing, and as the carriage swept round the drive and drew up at the massive portals of Barston Towers, it was a supremely beautiful and radiantly smiling woman whom Gilbert Carew helped to alight, and led into the great hall where Margot stood, with Lady Wargrave in the background.

"Ah here she is," said Carew genially, as Margot half-shyly, yet eagerly drew near. "Margot, here is your sister, Madeleine. What a shame it seems you should not have known each other before!"

Margot looked up at the beautiful woman half-shyly; then as she met the gaze of the dark eyes fixed upon her own, Margot with a quick, child-like impulse, raised her face, and put both her hands into Madeleine's outstretched ones.

"I'm so glad," Margot said softly "for I am sure I shall love you."

A little quiver passed over Madeleine's face. She drew a deep breath that ended in a half sob, and for a second could not speak. Then meeting a warning glance from Carew, she murmured'

"I hope you will care for me. I—I will try to make you," and bending her beautiful head, her lips met Margot's.

Carew with his inscurtable smile, moved down the hall to where Lady Wargrave stood silent, cold, impassive, with her white, bejewelled hands tightly locked together.

"Lady Wargrave," he said, as she mechanically placed her hand in his "I cannot express to you the pleasure I feel in bringing my wife to you. I know that Madeleine may henceforth rely on your friendship."

His face was smiling, his voice soft, almost caressing in its tone yet Lady Wargrave winced under it as she went forward to meet Mrs. Carew.

"I am pleased to see you here," she said almost mechanically, as if impelled by some unseen force. "It seems strange after all these years only now to meet Gilbert's wife."

"And lovely!" broke in Margot, with wild and girlish enthusiasm. "Gilbert, if I wasn't prepared to love you before—though I am, for all my life I've heard from mother what a dear, good, kind, almost perfect man you were—not that I like perfect men!"—with a saucy, protesting move—"if I wasn't prepared to love you I should now, because you have given me what I wanted most in all the world—a sister, and I can see she's a darling, and—I hope you won't mind me saying it this once, and if you don't like it I never will again"—she broke off, turning with imploring eyes to Madeleine—"but I must tell you just this once, you are so lovely!"

There was a slight pause, a dead silence of a second, then Gilbert's laugh rang out, so irresistibly mirthful and so wildly infectious that both the girls joined in; even Lady Wargrave's stern lips twitched, and the ice was broken.

"I'm glad you don't mind," continued Margot, going towards Gilbert, and standing looking up at him—a slim, tiny girlish figure in her soft white gown. 'Since you're so nice, Gilbert, you may give your sister a kiss," she went on, saucily, raising one soft cheek towards him.

Madeleine bit her scarlet lips, and her white cheeks flamed. Lady Wargrave positively writhed, and sat in mute protest; for what could she say? how forbid a brother to kiss his young sister?

But Gilbert with his inimitable sang-froid, bent down and kissed the soft cheek with as frank an ease as it was offered him.

"You're a dear little girl, Margot" he said, regarding her with an amused light in his blue eyes, "and I think Maddie and I are to be congratulated on our sister."

"And all this time she has had no tea," broke in Lady Wargrave, feeling impelled to say something. "Mrs. Carew let me give you a cup at once."

Madeleine, with a smile of acquiescence, accepted the dainty porcelain cup, and as Margot hovered round her, pressing bread and butter, cake, and every dainty she could think of upon her new-found brother and sister, Madeleine owned to herself with a vast relief, that after all things were not so bad. Margot was a dear little girl, and perhaps—who could tell?—after all, Jack, her idolized Jack, might mean going straight at last. Oh, if it might be so!

And it was at this identical moment that Gilbert, in his delightfully tactful way questioned Lady Wargrave as to Perry's whereabouts was inwardly fervently thanking his stars that he had only three foolish women to deal with.

For Mr. Gilbert Carew's brain was fertile and deep to an almost Machiavellian degree, and woe be to the poor woman or even man, who imagined that he or she had for one blissful moment fathomed the subtle workings of that ingenious mind.

CHAPTER VII.

"Jack!"

"Well?"

Mr. Gilbert Carew slightly raised his handsome head from out the depth of a lounge chair and lazily regarded his wife through half-closed eyes.

"Well?" he demanded again, after a brief pause, during which she continued to regard him with a manner obviously ill at ease. "What is it? I hope"—here Carew sat up, and his light, mocking manner left him, whilst his face grew set and stern—"I hope you haven't been waxing confidential and letting out things to Margot; because, if you have, remember you have me to reckon with my girl, and"—

"Oh, Jack, don't look, don't speak like that! Do you think, after all this time, I should be so silly, so childish?" protested Madeleine looking at him with anxious, sorrowful eyes. "It's not that; but don't you think it would be wiser to let me know just a little more of how things are, not how they seem, for already I have felt suspicious, and had one or two frights over Lady Wargrave."

Carew's knitted brows relaxed. He sank back with a relieved air into the cushions as he said:

"What has my Lady Wargrave been saying or doing?"

"Only—I hope to Heaven it is not so—but I am afraid that—it sounds almost too foolish to put it into words when she has received you as the Gilbert Carew she once knew—but otherwise I should fear"—

"Well, out with it Madeleine. Don't beat about the bush."

"Sometimes I think she has doubts as to whether you are Gilbert Carew I know it sounds absurd, but"—

"But my Lady Wargrave knows me better even than you do, my beautiful Madeleine, therefore with her there is no chance of a shadow of a mischance," broke in Carew, with his mocking smile, "unless"—

He broke off abruptly, and gazed into space with a heavy frown.

"Unless she is fool enough to warn Margot," he muttered; "if so—well then, I shall know how to act. No, my Lady Wargrave, I think this is a trump card, and unless I am very much mistaken, I hold you and yours in the hollow of my hand."

"And must I know nothing more?" asked Madeleine, wistfully. "Won't you, at any rate, tell me why Margot"—

She paused for Carew laid his hands on her shoulders, and drew her to him with a compelling gesture of silence.

"Madeleine," he said, "discretion is the better part of valour. You will be the more discreet and serve me the better for knowing no more than you do at present. Humour Margot in every way. Find out how soon she will let you tear her away from this sylvan retreat; for the Arcadian simplicity of it bores me to the verge of desperation, and I yearn wildly to seek distraction in the fleshpots of Egypt—in other words to get away from here as soon as we can. I intend going down to see about a place called the Chase that's for sale. It might suit us as things are; anyhow we must fix up something. As to Lady Wargrave you can safely leave her to me."

And Madeleine knowing that the subject was closed, went meekly away, trying to stifle the presentiment that daily grew stronger in her breast, and that was that all this might mean sorrow and trouble to Margot—little Margot whom already Madeleine had learned to love, partly for her own lovable little self, partly because she was the first girl who had come into close contact with Madeleine's hitherto solitary, sombre life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lady Wargrave sat alone in her boudoir, her beautiful face harassed and aged by furrows which the hand of Time had not laid there, but lines which had been engraven since the fatal day when Gilbert Carew had arrived at Barston Towers to claim his young sister after the many years of separation. On the table before Lady Wargrave lay a letter from Perry, and over the closely-written sheets Lady Wargrave bent her agonized face, whilst a deep sob broke from her lips.

"My boy," she murmured, "It was for you, for you I could not give up; and I thought—God help me!—that no one would ever know. It was such a remote chance—a chance in a million; yet the hand of Fate has struck me down! And if I confess all now what can I do? Can I face such punishment as may be mine; for he, from pure malignancy would spare me nothing. Yet even that I could bear if it were not for Perry. Oh, my boy, you who are the soul of honour and uprightness, how would you look if you ever knew your mother's sin? And I am doubly punished; for if all were as it should be, Margot would now be her uncle's acknowledged heiress, and there would be no obstacle of any kind to mar their perfect happiness. Oh Perry, my boy, my boy, my sin has found me out! By my own act I have wrecked my own life and yours, and who knows what sad fate I may have doomed poor little Margot to? Yet as things are I am powerless, and if he chooses to make her leave me, I can do nothing—nothing, but"—

The door opened softly, and Lady Wargrave with an effort composed her features into a stony calm, the more intense since the intruder on her peace was, as she had guessed—Gilbert Carew.

He smiled as he advanced towards her.

"I am punctual, as you see," he said, lightly. "You named twelve o'clock for our conference; twelve o'clock finds me here! And now to business Lady Wargrave. What are your views?—how can I best meet your wishes with regard to it all?"

Lady Wargrave was silent for a moment, struggling with her emotions; then she spoke in hard, terse tones:

"Your words are, as usual, a mockery," she said, avoiding his smiling gaze. "Of course, you have everything arranged to your own satisfaction. I shall regard it as a favour if you will let me know at once what you intend doing."

"Oh, but why distress both yourself and me by taking this tone?" answered Carew in a tone of cheerful remonstrance. "However, since you wish to know my movements, I should like, with all due deference to you, to leave here the day after to-morrow, and for you to further extend your hospitality towards my wife until the end of the week, when I should like her to join me, so that she can accompany me to Kinloch Abbey, where we are invited for a week or two's stay."

Lady Wargrave's face, steeled as it was to neutrality, openly betrayed her amazement.

Carew laughed slightly.

"Oh, it's all right," he said. "I met young Archie Kinloch out in Melbourne, after I had stepped into Carew's shoes, and I did the young fellow what he was pleased to consider a good turn or two, for which the soft-hearted, young idiot is eternally grateful. Hence the warm invitation from Kinloch pere, which is what I calculated on from the start. Well, and after that I shall go down in person and take possession of Hillingdon Chase, which, as I told you, was for sale, and which I discovered on a closer acquaintance suited me exactly. Imagine me, therefore, the squire of the place, with my beautiful Madeleine acting the Lady Bountiful of the parish! It's a pretty picture, isn't it?"

He looked once again at Lady Wargrave's rigid, pained face, and laughed softly, as if the sight both amused and pleased him.

'It is about Margot that I wish to know," went on Lady Wargrave, with an effort.

"Ah, Margot! She will, of course, join us at the Chase. How adorably pretty she is, this young sister of mine! Were she indeed in possession of all that she might be, even a duke might be forthcoming as a probable husband. Still, even as matters are, she may marry well. Indeed, I shall see that she does, and marry both in accordance with my views and her own. I wonder, en passant, my Lady Wargrave, that the virtuous and idolized paragon, Perry, has not ere now coveted Margot, with an eye to the future converting her into my Lady Wargrave. Still, I suppose, brought up together as they have been, he looks on her more with a fraternal eye than a lover's, and"—

"She is a child," broke in Lady Wargrave, harshly, from her excess of painful feeling—"and Perry would not even had he desired, have awakened her, or changed the child-like, frank affection, which she now gives him."

Not for worlds would Lady Wargrave lay bare the secret wishes and the great love of her boy for Margot, to the scoffing, soulless cynic, who alas, was in all outward personality perfection; inwardly—and oh, the sadness of it!—inwardly all a man should not be.

"Ah! And so Perry did not desire," answered Carew, gazing keenly at Lady Wargrave's pale face. "I am afraid if absence does indeed make his heart grow fonder, he will find it a bit too late in the day, for probably another few months and would-be suitors for pretty Margot won't let the grass grow under their feet."

Lady Wargrave knew the adamantine heart which Carew possessed under the sunny, gentle-mannered exterior; yet she made one supreme effort for Margot's and her boy's sake.

"Tell me," she said imploringly, "why you should take Margot from my side? You know well enough, I could not, however much I might desire to do it, divulge the truth to the poor child. My lips are of necessity sealed. Why are you so bent on taking her with you? She has been with me all these years. Surely you could tell anyone who expresses any curiosity on the subject that I, having practically adopted Margot from the time you first went abroad, cannot part with her now. You have your wife. No one would wonder that you spare your sister to the care of myself, who has had her from a baby. Let me keep her."

Carew looked at her with an odd, inscrutable smile, as he said, slowly

"What do you want her for? Is Perry, after all, not so insensible to her as you would have me believe and so you want to keep her here, out of harm's way—eh, my lady Wargrave? I am sorry, very sorry, that I can't by any possibility see my way to it; I confess I can't. Margot is necessary to me in shaping my future life. Don't look so tragic"—as Lady Wargrave uttered a terrified exclamation and whitened to her very lips. "I shan't ill-treat her," Carew went on, laughing. "In fact, I think I may promise she'll have a very good time, so long as she's a sensible girl; and with such a brother"—in mock, admiring tones—"is it likely she will be anything but sensible? No, my Lady Wargrave, I'm sorry, but I can't oblige you. Margot's presence under my roof is a sine qua non."

And Lady Wargrave uttered no final protest, realizing from past experience the utter futility of such a course.

CHAPTER IX.

It was Sunday and the bells were ringing for morning service, pealing lustily from out the grey old tower of Hillingdon parish church.

The sacred little edifice was unusually full, the aristocratic members of the congregation predominating, the greatest number drawn hither by an overwhelming curiosity for it was almost a foregone conclusion that the new residents of the Chase would that morning occupy the large, square, baize-covered pew which had belonged for countless ages to the denizens of Hillingdon Chase.

(To be continued.) 1416.

SHE SHOT A BURGLAR.

"I understand you shot a burglar during the absence of your husband," said the great detective.

"Yes," admitted the frail, little woman, "I did."

"What became of him?" asked the detective.

"Why, the other burglar carried him away," answered she.

"Which other burglar?" he said.

"Why, the one I shot at," she replied.

"The Cost of Her Silence."

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Margot Carew, a pretty young heiress, lives with the Dowager Lady Wargrave at Barston Towers. She is out walking one day when a stranger interrupts her meditations by inquiring the way to the Towers. The stranger's arrival proves a shock to Lady Wargrave. He announces the death of Margot's brother, Gilbert, and proposes that he should take the dead man's place. He has some hold on Lady Wargrave, who is reluctantly compelled to acquiesce in his conspiracy. The stranger recalls the past in her ladyship's life, and she is filled with fear for the future of her son, Peregrine, Lord Wargrave—the "Perry" between whom and Margot feelings beyond those of mere affection have sprung up. What is the mystery? What is the hold that the new Gilbert Carew has upon Lady Wargrave? He announces his determination to take the future of Margot into his own hands, and though it breaks her heart, her ladyship cannot say "No" to his wishes. For why? Margot notes the resemblance between her newly-found brother—whom she has not seen for years—and Perry, to whom she points it out. However, they cannot look into the future, but they vow their love for each other, and a shadow settles over Barston Towers. Carew fetched his wife, Madeleine, from Paris, impresses upon her the necessity for strict obedience to his plans, and takes her to Barston Towers, where she is introduced to Margot and Lady Wargrave.

WORK IN THE SIMPLON TUNNEL.

The ground plan of a building forming part of the contractors' railway station, near the northern tunnel entrance, shows the laundry for washing towels and the men's working clothes and underwear; the depot for their outdoor suits; and the douches, the latter being connected to an unlimited supply of hot and cold water. The space reserved for the men measures 120 feet in length and 40 feet in width, and is divided into four rooms made to contain the clothes of 1,500 men. The clothes hangers are tied on a long cord which runs on pulleys fitted to the rafters. To the east of this building and over the whole of its length, is a covered shed, which serves as a terminus for the workmen's trains. A few minutes before the men take their seats in the train for resuming their shift, they congregate in the clothes room and remove their outdoor suits and underwear which they sling up, after exchanging them for their working suits. The men are then carried to the workings, special trucks with seats being provided for this purpose The same train, on returning, brings back the men of the preceeding shift who have completed their eight hours' work. These alight at the terminus, and hasten to remove their working clothes, take a douche dress in their outdoor suits, and sling up their working clothes, which thus have fifteen to sixteen hours to dry. The rooms are carefully heated and ventilated, and are divided into a number of small cabins in which the men dress and undress. Compartments are set apart for the engineers and foremen. The laundry is provided with a complete set of washing mangling and drying apparatus.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

EARL'S WIDOW WED BY HER STEWARD.

The recent marriage of Emma Dowager Countess of Ravensworth with Mr. Wadesworth, who is only 28 years of age and is described as a "steward," and "coachman," is not without its romantic side, because of the difference in social positions of the bride and bridegroom. The latter is the son of Mr. Thomas Wadsworth, estate agent. Emma Countess of Ravensworth is the daughter of the Hon. Robert Denman, son of Lord Denman, the great lawyer, who was for many years Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench.

The late earle left his wife in his will nearly £100,000, so that the newly-married couple are amply provided for.

The romantic marriage of the countess brings to mind an extraordinary story of a steward who was formerly in her ladyship's employ. He had to ride, upon a certain day, to draw moneys from the earl's mines. The night before he should have gone his wife dreamed that she saw two men waiting for him in a lonely wood, saw them shoot and kill him, and drag him into the woods. Thrice she dreamed her dream. The steward was so impressed that he determined that he would ride by another route.

Although the woman herself had never seen the spot of which she dreamed, it was an actual scene of his journey. He varied his plan of riding, and got home safely with his master's money.

Next morning, in the very place of which the woman had dreamed, the village doctor was found murdered. Men who had lain in hiding had mistaken him for the steward. The trial of the culprits caused a great sensation at the time, but the men got off on a technical point.

[illegible]

Nothing seems to delight certain laborious minds in Germany more than the compilation of curious statictics. Here are some facts about the human body which have lately been published by one of these specialists as the result of many months' study:—There are, he says, 7,000,000 pores in the skin of a grown-up man, and his blood vessels if placed end to end would extend for a distance of about thirty miles. Moreover he says that the hair on the head of the average woman of thirty years, if it were treated in the same manner as the blood vessels would extend for a distance of thirty miles. So convinced is he of the accuracy of these figures that he offers to pay £200 to anyone who will prove that he has made the slightest error.

HAS THE UNIVERSE A BOUNDARY.

An astonishing theory has just been put forward by astronomers. They state that the universe itself has a boundary. When we come to think of it this assertion seems almost fantastic, for we know that there are stars so far removed from the earth that even if they had disappeared before the Christian era, their light would still be travelling towards us. The reason of the new belief that there is a limit to the extent of the stars, and that they do not fill an indefinite space, is somewhat as follows:—Light rays pass through the outer ether without dimming and refraction which they suffer in piercing the atmospheric belt surrounding the earth. This being the case, it can be proved mathematically, that if the system of stars were infinate in its extension, the whole heavens would be filled with their light.

STARS NOT INFINITE.

As this is not so we may safely presume that the number of stars, though enormous, is limited. Several well-known scientists and astronomers have lately, we believe, come to the conclusion that our own solar system is only the centre of a universe of stars. They say that what is known as the Milky Way, which seems to us to be equally broad at all points, actually divides the heavens into two equal parts. Such a conclusion appears, at first sight, to be contrary to all the canons of astronomical science. The sun is travelling through space at a speed of something like a million miles every twenty-four hours, and in so doing, drags both the earth and the other planets along with it.

If this be so then surely it would seem to be impossible that we should have remained at the centre during the whole period of astronomical history. But our readers must not overlook the fact that the distances which separate the different suns are of appalling greatness. The earth's orbit round the sun may be roughly stated as 180,000,000 miles Our nearest neighbour is the star Vega, towards which we appear to be travelling. And the distance from Vega is some eight or nine millions of miles. It will thus be seem that the new theory is not nearly so outrageous as it might appear at first sight, but still it lacks authentic confirmation, and must, for the time being, be considered as a theory in process of evolving into an established fact.

And yet the apparent infinity of the heavens has been vividly put before us by M. Camille Flammarion. He tells us in his book on "Popular Astronomy," that if we could travel with a constant velocity of 186,000 miles per second, we would have to fly for four years before reaching the nearest sun, and that, if we travelled thus a million years, we would only arrive at the vestibule of the infinite. And the speed at which each sun of space is carried along is beyond conception almost. It is neither one, nor three, nor five hundred yards per second that the earth the sun, Sirius, Vega, Arcturus, and all the solar systems travel, but at 10, 20, 30, or a 100 thousand yards per second.—"Science Siftings."

A BOER BOY'S BRAVERY.

WOULD DIE RATHER THAN TURN TRAITOR.

The following incident, told by Major Seely, of a little Boer boy, is an example of faithful and unyielding devotion which should be printed in letters of gold and hung in every house in the land.

"I was asked," said Major Seely, "to get some volunteers and try to capture a commandant at a place some twenty miles away, I got the men readily, and set out. It was a rather desperate enterprise, but we got there all right.

"I can see the little place yet, the valley, and the farmhouse, and I can hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs. The Boer general had got away, but where had he gone? It was even a question of the general catching us and not we catching the general. We rode down to the farmhouse, and there we saw a good-looking Boer boy and some yeomen.

"I asked the boy if the commandant had been there, and he said in Dutch, taken by surprise, 'Yes,' 'Where had he gone?' I said; and the boy became suspicious. He answered, 'I don't know.'

"I decided then," continued Seely, "to do a thing for which I hope I may be forgiven, because my men's lives were in danger. I threatened the boy with death if he would not disclose the whereabouts of the general. He still refused, and I put him against a wall, and said I would have him shot. At the same time I whispered to my men, 'For heaven's sake, don't shoot.' The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'Present.' Every rifle was levelled at the boy.

"'Now,' I said, before I give the word, which way has the general gone?' I remember the look on the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen before but once. He was transfigured before us. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back hid head, and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it," concluded the major, "but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

An appeal is being made to the American public to save from the axe the few remaining groves of Californian big trees. Several of these trees are said to be 5,000 years old, 300ft. high, 30ft through and still growing. The sequoias the family to which the big trees belong, flourished in prehistoric days. At that time they covered vast areas both in Europe and America, but now they are restricted to a narrow strip in California.

THE LATEST SUBMARINE.

The submarine has now definitely passed out of the experimental stage and is an accepted engine of naval warfare. It would be absurd to suppose that we are anywhere near finality, or that the submarine is not destined to undergo many improvements and modifications. The evolution of the modern rifle, of the breech-loading cannon, of the torpedo, of the application of armour to ships of war, furnishes us with abundant proof that the end of the experimental stage is never attained in this transitory world.

But the period has now been reached when the capability of the submarine for defence, and the feasability of directing its movements, has been clearly established.

If the Russian Admiral in Port Arthur had had half a dozen submarines at his disposal the whole balance of naval superiority would have been shifted, and the lost command of the sea regained. Indeed the command of the sea need never have been lost; Admiral Togo's daring tactics would have been impossible. As it was, the risks he ran from the Russian mines are not fully appreciated in this country nor is it generally known that one of his battleships just escaped certain destruction by steering a few yards clear of a large floating mine. Had the role of these immobile floating automata been filled by the living intelligence of a submarine boat the perils of approaching by daylight within effective range of Port Arthur would have absolately prohibited such an exploit.

Outside the initiated few it was not realised that within the last few years the automobile torpedo has become more and more a weapon of precision. Yet, marvellous as are the qualities with which the gyroscope has endowed the modern Whitehead, we are on the eve of witnessing the introduction of an even more terrible weapon.

The American Navy is equipped with a torpedo which is even more accurate in its discharge and which is said to have attained a speed of thirty-five knots an hour. Even so, the last word in invention would not have been spoken; and when, as may happen any day, a torpedo is introduced possessing the same range and following as straight a path as the ordinary projectile, a new era of warfare and a new era of fortification will have been reached.

The submarine is essentially the weapon which can fire torpedoes to the most deadly advantage, and it must be remembered that hitherto modern science and modern skill have failed utterly in devising any means by which the attack of the submarine can be met or neutralised If we are to allow our navy to fall behind those of other Powers in the possession and utilisation of these craft, we may as well abandon our shipbuilding programme altogether. France, it is true, is setting an example which we do not desire to see imitated, by practically putting her whole trust in these quickly-built and comparatively inexpensive vessels.

The submarine must only remain as one of the components of an effective fleet, but in the warfare of the future the victory will probably rest with that Power whose submarines are most numerous and are handled with the greatest daring and efficiency. In another respect France is teaching us a lesson which we cannot afford to neglect. Her submarines are not confined, like ours, to the Channel. Even to-day they are stationed at Bizerta, within striking distance of Malta and more are being sent out to the Far East. It is not a question into which the element of expense can be allowed to enter, but we should like to point out that the security conferred by the possession of a flotilla of submarines will in the future render unnecessary much of the expenditure hitherto devoted to land fortifications.

JOHN L. TOOLE.

In Mr. Sims Reeves' reminiscences he tells a good story of John L. Toole. "I was playing," he says, "the part of Tom Tug in company with my excellent friend Toole, who was also a member of the caste. In 'The Waterman' a word or two of gag is held to be permissible and partly to amuse the audiance, partly to astonish my excellent fellow-actor I said to him in a certain scene, in reply to his question, 'What's the meaning of all this?' 'The meaning of it is that you've been made a tool of, and I'm a happy fellow.' Johnnie looked very much surprised; and as a popular comedian does not if he can help himself, allow himself to be scored off, he after a minute's reflection, during which he must have suffered the keenest agony, replied, 'So it sims.'

CUSTARD CARAMEL PUDDING.

Put two ounces of loaf sugar in a saucepan with half a gill of cold water, boil quickly with the lid off but do not stir it, and when it becomes pale coffee colour pour it quickly round the inside of a small, dry mould. It will become hard almost immediately. Well beat two eggs, and add to them half a pint of milk and half a teaspoonful of castor sugar. Pour this custard into the moulds coated with sugar, and cover with greased paper and stir very gently until the custard is firm. Turn out and the sugar will make a sauce round the puddings.

—oooo—

RICE MUFFINS.

Take one cupful of cold boiled rice one pint of flour, two eggs, one quart of milk, or enough to make a thin batter, one tablespoonful of butter, and a teaspoonful of salt. Beat hard, and bake quickly on small muffin rings.

—oooo—

TO RE-COOK A LEG OF MUTTON.

When a leg of mutton is not sufficiently cooked, fill up the gap with mashed potatoes, and shape into the leg. Baste well and bake till the potatoes are brown.

EDEN IN UGANDA.

A "ZOO" FIFTY MILES LONG.

Mr Cunningham, secretary for the Uganda Protectorate, has given some details of Uganda.

Tourist traffic is increasing, and 10,000 tourists are looked for now in the season. To visit Uganda ten years ago cost £2,000. Now it can be done from the coast in a fortnight for £25 in perfect comfort.

The scenery is unique, and there is about 50 miles of zoological gardens teeming with wild animals—zebras by thousands, and ostriches in flocks. As Mr Cunningham was coming down country he passed through a herd of fully 50,000 zebras.

"In Kavirondo," he said, "it is only the day after the "Creation, with the difference that Adams and Eves of Kavirondo have not yet discovered that they are naked, and instead of reposing in beatific leisure among apple trees, Adam and Eve may be seen hoeing gardens along the railway, or carrying baskets of grain to the market at Port Florence the majority of them without an atom of clothing.

But there is nothing to affect the susceptibilities of the European visitor. It is nature. You might as well object to a sycamore tree going without leaves in winter as object to a Kavirondo man or woman going naked."

GENERAL INFORMATION.

The water-lily is largely used in some parts of India by the natives as food.

Only 36 persons out of every million live to be one hundred years old.

Birds with the exception of the skylark and woodlark, do not sing in their flight.

The skin of the whale is from 2in. to 2ft. thick, that of a large specimen often weighing thirty tons.

The dew that is annually deposited on the surface of England is equal to about five inches of rain.

Telephones are to be placed near the chief cab-stands in Birlin to facilitate the summoning of vehicles.

The sea is said to be gradually eating away the French coast, having within the last five years swallowed up no less than 460 acres.

The ivory plant has recently been discovered in California, but the nut it produces in its wild state is of inferior quality, and will not make good buttons.

Near the Caspian Sea there are several "eternal fires," so called by the natives, where natural gas, which has been on fire for ages, issues from the ground.

No Japanese ever sleeps with his head to the north. This is because the dead in Japan are always buried with their heads in that position. In the sleeping-room of many of the private houses and hotels a diagram of the points of the compass is posted upon the ceiling, for the convenience of guests.

In Sweden capital punishment cannot be executed until the condemned criminal confesses his crime. If a person refuses to confess, in the face of overpowering evidence, the prison discipline is made extremely severe, until the confession is obtained.

The largest automatic weighing machine is on its way from England to Natal. Its weighing capacity is 120 tons and it is fitted with automatic indicators so arranged that when an engine is run on to the machine the weight carried by each wheel is automatically and instantly exhibited.

A report of experiments with radium in Umschau, St. Petersburg, is as follows: Twenty-one mice were placed in glass vessels covered with netting, upon which a radium cell was placed for periods of from two to three days. Six other mice were similarly imprisoned without being exposed to the influence of radium. These six remained lively, and gained in weight; but all the others died on the fourth or fifth day from paralysis of the spinal cord and brain.

In the village of Mittenwald, in the heart of the Bavarian highlands live men who manufacture the greater part of the world's supply of violins. Mittenwald has taken the place of Cremona, although it may be another 200 years before its violins can be mentioned in the same breath with those of the famous Italian town. Of the 1,800 inhabitants of the village over 800 are exclusively occupied with the manufacture of violins, and the output reaches the incredible figure of 50,000 violins per annum. They are exported to all the countries in the world, the better instruments going to England and America. One organisation of makers alone exports 15,000.

Ringtail monkeys, one of the most valuable and expensive of the smaller kinds are caught in an interesting way. A cocoanut is split in two, and a banana, with a piece of string running through it, is placed lengthwise through the nut, the two halves of which are drawn together by wires. Then a hole is cut large enough for the monkey's paw to enter. The monkey spies the tempting nut from his tree. He hops down, looks it over, sees the hole, and smells the banana inside. He is fond of bananas. Putting his paw in he grasps it, but the wood prevents it from coming out. Then the catchers appear, and the monkey runs for a tree. But he cannot climb because of the cocoanut on his paw, and he will not let go of that, so he is captured, pawing wildly at the tree trunk. 1416.

Snake Valley.

A public meeting was held in [illegible] chanics' Hall on Saturday ev[illegible] devise ways and means of assi[illegible] R. A. Brown, whose two elde[illegible] aged 12 and 10 years respective[illegible] been stricken down with paraly[illegible] J. S. Douglas presided. It was [illegible] to hold a concert and ball at [illegible] date, and the hon. secretary, M[illegible] Roddis, was instructed to ask t[illegible] friendly societies for their patron[illegible] strong committee was formed, an[illegible] also decided to get a company fr[illegible] larat to provide the programme.

The half-yearly meeting of the m[illegible] of the Carngham common was [illegible] Saturday evening at Mr Hall's Gre[illegible] hotel; Mr John Sheehan in th[illegible] The herdsman reported that 170 [illegible] 39 horses, and 13 goats were gra[illegible] the common, and the receipts we[illegible] 9s. Accounts amounting to £10[illegible] were passed for payment.

A two-year-old son of Mr [illegible] Greenbank scalded his right arm s[illegible] from the elbow down to the w[illegible] Friday last through the content[illegible] kettle of boiling water falling ove[illegible] He received the necessary treatmen[illegible] is progressing favorably.

An old and respected resident of [illegible] chup, Mrs John Corbett, sen., d[illegible] Sunday. Whilst driving from Sna[illegible] ley to her home at Morichup threa[illegible] ago she was seized with paralys[illegible] this, associated with a weak hear[illegible] the cause of death. She was 63 ye[illegible] age, and leaves a husband and gro[illegible] family of six boys and five g[illegible] Courier.

Ripon shire Revision Co[illegible]

The Ripon shire Council sat [illegible] Revision Court at the Shire [illegible] Beaufort, on Monday afternoon, fo[illegible] purpose of revising the several v[illegible] lists for the shire. There were pr[illegible] —Crs. D. Stewart (chairman), A[illegible] Slater, R. A. D. Sinclair, J. O'Sh[illegible] nessy, M. Flynn, and G. Lewis.

The secretary (Mr J. M. Ca[illegible] submitted the lists.

WEST RIDING.

Bridget Cushing applied to be [illegible] rolled for tenement and land, [illegible] Goldsmith (two votes). The secre[illegible] stated that it was not exactly in o[illegible] for while the claim was all right, t[illegible] was no objection to the son's n[illegible] already on the roll. She claimed [illegible] the whole lot. Cr. Flynn said the [illegible] plicant could not object to her dece[illegible] husband. The secretary said [illegible] Cushing could have claimed for [illegible] the property. Cr. Flynn suggested [illegible] should be given the votes her husb[illegible] had. Mr Carroll thought that [illegible] what the applicant intended to a[illegible] for. Cr. Flynn moved that [illegible] Cushing's name be inserted in plac[illegible] her deceased husband's. Seconded [illegible] Cr. O'Shaughnessy, and carried.

Cr. Lewis moved, and Cr. Sinc[illegible] seconded, that the West Riding roll [illegible] certified to as correct, and duly allow[illegible] Carried.

EAST RIDING.

Robert Dixon, of Skipton, asked t[illegible] William Dixon's name be rectified [illegible] roll, and his (Robert Dixon's) inser[illegible] instead.—Application granted, on m[illegible] tion of Crs. Slater and O'Shaughnes[illegible] James Patrick O'Shaughnessy appli[illegible] for enrolment for house, post office, a[illegible] land at Carngham (two votes), a[illegible] objected to the name of Eva [illegible] O'Shaughnessy being retained on t[illegible] roll for this property, on the groun[illegible] that she has now ceased to be a public [illegible] for the house and premises known [illegible] the Carngham hotel, having left t[illegible] district.—James Patrick O'Shaug[illegible] nessy's name to be enrolled, on motio[illegible] of Crs. Slater and Flynn. Jane Louis[illegible] Roddis claimed two votes for tenemen[illegible] at Snake Valley, and objected to th[illegible] enrolment of James Roddis, of Snak[illegible] Valley, on the grounds that he is n[illegible] longer the occupier.—The necessar[illegible] alteration to be made, on motion o[illegible] Crs. O'Shaughnessy and Slater. Th[illegible] name of Ann Jarvis was, on the motio[illegible] of Crs. O'Shaughnessy and Slater, ex[illegible] punged from the roll, she being de[illegible] ceased. The East Riding roll was the[illegible] certified to as correct, on motion of Crs [illegible] Flynn and O'Shaughnessy.

NORTH RIDING.

The name of Richard Humphrey, [illegible] was, on the motion of Crs. Sinclair and [illegible] O'Shaughnessy, expunged from the [illegible] North Riding roll, he being deceased. [illegible] roll was then certified to as correct, [illegible] on the motion of Crs. Sinclair and [illegible] O'Shaughnessy.

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Snake Valley.

A public meeting was held in the Mechanics' Hall on Saturday evening to devise ways and means of assisting Mr R. A. Brown, whose two eldest sons, aged 12 and 10 years respectively, have been stricken down with paralysis. Mr J. S. Douglas presided. It was decided to hold a concert and ball at an early date, and the hon. secretary, Mr W. C. Roddis, was instructed to ask the local friendly societies for their patronage. A strong committee was formed, and it was also decided to get a company from Ballarat to provide the programme.

The half-yearly meeting of the managers of the Carngham common was held on Saturday evening at Mr Hall's Greyhound hotel, Mr John Sheehan in the chair. The herdsman reported that 170 cattle, 39 horses, and 13 goats were grazing on the common, and the receipts were £12 9s. Accounts amounting to £10 4s 6d were passed for payment.

A two-year-old son of Mr Thomas Greenbank scalded his right arm severely from the elbow down to the wrist on Friday last through the contents of a kettle of boiling water falling over him. He received the necessary treatment, and is progressing favorably.

An old and respected resident of Mortchup, Mrs John Corbett, sen., died on Sunday. Whilst driving from Snake Valley to her home at Mortchup three weeks ago she was seized with paralysis, and this, associated with a weak heart, was the cause of death. She was 63 years of age, and leaves a husband and grown-up family of six boys and five girls.—"Courier."

Ripponshire Revision Court.

The Ripponshire Council sat as a Revision Court at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, on Monday afternoon, for the purpose of revising the several voters' lists for the shire. There were present—Crs. D. Stewart (chairman), A. R. Slater, R. A. D. Sinclair, J. O'Shaughnessy, M. Flynn, and G. Lewis.

The secretary (Mr J. M. Carroll), submitted the lists.

WEST RIDING.

Bridget Cushing applied to be enrolled for tenement and land, Lake Goldsmith (two votes). The secretary stated that it was not exactly in order, for while the claim was all right, there was no objection to the son's name already on the roll. She claimed for the whole lot. Cr. Flynn said the applicant could not object to her deceased husband. The secretary said Mrs Cushing could have claimed for half the property. Cr. Flynn suggested she should be given the votes her husband had. Mr Carroll thought that was what the applicant intended to apply for. Cr. Flynn moved that Mrs Cushing's name be inserted in place of her deceased husband's. Seconded by Cr. O'Shaughnessy, and carried.

Cr. Lewis moved, and Cr. Sinclair seconded, that the West Riding roll be certified to as correct, and duly allowed. Carried.

EAST RIDING.

Robert Dixon, of Skipton, asked that William Dixon's name be rectified on roll, and his (Robert Dixon's) inserted instead.—Application granted, on motion of Crs. Slater and O'Shaughnessy.

James Patrick O'Shaughnessy applied for enrolment for house, post office, and land at Carngham (two votes), and objected to the name of Eva T. O'Shaughnessy being retained on the roll for this property, on the grounds that she has now ceased to be a publican for the house and premises known as the Carngham hotel, having left the district.—James Patrick O'Shaughnessy's name to be enrolled, on motion of Crs. Slater and Flynn. Jane Louisa Roddis claimed two votes for tenement at Snake Valley, and objected to the enrolment of James Roddis, of Snake Valley, on the grounds that he is no longer the occupier.—The necessary alteration to be made, on motion of Crs. O'Shaughnessy and Slater. The name of Ann Jarvis was, on the motion of Crs. O'Shaughnessy and Slater, expunged from the roll, she being deceased. The East Riding roll was then certified to as correct, on motion of Crs. Flynn and O'Shaughnessy.

NORTH RIDING.

The name of Richard Humphreys was, on the motion of Crs. Sinclair and O'Shaughnessy, expunged from the North Riding roll, he being deceased. The roll was then certified to as correct, on the motion of Crs. Sinclair and O'Shaughnessy.

Mining News.

BARTON QUARTZ COMPANY.

An extraordinary meeting of shareholders in the above company, convened for the purpose of increasing the capital of the company by increasing the amount payable in respect of each share in the company to such amount as may be decided on at such meeting, was held at the Mechanics' Institute, Beaufort, on Thursday afternoon last, 28th inst. Mr D. E. Troy (chairman of directors) presided, and seven shareholders were present.

The manager (Mr J. A. Chalk) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The chairman moved—"That the capital of the company be and the same is hereby increased by raising the amount of each of the 24,000 shares existing in the company from 2s 6d to 10s." He supposed they would wonder why the capital was not made larger in the first instance, but to have done that they had to have 5 per cent. of the money in hand, and therefore were not in a position to make the capital larger. They had eaten up the capital of the company with the last 2d. call, and as it would cost no more to do so now, they might as well increase the capital to 10s per share.

Mr J. B. Cochran inquired whether they should not first have some report as to the future prospects of the mine.

The chairman said that was quite right, but, unfortunately, the prospects were not good. As Mr Bailey, the manager, had to go home through illness, he (Mr Troy) explained by the plan what work had been done. At the 33ft. level the stone was running north and south. They had sunk a shaft to cut the stone at the 150ft. level, where it was making stronger, and thought at a deeper level it would thicken out. Another fortnight, one way or the other, would prove it. If the present drive turned out to be no good, they would have to wind up the company; but if it turned out well they would have to call up more capital. If this meeting had been held after the directors' meeting, he could have given them more information.

The motion was seconded by Mr Welsh, and carried.

The minutes of the meeting having been read, were confirmed on the motion of Mr Freeman, seconded by Mr Carroll.

The chairman, in thanking the shareholders for their attendance, hoped that before many days were over they would have the satisfaction of hearing that something good had been struck; but if on the other hand it turned out to be no good, they would have the doubtful satisfaction of knowing that they had paid their money into a concern in which they had had an honest run for their money.

In answer to Mr Cochran, the chairman said that if the money was called up it would be done in the same way as hitherto.

All Nations Consols.—D. F. Troy and party—Driven the bottom drive to 135 feet in good working country. Grant and party—Driving south in payable wash. Adamthwaite and party—Driven S.E. to 60 feet in poor wash. Morris and party—Sunk main shaft to 60 feet; now erecting a whim.

Sam Slick.—Jaensch and party—Ceased taking out wash until the shaft is sunk another 60 feet.

Thompson's Fancy.—W. D. Thompson and party—Completing the erection of a whim. Expect to commence driving for wash next week.

Sons of Freedom Junction, Raglan.—Timber for cistern arrived; carpenter building same. Also capstan rope delivered; getting shoe put on. Expect to be ready to lower pumps about Tuesday next.

Sons of Freedom Central, Raglan.—Blocking and truck-roading in No. 1 rise in ground of payable quality. Yield for the week, 102oz. 12dwt.

Daughters of Freedom, Main Lead.—Yield for week, 1oz. 12dwt.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—All Nations Consols Comany, Grant and party's tribute, 6oz.; Sam Slick Company, Jaensch and party's tribute, 8oz. 11dwt.; Daughters of Freedom (fortnight), 2oz. 11dwt.; Sons of Freedom Central, 102oz. 8dwt.; Last Chance, 8oz. 6dwt.; Stevens and party, 2oz. 9dwt.; Brusher's Co., 11oz. 11dwt. 3gr.; sundries, 12oz.

LINSEED COMPOUND, The 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

TAKE
BEECHAM'S
PILLS

To avoid Indigestion

That distressed feeling is simply a poorly-working stomach—it needs a little help—but no matter how bad it may be, a dose of BEECHAM'S PILLS will SPEEDILY GIVE RELIEF. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS for a few days and the trouble will disappear.

To Cure Sick Headache

Sick headache means an overtaxed stomach and a derangement of the digestive organs. BEECHAM'S PILLS have proved themselves a boon for removing that distressed feeling and discomfort. A dose will remove the immediate cause, and if repeated for a few days will enable your system to work normally.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes.
Price 1s. 1½d. (56 Pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 Pills.)

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases.

Applicants for leases within the district covered by *The Ripponshire 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 and 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."

Proposed Abolition of Mining Boards.

The Ballarat Mining Board has issued the following circular against the proposal:—

The Mines Bill now before Parliament is chiefly noticeable for its proposal to abolish the Mining Boards as at present constituted, and to substitute the Minister and Secretary for Mines, who are to be members of seven Mining Boards; the Warden and Inspector of Mines to be members within their respective districts; and the fifth person, not named; the last three to be appointed by the Governor-in-Council, which practically means the Mines Department. Thus, instead of boards being elected by the miners, and answerable to them for the faithful discharge of their various duties, it is proposed to place their powers in a body responsible to Parliament only, and which will be expected to do the work now performed by 70 members.

Powers and Duties of the Present Boards.—In addition to the powers secured to them by the Mining Statute, the Boards have always considered it an imperative duty to watch the proceedings of the Legislature when dealing with mining subjects, for it must be borne in mind that bills introduced to Parliament are crude and imperfect. Under such circumstances the boards have always been ready to offer suggestions for their improvement, and have ever used their best efforts in preventing bills from passing into law which would prove inimical to the mining interest. It can be fairly claimed that our mining laws owe many of their best provisions to the suggestions which have emanated from Mining Boards. The mining laws are still far from perfect, so that in this respect it cannot be said that the work of the Mining Boards is now complete.

Auriferous Lands.—That the Board are still necessary and useful daily evidence will be found in their care of auriferous lands. Thousands of applications which have been made for the alienation of such lands have been submitted for their consideration, and disposed of with jealous regard to the preservation of the mining interest. Let this safeguard be once removed, and that interest will become instantly, and without doubt, a victim to the rapacity of land sharks and the agents and jobbers who follow in their wake. This consideration alone should be sufficient to rouse the vigilance of the miners to the preservation of an institution, which, like a faithful sentinel, never slumbers.

Extension of Powers.—It must not for one moment be supposed that the Boards are or ever have been satisfied with their status. On the contrary, they have for many years sought for an extension of their powers. If, therefore, they have been unable to do all the useful work they have been eager to undertake, and capable of performing, it is not on account of their unwillingness, but must be attributed to their restricted powers. What the Boards desire is, *inter alia*, an amendment of the constitution of Boards; the right to recommend the granting and forfeiture of gold mining and mineral leases; the management of State forests and timber reserves within their respective districts; and the right of deciding what lands shall not be sold or otherwise occupied under the Land Act within the auriferous areas.

Hostility of the Mining Department.—The hostility of the Mines Department towards the Boards is not misunderstood. Nothing, apparently, will satisfy that department until Parliament has clothed it with the sole power of controlling the goldfields from Melbourne; the Boards stand in the way, and must be removed. Need the mining community be reminded that in the early days of the goldfields this policy of centralisation was tried, and failed, as no redress of grievances could be obtained? that the arrogance, begot of unlimited and uncontrolled power of half-informed and wilfully blind officials, brought the miners and Government into conflict, which culminated in the Eureka Stockade? It was then that local self-government, in a limited sense, was conceded to the miners, and peace was restored. Is the sole power of managing the goldfields to be again centred in Melbourne? Let the miners answer, and let it be with no uncertain sound. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

To Miners' and Mine Owners' Associations.—To Miners' and Mine Owners' Associations in every district, which are doing such excellent work, this warning should not be in vain. If their right to manage their own affairs as a society was threatened with extinction, what would be their obvious duty? Lawful and determined resistance to the power which would make the attempt; and now, when their right to local self-government is challenged, their duty should be the same.

Conclusion.—The miners may be assured that with the abolition of Mining Boards as at present constituted passes away, and for ever, their right to local self-government—the last shred of that authority which they once possessed, and of which they were so justly proud. To the tribunes of their own choosing they owe the rights they now enjoy, which were wrung from the upholders of the bad old system when all power was centred in Melbourne, and where, if the Mining Department can have its way, it will be dragged again, to the permanent injury of the mining industry. The duty of the miners is clear—not to part with one iota of the powers they now possess, but to move the Legislature, through their representatives, to confer upon the Boards increased powers, and to secure to themselves a full measure of local self-government.

In the Legislative Assembly on Thursday Mr D. S. Oman, M.L.A. for Hampden, presented a petition from the residents of Beaufort praying that the mining boards as at present constituted should not be abolished. It was agreed that the petition should lie on the table.

COAGULINE. Transparent Cement for broken articles.

Richards and Co.'s Art Exhibition.

The winter exhibition of art photographs for 1904 by Messrs Richards and Co. is one calculated to surprise and delight all beholders, for it is difficult to conceive that anything could surpass it for artistic excellence, beauty of style and finish, as well as the great variety in all classes of studio work. In each class exquisite pictures are shown. The new photograph, as it is here produced, must be seen to speak for itself, as it simply baffles description. They will undoubtedly rank as among the best yet shown in Australia. Mr. Dearden, the energetic and artistic proprietor, is certainly to be complimented upon being so well abreast of the times, as he is here introducing to the Ballarat public some new processes and ideas that were only introduced in America early last month, thus showing the advantages he gains by dealing direct with home houses. He has not to wait until Melbourne introduces the latest, as he is often the first in the field. Mr Dearden has substantial reason, if he is inclined, to be proud of his stand in the art world. The new style of photography is suitable for every class of portrait, from evening dress photos to pictures of children and family and bridal groups, down to the smallest miniature. The subject pictures are of a very high order of merit. "In Doors on a Wet Day" is a splendid group of three children intent on watching a top express engine on a small circular railway. The lighting is perfect, and the grouping and general arrangement leaves nothing to be desired in a picture of true artistic merit marked in both conception and execution.

She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle of form, and fair of face,

is another exquisite picture, although of quite a different order. The subject chosen for this is a lovely brunette, who poses gracefully, whilst with both hands she places in her hair a flower to finish her toilet. Her figure is thus shown to admirable advantage. The fine expression and soft modelling on the face show clever handling and a perfect knowledge of all the principals of art in lighting and brilliance and soft detail. This is a picture which will captivate at a glance. "Mrs B——" is a beautiful picture of a lady in bridal dress. The delicate clinging drapery, with the veil, is soft and yet clear and well-defined in detail; whilst the pose is quite a masterpiece. The subject's attention is arrested, as she rests her hand on the balustrade, showing every detail of figure to a nicety. There are quite a galaxy of bride pictures, and also some beautiful bridal groups shown.

Stars of the summer night
Far in your azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light,
She sleeps.
My lady sleeps,
She sleeps—

is a lovely picture of sleep. The young girl, simply clad with black drapery, her hair falling round her in careless grace, lies at perfect rest. The splendid lighting and the natural pose are the embodiment of that land of dreams which is no easy task to pourtray by camera; but here its simplicity seems its most charming characteristic. "The Book Worm" is a splendid study of an old gentleman who, with his head in his hand, is intent on his book. It makes a most fascinating study in light and shade. Charming, indeed, are the head studies of both young girls and children that are found in great variety in the collection. "Our Golden Wedding" is a picture of a fine old couple, who recently celebrated this event in their history. Head studies of elderly gentlemen make a splendid break, and lend great charm to the exhibition. Some beautiful portraits of debutantes are in evidence, and are both interesting and attractive. The exquisite new mounts are worthy of mention. "The Cardinal" is a beautiful one, in a lovely brown tone to harmonise with the sepia carbon prints, and is something entirely different to anything hitherto introduced. All the shades of prints, whether platino aristo or aristo carbons, are amply catered for in the lovely shades of mounts. The object is that every mount shall harmonise with the tone of the print. The privatan is an ideal card and folder combined; whilst the imperial is a card of rich, heavy make, with levelled edges and embossed design. The "artist proof" is a lovely creation. The parchment on which is the print blends at the edges, making a perfect study in light and shade, which is crowned by the enclosure which envelops the whole. All these mounts can be had in every conceivable shade of art brown, and must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. A noticeable feature of Richards and Co.'s prints, which are mounted on dark mounts, is the narrow white edge they print, which gives such a beautiful finish. The entire collection is very large and unique, and will be universally admired.

The "Maryborough Standard" is publishing a series of interesting articles on the early days of the goldfields. Mr. G. Ray, in the course of his reminiscences, states that the first line of coaches run to Fiery Creek (Beaufort) was owned by Frank Clapp and Bill Brayton, who also ran the first coaches to the big Ararat rushes.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure for Coughs and Colds never fails. 1s. 6d.

FOR PRIVATE SALE, the FARM of F. W. VANCE, near Waterloo, consisting of 2 4 acres, with option of leasing 240 acres (one hundred and ten acres under crop); machinery and horses complete.

Police Magistrate's Fixtures.

The following are the police magistrate's 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.

BEAUFORT.

SALE BY AUCTION.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1904,
At 1 o'clock p.m.
AT AUCTION ROOMS, OPPOSITE CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

WM. H. HALPIN will offer for sale by Public Auction, as above, a quantity of almost new HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE and Effects, comprising Piano (by Chappell & Co.), Bedroom Suites, Cane Suite, Tapestry Suite (Blackwood Frame), Curtain Poles, Bedsteads, Bedding, and Mattresses, Extension Dining and other Tables, Washstand and Ware, Dressing Table, Tubs, Saucepans, and Kitchen Utensils. Also a double-seated Buggy and a quantity of second-hand Harness.

The above surplus furniture is the property of W. H. Halpin, and having been just recently purchased is as good as new. The whole will be sold without reserve. Terms Cash.

W. H. HALPIN, Auctioneer.

To the Ratepayers of the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

MY term as one of your representatives in the Council expiring by effluxion of time next month, I beg to offer myself for re-election, and hope that my action in the past may merit your continued support. Should you again return me to the Council, the welfare of the Shire will continue to receive my best attention.

I have the honour to be,
Ladies and Gentlemen,
Yours sincerely,
THEODORE BEGGS.

Eurambeen, 20th July, 1904.

The Ratepayers of the West Riding.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

AS my seat for the above Riding becomes vacant by effluxion of time next month, I beg to inform you that I will again be a Candidate for the seat, and trust that my actions have been such during the past nine years that you will again do me the honour of returning me as one of your representatives.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE LEWIS.

Stoneleigh, 2/7/04.

L. BRAVO,
Hairdresser, Tobacconist, and Fancy Goods Depot,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
SHAVING, 3d.; HAIRCUTTING, 6d.
CHILDREN, 3d.
Every satisfaction guaranteed. Cleanliness and Civility.
A Good Assortment of Pipes, Tobacco, and Cigars kept in Stock.

Why Complain About the Bad Roads?
When you can enjoy comfort and luxury by sleeping on one of
HAWKES BROS.'
Lovely Java Kapok Beds.
We have them in all Sizes, and Prices to suit all purses, or you can refill your own beds with some choice
SAMARANG JAVA KAPOK,
(the best quality imported), at 9d. per single pound, or eight shillings (8s.) per doz. lbs.

OUR NEW WIRE MATTRESSES
Are a perfect marvel of strength, finish, and good value. We have them at all prices, but like to sell you a line you can recommend to your friends. FANCY!
A Full Size Woven Wire Mattress,
RAISED SIDES, STRONG FRAME, and THREE (3) PLY (Firm as Steel can make them), for 16s. 6d., and 4-ply for 21s.
These are articles that give every satisfaction, and are samples of the many other good lines we have to offer.

No Need to Carry Mud into your Homes
When you can leave it on a good
BRUSH DOOR MAT,
Bought at
HAWKES BROS.
Prices range from 3s. to 7s. 6d., and are worth more at Economists and Worry-Savers.

HAWKES BROS.,
For FURNITURE,
BEAUFORT.

WHO WAS "CAPTAIN ARNELEY."

I, John Branson, bachelor, confidential clerk at Marden and Co., bankers, am going to relate the story of a singular adventure which befell me in my twenty-third year.

Having at this period been rather unwell, I asked for leave of absence and a month's holiday was readily granted me. I went to Brighton, and after a few days felt so much improved in health that I yearned for companionship.

I was walking disconsolately along the pier one afternoon when I noticed a remarkable-looking man immediately in front of me. He was elderly, about fifty-five, I should say, and looked an aristocrat from his snow-white hair to his well-shaped foot.

Suddenly he dropped his stick and swayed a little as though faint. I sprang forward and caught hold of his arm, just in time, I am sure, to save him from falling. I assisted him to a seat, and for some moments he did not speak. At length he seemed to recover, and he thanked me effusively for my slight assistance.

In the course of conversation I learnt that he was a Captain Anerley, and was staying at one of the large hotels with his daughter.

We had been talking together for about an hour when she came up to us, a sunny-haired, smartly-dressed girl, whose smile made my heart beat with unwonted quickness.

The Captain explained his faintness, and after expressing her thanks to me, Miss Anerley warmly seconded her father in an invitation to dinner the following evening at their hotel, which I was pleased to accept. I soon after left them, and returned to my lodgings.

It was a capital dinner that I sat down to the following night, and never, I believe, had I enjoyed myself more.

Over the coffee, Captain Anerley, to my disappointment, said that important business compelled his immediate return home.

"But," he resumed, "if you can reconcile yourself to the comparative dulness of a country house, I shall be very pleased if you will return with me for a week or two."

He said this so cordially that I forgot our short acquaintanceship, and said that I should be delighted to accept his invitation. Thus it was arranged that I should accompany them home the next morning.

"The Grange," as the Captain's house was called, had at one time been a lunatic asylum, as the high brick wall which enclosed it testified; and although a lovely place inside, the exterior was a trifle dreary. There were no women-servants kept, only men, and an uglier lot of males it would have been difficult to find.

...

the crypt, and at every turn I took I was surprised at seeing little heaps of silver plate, comprising entree dishes, fruit dishes, forks, spoons, teapots, jugs, trays—in short, every conceivable kind of silver.

"Here's a find," thought I; "probably the Captain does not know of this treasure-trove."

However, as I continued to examine the silver an uneasy suspicion crossed my mind that he did know. The plate, though tarnished, was not more so than a month's lying about would make it.

What could this mean? I hardly dared to think—in fact, I had no time to do so, for I heard some noise in the distance, and animal instinct warned me that someone was approaching.

I had just time to blow out my light, which caution bade me do, and glide behind a group of pillars, when I saw in the distance three men with a stable lamp, one of whom was the Captain; the other two were James and Richard, coachman and groom respectively.

Nothing, I felt, could surprise me now. Therefore I was hardly astonished at seeing the Captain walking arm in arm chatting familiarly with his servants.

They came to within a few yards of where I stood concealed, and then they proceeded to light a fire in a kind of forge, which had a chimney let into the wall.

One remark which the Captain made whilst thus engaged, quickly lifted the mist from my clouded brain, and made me realise in what jeopardy I had placed myself.

"That was a nice little crib you cracked in Belgrave Square on Thursday," was the remark in question.

The man James, to whom it was addressed, chuckled.

"Guess you couldn't have done it better yourself, guv'nor."

"These then are a gang of burglars," thought I, a fearful dread knocking at my heart.

III.

When the fire was well alight, they proceeded to place a large vessel upon it. Into this they put silver teapots, spoons, etc., and these soon melted into a liquid, which was poured into receptacles standing ready at hand.

The bloodthirsty oaths with which their conversation was blended made me realise more forcibly than anything else what desperadoes they really were.

This old house was evidently their headquarters, and the Captain their leader.

"I say, guv'nor," said the man James, "'ow long are you going to keep that idiot of a friend of yours a-staying here?"

"He can go as soon as he likes," replied Anerley, "the queen has got all the information out of him she requires. She had an easy task; he is, as you say, such an idiot."

I mentally thanked them for their

Farm and Garden.

ECONOMIC DAIRY FOODS.

Professor J. L. Hill, a director of the Vermont Agricultural Experiment Station, U.S., read a very instructive paper on "Economic Dairy Foods" before a recent dairy conference. He said in part as follows:—

"The body of an animal is made up largely of water, ash, bony matter, protein (lean meat), and fat. Water constitutes the largest quantity of the three, and it is indispensable to the life functions, yet it may be disregarded in this subject. Ash is used mainly in building up the skeleton, yet it is not important in treating of this subject. Protein is a term applied to a group of materials best typified in the animal body by the dry matter of lean meat. This constituent is of vital importance in stock feeding, and will be constantly referred to in discussing this question. Fat is less important to vital processes, yet is of great economical interest.

"Vegetable matter, contains, in addition to the above named things, two other constituents, crude fibre (celluose), and nitrogen, free extract matter. These ingredients we will call carbohydrates.

"The primary function of protein is to be found in the formation of flesh. It also has other less important functions—namely, formation of body fat, furnishing heat and muscular energy to the animal, and it also acts as a milk stimulant.

Carbohydrates have the following very important functions, producing body fat, heat, perhaps furnishing fat of the milk. The fat of the animal is mainly derived from carbohydrates of the food, seldom from the protein. They serve as the main supply of fuel to keep the animal warm by the action of the digestive organs, and they furnish the material for muscular energy also. Some investigators have claimed that the fat of milk was derived from the protein in the food; others that the food fat alone was concerned; while still others maintain that the carbohydrates in general furnish the raw materials for the butter fat. While this point is by no means settled, the following experiment made by Professor Jordan, of New York, goes to show that carbohydrates other than the fat are mainly concerned in the formation of milk fat. In this experiment a cow was fed for three months on a ration containing less than six pounds of digestible fat, yet she gave in her milk 63 pounds of fat. The extra fat could not have come from previously stored bodily fat, since the cow gained 17 pounds in weight and was judged to be fatter at the end of the opening of the trial, instead of being thinner. In this case the starches, sugar, etc., must have been the source of the milk fat.

"The feeding standards most likely accepted are the so-called German of Wolff standards. The German standard ratio for the 1000 cow calls for 24 pounds of dry matter, 2.5 pounds of

PRUNING.

Two things should be always borne in mind when pruning or shaping the top of a tree, the convenience of spraying and of picking the fruit. Spraying properly at the proper times has become or will soon become an absolute necessity in our apple orchards, as those who do not practice it will find their fruit so much inferior to that offered by those who do spray as to be almost unmerchantable in the years of plenty. If it increases the production of good fruit so as to reduce prices, it may be more to the benefit of the consumer than of the producer, but with better fruit and more care in assorting, handling, and packing, the European demand will increase more rapidly than our average production increases for many years to come, while lower prices would stimulate and increase the demand in the home market.

SMALL FRUITS.

Select a site for the small fruits near the house, and have it as near level as possible, but well drained, both surface and under if necessary. That part you intend for strawberries, currants and gooseberries make as rich as possible. That for the balance have fairly fertile. Arrange for single rows of strawberries. Your currants and gooseberries together in one row. Red and black cap raspberries one row each, and blackberries, one early and one a late variety. You may, if you choose, have an early and late variety of raspberries. The idea of a single row of strawberries may be new, but it is an improvement over the old way. If you have an imperfect blooming variety for main crop, have the fourth plant in the row a perfect one.

"By this method you can cultivate easier, gather better, with no tramping down of the vines, as is the case in beds, etc. You may not like the idea of having your currants and gooseberries so far apart in the row, which ten of each would make. Here is a suggestion: Put ten grape-vines in this row, say twenty feet apart, and fill in with your currants and gooseberries. Why? asks one. Currants in general and gooseberries in particular should be shaded from the afternoon sun, and the grape-vine at intervals will in a great measure do that. You can set your strawberries two feet apart in the row. That is wide, you say; but this row, remember, is to be kept three years. Your red and black raspberries a row each, four feet in the row, and the rows six feet apart. Early and late blackberries each a row, four feet in the row and rows eight feet apart. One row remains, your currant, gooseberry and grape. By setting a grape at each end, you can arrange the other eight by putting them twenty two feet apart in the row, thus leaving nine

TRUTH UNVARNISHED!

No Fairy Tales Needed.

The Case of Mr. J. BROOKE.

(By a Special Reporter.)

How many people are there in Glenferrie who have not heard the story appearing below? They may be few or many, but we venture to express the opinion that Mr. Joseph Brooke, of No. 168 Glenferrie-road, especially favoured a reporter with the minutest detail on the occasion of his recent visit, "in the interest of humanity," as Mr. Brooke announced. Continuing he said:—

"It is twelve years ago since I first began business on this road. I have never left the neighbourhood all that time, and it was whilst living here that I had the bitter experience you enquire about."

"Does the circumstance date very far back?" enquired the writer.

"Several years ago, but I remember as though it were only yesterday, what my sufferings were like. They lasted a twelve-month or more, and all the time I could only get a little relief for a day or so now and then."

"How did you obtain it?"

"From the medicine which had been prescribed for me by my doctors. But, bless you, it was not worth mentioning, as if I got a little ease to-day I would be ten times worse to-morrow, so there was nothing in that. Indeed, I got tired of their treatment, and undertook to cure myself. I bought physic after physic, but the results were most unsatisfactory, and I dread to think how long my miseries would have continued only for a little circumstance that I am always glad to speak about."

"May I have the pleasure of hearing it?"

"Certainly. It was just through reading about Clements Tonic that the change I so longed to effect was realised, for I went into town one day and bought some, and that was the first time I noticed any real improvement in my health since I was taken ill over a year previously. I had suffered intensely from flatulence, and had a feeling in the stomach as though it was overloaded, even if I had not been eating anything at all. There was pain located between my shoulders, and I had to bear no end of misery through aching sensations in my back. The doctors said my liver was very sluggish, and I suppose they were right, for, truth to tell, it did not seem to be working at all. The whole day through I felt drowsy and had no desire whatever for work or anything, and often I knocked off for a day or two simply because I had no energy to keep going. Had I been able to eat well, goodness knows what my sufferings would have been like, for they were bad enough as it was, with no appetite at all. My chest had a nasty heaviness in it that caused difficulty in breathing, which was sometimes par-

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In thanking the public or the support accorded me for the past 4½ years, I beg to announce that I have taken the

Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort,

And trust by keeping the very **Best Liquors in Stock,** to receive a share of public patronage.

I will be in possession on and after Saturday, January 30th.

MEALS a Specialty, from 1s.

A careful Groom always in attendance.

C. W. JONES.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD

(LATE W. EDWARD NICKOLS),

Auctioneers and General Commission, House, Land, and Insurance Agents,

BEAUFORT, ARARAT, AND PITFIELD.

MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneer.

MONEY TO LEND.

AUCTION SALES CONDUCTED in any part of the State of Victoria.

Every attention, and prompt returns.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers.

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 two years, 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

F. G. PRINCE

Begs to intimate that he has STARTED BUSINESS as a BUTCHER in premises in

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

(next door to Mr. T. Sands), and hopes by strict attention to business and by keeping the Primest Meat, to merit a fair share of public patronage. Small Goods a Speciality.

T. B. COCHRAN begs to intimate that having

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.

REFERRING TO THE NEW

REGAL CLUB WHISKY,

Which since its importation to Victoria, within the last six months, has established itself in public favor to an extent HITHERTO UNEQUALLED, PROBABLY BY ANY OTHER WHISKY THAT HAS COME INTO THE STATE, the following Certificate from one of the most eminent of English analysts gives it at once a hall-mark of superiority, which must recommend it to the confidence of every consumer:—

CERTIFICATE.

I hereby certify that I have submitted to a very careful Chemical Analysis a sample of the REGAL CLUB WHISKY received from the Imperial Glenlivet Distillery, Strathspey, N.B., and the analytical data I have obtained proves it to be, in a conclusive manner, a product of high quality and purity. It possesses a mellow and creamlike flavor that is only to be found in the choicest whiskies, and is entirely free from all acrid or undesirable admixture. It has been thoroughly and naturally matured by age, and contains restorative and dietetic properties of a high order.

GRANTVILLE H. SHARP, F.C.S., Analyst, London, E.C.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Agents.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

SEASON 1904-1905.

GEORGE HAGUE & Co.

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

No. 1393

RELIABILITY.
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ARE YOU ONE OF PAYNE
MERS? If not, we respectfu
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perfectly willing to lose it.

Whatever is done here is do
Whatever we sell you is "R
full sense of that word.

Our stock embraces everyth
Watch, Clock, and Jewellery